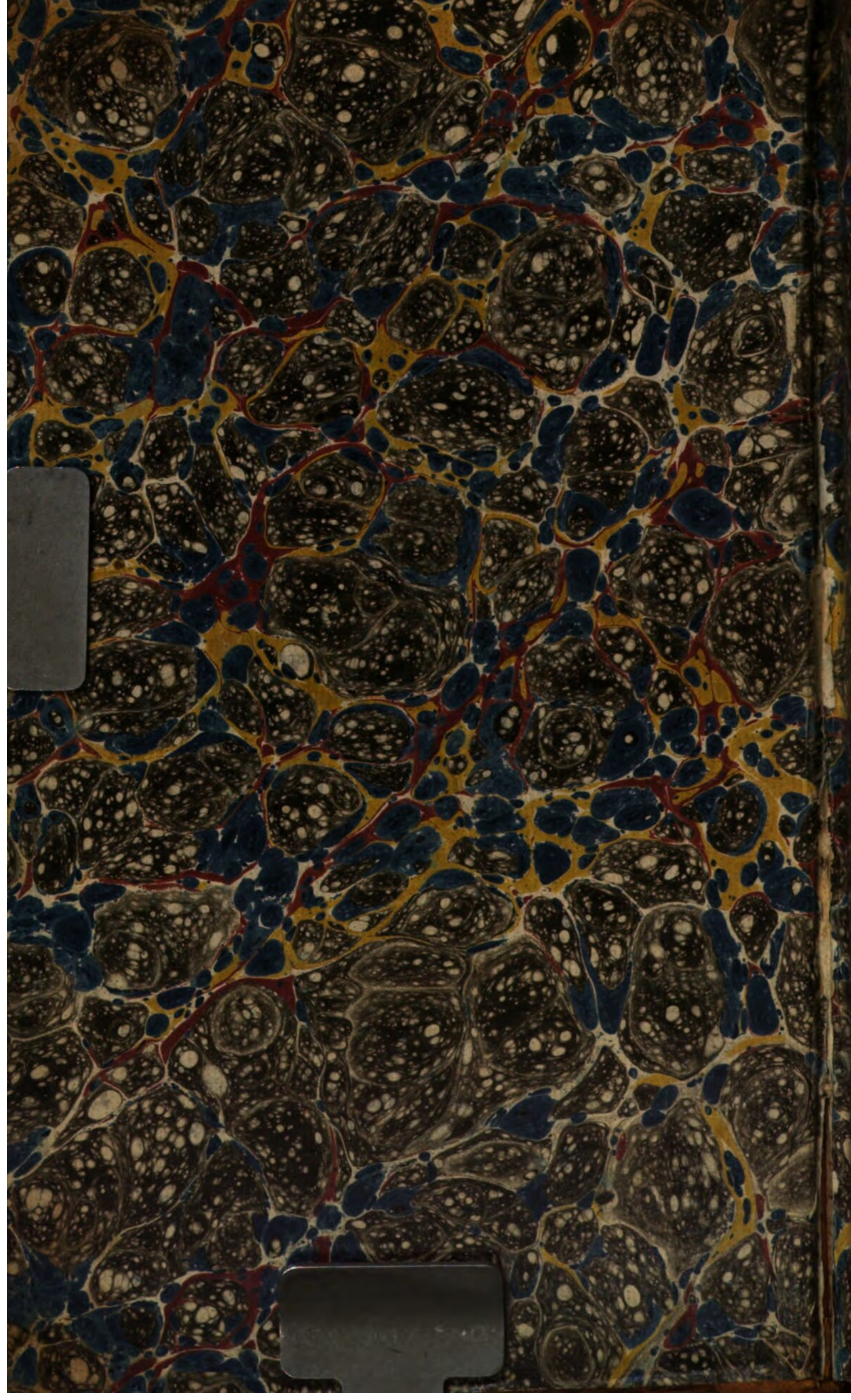






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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Eleventh.

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Willkie, Dodsley, Shaw, Smart, Langhorne, Bruce, Chatterton,
(Graeme, Glover, Lovibond, Penrose, Mickle, Jago, Scott,
Johnson, W. Whitehead, Jenyns, Logan, Warton, Cotton & Blacklock.



Caesar's Dream. Langhorne's Poems.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WILKIE, D. D.

Containing

THE EPIGONIAD, || FABLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whose verse immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whose circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
This song has snatch'd. I now resume the strain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,
By this attempt to merit equal praise
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
But love excites me, and desire to trace
His glorious steps, though with unequal pace.

EPIGONIAD, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

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Aug 10 1795.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D.



EDINBURGH

JOHN ST. MARTIN & CO. 10, N. B. ST. ST. MARTIN'S

THE LIFE OF WILKIE.

OF the personal history of WILKIE, "the Scottish Homer," there is no written memorial. Though his writings are not more distinguished for learning and genius, than his life was remarkable for originality of manners, his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

In 1783, a design was formed of writing his life, to be prefixed to a new edition of his poems, by the Rev. Dr. William Thomson, whose abilities, in other literary provinces, have justly obtained him the sanction of public applause. In the prosecution of this design, Dr. Thomson was encouraged, by the approbation of the late Earl of Lauderdale, and assisted by information obtained by Mr. Andrew Dalzel, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, from his cousin the Rev. Robert Liston, minister of Aberdour, the Rev. James Robertson, minister of Ratho, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertson, minister of Dalmeny. After having made some progress in digesting the materials, the intended edition of his poems not meeting with suitable encouragement, Dr. Thomson was compelled to desist; and his friends are disappointed in the hope of seeing justice done to his memory, by the same masterly pen that has enriched English literature by the "Continuation of Watson's History of Philip III." the "Translation of Cuninghame's History of Great Britain," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

It is with becoming diffidence the present writer takes upon him a task which has been declined by Dr. Thomson; but, in collecting the works of this poet with those of other eminent poets of our nation, it is incumbent upon him to prefix some account of his life, which, however inadequate to his merits, or unsatisfactory to his friends, may not be altogether unwelcome to the public, who, it has been often observed, will always take an interest in those persons from whose labours they have derived profit or delight.

The facts stated in the present account, are partly taken from some detached portions of Dr. Thomson's unfinished narrative, and partly from the original information furnished by Mr. Robertson, Mr. Liston, and Dr. Robertson, obligingly communicated to the present writer, by Dr. Thomson, through the kindness of Professor Dalzel, whose laudable endeavours to vindicate the fame, and to preserve the memory of this poet, entitle him to the gratitude of the lovers of classical and polite literature.

William Wilkie was born at Echlin, in the parish of Dalmeny, in the county of West Lothian, October 5. 1721. His great-grandfather was a younger son of the family of Wilkie, of Rathobyres, in the parish of Ratho, one of the oldest families in Mid-Lothian; and the undoubted chief of the Wilkies. His grandfather rented the farm of Echlin, and purchased a part of the estate of Rathobyres, which he transmitted with the farm to his son, the poet's father, who was a worthy, liberal, and intelligent man, never opulent, on the contrary, poor, and rather unfortunate through life. His mother was a woman of distinguished prudence and understanding, and able, it is said, to express her thoughts in the most grammatical manner, and proper words on every subject.

He received his early education at the parish school of Dalmeny, under the care of Mr. Riddel, a very respectable and successful teacher. At school, he obtained the reputation of a boy of excellent parts, and on many occasions discovered marks of that peculiarity and fertility of genius that so remarkably characterised his future life.

He discovered an early propensity to the study of poetry, and began to write verses in his tenth year, as appears by the following description of a *Storm*, written at that age, and published by Dr. Robertson, in the 9th vol. of "The Statistical Account of Scotland," which must be allowed to be a very correct and manly performance for a boy of ten.

What penetrating mind can rightly form
A faint idea of a raging storm?
Who can express of elements the war;
And noisy thunder roaring from afar?
This subject is superior to my skill;
Yet I'll begin, to show I want not will.
A pitchy cloud displays itself on high;
And with its sable mantle veils the sky:
Fraught with the magazine of heaven does throw
Bolts barb'd with fire upon the world below.
All nature shakes and the whole heavens smoke;
Nor can the gross black cloud sustain the shock:
But op'ning from his magazines doth roll,
'Thick smoke and flames of fire from pole to pole.
'Thence hail, snow, vapour, mix'd with flames of fire,
With conjunct force against the earth conspire.
Monsters of sea and land do loudly roar,
And make the deep resound from shore to shore.
The spumy waves come rolling from afar,
And with loud jars declare the wat'ry war.
They upward mount, and raise their crests on high,
And beat the middle regions of the sky.
Downwards they fall upon the swelling deep,
And toss the rigging of some low sunk ship:
Upwards they tow'r and falling down again,
They bury men and cargo in the main.
The boiling deep doth from her low sunk cell
Throw out black waves resembling those of hell.
They forward roll and hideously do roar,
And vent their rage against the rocky shore.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in the different classes of languages, philosophy and theology; and formed many of those friendships and connections which afforded him much happiness through life.

Among the number of his fellow collegians, with whom he lived in habits of the closest intimacy, were Dr. Robertson, Mr. John Home, Dr. M'Ghie, and Professor Cleghorn. Dr. Robertson afterwards and Mr. Home figured high in the literary world. Dr. M'Ghie went to London, obtained the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and became a member of the Ivy-lane Club. Professor Cleghorn, a man of great promise, died young.

His intellectual faculties of every sort now began to make a rapid progress, the cause of which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the conversation of the companions he chanced to find in the university, and to the societies which, about that time, began to be formed among the students for their mutual improvement in literary composition, philosophical disquisition, and public speaking, in which his talents found ample scope and encouragement.

His conversation with men of taste and learning, and the excitement which their example would give to his emulation, would do more towards the improvement of his mind than any lectures he could attend, or any mode of study he could pursue. The present writer would not, however, have it thought, that he conceives either of these to be without their use; he would only affirm, that they hold a secondary place, when compared with the society of such men as it was his felicity to find contemporary students in the university.

It was likewise very fortunate for him, that, during the course of his education at Edinburgh, he became known to David Hume and Dr. Ferguson, and, at a later period, to Dr. Smith, by all of whom he was held in a higher light than a common acquaintance.

In literary societies, and private conversation, he had an opportunity of being thoroughly acquainted with the capacities, as well as the tempers and dispositions of his contemporaries.

Of all his acquaintance, he regarded Dr. Smith with the greatest admiration, and Dr. Ferguson with the greatest affection. He considered Dr. Smith as a superior genius to Mr. Hume. He possessed, in his opinion, equal learning, and greater originality and invention; for what may appear strange, he by no means considered Mr. Hume as an original or inventive genius. The subtlety of his reasoning, the extent of his reading, the depth and solidity of his reflections, he greatly admired, but still he thought that he did not draw so much as Dr. Smith, or even Lord Kames, from the stores of his own mind. He said that he trod in the footsteps of Bolingbroke, and certain French philosophers; that he greedily imbibed their ideas, and was studious to glean what they left behind them; that he informed himself with great industry of the opinions and views of great men, in all ages of the world, compared them together, preferred what he thought best, drew corollaries from their reasoning, and, on the whole, exhibited a striking example of industry and of judgment. But he availed himself of the ignorance of the world to pass that as new, which in reality was old; and that his ideas were either borrowed from other writers, or deductions and improvements on conclusions already established.

Such was the opinion entertained by Wilkie concerning Mr. Hume. Invention is a power which must needs stand high in the admiration of a poet, and Wilkie spoke like a poet, when he magnified its praise, as if it had been a divine impulse, an immediate inspiration, which operated its effects instantaneously, and without that leisurely and gradual process which takes place in every production of human genius.

The ideas of men are linked together by a chain of association. Wilkie, perceiving, or thinking that he perceived the steps by which Mr. Hume was led to the doctrines he advanced, but not discerning, in like manner, the process by which Dr. Smith was led to the formation of his theories, pronounced the former a man of industry and judgment, and the latter a man of industry and genius.

It certainly matters not whether a hint be derived from a book, or from conversation, or an accidental occurrence in the material or moral world. Every idea is derivative. What is said of genius and invention, in contradistinction to memory and judgment, is commonly vague and indefinite.

Wilkie appears to have had a predilection for Dr. Smith, otherwise in the exuberance of his own invention, he might have discovered or conjectured that the first hints of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," a theory so amiable, so useful in life, and to a certain and important extent, so just, may have been originally suggested by some thoughts in the "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" of Bacon, or from Dr. Butler's "Sermons on Human Nature."

While he was prosecuting his literary studies at Edinburgh, his father died, and left him no other inheritance than the stock and unexpired lease of his farm at the Fisher's Tryste, about two miles west from that city, and the charge of his three sisters; having sold his property at Rathobyres, a short time before his death, and applied the purchase-money to the payment of his debts.

For the occupation of a farmer, which this melancholy event devolved upon him, he was eminently qualified, both by his habits of speculation and experience; having been accustomed, as he grew up, to divide with his father the business of the farm, which, as is usual in those of small extent, was chiefly cultivated by the common labour of the family.

Confiding, however, in the powers of which he was conscious, he seems not to have trusted for his future maintenance to his exertions as a farmer; for, while he managed his farm, he prosecuted his studies in divinity, and commenced preacher of the gospel.

The narrowness of his circumstances obliged him to live with great economy, and it was during this period, owing particularly to the necessities of his situation, that he contracted an uncommon degree of parsimony, which he practised more than was necessary in his future life.

About this time one of his sisters was married to Mr. John Cleghorn, farmer at Granton, in the parish of Cramond, a man of strong parts, very amiable disposition, and great ability in his profession. With him he contracted the most intimate habits of friendship and correspondence. In all matters of husbandry and common life, he quoted Mr. Cleghorn's practice and maxims, as the

standard of perfection in every conversation. He was his most confidential friend through life, and they died about the same time.

From Mr. Cleghorn he probably derived many of those maxims and principles in husbandry which he practised with amazing success in the management of his farm. He became eminent in many branches of science; but in nothing did he excel more than in a thorough and profound knowledge of the art of husbandry. He used often to say, that to discern properly the real qualities of different soils, and to apply, with success, the culture proper for each, required the highest exertion of the human understanding.

Though he was, in many respects, the most speculative and fanciful man in the world, yet he was very careful, in the character of a farmer, to avoid the chemical theories, and to adhere to the plain, direct, and sure road of experience. He was fully convinced that, to open the earth for the admission of the fostering influences of heaven, and to return into her lap her own produce, whether in the form of vegetables or animals, was the great art of promoting her fertility, and preparing her for the important work of reproduction. Dead horses, dogs, cats, and animals of all kinds, he was at pains to pick up, and to convert them into a *pabulum* for useful vegetables. Every thing that abounded with the principles of vegetation he was eager to add to his dunghill. He watched his people, often shared in their labour, and made it a rule to encourage good servants, both by better wages, and by encomiums and little premiums; but, on no account, would suffer the vicious, or the slothful, to live with him on any terms. He seemed to be particularly successful in the culture of potatoes, and was often, from this circumstance, denominated the *Potatoe-Minister*.

In this course of life, he had much intercourse with the country people in the way of making bargains; from which he took occasion to make many curious remarks on human nature. There was nothing about the lower ranks of men that struck him so much as their cunning. "I can raise crops," he would exclaim, "better than any of my neighbours; but I am always cheated in the market."

In the midst of all these operations of agriculture, he found leisure to cultivate the study of polite literature, and aspired to the renown of an epic poet.

There is not a doubt that poets are moved by the divine impulse of the "heavenly muse;" the "spirit that inspired on Horeb the chosen shepherd;" the "powers of song;" the "philosophic power of melancholy;" or by whatever name that invisible cause is called, which produces that inward thrilling which seeks to express itself in verse; yet do local and political circumstances incline the poet to stir up the gift that is within him; and, but for these circumstances, Wilkie would not perhaps have known that he was born a poet. He made no scruple of confessing, that he thought it good policy to rouse his poetical talents, and to listen to the dictates of the "powers of song."

When he had quitted the college, and found himself destitute of powerful friends, he began to meditate on the most probable means of introducing himself to the notice of the great. To compose a book in philosophy would be doing nothing: It might be read by a few men of learning, most of whom had, in all likelihood, fixed their philosophical creed, and imagined, that whatever was contradictory to their notions was false, and whatever passed the circle of their knowledge, superfluous. He once intended to write a novel; but that species of writing, though it required the finest parts, was not likely to lead to any preferment. The world, though well pleased to laugh at the fancies of the novelist, would not, he apprehended, think of rewarding him. In the whole circle of science and art, there was not any study that appeared to him at once so congenial to his powers, and so conducive to his interest, as poetry. He, therefore, determined to write an epic poem.

Among the various analogies which the active fancy of man delights to trace between political and human bodies, there is none more striking than that similarity which is remarked between their different geniuses in the different stages of their existence. In youth, and in manhood, we look forward to some object which is to increase our happiness, and to raise our

fame. Animated by such pleasing hopes, our spirits are lively, and our pursuits are active; but, in more advanced years, men turn back their attention to the more early period of their lives, and are fond of recollecting and relating the joys and the achievements of their youth. There is, in like manner, a time when nations look forward to future glory, when they are emulous to excel in every honourable enterprise, and are eager to strike out new paths in science and art. And there is also a time when, either through satiety or despair, they are more inclined to remember what has been, than to anticipate what shall be; when history becomes the favourite study, and is deemed the most entertaining subject, as well as the most useful object of human attention and reason. Such is the genius of our nation at the present moment. And this turn of the nation, coinciding with that ardour for literary fame, which, for more than forty years past has distinguished the northern part of this island, has determined the most eminent Scottish writers to try their strength in the arduous attempt of history.

Had Wilkie been born and educated in the present reign, it is probable that he would have courted the historic muse. But the general taste for poetry which prevailed when he received the first impressions of education, a sprightly and luxuriant imagination, and the political motive, which has been already mentioned, conspired to raise his views to Parnassus. A few years before his birth, senators and statesmen were proud of writing verses; and a talent for poetry was considered as a requisite, as it was in reality a step to preferment in the offices of government. The princes, in whose reign he was born and educated, were not indeed patrons of the muses: But poetry continued to be in fashion. The translations of Pope had excited a general admiration of his own powers, and revived a veneration for those of Homer. Criticisms were written on the *Epipicæa*, and comparisons made between Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Camoens, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton, Voltaire, and Glover.

In such circumstances, Wilkie conceived the design of writing a poem after that great poet, whose praises were re-echoed throughout the world, and for whom he entertained the highest veneration. He drew the subject of his poem from the fourth book of the "*Iliad*," where Sthenelus gives Agamemnon a short account of the sacking of Thebes. After the fall of those heroes celebrated by Statius, their sons, and, among the rest, *Diomed*, undertook the siege of that city, and were so fortunate as to succeed in their enterprise, and to revenge, on the Thebans and the tyrant *Creon*, the death of their fathers. These young heroes were known to the Greeks under the title of the *Epigoni*, or the *Descendants*; and, for this reason, Wilkie gave to his poem the title of the *Epigoniad*.

There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken this second siege of Thebes for the subject of a second poem, which is lost; and Wilkie seems to have pleased himself with the thoughts of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the steps of his favourite author.

The principles upon which, as a Christian and a philosopher, in an age which rejects ancient fable as wholly incredible, he engaged in an undertaking, the nature of which was intimately connected with ancient mythology, may be collected from the following eulogium on the influence of poetry, more particularly that species of poetry which supposes the truth of heathen fables, pronounced in conversation with Dr. Thomson, many years after, in the Earl of Kinnoul's library at Dupplin-Castle, which, though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"There cannot be a more proper amusement for a person whose office it is to humanise the mind by inculcating the Christian graces and virtues than the poets. All literature has a tendency to purify the mind from dissingenuity and brutality, by habituating it to the contemplation of truth, in contradistinction to falsehood and error; of fitness and propriety, as distinguished from what is incongruous, monstrous, and absurd; and of human nature placed in situations fitted to excite our sympathetic feelings, and to exercise our noble and virtuous emotions and passions. It is in this last manner, it is by a constant appeal to our moral feelings, that poetry, especially the sublimer kinds of poetry, wears off the antipathies of the barbarian, and disposes the man of letters and taste in the intercourse of life, to overlook many causes of animosity and resentment, and to sympathize with human nature in the midst of a thousand frailties and follies. By the sublime kinds of poetry I understand the ode, tragedy, and epopœa: These not only recommend whatever is excellent and

great in human conduct, to the cool and dispassionate views of reason, but powerfully impress it on the heart, and gradually incorporate it with the moral character. In human events and actions there is a sameness which cloy, and an imperfection which displeases the mind. Heroic or epic poetry remedies these defects, by exhibiting a picture as various as the wanderings of the imagination, and examples of virtue that correspond to those abstracted ideas of excellence that are formed by the intellect, and which alone come up to the desires of the soul. Although the whole of a composition of this kind abounds in grave instructions, yet there is one lesson which is taught above all others, one truth which it principally inculcates, and which is called the moral of the poem. This truth or moral is illustrated by a story or fable; and as the heroic poet does not shoot directly and rapidly towards the end he has in view, but, on the contrary, keeps long on the wing, and aims, in his flight, to warm the mind, and to gratify its vast desires by frequent views of the grandeur, magnificence, and beauty of nature. This fable, story, or plot, various and intricate in itself, is still farther diversified by manifold incidents and digressions; various scenes are opened, various actors introduced, various characters and manners, and, corresponding to these, various sentiments. The variety and gravity of the diction are suited to the variety and gravity of the subject; and musical numbers, with beautiful imagery, adorn every part of the complicated production."

"He illustrated the truth of these sentiments" says Dr. Thomson, by whom the conversation is reported, "from the works of Tasso and of Milton, but chiefly from the *"Iliad"* of Homer. I mentioned the incredibility of Homer's fables, and hinted that they were scarcely proper for the contemplation of a Christian. On this head, I was not myself very scrupulous, being convinced that, to suffer the imagination to wander, for a time, over the fields of fancy, is no crime. It is easy to call back the wanderer, and to dismiss the illusion: But I wished to draw an answer from Wilkie. With respect to the incredibility of fable, the imagination, he answered, can render any thing credible, if it is well described, that is not absurd or impossible. As to the unchristianness of attending to heathen fables, he said that there were many fables in the Bible, introduced for the express purpose of conveying and inculcating truths, religious and moral. Many of the heathen fables, he maintained, had, in like manner, a moral tendency: For example, the furious Achilles and Diomed are about to vent their rage in some act of cruelty and injustice. Minerva presents herself in some form or other that they respect, and diverts their purpose. That is, the voice of reason restrains the impetuosity of passion."

The differences of time and place had no effect upon Wilkie's genius. While he cultivated the ground, his poem of *The Epigoniad* was going forward; and, with the scythe in his hand, he meditated on the times when princes and heroes boasted of their powers and skill, in cutting hay, ploughing land, and feeding swine. The rural scenes and simple manners that were ever present in his imagination, accorded well with the tone of a poem, the subject of which was taken from a very early period of society, and contributed to give a justness and exactness to his images, which are not to be found in the compositions of city poets, who draw little from nature, and take every thing at second hand.

It was reported, that while he was writing the *Epigoniad*, it is said, he read it in pieces to an old woman in the neighbourhood, named Margaret Paton, without communicating to any other person what he was doing; and what she disapproved of, he scored and altered, till pure nature was pleased. A similar story is told of Moliere, with more probability.

There is a tradition also, that, upon some occasion, he submitted his verses to the correction of Mr. Hume. Mr. Hume addressed Wilkie, by telling him, that he had made a great many emendations. Wilkie, upon looking slightly at them, replied: "Well, I will be even with you; for I will not adopt so much as one of your corrections."

His manner of life at the Fisher's Tryste was the most respectable that could be imagined. He prosecuted his literary studies, he tilled the ground, employed the poor, provided for his sisters, and on Sundays occasionally preached the gospel. This, indeed, was no hardship to him; for so general was his knowledge, so lively his imagination, and so quick his recollection, that he preached not only without writing his sermons, but sometimes even without longer premeditation than that of eight or ten minutes. He went one day to hear sermon in the church of Ratho, and, as he

walked along with the minister from the manse to the church, was closely pressed by him to preach for him. He at first made many excuses, but was so extremely urged, that he at last consented, provided the minister would name the text; a condition which was readily complied with. This anecdote is related by Dr. Thomson, who was told by a nobleman who was present, and who was a good judge, that the sermon was excellent.

In the rebellion 1745, a generous start of loyal fervour had excited the young people about Edinburgh, many of them Wilkie's companions, to take the field; but the absurdity of risking the flower of the country made it soon be overruled; and Wilkie was remarked to have been the only person who left the ranks: Hence insinuations against his personal courage. Perhaps he saw the foolishness of the thing: At least, there are no other evidences of the kind against him; and it is certain, that being once dogged by a foot-pad, in a dark night, on his way to Ratho, he turned upon him, and, with one blow of his cane across the temples, brought him to the ground. This anecdote is related upon the authority of Dr. Robertson.

After the close of the rebellion, and the restoration of the peace of the country, he returned to his farm, and resumed the quiet occupations of agriculture and literature, in which he spent several years, little known to the world, and holding little intercourse with it, excepting with a few literary friends and companions.

The Fisher's Tryste, lying in the immediate vicinity of Gorgie, the property of Mr. Lind sheriff-substitute of Mid-Lothian, he became acquainted with Wilkie at an early period, and, from their first acquaintance, strongly attached himself to his interests.

Mr. Lind was very capable of discerning his merit, gave him a general invitation to his house, introduced him into the company of his numerous acquaintance, and made him known to the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Milton, Lord Kames, Mr. Charles Townshend, and many other persons of rank.

In 1752, Mr. Guthrie, minister of Ratho, being rendered incapable, by age and infirmities, of discharging the duties of his office, an assistant was found necessary. Mr. Lind recommended Wilkie to the Earl of Lauderdale, the patron of that parish, for that office, and obtained his Lordship's consent to allow him to preach at Ratho.

When Wilkie was introduced at Hatton, Lord Lauderdale was much pleased with the originality of his genius and extensive knowledge; and so much entertained with a thousand peculiarities in his manner of thinking and reasoning on every subject, that he resolved immediately to make him assistant and successor to Mr. Guthrie; and, for this purpose, he generously established a fund of 30 l. for his annual support, without diminishing the stipend during the life of the old man.

Accordingly, on the 17th of May 1753, Wilkie was ordained, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, assistant and successor to the minister of Ratho. In this situation, he continued three years and a half, living all that time on his little farm, about four miles distant, and faithfully performing the duties of his office in the parish. On the death of Mr. Guthrie, Feb. 28th 1756, he came into possession of the whole living, and settled, with his sisters, in the manse of Ratho.

Agriculture had been a peculiar object of his attention from his youth; and he now gave full scope to his genius for improvement, though on a small scale. His glebe, which he found in great disorder, he immediately enclosed in a judicious manner, and cultivated it with such ability, that it continued to produce the most abundant crops.

A piece of marshy ground belonging to the glebe, in the name of pasture-ground, of near five acres, which, from time immemorial, had been of so little value, that the highest rent given for it was half-a-guinea yearly, he enclosed with a deep ditch and hedge; and intersected it with such a variety of drains, most judiciously disposed, that it became matter of astonishment to the country in general, and of ridicule to many; but the event justified his ability, for it produced a series of most beneficial crops, and still continues valuable.

He also projected a society for the improvement of agriculture and rural economy, called *The Husbandry Club*, which met at Ratho, and consisted of a great number of the gentlemen and principal farmers in the neighbourhood. The excellent regulations, established for the government of

the club, and the great variety of interesting and judicious questions, proposed as subjects of their deliberation and discussion, in all which he had a principal share, will long continue to do honour to his memory.

This society, of which Wilkie may be considered as the founder, was conducted, for many years, with great spirit and success. Its records, according to the information of Mr. Robertson, contain dissertations on many practical subjects in agriculture, of much merit. The name of the celebrated Dr. Cullen appears in the list of the members.

While he resided at Ratho, he had much intercourse with the Lauderdale family, and was, at all times, a welcome visitant at Hatton. His noble patron was fond of his conversation, and often engaged him in disputation; and, perhaps, he never met with an antagonist who afforded him greater scope for the exertion of all his powers. Through life, he retained the strongest attachment to the Earl of Lauderdale, and valued him more for his good understanding, his great knowledge of men and manners, and his uncommon humanity, than for his high rank. His sentiments, with respect to the Earl, were well known to all his acquaintances; for there was nothing more common than his retailing his Lordship's maxims and opinions in every company and conversation.

In 1757, he published at Edinburgh *The Epigoniad, a Poem, in Nine Books*, 12mo, the result of fourteen years study and application, and claimed the honours of an epic poet. His claim, however, to this distinction was not generally allowed. His work was applauded by a few men of taste and learning, but was coldly received by the public, and censured, with great severity, by the writers of periodical criticism, on account of a few mistakes in expression and prosody, excusable in a Scottish poet, who had never been out of his own country. The title, it must be confessed, was somewhat unfortunately chosen; for as the story of the *Epigoni* was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the subject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impossible to understand. The *Preface* contained some judicious and spirited remarks on the beauties and defects of epic poetry, but afforded little information concerning the subject of the poem. There was no general plan prefixed to the whole, nor argument, as might be expected, at the head of each book. It was inscribed, in the manner of Camoens and Tasso, to Archibald Duke of Argyll, a nobleman, who, by patronizing the arts and sciences, rivalled the glory of his elder brother Duke John, whose political and military talents made him to be deservedly esteemed one of the first statesmen and heroes of his time.

*Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.*

POPE.

In 1759, he published a second edition of *The Epigoniad, &c. by William Wilkie, V. D. M. Carefully corrected and improved. To which is added, a Dream, in the manner of Spenser*, 12mo. In this edition, all or most of the Scotisms, and other trivial mistakes in the first edition, were corrected. A passage also in the *Preface*, containing a rash censure of "the quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*," as not at all suitable either to the antiquity or majestic gravity of his author," was very properly omitted. Mr. Hume gives the following account of its reception in London, in a letter to Dr. Smith, dated April 12. 1759: "*The Epigoniad*, I hope, will do, but it is somewhat up-hill work. You will see in the "*Critical Review*," a letter upon that poem, and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author." The letter in the "*Critical Review*," was written by Mr. Hume, to recommend *The Epigoniad* to the public, "as one of the ornaments of our language." The success was not answerable to his expectations. Too antique to please the unlettered reader, and too modern for the scholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all.

Soon after his coming to Ratho, he was seized with an unformed ague, from which he was never perfectly relieved during the rest of his life. For this complaint, he thought an extraordinary perspiration was necessary. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes, and sweated so much, that it was thought to have had an effect in relaxing his constitution. The blankets under which he slept became a wonder to the country; stories are told of twenty-four pair of blankets being above him: And this may have been the case when he was not in his own bed; but, in general, his covering was much lighter.

The supposed unhealthiness of the manse of Ratho gave him the first inclination to change his situation, and the professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's becoming vacant in May 1759, by the death of Mr. David Young, he became a candidate for that office. Several candidates appeared, and Wilkie was not then acquainted with one member in the University. As it happened to be the time of the meeting of the General Assembly, he was introduced to such of them as were then at Edinburgh, and found avenues of application to them all; but Dr. Watson was the only member who discerned his merit, and effectually promoted his interest; for, when the day of election came (July 1759), the other professors had attached themselves, in equal numbers, to two other candidates; and when neither party could, by any influence, alter Dr. Watson, one of the parties joined him, and gave the election in favour of Wilkie.

When he left Ratho, he was worth about 200 l. from the sale of the stock upon his farm, and savings from his stipend. With this money he purchased some acres of land in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's. He enclosed and cultivated his little fields with such judgment and success, as excited the astonishment, commanded the imitation, and promoted the improvement of the country round him, and contributed, in a high degree, to his own emolument. He gradually extended his purchases, his improvements, and his profits, and is supposed to have acquired a property in land worth 3000 l.; and has, in his so rapid accumulation, left an equally eminent example of ability and economy.

As a teacher of natural philosophy, his usual merit did not forsake him. Natural philosophy, he said himself, was his *forte*. Though, by an universal genius, he shone in this department of science, yet his friends generally imagined that languages, logic, metaphysics, or moral philosophy, would have been more suitable to his taste and inclinations.

In 1768, he published his *Fables*, 8vo. They are sixteen in number, and a frontispiece, designed by Wale, is prefixed to each fable. Previous to the publication of his *Fables*, the University of St. Andrew's conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

From this time nothing of importance occurred in the life of Wilkie. He is said to have broke off connection with Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertson, some time before his death.

After a lingering indisposition, he died at St. Andrew's, October 10th 1772, in the 51st year of his age. His two sisters, to whom he left his property, are still living at St. Andrew's. He left his MSS. to the care of Mr. Liston, who has not published any of his literary remains.

No edition of his *Epigoniad* or *Fables* has been called for since his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1759 and 1768, for the first time, received into collection of classical English poetry.

In 1768, when the present writer was at Lanark school, his admiration of Wilkie induced him to transcribe from a manuscript in the Earl of Hyndford's library at Carmichael-house, a poem, intitled, "Whitton, a descriptive poem, with notes, inscribed to the Duke of Argyll, by W. W." supposed to mean *William Wilkie*; but he has not ventured to give it to Wilkie upon supposition.

Of his character, private habits, domestic manners, and opinions, curiosity will require more ample information than is to be found in the following notices, which the diligence of Professor Dalzel has collected, and the zeal and veneration of Mr. Robertson, Mr. Liston, Dr. Thomson, and Dr. Robertson, have supplied.

"He was always," says a paper, communicated by an ingenious but not literary friend of Wilkie, to Professor Dalzel, "fond of being in the company of old men and old women, from the 8th year of his age; and they always liked him, as he delighted in their conversation; and he *rapt* out something new, whatever was the subject. He had read the ancient philosophers and poets very early. Hesiod was a favourite poet of his, and he very often quoted him to persons who knew nothing about him. His conversation was most original and ingenious. It had a mixture of knowledge, acuteness and singularity, which rendered it peculiarly delightful; and every person who spent an hour with him, carried away something which he was glad to repeat. He had a firm faith in the truth of the Christian religion. He employed a considerable portion of his time in reading the

Scriptures, and he kept up the worship of God regularly in his family. While he was a parish minister, he was acceptable to his people; and, in every situation of his life, he was kind to persons in distress, and very liberal in his private charity. His temper was hasty, but void of malice or sourness; and he was always cheerful. He was fond of agriculture, and remarkable for his knowledge of the different branches of it. The people in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's acknowledge to this day, that they have derived many useful lessons from Dr. Wilkie's management of his farm."

"In his public capacity as a preacher," says Mr. Robertson, "he was rather original and ingenious than eloquent; and, though he never pursued the ordinary acts of popularity, never failed to fix the attention of his audience. The peculiarity, variety, and even eccentricity of his sentiments or reasoning, invariably procured him approbation. In his public character, he observed a thousand oddities and inattentions. He generally preached with his hat on his head, and often forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service. Once I saw him dispense the sacrament without consecrating the elements. On being told, he made a public apology, consecrated, and served the second table; after which, he went to the pulpit to superintend the service, forgetting to communicate himself, till informed of the omission by his elders. In his dress, he was uncommonly negligent and slovenly, and, in his whole manner of life, totally inattentive to all those little formalities on which the generality of mankind are apt to value themselves. He was immoderately addicted to the use of tobacco, particularly chewing, in which he went to such extreme excess, that it was thought, by all his acquaintance, highly prejudicial to his health, and perhaps a cause of his premature death. He was fond of medical aid, but always disputed, and often rejected the prescriptions of doctors: Hence was thought whimsical, both in his compliments, and in his management of them. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes. One day he visited a farmer in the neighbourhood, a relation of his own; when prevailed on to stay all night, he begged he might have plenty of bed-clothes. His female friends in the family collected and put on his bed 24 pair of blankets. When asked, next morning, if he had plenty of bed-clothes, he answered, he had just enough, and had slept well. He abhorred nothing so much as clean sheets, and whenever he met with such, he wrapt them up, threw them aside, and slept in the blankets. One evening, at Hatton, being asked by Lady Lauderdale to stay all night, he expressed an attachment to his own bed, but said, if her ladyship would give him a pair of foul sheets, he would stay."

"Hard circumstances," says Dr. Robertson, "oppressed Wilkie for the greater part of his life, and produced that strong attention to money-matters, with which he has been reproached by those who could not explain it. It proceeded, in fact, from a singular love of *independence*, the passion of a stately mind. He shuddered at the thought of coming under the power of any man, and could hardly think of walking the streets, lest any person, to whom he was indebted, should meet him. When his father died, he had to borrow the money that was to bury him. He went to an uncle for 10*l.* and was refused. These events could but ill sit upon *his* mind. After he came to better days, "I have often heard him say," says Mr. Liston, "I have shaken hands with poverty up to the very elbow, and I wish never to see her face again." Hence a parsimony to the extreme. Yet, in wealth, would we brand him with the love of money for its own sake. Another passion came in: He loved his relations; and it was his common maxim, that no man should ever break with his kindred. He was not long minister of Ratho, till he apprehended his life would be short: He had two sisters that he feared would be left destitute, immediately upon his death. Apprehensive on their account, he always lived plain, heaped up every penny, and at last died worth two or three thousand pounds; not so much acquired by savings, however, as by a rapid profit from his own favourite act of agriculture, in the perfect skill of which no man excelled him. At the same time, after the short period that he became possessed of money, his friends could see that he could part with it. It was his custom to pay the bill, even when travelling with several of his relations that could afford their share. After he settled at St. Andrew's, his private charities were not less than 20*l.* a year. Born for intense thought; for total absence of mind upon ordinary matters; plunged in poverty in early life, without a domestic about his person, and even without the means of any elegance whatever, he naturally became slovenly, dirty, and even nauseous. He

chewed tobacco to excess, and at last made himself believe, that it was good for his health. It seems, on all hands agreed, that no mortal was equal to him in conversation and argument. His own explanation of it was, that he took the right side, while his antagonists took the wrong, to display their ingenuity and learning. I have heard the late Dr. Wallace, author of the "Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind," say, nobody could venture to cope with him. His knowledge, in almost all things, was deep, solid, and unanswerable. His reasoning was plain to a child. In shrewdness, he had no rival. Both his manner and thoughts were masculine, in a degree peculiar to himself. Dr. Smith says, it was an observation of the late Lord Elibank, that wherever Wilkie's name happened to be mentioned in a company, learned or unlearned, it was not soon dropped: Every body had much to say. In short, he was a great and an odd man. His character, I will venture to say, will never be successfully written, but by a great hand; and even, when written, the theory of the man is above common comprehension."

"With regard to Wilkie's faith in Christianity," says Dr. Thomson, "I know, that he said prayers in his family every evening, after he had laid aside the character of a divine, and grace at table, with his eyes shut, and his hands folded together, in a posture of supplication, and with every mark of the greatest fervour. He would sometimes prolong his graces, at the College-table, beyond the bounds that the keen appetites of the hungry students would have prescribed to it. Even in these short prayers there was often some thought not more devout than pleasing and ingenious. For example: "O Lord! thou art the author of all our wants, and thou suppliest them, from the inexhausted stores of thy bounty." He appeared to be a firm believer in God. The existence of a deity he considered as the simplest, and, therefore, the most rational method of solving the phenomena of the universe. This was agreeable to the Newtonian System, which supposes a *vacuum* and liberty of action; and that a voluntary *fiat* of God launched forth the heavenly orbs with that degree of impulse or momentum precisely, which corresponded with centripetal force, and which would not carry them beyond their orbits. The moral doctrines of Christianity, the divine character of Jesus Christ, he held in the most profound veneration. That sacred person he undoubtedly considered as an angel sent from God, to enlighten and to bless the world. Whether he believed in the *necessity of an atonement* (a doctrine which, as Dr. Smith observes in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," is so consistent with the natural sentiments of mankind), and the other peculiar doctrines of the Christian religion, I cannot, with certainty, affirm. He sometimes lamented, that he doubted. But whether this doubt settled into scepticism, or that reason, and an imagination, sensible in the highest degree, to the ravishing prospects held out in the gospel, triumphed over doubt, and confirmed his wavering mind in the Christian faith, I know not. He would often exclaim to his most intimate friends: "O! if I could firmly believe all the doctrines of Christianity, how vain and insipid every enjoyment and every pursuit in this world would appear!"

"It was remarkable," says Professor Dalzel, "that Wilkie, with all his learning, could neither read nor spell. I myself was witness to his ignorance of the art of reading. When I was a very young man, residing at Hatton, Wilkie came from St. Andrew's, on a visit to Lord Lauderdale. He staid a few days, and all the personal knowledge I had of Wilkie was acquired during that time. "The Judgment of Paris," a poem by Dr. Beattie, was brought to Hatton one of those days, as a new publication. Wilkie asked me to retire with him, that we might read and criticise the poem together. At first, when he began to read, I imagined he did not understand the verses at all, as he surely committed the saddest havoc, in point of quantity and pronunciation, that can well be imagined, and even miscalled several of the words: And yet his criticisms were so just, and so happily expressed, that I was charmed with the elegance of his taste, and the propriety of his observations."

As a poet, his compositions are not less distinguished by imagination and judgment, than his manners were remarkable for eccentricity and originality. In both, we are pleased to find that feeling disposition which characterises the good man, and the ingenious, sublime and moral poet.

His *Epigoniad*, if he had written nothing else, is sufficient to entitle him to an honourable rank among the poets of our nation, with whom he is now associated. It is a legitimate epic poem, of

the same species of composition with the "Iliad" and the "Æneid," which is universally allowed to be, of all poetical works, the most dignified, and, at the same time, the most difficult in execution.

"To contrive a story," says Dr. Blair, in his excellent "Lectures," "which shall please and interest all readers, by being at once entertaining, important, and instructive, to fill it with suitable incidents, to enliven it with a variety of characters and of descriptions, and, throughout a long work, to maintain that propriety of sentiment, and that elevation of style, which the epic character requires, is unquestionably the highest effort of poetical genius."

What talents are necessary to so arduous an attempt! What vigour of imagination, extent of knowledge, solidity of understanding, and powers of language! In order to judge whether Wilkie has succeeded in this exalted species of writing, or not, an appeal should be made, not so much to the abstracted rules of criticism, as to the taste and feeling of the sympathetic and judicious reader: For it is sentiment only that can judge of sentiment. When the heart of the reader remains cold and unaffected, the most elaborate performance is defended, in vain, by all the art of the most expert rhetorician; and, on the contrary, where nature is displayed in just colours, and the imagination astonished by scenes of terror, or expanded by such as are sublime, a satisfaction is enjoyed, which is but little marred by a deviation from unity of time, place, or action.

In forming an estimate of the epic poem of Wilkie, we are to consider what degree of importance there is in his moral, and what of artifice in his fable; what kind of manners and characters he has exhibited, and if his characters are properly supported by their sentiments and actions. Are his digressions natural? Are his views sublime? Is his imagery beautiful, and his diction varied with his varying subject?

It would extend this narrative to an undue length, to examine the *Epigoniad*, with respect to each of these heads, particularly. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with briefly running over the *moral*, and giving a short analysis of the *fable*, occasionally observing on other particulars, as we go along, and collecting a few specimens of those great beauties in which it abounds.

As the end or moral of the "Paradise Lost" is to show the bitter fruits that spring from disobedience to the laws of God; and as the end or moral of the "Iliad" is to display the fatal effects of furious and deep resentment and discord, so the *moral* of the *Epigoniad* teaches the dire disasters that flow from the passion of love. This lesson is inculcated by a story interwoven with primeval manners, and with Grecian mythology. The first of these circumstances is rather an advantage than a disadvantage, as we are acquainted with the manners described, not only from the writings of Homer, but also from those of Moses, and as they diffuse over the poem an air of venerable simplicity: The second could not be avoided, it being an article in the Grecian creed, that the gods often interpose visibly and bodily in human affairs: nor is the incredibility of mythology so great a disadvantage in poetry, as may be imagined: For, first, as there is a degree of belief that attends the vivid perception of every object, the beautiful and consistent tales that are told by the poets, of the gods and other superior beings, gain a temporary credit; and this is sufficient for the purpose of the poet. Secondly, The heathen mythology operates on our minds, with the more facility that it has been impressed on our minds in our youth. We are acquainted with the different characters of the gods and goddesses; we know, beforehand, what part they are likely to act on particular occasions, and are pleased when we find the poet supporting, with propriety, the character of each. A like observation may be extended to the heroes and other famous personages of antiquity. We are acquainted, as it were, with their persons; we are interested in their fortunes, and, therefore, we are infinitely more affected by scenes in which they appear as actors, than we would be by scenes in which a poet should introduce persons and fictions with which we are wholly unacquainted. Boileau, the greatest critic of the French nation, was of this opinion;

"La fable offre à l'esprit mille agréments divers,
Là tous les noms heureux semblent nez pour les vers.
Ulysse, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idoménée,
Hélène, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée."

It is certain, that there is, in that poetic ground, a kind of enchantment which allures every person of a tender and lively imagination: nor is this impression diminished, but rather much increased by our early introduction to the knowledge of it, in our perusal of the Greek and Latin classics. The same great French critic makes the apology of Wilkie in his use of the ancient mythology.

“ Ainsi dans cet amas de noble fictions,
Le poete s'egaye en mille inventions,
Orne, eleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choses,
Et trouve s'ons sa main des fleurs toujours ecloses.”

It would seem, indeed, that, if some supernatural machinery be not admitted, epic poetry, at least all the marvellous part of it, must be entirely abandoned. “Without *admiration*,” says Dr. Hurd, in his “Letters on Chivalry and Romance” (which cannot be effected but by the marvellous of celestial intervention, I mean the agency of superior natures really existing, or by the illusion of the fancy taken to be so), no epic poem can be long-lived. The Christian religion, for many reasons, is unfit for the fabulous ornaments of poetry: The plan of Milton's work being altogether theological, his supernatural beings form not the machinery, but are the principal actors in the poem. The introduction of allegory, after the manner of Voltaire, is liable to many objections; and though a mere historical epic poem like “Leonidas,” may have its beauties, it will always be inferior to the force and pathetic words of tragedy, and must resign to that species of poetry the precedency which the former composition has always challenged among the productions of human genius.

The *fable* of the *Epigoniad* is this: The poet supposes, that *Cassandra*, the daughter of Alcander king of Pelignium in Italy, was pursued by the love of Echetus, a barbarous tyrant in the neighbourhood; and as her father rejected his addresses, he drew on himself the resentment of the tyrant, who made war upon him, and forced him to retire into Etolia, where *Diomed* gave him protection. This hero falls himself in love with *Cassandra*, and is so fortunate as to make equal impressions on her heart; but, before the completion of his marriage, he is called to the siege of Thebes, and leaves, as he supposes, *Cassandra* in Etolia with her father. But *Cassandra*, anxious for her lover's safety, and unwilling to part from the object of her affections, had secretly put on a man's habit, had attended him in the camp, and had fought by his side in all his battles. The poem opens with the appearance of the *Epigoni* before the walls of Thebes, resolute to signalize their own names, and to redeem the *Argive* glory, by its reduction. The gods, assembled on the hundred heads of high Olympus, view from afar Thebes doomed to perish by the *Argives*, and principally by the hands of *Diomed*. *Juno* and *Pallas*, favourable to the *Argives*, seek the ruin of *Thebes*. *Venus*, in order to frustrate the design of both *Juno* and *Pallas*, deliberates concerning the proper method of raising the siege. The fittest expedient seems to be the exciting in *Diomed* a jealousy of *Cassandra*, and persuading him, that her affections were secretly engaged to Echetus, and that the tyrant had invaded Etolia in pursuit of his mistress. *Zelotype*, a Paphian nymph, sprung from Cupid and *Alecto*, offers her services, for this end, to the goddesses.

G ddeffs these shafts shall compass what you aim,
My mother dipt their points in Stygian flame;
Where'er my father's darts their way have found,
Mine follow deep, and poison all the wound.
By these we soon, with triumph, shall behold
Pallas deceiv'd, and Juno's self controll'd.

Her person and flight are painted in the most characteristic habiliments and splendid colours that poetry affords.

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air and mount the rapid winds;
Aloft they bear her through th' ethereal plain,
Above the solid earth and liquid main;

THE LIFE OF WILKIE.

Her arrows next she takes, of pointed steel,
 For sight too small, but terrible to feel.—
 A figur'd zone, mysterially design'd,
 Around her waist her yellow robe confin'd;
 There dark Suspicion lurk'd, of fable hue,
 There hasty Rage, her deadly dagger drew;
 Pale Envy inly pin'd, and by her side
 Stood Frenzy raging with his arms unty'd.
 Affronted Pride, with thirst of vengeance burn'd,
 And Love's excess to deepest hatred turn'd.
 The virgin last, around her shoulders flung
 The bow and by her side the quiver hung:
 Then, springing up, her airy course she bends
 For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents descends.
 The son of Ulydeus 'midst his bands she found
 In arms complete, reposing on the ground;
 And as he slept, the hero thus address'd;
 Her form to fancy's waking eye express'd.

Diomed, moved by the instigations of jealousy, and eager to defend his mistress and his country, calls an assembly of the confederated kings, and proposes to raise the siege of Thebes, on account of the difficulty of the enterprise and dangers which surround the army. The kings debate concerning the proposal; and here appears a great diversity of characters and sentiments, suitable to each. *Theseus*, the general, breaks out into a passion at the proposal; but is pacified by *Nestor*. *Idomeneus* rises, and reproaches *Diomed* for his dishonourable counsel; and, among other topics, upbraids him with his degeneracy from his father's bravery. The debate is closed by *Ulysses*, who informs the princes, that the Thebans are preparing to march out in order to attack them, and that it is vain to deliberate any longer concerning the continuance of the war. The kings resolve to prosecute the war, and *Diomed*, though stung with love, and jealousy of *Echetus*, yields to their voice. The nations and tribes that opposed the *Argives*, being described in the manner of Homer, a battle commences before the walls of *Thebes*; and the Theban troops, led on by the brave *Leopbron*, the son of *Creon* the king, repulse the enemy. *Pallas* descends to the aid of the *Argives*, in the form of *Homoion*, *Diomed's* charioteer being slain. *Cassandra*, still concealed under the arms and dress of a soldier, presenting herself to *Diomed*, offers to take that office upon herself. *Diomed* declines the offer. *Pallas* herself assumes the reins, and conducts *Diomed* in the fight. He kills *Leopbron*. Every thing gives way to this chief, guided by the wisdom, and fortified by the arms of the immortal goddess of Prudence and Wisdom: But *Mercury*, at the command of *Jupiter*, gives order to *Phabus* to lash his steeds, and to conclude the day, lest the rapid success of *Diomed* should precipitate the fall of *Thebes* before the time fixed by Fate. The darkness of the night interrupts the fight, and *Diomed* is stripped by *Mercury* of his divine armour. This battle is full of the spirit of Homer. And now the Theban princes, according to ancient custom, sat in council in the gate; the king oppressed with public cares, and with private grief for the death of his son *Leopbron*, proposes to sue for a truce of seven days, that they might grace the dead with funeral obsequies. The priest of Apollo, accompanied by *Clytophon*, repairs to the *Argive* tents, to ask a truce; and here follows a long, but very interesting episode, that enchants the reader with the wildness of *Salvator Rosa*, and astonishes him with the terrors of *Sophocles*. This episode is intended as an experiment in that kind of fiction which distinguishes the "*Odyssey*." The *Theban* heralds are conducted, with safety, to the royal tent, where the *Argive* princes receive them with marks of kindness. After a splendid repast, *Clytophon*, with great art, addresses the *Pylian* chief *Nestor*, reminds him that he was his guest (a circumstance which formed a strong band of friendship, as it does still among barbarous nations) when he fled from the desert shores of *Trinacria*: Having gained the favour and the attention of *Nestor*, he relates the wonderful story of his life. *Clytophon* was the youngest son of *Orsilochus*, king of *Rhodes*.

His youngest hope I was, and scarce had seen
The tenth returning summer clothe the green,
When pirates snatch'd me from my native land, &c.

He relates how he arrived at *Trinacria*, escaped from the pirates, and how that lawless crew perished by the inhuman hands of a *Cyclops*. In this desert island he remained for ten years. His solitary life, his terror of the *Cyclops*, his escape from the domain and from the threats of that monster, who discovered him in his flight, form a wild and romantic tale, which affords a satisfaction of a pleasing though melancholy nature. The *Argive* chiefs, won by the eloquence of *Nestor*, agree to the truce. *Diomed* alone remonstrates, and retires sullenly to his tent. The poet, in imitation of Homer, describes the funeral obsequies and various games in honour of the dead. The games he has chosen are different from those which are to be found among the ancients, and the incidents are new and curious. He meditates a design to attack the unarmed Thebans, confiding in the truce, and busied in burying their dead. His friend, and the guardian of his youth, *Deiphobus*, dissuades him from such enormous injustice, and expostulates on this subject, with a freedom which provokes the fiery temper of *Diomed* to lift his hand against his friend, and to put him to death. This incident, which is apt to surprise us, seems to have been copied by the poet from that circumstance in the life of Alexander, where the heroic conqueror, moved by a sudden passion, stabs *Clytus*, his ancient friend, by whom his life had been formerly saved in battle. The repentance of *Diomed* is equal to that of Alexander. No sooner had he struck the fatal blow than his eyes are opened; he is sensible of his guilt and shame; he refuses all consolation; abstains even from food, and shuts himself up alone in his tent. His followers, struck with horror at the violence of his passion, keep at a distance from him. A tumult ensues, which is quelled by the eloquence of *Ulysses*. While *Diomed*, abandoned by all, lay outstretched in the dust, resigned to melancholy, remorse, and despair, *Cassandra* enters his tent with a potion, which she had prepared for him. The virgin endeavours, by an artful tale, to shun discovery, and to conceal her love. While she stands before him alone, her timidity and passion betray her sex; and *Diomed* immediately perceives her to be *Cassandra*. As his repentance for the murder of *Deiphobus* was now the ruling passion in his mind, he is not moved by tenderness for *Cassandra*; on the contrary, he considers her as the cause, however innocent, of the murder of his friend, and of his own guilt.

Those eyes I see, whose soft enchantment stole
My peace, and stir'd a tempest in my soul;
By their mild light, in innocence array'd,
To guilty madness was my heart betray'd.
Deiphobus is dead: his mournful ghost
Lamenting, wanders on the Stygian coast;
And blames my wrath. Oh! that the sun which gave
Light to thy birth, had set upon thy grave:
And he had liv'd! now lifeless on the plain,
A corse he lies, and number'd with the slain.

Overwhelmed with grief at the treatment she received, *Cassandra* repairs to a rural temple, sacred to *Ceres*, whose protection she implores, prostrate on the ground, and bathed in a flood of tears. At this instant, *Zelotype* descended from *Venus*, but her counsels were overthrown by *Pallas*, disguised in the shape of *Amyclea*, *Cassandra*'s mother. *Cassandra*'s address to *Amyclea* will not lose, by a comparison, with the address of *Anchises* to *Æneas* in the Elysian fields. She resolves to return to her father's house, and had begun to put her design in execution, when she fell into the hands of the Thebans. The fierce chiefs decree, that she shall fall a sacrifice to the ghosts of *Leophron* and *Andremon*. This stern purpose is opposed by *Pbericles*, who insists upon the faith of treaties. A dispute arises on the subject; some of the princes insist on the death of *Cassandra*, others declare themselves ready to protect her life, at the risk of their own. And this discord had raged in civil blood, had not *Clytophon* appeased the tumult, by proposing to practise on th

passions of *Diomed*, by means of so dear a pledge of his love, and to engage him to withdraw his forces from the walls of *Thebes*. *Diomed*, his rage subsiding into grief, inquires at every leader for *Cassandra*, and is stung with compunction for his barbarous usage of that lovely, affectionate, and patient maid. Whilst his mind is thus softened, an herald appears from the gates of *Thebes*, relates the fate of *Cassandra*, and delivers the king's message, threatening to put her to death if *Diomed* would not agree to a separate truce with *Thebes*. This proposal raises in the mind of *Diomed* opposite contending passions. Agreeably to the furious character of that chief, the poet supposes that his predominant passion for revenge is first excited. He rages and vows vengeance, if the Thebans should dare to violate the captive. An embroidered scarf, a present from *Cassandra*, brings her full into the view of *Diomed*, with all her charms. His rage is suspended, and he resigns his mind to love, to grief, and tender fear. He proposes a truce of twenty days, which the Thebans accept. In the mean time, *Dionises* returns, who had been sent to the wilderness of *Ceta* to recal *Hercules* for the protection of his native city. He relates the death of *Hercules*, and the excruciating pains of the envenomed robe, which had been sent him by the hands of the jealous *Dejanira*. He relates also the fate of *Gleon*, son of the king of *Thebes*, slain by *Philoctetes* for an attempt to steal away the arms of his friend *Hercules*, now enrolled among the gods. This episode is an attempt towards heroic tragedy, in the manner of *Sophocles*, and breathes all the horrors, and vehemence and atrocity of that great poet. If the sublimity of his imagination, and the energy of his style appear any where conspicuous, it is in this episode, which we shall not scruple to compare with any poetry in the English language. Nothing can be more pathetic than the complaints of *Hercules*, when the poison of the envenomed robe begins first to prey upon him.

O cool my boiling blood, ye winds that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.

The virtue of *Hercules*, sustaining him under the weight of infernal pain, is described in a manner not unworthy of the supreme grandeur of the subject; and is a spectacle, if we may be allowed, with *Wilkie*, to adopt the sentiments and the style of the ancients, we would say even the immortal gods would regard with complacency and approbation.

The Theban king, enraged by the death of his sons, even to madness, despair, and hatred of the gods, infligates his martial powers to attack the *Argives*, secure in the truce, and employed in burying the dead. The *Argives*, encouraged by *Pallas*, in the form of *Mentor*, rally their forces and resist the Thebans with bravery, but without success. The *Argive* bands give way, and would have perished by the hands of an enraged victorious enemy, had not *Pallas* dispatched *Ulysses* to solicit the aid of *Diomed*. The speech of *Ulysses*, in which the character of the speaker is well supported, had its full influence on the mind of a generous warrior, ambitious of glory, and quickly sensible to the stings of reproach. He confesses his passion for the captive *Cassandra*; whom he describes with all the exaggerations of love. *Ulysses*, having now learned the cause of *Diomed's* inactivity, addresses himself to him with success. He shows, that no faith was to be expected from the perfidious Thebans, and that the safety of *Cassandra* might be obtained by force, but was not to be hoped for from a regard to justice. Moved by this reasoning, *Diomed* takes the field. The Thebans are forced to retreat, and the ruthless *Greon* dispatches an assassin to murder *Cassandra*. Here opens a scene truly affecting. The queen of *Thebes* and her maids sat lamenting with the fair captive, talking to her in the language of complacency and tenderness, assuring her that her innocence, her sex, would protect her, and that nine short days would restore her freedom: But *Cassandra*, prepared to meet her fate, by a dream, arms herself with magnanimous resolution, and, when the murderer approached, with the sword bared for execution, in the midst of her weeping attendants, she alone appeared erect and undaunted.

THE LIFE OF WILKIE.

xvi

———For the blow prepar'd,
With both her hands her shining neck she bar'd,
And round her head a purple garment roll'd,
With leaves of silver mark'd, and flowing gold.
Rais'd for the stroke, the glittering faulchion hung,
And swift descending, bore the head along.
A tide of gore diffus'd in purple streams,
Dashes the wall, and o'er the pavement swims.
Prone to the ground, the headless trunk reclines,
And life, in long convulsive throbs, resigns.

In the mean time, *Diomed* advises the *Argive* chiefs to take *Thebes* by assault. *Idomeneus* opposes so rash a design; and in the midst of this dispute, *Creon* displays, on the point of a spear, the head of *Cassandra*. *Diomed* leads on his powers to the assault of *Thebes*, while the other *Argive* bands, in favour of his attempt, distract the foe by mock approaches. The city is taken. The queen, made captive, implores the mercy of *Diomed*. *Ulysses* advises him to offer her up a victim to the manes of *Cassandra*. The generous hero rejects the barbarous counsel; and the poem concludes with the death of *Creon*.

It is a manifest advantage in the *Epigoniad*, that the scenes it describes lie within a very narrow space of time; that events follow events in rapid succession; and that, on the whole, it maintains the closest and most perfect unity of time, place, and action. The moral is no other than what is the moral of many tragedies, the fatal effects of love. But the poet has found means artfully to extend the moral to passion in general: For *Diomed*, in a kind of peroration to the whole of what had passed, deploras the predominancy of passion, ever deaf to reason and cool reflection.

While I, unhappy, by its dictates sway'd,
My guardian murder'd, and the host betray'd.

The fable is evidently ingeniously artificial; but the execution is better than the design, the poetry superior to the fable, and the colouring of the particular parts more excellent than the general plan of the whole. Of the four great epic poems which have been the admiration of mankind, the "*Iliad*," "*Æneid*," "*Jerusalem*," and "*Paradise Lost*" the "*Jerusalem*" alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to prose, and related without that splendour of versification and imagery by which it is supported; yet, in the opinion of many great judges, the "*Jerusalem*" is the least perfect of these productions, chiefly because it has least nature and simplicity in the sentiments, and is most liable to the objection of affectation and conceit. The story of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the least essential part of it, the force of the versification, the vivacity of the images, the justness of the descriptions, the natural play of the passions, are the chief circumstances which distinguish the great poet from the prosaic novelist; and we will venture to affirm, that all these advantages, especially the three former, are to be found in an eminent degree in the *Epigoniad*. Wilkie, inspired with the true genius of Greece, and smit with the most profound veneration for Homer, disdains all frivolous ornaments; and, relying entirely on his sublime imagination and his nervous and harmonious expression, has ventured to present to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges, for his partizans, all the admirers of genuine antiquity.

There is one circumstance in which Wilkie has carried his boldness of copying antiquity beyond the practice of many, even judicious moderns. He has drawn his personages, not only with all the simplicity of the Grecian heroes, but also with some degree of their roughness, and even of their ferocity. This is a circumstance which a mere modern is apt to find fault with in Homer, and which, perhaps, he will not easily excuse in his imitator. It is certain that the ideas of manners are much changed since the age of Homer, and though the "*Iliad*" was always, among the ancients, conceived to be a panegyric on the Greeks, yet the reader is now almost always on the side of the Trojans, and is much more interested for the humane and soft manners of Priam, Hector, Andromache, Sarpedon, *Æneas*, Glaucus, nay, even of Paris and Helen, than for the severe and cruel bravery of Achilles,

Agamemnon, and the other Grecian heroes. Sensible of this inconvenience, Fenelon, in his "Telemaque," has softened extremely the harsh manners of the heroic ages, and has contented himself with retaining that amiable simplicity by which these ages were distinguished. If the reader be displeased that the British poet has not followed the example of the French writer, he must at least allow, that he has drawn a more exact and faithful copy of antiquity, and has made fewer sacrifices of truth to ornament.

The characters of the *Epigoniad* are mostly the same with those of the "Iliad." *Diomed*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, *Idomeneus*, *Merion*, and even *Thersites*, all appear in different parts of the poem, and, in general, act parts suitable to the characters drawn of them by Homer. The episodes are artfully inserted, interesting and natural. The language is simple and artless in narration; but in description, often bold, figurative and sublime. The images are taken from rural life, or the great and beautiful objects of nature. There is a littleness in the most ingenious arts. Nature only corresponds to the elevated tone of the epic poet. The similes are perhaps too frequent. This frequency Wilkie would doubtless have defended by the example of Homer; but Homer himself seems to offend in this particular. The numbers are elaborately correct, delicately polished, and exquisitely harmonious. Pope seems to have been his model for versification, and he has borrowed many lines and expressions from him. But he is not a servile imitator. He has judiciously diversified the uniformity of Pope, by adopting the variety of pause, accent, cadence, and diction, so eminently conspicuous in Dryden, and so absolutely essential to the harmony of true poetry.

An ingenious foreigner, whose mind seems far superior to bigotry and national prejudice, in his "Essay on the Revolutions of Literature," has mentioned the *Epigoniad* in terms of high respect, and accounted for the fewness of its readers, not from any fault in the poem, but from the circumstance that the English are acquainted with Homer, not only in the original, but by means of the celebrated translation of Pope.

"The *Epigoniad* of Wilkie," says Professor Denina, "would have been a most admirable poem, had it been written 2000 years ago. But as Homer is now so well known in England, we cannot be surprised that Wilkie has not a greater number of readers. We Italians, at present, neglect the *Avarebide di Lingi Almanni*, which, like the *Epigoniad*, is too close an imitation of the "Iliad."

There are others, no doubt, besides Professor Denina, who, while they will not hesitate to allow no small share of merit to this poet, will yet be ready to consider his poem as too close an imitation of Homer, and think that he has been unfortunate in the choice of his subject.

Wilkie, aware of these objections, has endeavoured to obviate them in his *Preface*, which has been universally admired, and than which there has not appeared a piece of juster or more manly criticism since the times of Aristotle and Horace. He justifies himself, at great length, in having formed his poem upon historical circumstances already known, and introduced characters with which the reader is before acquainted, and also shows the necessity he was under of taking many of the historical circumstances from the ancient poets; for tradition, the proper foundation of epic poetry, is only to be found in their writings, and, therefore, must be used like a common stock, and not considered as the property of individuals.

"Tradition," says the *Preface*, "is the best ground on which a fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention, to work upon."

We might have expected, from this remark, that he had not only taken tradition as the ground of his fable, but employed it also to guide him through the narration: But we find that he has not only forsook, but contradicted it on several occasions.

Eustathius, in his Commentary upon the fourth book of the "Iliad," gives us a list of the nine warriors who were called the *Epigoni*, most of whom Wilkie never mentions in the *Epigoniad*, but instead of them, introduces, not the descendants of those unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but several of their contemporaries; as *Theseus* and *Nestor*, who had no motives of revenge to prompt their undertaking. *Theseus*, in particular, was not there, for we

find in the "Suppliants" of Euripides, that *Theseus* went upon a former expedition to *Thebes*, to procure funeral honours for the seven fathers of the *Epigoni*, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and, at the end of the same tragedy, we are told, that the capture of the city was reserved for the *Epigoni* alone. Wilkie also gives *Theseus* the conduct of the war, in contradiction to Diodorus Siculus, who affirms, that by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmaeon was constituted generalissimo: He likewise makes *Creon* king of *Thebes*, but *Creon* had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says, that *Laodamas* was, at that time, their king. Contrary to all order of time, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* are introduced as principal characters, an anachronism which he endeavours to excuse, by alleging that it was a fact of little consequence, and that he did not therefore choose to deprive himself of two illustrious names. Instead of *Sthenelus*, who is said to have accompanied *Diomed* in this expedition, he has substituted "*Ulysses*, a first-rate hero, in the place of a second-rate one, and a name which every body is acquainted with, in the place of one little known."

But though Wilkie's disagreement with Homer in point of fact, is not more remarkable than his disregard of the traditions of the ancients, we must acknowledge, that, in giving up the conduct of his poem to an invention fruitful of incidents, he has given us a regular heroic story, well connected in its parts, adorned with characters which strongly attach the reader, and make him take part in the dangers they encounter, embellished by mythological fictions, which gratify and fill the imagination, and abounding in interesting situations, which awaken the feelings of humanity. He is some times awful and august; often tender and pathetic; and intermingles valiant achievements with the gentle and pleasing scenes of love, friendship, and affection.

There is nothing more wonderful, in this admirable poem; than the intimate acquaintance it displays, not only with human nature, but with the turn and manner of thinking of the ancients, their history, opinions, manners, and customs. There are few books that contain more ancient learning than the *Epigoniad*. To the reader, acquainted with remote antiquity, it yields high entertainment; and we are so far from thinking, that an acquaintance with Homer hinders men from reading this poem, that we are of opinion it is chiefly by such as are conversant in the writings of that poet, that the *Epigoniad* is, or will be read. And as the manners therein described are not founded on any circumstances that are temporary and fugacious, but arise from the original frame and constitution of human nature, and are consequently the same in all nations and periods of the world; it is probable, if the English language shall not undergo very material and sudden changes, that the epic poem of Wilkie will be read and admired, when others, that are in greater vogue in the present day, shall be overlooked and forgotten.

In the *Epigoniad*, Wilkie has, in general, followed successfully the footsteps of Homer. In the *Dream* annexed to that poem, he has chosen Spenser for his model, and ventured to engage in a rivalry with the great father of allegorical poetry. In this small poem, in which the manner of Spenser is finely imitated, the poet supposes himself to be introduced to Homer, who censures his poem in some particulars, and excuses it in others. It is, indeed, a species of apology for the *Epigoniad*, written in a very lively and elegant manner. It may be compared to a well-polished gem of the purest water, and cut into the most beautiful form. He apologises for so closely imitating, and even borrowing from Homer. He alleges, that *Plato* and *Virgil* did so before him. His praise of *Hesiod* and *Theocritus* is such as might be expected from an agriculturist and a poet. Those who would judge of Wilkie's talents for poetry, without perusing his larger work, may satisfy their curiosity by running over this short poem. They will see the same force of imagination and harmony of numbers, which distinguish his longer performance, and may thence, with small application, receive a favourable impression of his genius.

His *Fables* discover an ingenious and acute turn of mind, and a thorough acquaintance with the nature and ways of men; but they are not recommended by any great degree of poignancy or poetical spirit. Simplicity is, indeed, the greatest excellence of fable: But, in the *Fables* of Wilkie,

there is such an excess of simplicity, that they do not sufficiently command attention. They do not sufficiently rouse and exercise the mind; and this defect is the more inexcusable, that to rouse attention is the very end of fable: For the lessons that fable teaches are sufficiently obvious, and what she pretends to is only to incline men, by a species of surprise, to attend to them. If Wilkie cannot boast the ease of Gay, the elegance of Moore, or the humour and poignancy of Smart, yet he is, by no means, a contemptible fabulist. His *Fables* have the merit of an artless and easy versification, of just observation, and even, occasionally, of deep reasoning, and abound in strokes of a pathetic simplicity. The fable of the *Rake and the Hermit* possesses the two last mentioned qualities in an eminent degree.

THE WORKS OF WILKIE.

PREFACE.

As there is no class of writers more freely censured than poets, and that by judges of all sorts, competent and incompetent: I shall attempt to answer some objections that may be made to the following performance, by persons not sufficiently acquainted with epic poetry, and the rules upon which it ought to be formed.

The beauties of the piece, if it has any, shall be left to be discovered by the reader for himself. This is his undoubted privilege; and I have no intention to break in upon it: neither would it be of any advantage to do so; for poetical beauties, if they are real, will make themselves observed, and have their full effect without a comment.

Some will object to the choice of the subject that it is taken from the history of an age and nation, the particular manners of which are not now well known, and therefore incapable of being justly represented by any modern author. This objection will appear to be of little consequence, when we consider that the fact upon which it proceeds is so far from being strictly true, that there are none who have any tolerable share of classical learning, that are not better acquainted with the manners and customs of the heroic ages, than with those of their own country, at the distance of a few centuries. Neither is this knowledge of ancient manners confined to the learned; the vulgar themselves, from the books of Moses, and other accounts of the first periods of the Jewish state, are sufficiently instructed in the customs of the earliest times, to be able to relish any work where these are justly represented. With what favour, for instance, has Mr. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* been received by persons of all conditions? and how much is it commonly preferred to the *Faery Queen*, a poem formed upon manners of a much more modern cast. But supposing the fact upon which the objection proceeds to be true, and that the customs and manners peculiar to the times from which the subject of the poem is taken, are not now well understood, I do not apprehend, that, even with this confession, the objection amounts to any thing considerable; for manners are to be distinguished into two kinds, universal and particular. Universal manners, are those which arise from the original form and constitution of the human nature, and which consequently are the same in all nations and periods of the world. Particular manners, on the other hand,

consist of such customs and modes of behaviour, as proceed from the influence of partial causes, and that shift and vary as those causes do upon which they depend. To make myself understood by an example; it is agreeable to common or universal manners, to be angry and resent an injury; but particular manners, in ordinary cases, determine the methods of revenge. For great offences, an Italian poisons his enemy; a Spaniard stabs him over the shoulder; and a Frenchman seeks satisfaction in duel. From this example, it will be easy to see that particular manners ought to appear but very little, either in epic poetry, tragedy, or any other of the higher kinds of poetical composition; for they are vulgar, and depend upon custom; but great passions and high characters reject ordinary forms; and therefore must, upon every occasion, break through all the common modes both of speech and behaviour. Though ancient manners, therefore, were not so precisely known as they are, I should imagine, that a story taken from the accounts which we have of the heroic ages, might very well serve for the subject of an epic poem, and have all the advantages necessary in respect of that species of composition.

It may likewise be alleged, that I have done wrong in choosing for my subject a piece of history which has no connection with present affairs; and that, if I had done otherwise my work would have been more interesting and useful.

This objection, seemingly a very material one, admits, notwithstanding, of an easy answer, viz. that subjects for epic poetry ought always to be taken from periods too early to fall within the reach of true history. And, if this rule is shown to be essential, which I shall attempt to do in what follows, it will be found to be impossible that any subject proper for that kind of writing should have a connection with present affairs. The proper business of epic poetry, is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or, as the critics express it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters must be magnified, and accommodated rather to our notions of heroic greatness, than to the real state of human nature. There appears a certain littleness in all men when truly known, which checks admiration, and confines it to very narrow limits; heroes, themselves, though possessed of the greatest qualities, are, in most circumstances of their condition, so much up-

on a level with the ordinary run of mankind, that such as have an opportunity of being intimately acquainted with them, do not admire them at the same rate that others do, who view them only at a distance. The common conditions of humanity lessen every man; and there are many little circumstances inseparably connected with our state of being, which we cannot easily reconcile with our idea of Epaminondas, Plato, Scipio, or Cæsar. From all this it plainly appears, that admiration claims for its object something superior to mere humanity; and therefore such poems as have it for their end to excite admiration, ought to celebrate those persons only that never have been treated of by regular historians. For history gives to all things their just and natural dimensions; and, if it should interfere with poetical fiction, would effectually confute those beautiful legends which are invented to raise our ideas of character and action, above the standard at which experience has fixed them.

Let it be observed, as a further confirmation of the maxim which I am establishing, that there is in our minds a principle which leads us to admire past times, especially those which are most remote from our own. This prejudice is strong in us; and, without being directed or assisted by art, forms in the mere vulgar of all countries, the most extravagant notions of the stature, strength, and other heroic qualities of their remote ancestors. This prejudice, so favourable to poetical fiction, true history effectually destroys: and therefore poets, that they may have the advantage of it, ought to celebrate those persons and events only that are of so great antiquity, as not to be remembered with any degree of certainty and exactness.

But, instead of a thousand arguments to this purpose, let us only consider the machinery which must be employed in an epic poem: how heaven and hell must both be put in motion, and brought into the action; how events altogether out of the common road of human affairs, and no ways countenanced either by reason or by experience, must be offered to mens imaginations, so as to be admitted for true. Let us consider all this, and it will appear, that there is nothing which poets ought more carefully to avoid, than interfering with such regular and well-vouched accounts of things as would effectually confute their fable, and make the meanest reader reject it with contempt. This is a point of prudence which no poet has yet neglected with impunity. Lucan, according to his usual rashness, has taken, for the subject of an epic poem, one of the best known events which he could have pitched upon in the whole series of human affairs; and, in order to distinguish himself from a mere historian, is often under the necessity of starting from his subject, and employing the whole force of a very lively and fruitful invention in unnecessary descriptions and trifling digressions. This, besides other inconveniences of greater importance, gives such an appearance of labour and straining to his whole performance, as takes much from the merit of it, with all who have any notion of ease, majesty, and simplicity of writing. He, and all other poets who have fallen into the same error, find always this disad-

vantage attending it, that the true and fictitious parts of their work refuse to unite, and standing as it were at a distance, upon terms of mutual aversion, reproach each other with their peculiar defects. Fiction accuses truth of narrowness and want of dignity; and this again represents the other as vain and extravagant. Spenser, who, in his *Faery Queen*, not only treats of matters within the sphere of regular history, but describes even the transactions of his own time, in order to avoid the inconveniencies which he knew to be almost inseparable from such an attempt, covers his story with a veil of allegory, that few of his readers are able to penetrate. This stratagem leaves him at full liberty in the exercise of his invention; but he pays, in my opinion, too dear for that privilege, by sacrificing to it all the weight and authority which a mixture of received tradition and real geography would have given to his fable. Milton takes the subjects of both his great poems from true history, yet does not succeed the worse upon that account. But it is to be remembered, that his chief actors are not men, but divine and angelic beings; and that it is the human nature only which suffers by a just representation, and loses in point of dignity, when truly known. Besides, the historical circumstances upon which he builds are so few, and of so extraordinary a nature, that they are easily accommodated to poetical fiction; and, therefore, instead of limiting him, and setting bounds to his invention, they serve only to countenance, and give a degree of credibility to whatever he pleases to feign. Shakspeare may likewise be quoted as an exception to the general rule, who takes the subjects of many of his pieces from periods of the English history not very remote, and, notwithstanding, succeeds remarkably in exciting the heroic passion. That Shakspeare makes us admire his heroes, is undeniable; and no man of common sense will ever pretend to assert, that real characters of great men, touched up and heightened by a poetical fancy, will not very naturally excite admiration. But there are different degrees of this passion, as well as of all others; and it is evident that the degree of it which Shakspeare intends to raise, is not equal to that which Homer aims at, and the other writers of the epic tribe. We admire no character in Shakspeare's works more than that of Henry V., but the idea which Homer gives us of Achilles, is still more noble and august. The tragedian mixes so much of the ordinary man in the character of his hero, that we become too familiar with him to admire him in a high degree: for in those very pieces in which he is represented as performing his most remarkable exploits, he is often found at his leisure hours amusing himself with a knot of humourists, pick-pockets, and buffoons. I do not pretend to censure Shakspeare for this conduct; because it is not the business of a tragedian to make us admire, but to interest our other affections: and, to make his heroes very much objects of admiration, would possibly be one of the greatest errors that an author of that kind could fall into: for the principle of compassion, to which tragedy is peculiarly addressed, is incompatible with high admiration; and a man, in order either to be loved or pitied,

must appear with evident symptoms of the weaknesses common to the rest of the human kind. It is our own image in distress which afflicts us; and we never pity one under calamities, who is not weak enough to be moved by them. Homer upon this account, never attempts to excite pity, but from such private and domestic distresses as show his heroes in the light of ordinary men. Sophocles likewise, from a just apprehension that the heroic passion interferes with the proper spirit of tragedy, lessens on purpose the great characters which he introduces, and strips them of more than half their dignity. Though therefore Shakspeare makes us admire his heroes as much as a tragedian ought to do, and even more in some instances than the rules of art would justify; yet as the degree of admiration which he excites is less by far than that which epic poetry aims at, it may well be raised from subjects that are strictly historical, though the higher degrees of that passion cannot. Were my judgment of sufficient authority in matters of criticism, I would have it understood as a rule, that the subjects of epic poetry should be taken from tradition only: that tragedy should keep within the limits of true history; and that comedy, without meddling at all with historical facts, should expose vice and folly in recent instances, and from living examples. That part of the rule which regards epic poetry, is sufficiently justified from what has been already said; and concerning tragedy, I have likewise observed, that it ought not to exalt its greatest characters above the standard of real life. From this it will follow that it may be strictly historical without losing any real advantage, and attain its full perfection without the assistance of fable. I believe it will be easily allowed, that where truth and fiction are equally subservient to the purposes of poetry, the first ought always to be preferred; for true history carries a weight and authority with it, which seldom attend stories that are merely fictitious, and has many other advantages for interesting our affections above the legends of remote antiquity. But as tragedy should never go so far back as the fabulous ages, neither should it, in my opinion, approach too near to present times; for though it does not aim at raising and gratifying the passion of admiration, yet it has a degree of dignity to maintain, which it would endanger by treating of events too recent, and characters too particularly remembered. Comedy, on the other hand, and indeed every species of satire whatsoever, ought to attack living characters only, and the vices and folly of present times. That imperfection which appears in every thing when viewed near, a circumstance so unfavourable to the genius of epic poetry and tragedy falls in precisely with that of comedy, a kind of writing which has no dignity to support, points always at what is ridiculous, and marks its objects with characters of littleness and contempt. We naturally admire past times, and reverence the dead; and consequently are not so much disposed to laugh at fools who have already finished their parts, and retired, as at fools who are yet upon the stage. The ancient comedy of the Greeks, which proceeded upon this maxim, was certainly, upon that

account, the most perfect species of satire that ever was invented. Homer, as he exceeds all other poets in merit, has likewise the advantage of them in point of good fortune; the condition of the age in which he wrote gave him an opportunity of celebrating in his poems, events, which though they were in his days of no great antiquity, and consequently the more interesting, yet had fallen, through the want of authentic records, into so happy a degree of obscurity, that he was at full liberty to feign concerning them what he pleased, without any danger of confutation. This is an advantage which succeeding poets could not boast of; and therefore have found themselves under a necessity, either of taking their subjects from remote antiquity, as I have done, or (which in my opinion is worse) of attempting to mix fable with history, which never can be done with success.

The mythology in the following poem will probably give offence to some readers, who will think it indecent for a Christian to write in such a manner as to suppose the truth of a heathen religion. They will be of opinion, that it would have been better, either to have introduced no religious system at all, or to have chosen such a subject as would have admitted of the true system. I shall endeavour to answer this objection, by establishing two maxims directly opposite to what is proposed in the preceding alternative, and show not only that divine beings are necessary characters in an epic poem, but likewise that it is highly improper to introduce the true God into a work of that nature. If these two points are fully made out, the force of the objection will be taken away. As to the first of them, let us again consider the end which epic poetry proposes to itself: it aims at exciting admiration, by setting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character: it is necessary for this purpose that a poet should give his heroes, not only all those intrinsic qualities which make men admired, but that he should magnify them likewise by a skilful management of outward circumstances. We do not form our notions either of persons or things from their real qualities only; circumstances of a foreign nature, and merely accessory, have as great an influence as these in determining our approbation and dislike. This observation shows the importance of mythology to epic poetry; for nothing can render a person of greater consequence in the eye of the world, than an opinion that the gods regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much interested in all that relates to him. If people are once considered as the favourites of heaven, or instruments chosen for the accomplishment of its important purposes; poets may tell of them what great things they please, without seeming to exaggerate, or say any thing that exceeds the bounds of probability. Homer was certainly of this opinion, when he ascribed to his heroes, valour and other great qualities in so immoderate a degree: for, had the gods never interposed in any of the events which he celebrates; had his chief actors been nowise connected with them, either in point of favour or consanguinity, and represented, at the same time, as performing the high exploits which he ascribes

to them instead of being applauded as the first of poets, he would have been censured as the most false and most credulous of historians. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it is of in point of ornament, and a third from its use in allegory, has determined almost all the writers who have followed the epic or heroic style, to allow it a place in their compositions; such of them as have taken their subject from Greek or Roman story, have adopted the mythology of Homer; and the rest, in celebrating more modern heroes, have, instead of that, made use of the true religion, corrupted by an unnatural mixture of northern superstition and Grecian fable. From a practice therefore so universal, we may justly infer, that poets have looked upon mythology as a thing of great use in their compositions, and almost essential to the art.

It may be alleged, after all that has been said, that, to bring gods into epic poetry, is inconvenient on many accounts; that it prevents a proper display of character in the human actors, turning them all into so many machines, to be moved and guided by the immediate impulses of deity: that it breaks in upon the order of natural causes, and renders all art, either in plan or conduct of a work, superfluous and unnecessary. If what this objection supposes were true, and that the mixing of gods with men in the action of an epic poem, necessarily turned the whole into miracle; if it were an unavoidable consequence of this method, that the human actors should be governed in all they do by divine impulse determining them, without regard to their natural characters, and the probable motives which ought to influence them: in short, if mythology could have no place in a poem, but at the expence of manners, order, connection, and every other thing that can render a work either beautiful or instructive, it would be an argument against it of such weight, as nothing alleged in its favour would be able to counterbalance. But the objection is by no means well founded; for, though there may be an indiscreet application of mythology, productive of all those ill effects which have been mentioned; yet it is obvious, both from reason and experience, that mythology may be managed in such a manner as to be attended with none of them. And this will appear from a very obvious example: the greatest part of mankind, in every age, have believed that gods and superior beings govern and direct the course of human affairs. Many individuals, and even whole nations, have thought that all the actions and events of our lives are predetermined by an overruling power, and that we suffer the controul of an irresistible necessity in all we do: yet this opinion never changes the moral feelings of such as entertain it, and their judgment of characters and actions; they love and hate, approve, and disapprove, admire and despise, in the same manner as others do who believe that men are absolutely free, and that their final determinations proceed only from themselves. But when it is understood, that people act without consciousness, or that the organs of their bodies are not under the dominion of their own wills, but actuated by

some other being without their consent: in short, when mere physical necessity is substituted in place of moral, all idea of character, all sense of approbation and disapprobation immediately ceases. From this fact, the truth of which nobody will dispute, it is easy to judge in what cases the interposition of gods in the action of a poem will prevent a proper display of the human characters; and when not. Volition, as appears by the example now given, is that upon which our moral ideas are founded: so long then as volition is exerted, there is a character, and, when that ceases, the character is lost. If therefore the deities in a poem are employed in animating and deterring the heroes, only by suggesting such motives as are proper to influence their wills; such interposition by no means interferes with the display of character, but rather favours it; for the quality of every mind may be known from the motives by which it is determined; and Minerva's prevailing with Pindarus to be guilty of a piece of treachery, by suggesting that Paris would reward him for it, discovered the venality of his temper as much as if he had done the same action from a like motive occurring to himself.

Poets often make the gods infuse an uncommon degree of vigour into their heroes, for answering some great occasion, and add to the grace and dignity of their figure. Sometimes they make a second rate hero the first in a particular action, and, with their assistance, he distinguishes himself above such as are at other times more remarkable for valour and success: all this is so agreeable to what happens naturally, and from mere mechanical causes, that we forget the gods, and interpret what happens as if they had not interposed at all. For every body knows, that when people are roused to any remarkable exertion of force, they become stronger than they are at other times; and that, when in this manner the spirits rise to an uncommon height, the whole body acquires new graces. Valour is not a fixed and permanent quality, nor is it found in any one always in the same degree. Plutarch observes that of all the virtues it exerts itself most irregularly, and rises by fits like a divine inspiration. The sense which every man has of these things, makes him look upon the interposition of gods in such cases as a mythological way of expressing what is merely natural, and allow such as perform the great actions in a poem to possess the whole merit of them. It never lessens our opinion of Hector's valour, for instance, that Apollo often assists him; nor do we think Ulysses less prudent, because he is guided by the influence of Minerva. We have as clear impressions of those, and the other Homeric characters as we have of any characters whatsoever, and discern their limits and distinguishing marks as clearly as if they had acted altogether of themselves. That superior beings should be employed in governing the events of things, and interposing by thunder, earthquakes, inundations, pestilences, and the like, can never be thought unnatural in poetry, by any one who believes that Providence actually manages the affairs of the world by such means. It belongs to men to design and act, but to Heaven alone to determine.

events. Though a poet, therefore should represent an army weaker and worse conducted, prevailing, in consequence of that kind of interposition which has been mentioned, over another, evidently better and stronger, there would be nothing unnatural in such an account, or contrary to what is often experienced in real affairs.

After all that has been said, it must be owned, that if gods are brought in upon slight occasions, and for trifling purposes; if they are put upon working miracles in order to cover blunders, either in the plan or execution of a poem, and employed in cutting such knots as the author himself has not the skill or patience to untie; it must be owned, I say, that this is a very wrong application of mythology, and attended with all the disadvantages which the objection mentions. It is a stratagem, which, if often practised, would teach the reader at last to disregard all appearances, and, when the most important periods of affairs were approaching, to remain quite secure and uninterested, trusting that a god would always be at hand, in time of need, to manage every thing as the poet would have it, and put all to rights by the shortest and most effectual methods. I have considered this objection at greater length, because at first view it appears very plausible; and shall proceed to what remains, after I have taken notice of another, which has likewise some appearance of force. It will be thought inconvenient, as it is the design of epic poetry to raise and dignify human characters, that gods should appear with men in the same scenes of action. It will be alleged, that in this case the divine persons will necessarily overshadow the human, lessen them by a comparison, and consequently produce an effect directly opposite to what is intended. This objection, however plausible, does not seem to be supported by experience; at least I never found in any instance, that the splendour of divine characters in a poem, eclipsed the human. Besides, this is what cannot easily happen; for, let us suppose two parties of boys engaged in some trial, either of force or skill, and that a few men take part in the debate, dividing themselves between the opposite sides, and assisting them against each other, would the exploits of the full-grown men, however remarkable, lessen those of the boys? by no means; for things that are confessedly unequal, never come into competition, and therefore cannot be either lessened or magnified by appearing together. Are we less disposed to admire the valour of Achilles, because it is understood he was not a match for Jupiter? Or the sagacity of Ulysses, because his penetration was not equal to that of Minerva? But there is one circumstance which renders it absolutely impossible for the gods in epic poetry to eclipse the men in point of heroism; and it is this, that the gods are immortal, and consequently cannot exert that in which heroism chiefly consists, viz. the contempt of death. Homer, in order to give his deities as much of that quality as possible, has made them vulnerable and susceptible of pain; a freedom which has shocked some of the critics, who did not attend to the reason of his doing so. But Homer was too good a judge of propriety, not to be sensible that no

person could appear with advantage in military actions who ventured nothing in point of personal safety; and that stature, force, magnificent armour, and even the highest achievements, will never constitute the heroic character, where patience and contempt of danger have no opportunity of appearing. It is this circumstance which gives the mortals in epic poetry a manifest advantage over the immortals; and Mars when ushered into the field with all the pomp and magnificence of Homeric description, is an object less to be admired than Diomed, Ajax, and many others who combat bravely, though conscious of mortality. Homer, who has managed his great characters with the truest judgment and strictest attention to circumstances, takes care to have Achilles early informed that he was to perish at Troy, else he might seem too conscious of safety, from his matchless valour and the armour which he wore, to be great in that which is to be admired, the contempt of death, when the danger of it is imminent. It must be acknowledged, that in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the persons in the machinery overshadowed the human characters, and that the heroes of the poem are all of them immortals: but then it is to be remembered, that *Paradise Lost* is a work altogether irregular; that the subject of it is not epic, but tragic; and that Adam and Eve are not designed to be objects of admiration, but of pity: it is tragic in its plot, and epic in its dress and machinery: as a tragedy, it does not fall under the present question; and, as an epic poem, it evades it likewise, by a circumstance very uncommon, viz. that in the part of it which is properly epic, there are no human persons at all.

I have in this manner endeavoured to prove that mythology is necessary to an epic poem, and that the chief objections to the use of it are of little consequence. I proceed to establish the other proposition which I mentioned, and show, that the true God ought not to be brought into a work of that nature. And if this proposition can be made out, it will easily appear from it, and the preceding one taken together, that poets are under a necessity of having recourse to a false theology, and that they are not to be blamed for doing what the nature of epic poetry on the one hand, and respect to the true religion on the other, render necessary and unavoidable. For proving the point in question, I need only observe, that no person can appear with advantage in poetry, who is not represented according to the form and condition of a man. This art addresses itself chiefly to the imagination, a faculty which apprehends nothing in the way of character that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature, of which we ourselves are conscious. But it would be equally impious and absurd to represent the Deity in this manner, and to contrive for him a particular character and method of acting, agreeable to the prejudices of weak and ignorant mortals. In the early ages of the church, he thought fit to accommodate himself, by such a piece of condescension, to the notions and apprehensions of his creatures: but it would be indecent in any man to use the same freedom.

and do that for God, which he only has a right to do for himself. The author of *Paradise Lost* has offended notoriously in this respect; and, though no encomiums are too great for him as a poet, he is justly chargeable with impiety, for presuming to represent the Divine Nature, and the mysteries of religion according to the narrowness of human prejudice: his dialogues between the Father and the Son; his employing a Being of infinite wisdom in discussing the subtleties of school divinity; the sensual views which he gives of the happiness of heaven, admitting into it, as a part, not only real eating and drinking, but another kind of animal pleasure, too, by no means more refined: these, and such like circumstances, though perfectly poetical and agreeable to the genius of an art which adapts every thing to the human model, are, at the same time, so inconsistent with truth, and the exalted ideas which we ought to entertain of divine things, that they must be highly offensive to all such as have just impressions of religion, and would not choose to see a system of doctrine revealed from heaven, reduced to a state of conformity with heathen superstition. True theology ought not to be used in an epic poem, for another reason, of no less weight than that which has been mentioned, viz. That the human characters which it represents should never be formed upon a perfect moral plan, but have their piety (for instance) tinged with superstition, and their general behaviour influenced by affection, passion, and prejudice. This will be thought a violent paradox, by such as do not know that imperfect characters interest us more than perfect ones, and that we are doubly instructed, when we see, in one and the same example, both what we ought to follow, and what we ought to avoid. Accordingly, Horace, in his epistle to Lollius, where he bestows the highest encomiums upon the *Iliad*, as a work which delineated vice and virtue better than the writings of the most celebrated philosophers, says of it, notwithstanding, That it is taken up in describing the animosities of foolish kings and insatuated nations. To go to the bottom of this matter, it will be proper to observe, that men are capable of two sorts of character, which may be distinguished by the names of natural and artificial. The natural character implies all those feelings, passions, desires, and opinions which men have from nature and common experience, independent of speculation and moral refinement. A person of this character looks upon outward prosperity as a real good, and considers the calamities of life as real evils; loves his friends, hates his enemies, admires his superiors, is assuming with respect to his inferiors, and stands upon terms of rivalry with his equals; in short, is governed by all those passions and opinions that possess the hearts, and determine the actions of ordinary men. The force and magnitude of this character is in proportion to the strength of these natural dispositions; and its virtue consists in having the generous and beneficent ones predominant. As to that sort of character, again, which I distinguished by the name of artificial: it consists in a habit of mind formed by discipline, according

to the cool and dispassionate dictates of reason. This character is highly moral, but, in my opinion, far less poetical than the other, by being less fit for interesting our affections, which are formed by the wise author of our nature for embracing such beings which are of the same temper and complexion with ourselves, and are marked with the common infirmities of human nature. Persons of the high philosophic character, are too firm and unmoved, amidst the calamities they meet with, to excite much sympathy, and are too much superior to the fallies of passion and partial affection, the popular marks of generosity and greatness of mind, ever to be much admired by the bulk of mankind. If the most accomplished poet in the world should take a rigid philosopher for the chief character either of an epic poem or a tragedy, it is easy to conjecture what would be the success of such an attempt; the work would assume the character of its hero, and be cold, dispassionate, and uninteresting. There is, however, a species of panegyric proper for such sort of perfection, and it may be represented to advantage, either in history or prose dialogue, but it will never strike the bulk of mankind. Plato, in his apology of Socrates, deceives us: as Mr. Addison likewise does in his tragedy of *Cato*: for both of them attempt to persuade us, that we are affected with the contemplation of unshaken fortitude, while we are only sympathizing with suffering innocence. The tenderness of humanity appearing through the hardness of the philosophic character, is that which affects us in both instances, and not that unconquered greatness of mind, which occasions rather wonder and astonishment than genuine affection.

From what has been said, it is easy to infer, that the great characters, both in epic poetry and tragedy, ought not to be formed upon a perfect moral plan; and therefore heroes themselves must often be represented as acting from such motives, and governed by such affections as impartial reason cannot approve of: but it would be highly indecent to make a being, whom religion teaches us to consider as perfect, enter into the views of such persons, and exert himself in order to promote their extravagant enterprises. This would be to bring down the infinite wisdom of God to the level of human folly, and to make him altogether such an one as ourselves.

A false theology, therefore, ought rather to be employed in poetical compositions than the true; for, as the superior beings which are introduced, must of necessity be represented as assuming the passions and opinions of those whom they favour, it is surely much fairer to employ a set of imaginary beings for this purpose, than God himself, and the blessed angels, who ought always to be objects of our reverence.

The same reasoning which leads to this conclusion, will likewise make us sensible, that among false religions, these ought to be preferred which are least connected with the true; for the superstitions which priests and poets have built upon the Christian faith, dishonour it, and therefore should, if possible, be buried in oblivion. The ancient Greek theology seems upon all accounts the

fittest. It has no connection with the true system, and therefore may be treated with the greatest freedom, without indecency or ground of offence: It consists of a number of beautiful fables, suited to the taste of the most lively and ingenious people that ever existed, and so much calculated to ravish and transport a warm imagination, that many poets in modern times, who proceeded upon a different theology, have, notwithstanding, been so bewitched with its charms, as to admit it into their works, though it clashed violently with the system which they had adopted. Milton is remarkable in this respect; and the more so, as his poem is altogether of a religious nature, and the subject of it taken from holy writ.

Some may possibly imagine, that the following work would have had greater merit, if it had offered to the world a set of characters entirely new, and a story nowise connected with any thing that is already known. I am not of this opinion; but persuaded, on the contrary, that, to invent a story quite new, with a catalogue of names never before heard of, would be an attempt of such a nature, as could not be made with tolerable success; for every man must be sensible, that the wonders which epic poetry relates, will shock even the ignorant vulgar, and appear altogether ridiculous, if they are not founded upon something which has already gained a degree of credit. Our first ideas are taken from experience; and though we may be brought to receive notions, not only very different from those which experience suggests, but even directly contrary to them, yet this is not to be done suddenly and at one attempt: such, therefore, as would have their fictions favourably received, must lay it down as a rule, to accommodate what they feign to established prejudices, and build upon stories which are already in some measure believed. With this precaution, they may go great lengths without appearing absurd, but will soon shock the meanest understandings, if they neglect it. Had there been no fabulous accounts concerning the Trojan expedition current in Greece and Asia, at the time when Homer wrote, the stories which he tells, though the most beautiful that ever were invented, would have appeared to his cotemporaries altogether ridiculous and never been admired, till antiquity had procured them credit, or a tradition been formed afterwards to vouch for them to the world; for, in matters of an extraordinary kind, not only reason, but even imagination, requires more than a single testimony to ground its assent upon; and therefore, though I should have invented a set of characters entirely new, and framed a story for the subject of my poem nowise connected with any thing that has yet been heard of, and been so happy in this attempt as to produce what might equal, in point of perfection, any of the most beautiful fables of antiquity; it would have wanted, notwithstanding, what is absolutely necessary in order to success, viz. that credit which new invented fictions derive from their connection with such as are already become familiar to mens imaginations.

Tradition is the best ground upon which fable can be built, not only because it gives the ap-

pearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon. There are some fabulous stories that please more universally than others; and of this kind are the wonders which tradition reports; for they are accommodated to the affections and passions of the bulk of mankind, in the same manner as national proverbs are to their understandings. The strict accommodation in both instances proceeds from the same cause, viz. that nothing of either sort is the work of one man, or of one age, but of many. Traditions are not perfected by their first inventors, nor proverbs established upon a single authority. Proverbs derive their credit from the general consent of mankind; and tradition is gradually corrected and improved in the hands of such as transmit it to each other through a succession of ages. In its first periods, it is a narrow thing, but extends itself afterwards, and, with the advantage of time, and experiments often repeated, adapts itself so precisely to the affections, passions, and prejudices, natural to the human species, that it becomes at last perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of every heart. No one man, therefore, can pretend to invent fables that will please so universally, as those which are formed by the progress of popular tradition. The faculties of any individual must be too narrow for that purpose, and have too much of a peculiar cast to be capable of producing what will be so strictly adapted to the common feelings and sentiments of all. It is this sort of perfection which pleases us in archæology, or the traditional accounts which we have of the origins of nations; for we are often more agreeably entertained with stories of that kind, though we know them to be absolutely false, than with the justest representations of real events. But as tradition, while it continues in the hands of the people, must be rude and disagreeable in respect of its form, and have many things low and absurd in it, necessary to be palliated or suppressed, it does not arrive at that perfection of which it is capable, till it comes under the management of the poets, and from them receives its last improvement. By means of this progress, tales, that in the mouths of their first inventors, were the most absurd that can be imagined, the effects of mere superstition, ignorance, and national prejudice, rise up at last to astonish the world, and draw the admiration of all ages, in the form of an *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. It is not the business of a poet, then, to make fable, but to form, correct, and improve tradition: and it is to his following this method, that Homer undoubtedly owes his success: for it is obvious to any one who considers his works with attention, that he only collected the various traditions that were current in his days, and reduced them to a system. That infinite variety of independent stories which occur in his works, is a proof of this: these are told with so minute, and often so unnecessary a detail of circumstances, that it is easy to see that he followed accounts already current, and did not invent what he has recorded. I could as easily believe that Prometheus made a man of clay, and

put life into him, or assent to any other of the most absurd fictions of antiquity; I could even as soon be persuaded that all that Homer has written is strict matter of fact, as believe that any one mortal man was capable of inventing that infinite variety of historical circumstances which occur in the works of that celebrated poet; for invention is by no means an easy thing; and to contrive a tale that will please universally is certainly one of the most difficult undertakings that can be imagined. Poets, therefore, have found themselves under a necessity of trusting to something more powerful than their own invention in this important article, viz. the joint endeavours of many, regulated and directed by the censure of ages.

What has been said, is not only sufficient to justify me in forming my poem upon historical circumstances already known, and introducing characters which the reader is before acquainted with; but shows the necessity likewise of taking many of the historical circumstances from the ancient poets. For tradition, the proper foundation of epic poetry, is now to be found only in their writings; and therefore must be used like a common stock, and not considered as the property of individuals.

For the immoderate length of the two episodes, viz. those in the fourth and seventh books, all that I can say, is, that they are both brought in for very important purposes, and therefore may be permitted to take up more room than is ordinarily allowed to things of that sort. Besides, the first of them is intended as an experiment in that kind of fiction which distinguishes Homer's *Odyssey*, and the other as an attempt to heroic tragedy, after the manner of Sophocles.

The language is simple and artless. This I take to be an advantage, rather than a defect; for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject.

My learned readers will be surprised to find Agamemnon and Menelaus at the siege of Thebes, when, according to Homer, they were not there: and, at the same time, no notice taken of Sthenelus, the friend and companion of Diomed, whom the same author mentions as present in that expedition.

With respect to the first circumstance, I did not choose, for the sake of a fact of so little consequence, and that too depending only upon poetical authority, to deprive myself of two illustrious names very proper for adorning my catalogue of heroes. And as to the second; it will be easily allowed, that I could not have made Sthenelus appear, without assigning him that place in Diomed's friendship, and consequently in the action of the poem, which Ulysses now possesses; and which is the only part in the whole suited to his peculiar character. I must have put a second-rate hero in the place of a first-rate one; and a name little known, in the place of one which every body is acquainted with. Besides, I must have transferred, to Sthenelus, the valour, firmness, and address of Ulysses; because the part he was to act would have required these, and must, at the same time, have sunk Ulysses into the character of Sthenelus, for want of a proper opportunity of displaying him in his own. These are inconveniences too great to be incurred for the sake of a scrupulous agreement with Homer in point of fact; and are therefore, in my opinion, better avoided.

I have explained myself upon the foregoing particulars, for the sake of the learned part of my readers only: and shall now drop a hint for such of them as do not fall under that denomination.

The following poem is called the *Epigoniad*, because the heroes, whose actions it celebrates, have got the name of the *Epigoni* (or *Descendants*), being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition.

Thus far I have endeavoured to apologise for the following performance. It may be censured, no doubt, upon many accounts besides those that have been mentioned: but I am persuaded, that what has been said will determine every candid reader, not to be peremptory in condemning what at first view he may dislike; for the specimen of criticism which has been given, will convince him that the real faults of epic poetry are not easily ascertained, and distinguished from these inconveniences that must be allowed to take place, in order to prevent greater faults, and produce, upon the whole, a higher degree of perfection.

THE EPIGONIAD.

BOOK I.

YE pow'rs of song! with whose immortal fire
Your bard enraptur'd sung Pelides' ire,
To Greece so fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd, in stern debate, the sov'reign pow'r,
By like example, teach me now to show
From love, no less, what dire disasters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theseus led,
Return'd to conquer where their fathers bled,
And punish guilty Thebes, by Heav'n ordain'd
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, still partial to the Theban arms,
'Tydeus' son seduc'd by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by passion sway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himself betray'd.

This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whose verse immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whose circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
In whose wide vortex worlds themselves are tost,
And rounding swift successively are lost,
This song hath snatch'd. I now resume the strain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,
By this attempt to merit equal praise
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the spring appears,
And in the summer's heat its blossom bears,
But, shriv'ling at the touch of winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more;
Might match the lofty oak, which long hath stood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and desire to trace
His glorious steps, though with unequal pace.
Before me still I see his awful shade,
With garlands crown'd, of leaves which never fade;
He points the path to fame, and bids me scale
Parnassus' slipp'ry height, where thousands fail:
I follow trembling; for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To snatch the poets wreath with envious claws,
And hiss contempt for merited applause.
But if great Campbel, whose auspicious smile
Bids genius yet revive to bless our isle,
Who, from the toils of state and public cares,
Oft with the muses to the shade repairs,
My numbers shall approve, I rise to fame;
For what he praises, envy dares not blame.

Where high Olympus' hundred heads arise,
Divide the clouds, and mingle with the skies,
The gods assembled met; and view'd, from far,
Thebes and the various combats of the war.
From all apart the Paphian goddess sat,
And pity'd in her heart her fav'rite state,
Decreed to perish, by the Argive bands,
Pallas's art, Tydides' mighty hands:
Pensive she sat, and ev'ry art explor'd
To charm the victor, and restrain his sword;

But veil'd her purpose from the piercing ray
Of Pallas, ever jealous of her sway:
Unseen the goddess, from th' Olympian height
To shady Cyprus bent her rapid flight,
Down the steep air, as, from the setting skies,
At ev'n's approach, a streaming meteor flies.
Where lofty shores the tempest's rage restrain,
And sleeps, in peace dissolv'd, the hoary main;
In love's fam'd isle a deep recess is found,
Which woods embrace, and precipices bound,
To Venus sacred; there her temple stands,
Where azure billows wash the golden sands,
A hollow cave; and lifts its rocky head,
With native myrtle crown'd, a lofty shade:
Whither resort the Naiads of the flood,
Assembl'd with the nymphs from ev'ry wood
Her heifers there they tend, and fleecy store,
Along the windings of the desert shore.
Thither the goddess, from th' Olympian height
Descending swift, precipitates her flight;
Conspicuous, on the yellow sand, she stood,
Above the margin of the azure flood.
From ev'ry grove and stream the nymphs attend,
And to their queen in cheerful homage bend.
Some hastening to the sacred grot repair,
And deck its rocky walls with garlands fair;
Others produce the gift which Autumn brings,
And sparkling nectar quench'd with mountain
springs.

And now the queen, impatient to explain
Her secret griefs, address'd her list'ning train:

Ye rural goddesses, immortal fair!
Who all my triumphs, all my sorrows share;
I come, afflicted, from th' ethereal tow'rs,
Where Thebes is doom'd to fall by partial
pow'rs.

Nor can entreaty save my fav'rite state,
Avert or change the rigour of her fate;
Though, breathing incense, there my altar stands,
With daily gifts supply'd from virgins hands.
Juno now rules the senate of the skies,
And with her dictates ev'ry pow'r complies;
Her jealous hate the guiltless town condemns
To wasteful havock, and the rage of flames;
Since, thither tempted by a stranger's charms,
The mighty thunderer forsook her arms.
Jove's warlike daughter too promotes her aim,
Who, for Tydides, seeks immortal fame;
For him employs a mother's watchful cares,
And the first honours of the war prepares:
To frustrate both, a monument would raise
Of lasting triumph, and immortal praise,
To draw the son of Tydeus from the field,
To whose victorious hands the town must yield;
For, by the all-decreeing will of fate,
He only can o'erthrow the Theban state.

A way which promises success I'll name :
 The valiant youth adores a lovely dame,
 Alcander's daughter, whom the graces join'd
 With gifts adorn, above the human kind :
 She with her fire forsook th' Hesperian strand,
 By hostile arms expell'd their native land :
 For Echetus who rules, with tyrant force,
 Where Ausidus directs his downward course,
 And high Garganus th' Apulian plain,
 Is mark'd by sailors, from the distant main ;
 Oft from her fire had claim'd the lovely maid,
 Who, still averse, to grant his suit delay'd :
 For, barb'rous in extreme, the tyrant feeds
 With mangl'd limbs of men his hungry steeds :
 Impatient of his love, by hostile arms
 And force declar'd, he claim'd her matchless
 charms.

Pelignium raz'd the hero's royal seat,
 Who fought in foreign climes a safe retreat ;
 His flight Ætolia's friendly shore receives,
 Her gen'rous lord protects him and relieves ;
 Three cities to possess the chief obtains,
 With hills for pasture fit, and fruitful plains.
 Cassandra for his bride Tydides claim'd ;
 For hymeneal rites the hour was nam'd,
 When call'd to arms against the Theban tow'rs
 The chief reluctant led his martial pow'rs.
 Hence jealousy and fear his breast divide,
 Fear for the safety of an absent bride ;
 Left, by his passion rous'd, the tyrant rise,
 And unoppos'd usurp the lovely prize.
 He knows not, that, in martial arms conceal'd,
 With him she braves the terrors of the field ;
 True to his side, noon's sultry toil endures,
 And the cold damps that chill the midnight hours.
 If dreams, or signs, could jealousy impart,
 And whet the cares that sting the hero's heart,
 Impatient of his pain he'd soon prepare,
 With all his native bands, to quit the war.

The goddess thus : a Paphian nymph reply'd,
 And drew the list'ning crowd on ev'ry side,
 Zelotypé, whom fell Alecto bore,
 With Cupid mixing on th' infernal shore.
 Goddess ! these shafts shall compass what you
 aim,

My mother dipt their points in Stygian flame ;
 Where'er my father's darts their way have found,
 Mine follow deep and poison all the wound.
 By these we soon with triumph shall behold
 Pallas deceiv'd, and Juno's self controul'd.

They all approve ; and to the rural fane,
 Around their sov'reign, moves the joyful train ;
 The goddess plac'd, in order each succeeds,
 With song and dance the genial feast proceeds ;
 While to the sprightly harp the voice explains
 The loves of all the gods in wanton strains :
 But when arriv'd the silent hour, which brings
 The shades of ev'ning on its dewy wings,
 Zelotypé, impatient to pursue
 Her journey, hast'ning to her cave, withdrew ;
 First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
 Which tread the air, and mount the rapid winds ;
 Aloft they bear her through th' ethereal plain,
 Above the solid earth and liquid main :
 Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
 For fight too small, but terrible to feel ;
 Rous'd by their smart, the savage lion roars,
 And mad to combat rush the tusked bears,

Of wounds secure ; for where their venom
 lights,

What feels their power all other torment flights.
 A figur'd zone, mysteriously design'd,
 Around her waist her yellow robe confin'd :
 There dark suspicion lurk'd, of fable hue ;
 There hasty rage his deadly dagger drew ;
 Pale envy inly pin'd ; and by her side
 Stood phrenzy, raging with his chains untied ;
 Affronted pride with thirst of vengeance burn'd,
 And love's excess to deepest hatred turn'd.
 All these the artist's curious hand express'd,
 The work divine his matchless skill confess'd.
 The virgin last, around her shoulders slung
 The bow ; and by her side the quiver hung :
 Then, springing up, her airy course she bends
 For Thebes ; and lightly o'er the tents descends.
 The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
 In arms complete, reposing on the ground ;
 And, as he slept, the hero thus address'd,
 Her form to fancy's waking eye express'd.

Thrice happy youth ! whose glory 'tis to share
 The Paphian goddess's peculiar care ;
 But happy only, as you now improve
 The warning sent, an earnest of her love.
 Her messenger I am : if in your heart
 The fair Hesperian virgin claims a part ;
 If, with regret, you'd see her matchless charms
 Destin'd to bless a happier rival's arms ;
 Your coats defenceless, and unguarded tow'rs
 Consum'd and ravag'd by the Latian pow'rs ;
 Withdraw your warriors from the Argive host,
 And save whatever you value, ere 'tis lost.
 For Echetus, who rules with tyrant force,
 Where Ausidus directs his downward course ;
 And high Garganus, on th' Apulian strand,
 Marks to the mariner the distant land,
 Prepares, by swift invasion, to remove
 Your virgin bride, and disappoint your love.
 Before, excited by her matchless charms,
 He claim'd her from her fire by hostile arms ;
 Pelignium raz'd, the hero's royal seat,
 When in your land he fought a safe retreat.
 Cassandra follow'd with reluctant mind,
 To love the tyrant secretly inclin'd ;
 Though fierce and barb'rous in extreme, he
 feeds,

With mangl'd limbs of men, his hungry steeds.
 And now at anchor on the Latian tide,
 With all their train on board, his galleys ride :
 Prepar'd, when favour'd by the western breeze,
 With course direct to cross the narrow seas.
 This to your ear the Paphian goddess sends ;
 The rest upon your timely care depends.

She said ; and, turning, fix'd upon the bow
 A venom'd shaft, the cause of future woe :
 Then, with reverted aim the subtle dart
 Dismiss'd, and fix'd it in the hero's heart.
 Amaz'd he wak'd ; and, on his arm reclin'd,
 With sighs thus spoke the anguish of his mind :

What dire disasters all my ways beset !
 How close around me pitch'd the fatal net !
 Here if I stay, nor quit the Argive host,
 Ætolia's ravag'd, and Cassandra's lost :
 For sure the pow'rs immortal ne'er in vain
 To mortals thus the secret fates explain.
 If I retire, the princes must upbraid
 My plighted faith infring'd, the host betray'd ;

And, to succeeding times, the voice of fame,
With cowardice and sloth, will blot my name.
Between these sad alternatives I find
No distant hopes to sooth my anxious mind;
Unless I could persuade the Argive pow'rs
To quit at once these long-contested tow'rs:
Nor want I reasons specious in debate
To move the boldest warriors to retreat.
Divided thus, the shame would lighter fall;
Reproach is scarce reproach which touches all.

Thus pond'ring in his mind the hero lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray:
Then rose; and, grasping in his mighty hand
The regal staff, the sign of high command,
Pensive and sad forsook his lofty tent,
And sought the son of Dares as he went;
Talthybius he sought, nor sought in vain;
He found the hero 'midst his native train;
And charg'd him to convene, from tent to tent,
The kings to Eteon's lofty monument.

Obedient to the charge, he took his way,
Where Theleus 'midst the bold Athenians lay,
The king of men; in whose superior hand,
Consenting princes plac'd the chief command.
Adrastus next he call'd, whose hoary hairs
By age were whiten'd and a length of cares;
Who first to Thebes the Argive warriors led:
In vain for Polynices' right they bled,
By fate decreed to fall; he now inspires
The sons to conquer, and avenge their fires.
Ulysses heard, who led his martial train,
In twenty ships, across the sounding main:
The youth, in Ithaca, Zacynthus, bred,
And Cephalenia crown'd with lofty shade.
The Spartan monarch, with his brother, heard
The herald's call; and at the call appear'd:
Yet young in arms, but destin'd to command
All Greece, assembled on the Trojan strand,
The Cretan chief appear'd; and he whose sway
Messenia and the Pylian realms obey.
Oileus next he call'd, whose martial pow'rs
From Bessa move and Scarphe's lofty tow'rs.
Elpenor too, who from the Chalcian strand
And fair Eretria led his martial band,
Appear'd: and all who merited renown
In ten years war before the Trojan town.
Achilles only, yet unfit to wield
The Pelian jav'lin, and the pond'rous shield,
In Phthia staid; to Chiron's care resign'd,
Whose wise instructions form'd his mighty mind.
The chiefs were plac'd. Superior to the rest
The monarch sat, and thus the peers address'd:

Princes! let Tydeus' valiant son declare
What cause convenes the senate of the war.
If of himself, or from advice he knows
Some secret mischief plotted by our foes,
Which prudence may prevent, or force resist,
We come prepar'd to counsel and assist:
The monarch thus. Tydides thus reply'd,
And drew attention deep on ev'ry side.

Princes! I have not now the host conven'd,
For secrets by intelligence obtain'd;
But openly my judgment to express
Of mischiefs seen, which prudence must redress:
By war's devouring rage, our martial pow'rs
Grow thin and waste before these hostile tow'rs;

While Thebes, secure, our vain attempts with-
stands,

By daily aid sustain'd from distant lands.
Shall we proceed to urge this dire debate,
And press, with hostile arms, the Theban state?
Or, by experience taught the worst to fear,
Consult the public safety, and forbear?
Had our great fires, by happier counsels sway'd,
As prudence taught, necessity obey'd;
Renounc'd in time this fatal strife, which brings
Alike to nations mischief, and to kings;
Those heroes had not, with their martial train,
Distinguish'd by their fall a foreign plain.
The gods themselves in vengeance for our crimes,
With such disasters lash the guilty times;
In judgment just, they sow'd the seeds of strife,
To sweep transgressors from the seats of life.
Let him, who obstinately will, proceed,
And wait the vengeance hov'ring o'er his head;
Since Thebes grows stronger and the Argive pow'rs
Decrease, as famine or the sword devours,
To-morrow I withdraw my martial train;
Nor stay to perish, like my fire, in vain.

Thus as the hero spoke, the kings divide,
And mingled murmurs round th' assembly glide,
Heard like the sound which warn the careful
swain

Of sudden winds or thick descending rain;
When mountain echoes catch the fullen roar
Of billows bursting on the sandy shore,
And hurl it round in airy circles toss'd,
Till in the distant clouds the voice is lost.
The king of men to sudden rage resign'd
At once, the empire of his mighty mind,
With sharp reproaches hast'ning to reply;
But, more sedate, the Pylian monarch nigh,
In act to rise, the angry chief confin'd: [clin'd:
And, whisp'ring, thus address'd with head de-
it ill becomes the prince, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
To be the first in discord; and obey
As headlong passion blindly leads the way.
For when the kings in rash debate engage,
'Tis yours to check and moderate their rage;
Since, of the various ills that can distress
Confed'rate councils and prevent success,
Discord is chief; where'er the fury sways,
The parts she severs, and the whole betrays.

The hero thus. The king of men remain'd
By sound advice persuaded, and restrain'd.
Crete's valiant monarch rose; and to the rest,
Thus spoke the dictates of his gen'rous breast:

Confed'rate kings, when any leader here
The war dissuades, and wants you to forbear,
I might approve; for, safe beyond the sea,
Creon and Thebes can never injure me.
And when the barb'rous tyrant, unwithstood,
His hot revenge shall quench in Grecian blood;
When Thrace and Macedon, by his command,
Shall ravage Argos and the Pylian strand;
Secure and guarded by the ocean's stream,
Crete's hundred towns shall know it but by fame.
Yet would not I, though many such were found,
For open war, advise a peace unsound,
Let Macedon to Thebes her succours send, [scend;
And Thrace, with all her barb'rous tribes, de-

By foreign aids the more our foes increase,
The greater glory waits us from success.
You all remember, on the Isthmean strand
Where neighb'ring seas besiege the strait'ned land,
When Greece enleagu'd a full assembly held,
By public justice to the war compell'd;
That blood of slaughter'd victims drench'd the
ground,

While oaths divine the willing nations bound,
Ne'er to return, till our victorious pow'rs,
Had levell'd with the dust the Theban tow'rs.
Jove heard, and bid applauding thunders roll,
Loud on the right; they shook the starry pole:
For Jove himself is witness of our vows,
And him, who violates, his wrath pursues.
Our joyful shouts the earth, the ocean heard;
We claim'd the omen, and the god rever'd;
In confidence of full success we came,
To conquer Thebes, and win immortal fame.
But if the gods and fate our fears distrust,
To public justice and ourselves unjust;
Dishonour'd to our native seats we go,
And yield a lasting triumph to the foe. [ghost
Should now, from hence arriv'd, some warrior's
Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coast,
And tell, when danger of distress is near,
That Diomed pursues the rest to fear;
He'd shun the synod of the mighty dead,
And hide his anguish in the deepest shade:
Nature in all an equal course maintains;
The lion's whelp succeeds to awe the plains;
Pards gender pards; from tygers tygers spring;
No doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing:
Each parent's image in his offspring lives;
But nought of Tydeus in his son survives.

He said; and by his sharp reproaches stung,
And wav'ring in suspense the hero hung,
In words now prone to vent his kindl'd ire,
Or fix'd in sullen silence to retire.

As when a current, from the ocean wide,
Rolls, through the Cyclades, its angry tide;
Now here, now there, in circling eddies tois'd,
The certain tenor of its course is lost,
Each wary pilot for his safety fears
In mute suspense, and trembles as he steers:
Such seem'd the tumult of the hero's breast,
And such amazement long restrain'd the rest.
Laertes' son at last the silence broke,
And, rising, thus with prudent purpose spoke:

Princes! I counsel war; but will not blame
The chief dissenting, whose illustrious name
We all must honour: yet, with patience, hear
What now I offer to the public ear.

I freely own the unnumber'd ills that wait
On strife prolong'd, and war's disastrous state.
With war lean famine and diseases dwell,
And discord fierce, escap'd the bounds of hell.
Where'er on earth her course the fury bends
A crowd of mischiefs still her steps attends;
Fear flies before her swifter than the wind,
And desolation marks her path behind.
Yet her, attended thus, the gods ordain
Stern arbitress of right to mortal men;
To awe injustice with her lifted spear,
And teach the tyrants of the earth to fear.
If Thebes is perjurd, and exerts her might
For usurpation in contempt of right;

(If oaths despis'd, and all the ties which bind
The great society of human kind)
For Eteocles in the war she stood,
And drench'd her thirsty fields with Grecian
blood; [vain
The gods themselves have err'd, and plac'd in
The scepter'd kings injustice to restrain;
Else she deserves the last extremes to feel
Of wasteful fire and keen devouring steel.
Though prudence urg'd and equity approv'd,
Joining to second what Tydides mov'd,
We could not hope the war for peace to change;
Thebes thinks not now of safety but revenge.
Last night, disguis'd, I mingled with the foe,
Their secret hopes and purposes to know;
And found that Creon, with his martial train,
This day intends to brave us on the plain. [claim'd,
Greece too, I heard, by barb'rous sovereigns
Some Athens, Argos, some Mycæne nam'd;
Sparta and Pylos, with the various towns
Which grace, in prospect fair, th' Arcadian downs:
Others Ætolia challeng'd for their lot;
Nor was ev'n Ithaca itself forgot.
From such vain hopes to boasting they proceed;
Each promises to win some hero's head.
Leophron too, distinguish'd from the rest,
Superior pride and insolence express'd;
In form a god he 'midst th' assembly stood,
By all ador'd the idol of the crowd;
And promis'd, if he chanc'd in fight to meet
Th' Ætolian chief, to stretch him at his feet;
Unless some god oppos'd, or dastard fear,
By sudden flight, should snatch him from his
spear.

Can we then hope by peace to end our toils,
When foes secure already share our spoils?
Peace to expect from flight itself were vain;
And flight, I know, your gen'rous souls disdain.

He said. The chiefs with indignation burn'd;
And Diomed submitting thus return'd:
Princes! I need not for myself profess,
What all have witness'd, all must sure confess;
That in the front of battle still engag'd,
I never shunn'd to mingle where it rag'd.
Nor now does fear persuade me to retire,
False Creon safe, and guilty Thebes entire;
But war and famine thin our martial pow'rs,
Whilst adverse fates protect the Theban tow'rs.
And as the careful shepherd turns his flock
Back from the dangers of the slipp'ry rock,
And from the haunts where foxes mark the
ground,

Or rapid rivers flow with banks unsound;
So kings should warn the people to forbear
Attempts, when symptoms mark destruction near.
But since the leaders, with consenting voice,
For war already fix the public choice;
I freely yield, nor ever will divide,
Where all deliberate, and all decide.

The hero thus, and ceas'd. And thus the rest,
From his high seat, the king of men address'd:
Since war is now decreed, 'tis next our care
That all should speedily for fight prepare.
Creon, this day, intends with all his train
To try our valour on the equal plain;
And will, with diligence, improve an hour,
Which finds us inattentive and secure.

First let each leader with his hands in haste
Snatch, as the time allows, a short repast;
Then arm for fight, and to the field proceed,
The phalanx following as the chariots lead.
Who arms the first, and first to combat goes,
Though weaker, seems superior to his foes;

But such as lag are more than half o'erthrown,
Less in the eyes of others and their own.

The monarch thus. The princes all assent.
Straight from the council through the host they
To arm their bands with diligence and care; [went,
They all obey, and all for fight prepare.

BOOK II.

Assembled on the plain, the Theban pow'rs
In order'd ranks appear before the tow'rs;
Creon their leader, whose superior sway
The partial sons of sacred Thebes obey.
The chiefs obedient to his high command,
Rul'd the whole war, and marshall'd every band.
His valiant son the first, his country's boast,
Her noblest hope, the bulwark of her host,
Leophron, to the field the warriors led,
Whom Thebes herself within her ramparts bred:
Peneleus, who from Medeon led his pow'rs,
Æchalia low, and Arne's lofty tow'rs:
Leitus from Thespia, where the verdant shades
Of Helicon invite the tuneful maids:
Porthenus rich, whose wide possessions lay
Where fam'd Æsopus winds his wat'ry way;
Beneath Cytheron's height, the lofty mound
Which parts Bœotian plains from hostile ground:
Phericles, who the valiant warriors led
In Mycaleffus, Harma, Aulis, bred:
Andremon, leader of his native band,
From lofty Schœnus on th' Iſmenian strand:
And Anthedon, where swift Euripus pent
Divides Eubœa from the continent:
These rul'd the Theban pow'rs, beneath the care
Of Creon, chief and sov'reign of the war.

The aids from Macedon the next were plac'd;
Their shining casques with waving plumage
grac'd;

A wolf's gray hide, around their shoulders flung,
With martial grace above their armour hung:
From high Dodona's sacred shades they came;
Cassander led them to the fields of fame.
The Thracians next, a formidable band;
Nations and tribes distinct, in order stand:
Byzantines fierce, whose crooked keels divide
The Pontic gulf, and stem the downward tide:
In Grecian arms the hardy warriors move,
With pond'rous shields and glitt'ring spears above.
The Thynians next were marshall'd on the field;
Each with a faulchion arm'd, and lunar shield,
Whose bending horns a verge of silver bound;
And figures fierce their brazen helmets crown'd:
With these the Daci came, a martial race;
Fierce as their clime, they rear the pond'rous
mace;

In giant strength secure, they scorn the spear,
And crush, with weighty blows, the ranks of war;
From Iſter's icy streams, a barb'rous crowd,
In shaggy furs, a herd promiscuous stood;
Swift as their savage game: for wide they roam
In tribes and nations, ignorant of home;
Excelling all who boast superior skill
To send the winged arrow swift to kill:

These Rhœsus rul'd, of various tribes compos'd,
By various leaders on the field dispos'd.

To fight the Argives mov'd in close array:
Bright shone their arms, and flash'd redoubled day;
Resolv'd, and still as silent night, they go;
Nor with insulting shouts provoke the foe.
Thick from their steps, in dulky volumes, rise
The parched fields, and darken all the skies.
Beneath the shade, the ardent warriors close;
Their shields and helmets ring with sounding
blows.

First Menelaus struck a Theban lord;
His armed breast the weighty lance explor'd;
Burst the close mail; the shining breastplate tore;
And from life's fountain drew a stream of gore.
Supine he fell amidst his native bands,
And wrench'd the fixed dart with dying hands.
To spoil the slain the son of Atreus flies;
The Thebans interpose with hostile cries;
And Creon's valiant son his buckler spread,
An orb of triple brass to guard the dead:
As Jove's imperial bird her wings extends,
And from the shepherds' rage her young defends;
So stern Leophron bore his ample shield;
Like Mars, he stood the terror of the field.
With dread unusual check'd, the Spartan band
Recoil'd; Atrides only dar'd to stand.
He thus began. Presumptuous youth! forbear
To tempt the fury of my flying spear.
That warrior there was by my javelin slain,
His spoils to guard you interpose in vain.
Atrides thus; and Creon's son replies:
Thy lance I dread not, and thy threats despise.
This hand hath many a chief of high renown,
And braver warriors oft in fight o'erthrown:
Like theirs, thy fall shall dignify my spear,
And future boasters thence be taught to fear.
Thus as he spoke, his weighty lance he threw
At Atreus' son; which rising as it flew
Upon the hero's crest with furious sway,
Glanc'd as it pass'd, and shav'd the plumes away.
Hissing amidst the Spartan ranks it came,
And struck a youth of undistinguish'd name:
Cold, through his breast, the steel and polish'd
wood

A passage forc'd, and drew a stream of blood.

His lance Atrides next prepares to throw;
Poises it long, and meditates the blow.
Then, from his hand dismiss'd with happier aim,
Thund'ring against the Theban shield it came;
Where wreath'd around a mimic serpent twin'd,
With plates of polish'd silver lightly join'd.
Thence turn'd with course oblique it drove along,
And spent its fury on the vulgar throng.

Leophron straight his flaming faulchion drew,
 And at his foe with eager fury flew :
 As stooping from above, an eagle springs
 To snatch his prey, and shoots upon his wings.
 The Spartan warrior dreads impending fate ;
 And, turning, meditates a quick retreat
 As when a shepherd swain, in desert shades,
 The blood-nurs'd offspring of the wolf invades ;
 If, from the opening of some thicket near,
 With rage inflam'd, the angry dam appear,
 With darts at first, and threat'ning shouts he tries
 To awe the guardian, and assert the prize :
 But, when she springs, the close encounter dreads,
 And trembling, from the angry foe recedes.
 So Menelaus fled. His native train,
 In wild disorder, scatters o'er the plain.

His valiant brother heard upon the right,
 Where in his lofty car he rul'd the fight ;
 And to his 'squire Nicomachus. With speed,
 Turn to the left, and urge the flying steed :
 For, if these sounds deceive not, Sparta fails ;
 And, with a tide of conquest, Thebes prevails.
 Quick as the word, the silver reins he drew,
 And through the fight the bounding chariot flew.
 Like some swift vessel, when a prosp'rous gale
 Favours her course, and stretches ev'ry sail ;
 Above the parting waves she lightly flies,
 And smooth behind a track of ocean lies :
 So, 'midst the combat, rush'd the lofty car,
 Pierc'd the thick tumult, and disjoin'd the war.
 But Clytodeemon's son a jav'lin threw ;
 With force impell'd, it lighten'd as it flew,
 And struck the right-hand courser to the ground,
 Ethon, for swiftness in the race renown'd.
 Behind his ear the deadly weapon stood
 Loos'd his high neck, and drew a stre m of blood.
 Groaning he sunk ; and spread his flowing mane,
 A shining circle on the dusty plain.
 Entangled deep the royal chariot stood,
 With hostile spears beset, an iron wood.

From his high feat the Spartan hero sprung
 Amid the foe ; his clanging armour rung,
 Before the king, the armed bands retire ;
 As shepherd swains avoid a lion's ire,
 When fierce from famine on their darts he turns,
 And rage indignant in his eyeballs burns.
 Amid the fight, distinguish'd like the star
 Of ev'ning, shone his silver arms afar ;
 Which, o'er the hills, its setting light displays ;
 And marks the ruddy west with silver rays.
 Pale and amaz'd his brother chief he found,
 An armed circle of his friends around.
 Alas, my brother, have I liv'd to see
 Thy life redeem'd with deathless infamy !
 (The hero cry'd), far better that a ghost
 You now had wander'd on the Stygian coast,
 And by a glorious fall preserv'd your name
 Safe and unblasted by the breath of fame ;
 Which soon shall tell the world, amaz'd to hear,
 That Menelaus taught the host to fear.

By conscious guilt subdu'd, the youth appear'd ;
 Without reply, the just reproach he heard :
 Confounded, to the ground he turn'd his eyes ;
 Indignant thus the great Atrides cries :
 Myceneans ! Spartans ! taught to seek renown
 From dangers greatly brav'd, and battles won ;
 Ah warriors ! will ye fly, when close behind
 Dishonour follows swifter than the wind ?

Return to glory : whether Jove ordains,
 With wreaths of conquest, to reward your pains,
 Or dooms your fall ; he merits equal praise,
 With him who conquers, he who bravely dies.
 The hero thus ; and, like swift light'ning driv'n
 Through scatter'd clouds along the vault of heav'n
 By Jove's dread arm, his martial voice inspir'd
 The fainting host, and ev'ry bosom fir'd.
 Again upon the conqu'ring foe they turn'd :
 The war again in all its fury burn'd.
 As when the deep, which ebbing from the land
 Along the coast displays a waste of sand,
 Returns ; and, blown by angry tempests roars
 A stormy deluge 'gainst the rocky shores :
 So, rushing to the fight, the warriors came ;
 Ardent to conquer, and retrieve their fame.

Before his host the son of Creon stood,
 With labour'd dust obscure, and hostile blood ;
 He thus exclaim'd : And shall this dastard train
 (Warriors of Thebes) ! dispute the field again ?
 Their better chief, I know him, leads the band ;
 But fate shall soon subdue him by my hand.
 He said ; and at the king his jav'lin threw ;
 Which, aim'd amiss, with erring fury flew.
 Across the armed ranks it swiftly drove,
 The warriors stooping as it rush'd above.
 The Spartan hero aim'd his weighty spear ;
 And thus to Jove address'd an ardent prayer :
 Hear me, great sire of gods ! whose boundless sway
 The fates of men and mortal things obey ;
 Whose sov'reign hand, with unresisted might,
 Depresses or exalts the scales of fight :
 Now grant success to my avenging hand,
 And stretch this dire destroyer on the sand.
 Jove, grant me now to reach his hated life,
 And save my warriors in this doubtful strife.
 The hero thus ; and sent his weighty spear,
 With speed it flew, and pierc'd the yielding air ;
 Swift as a falcon to her quarry springs,
 When down the wind she stretches on her wings.
 Leophron, stooping, shunn'd the deadly stroke,
 Which on the shield of Hegisander broke.
 Vain now his lute ; in vain his melting strains,
 Soft as Apollo's on the Lycian plains :
 His soul excluded, seeks the dark abodes
 By Styx embrac'd, the terror of the gods ;
 Where surly Charon, with his lifted oar,
 Drives the light ghosts, and rules the dreary shore.

With grief Leophron saw the warrior slain.
 He snatch'd a pond'rous mace from off the plain,
 Cut in the Thracian woods, with snags around
 Of pointed steel, with iron circles bound.
 Heav'd with gigantic force the club to throw,
 He swung it thrice, and hurl'd it at his foe.
 Thund'ring upon his armed head it fell ;
 The brazen helmet rang with stunning knell.
 As when a rock by forceful engines thrown,
 Where hostile arms invest a frontier town,
 Threat'ning destruction, rolls along the skies ;
 And war itself stands wond'ring as it flies :
 Falls on some turret's top, the structure bends
 Beneath the tempest, and at once descends
 With hideous crash ; thus, stooping to the ground,
 Atrides sunk ; his silver arms resound.
 But Pallas, mixing in the dire debate,
 A life to rescue yet not due to fate,
 Had o'er his head her cloudy buckler held ;
 And half the fury of the blow repell'd.

The son of Creon rush'd to seize his prize,
The hero's spoils; and thus exulting cries:
Warriors of Thebes! your labours soon shall cease,
And final victory restore your peace;
For great Atrides, by my valour slain,
A lifeless corse, lies stretch'd upon the plain.
Only be men! and make the Argive bands
Dread in succeeding times your mighty hands;
That foes no more, when mad ambition calls,
With dire alarms may shake your peaceful walls.
Exulting thus, the hero rush'd along;
And kindled, with his shouts, the vulgar throng.
Resolv'd and firm the Spartan warriors stand
Around their king, a formidable band.
Their spears, protended thick, the foe restrain'd;
Their bucklers join'd, the weighty war sustain'd.
But as a mountain wolf, from famine bold,
On prey intent, surveys the midnight fold;
Where, in the shelter of some arching rock,
At ev'n the careful shepherd pens his flock:
On spoil and ravage bent, he stalks around,
And meditates to spring the lofty mound:
Impatient thus the Theban chief survey'd
The close-compacted ranks on ev'ry side;
To find where least the ferred orb could bear
The strong impression of a pointed war.
Him Menelaus saw, with anguish stung;
And, from amidst his armed warriors, sprung
With wrath inflam'd; as starting from a brake,
Against some trav'ller, darts a crested snake.
His rage in vain the Theban ranks withstand;
The bravest warriors sink beneath his hand.
Clytander, Iphitus, Palemon, fam'd
For chariots rul'd and fiery couriers tam'd;
And Iphialtes, like the god of light,
Whose pointed arrows thinn'd the lines of fight:
These the first transports of his fury feel.
Against Leophron now he lifts his steel,
And speeds to vengeance; but, in full career,
He stood arrested by a vulgar spear.
Fix'd in his thigh the barbed weapon hung,
Relax'd the muscles, and the nerves unstrung.
The Spartan warriors to his succour flew;
Against the darts their ample shields they threw,
Which storm'd around; and, from the rage of war,
Convey'd the wounded hero to his car.

With fierce impatience Creon's son beheld
The Spartan warriors still dispute the field.
Before their leader fall'n, the hero stood;
Their spears erected, like the sacred wood
Which round some altar rises on the plain,
The mystic rites to hide from eyes profane.
Thither his native bands the hero turn'd;
Drawn to a wedge, again the combat burn'd.
Through all the air a storm of jav'lins sung;
With sounding blows each hollow buckler rung.
First Enopæus felt a deadly wound,
Who in Amycle till'd the fruitful ground;
To great Andremon's spear he yields his breath,
And starts and quivers in the grasp of death.
Next Hegeſippus press'd th' insanguin'd plain;
Leophron's jav'lin mix'd him with the slain.
On Malea's cliffs he fed his fleecy store,
Along the windings of the craggy shore.
He vow'd to Phœbus, for a safe return,
An hundred victims on his hearth to burn.
In vain! the god, in justice, had decreed,
His gifts contemn'd, the offerer to bleed:

For violence augmented still his store;
And, unreliev'd, the stranger left his door.
Prone on the bloody ground the warrior fell;
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius, dy'd;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs ally'd.
And Phœmius, whom the gods in early youth
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth;
His gen'rous soul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his bosom burn'd:
Cold through his throat the hissing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.
His fate the graces mourn'd. The gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus bending from the skies,
His fate beheld with sorrow-streaming eyes.
Pallas alone, unalter'd and serene,
With secret triumph saw the mournful scene:
Not hard of heart; for none of all the pow'rs,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian tow'rs,
Holds equal sympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand bestows relief;
But conscious that a mind by virtue steel'd,
To no impression of distress will yield;
That, still unconquer'd, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.

Now Thebes prevailing, Sparta's host retreats;
As falls some rampart where the ocean beats:
Unable to resist its stormy way,
Mounds heap'd on mounds, and bars of rock give
way;
With inundation wide the deluge reigns,
Drowns the deep valleys, and o'erspreads the
plains.

Thus o'er the field, by great Leophron led,
Their foes repuls'd, the Theban squadrons spread.
The hero, stooping where Atrides lay,
Rent from his head the golden casque away;
His mail unlock'd; and loos'd the golden chains,
The zone which by his side the sword sustains.
The monarch now amid the vulgar dead,
For wheels to crush and armed hoofs to tread,
Defenceless lay. But stern Leophron's hate
Retriev'd him, thus expos'd, from certain fate.
In semblance dead, he purpos'd to convey
The body naked to some public way;
Where dogs obscene, and all the rav'nous race,
With wounds unsightly, might his limbs disgrace.
Straight he commands; and to a neighb'ring grove,
His warriors, charg'd, the Spartan chief remove.
On their broad shields they bore him from the plain,
To sense a corse, and number'd with the slain.
His fixed eyes in hov'ring shades were drown'd;
His mighty limbs in death-like fetters bound.
The shouts tumultuous, and the din of war,
His ear receiv'd like murmurs from afar;
Or as some peasant hears, securely laid
Beneath a vaulted cliff or woodland-shade,
When o'er his head unnumber'd insects sing
In airy rounds, the children of the spring.

Adrastus' valiant son, with grief, beheld
The Spartans to inglorious flight compell'd;
Their valiant chief resign'd to hostile hands,
He thus aloud address'd the scatt'ring bands:
What shame, ye warriors! if ye thus expose
Your leader to the injuries of foes!
Though all should quit him, honour bids you bring
His relics back, or perish with your king.

Leophron sure injuriously ordains,
 With insults, to deface his dear remains;
 Spurn'd by the feet of men, expos'd and bare,
 For dogs obscene, and rav'nous birds to share.
 Exclaiming thus, through all the field he flew;
 And call'd the host the conflict to renew.
 They stop, they charge; again the combat burns:
 They bleed, they conquer, and retreat by turns.
 Hegialus excites the dire debate;
 And, by example, leads the work of fate:
 Por now he sees Atrides borne afar,
 By hostile hands, beyond the lines of war.
 With indignation fierce his bosom glows;
 He rushes fearless 'midst a host of foes;
 And now **had** merited a deathless name,
 And with a deed immortal crown'd his fame,
 Atrides liv'd; but fate's supreme command
 That honour destin'd for a mightier hand.

Leophron vex'd, that twice constrain'd to yield,
 The Spartan warriors re-assum'd the field,
 His pow'rs address'd: For ever lost our fame,
 Dishonour foul will blot the Theban name;
 If dastard foes, twice routed and pursu'd,
 Shall brave the victors, still with rage renew'd.
 Your glory gain'd with vigour now maintain;
 Nor let us conquer thus and bleed in vain.
 He said, and 'gainst the Argive hero turn'd;
 With martial wrath his ardent bosom burn'd;
 Who, fearless and undaunted, dar'd to wait;
 Nor by ignoble flight declin'd his fate.
 For at the Theban chief his lance he threw,
 Which, aim'd amiss, with erring fury flew:
 Beyond the hostile ranks the weapon drove;
 The warriors stooping as it rush'd above.
 Not so the Theban spear; with happier aim,
 Full to the centre of the shield, it came;
 And, rising swiftly from the polish'd round,
 His throat transfix'd, and bent him to the ground.
 To spoil the slain the ardent victor flew:
 The Spartan bands the bloody shock renew;
 Fierce to the charge with tenfold rage return,
 And all at once with thirst of vengeance burn.
 O'er all the field the raging tumult grows;
 And ev'ry helmet rings with sounding blows;
 But most around the Argive hero dead;
 There toil the mightiest, there the bravest bleed.
 As when outrageous winds the ocean sweep,
 And from the bottom stir the hoary deep;
 O'er all the wat'ry plain the tempest raves,
 Mixing in conflict loud the angry waves:
 But where some pointed cliff the surface hides,
 Whose top unseen provokes the angry tides,
 With tenfold fury there the billows fly,
 And mount in smoke and thunder to the sky.

Adrastus, by unactive age restrain'd,
 Behind the army on a mount remain'd;
 Under an oak the hoary warrior sat,
 And look'd and listen'd to the dire debate.
 Now, tam'd by age, his couriers stood unbound;
 His useless arms lay scatter'd on the ground;

Two aged heralds there the chief obey'd;
 The 'squire attending by his master stay'd.
 And thus the king: What sounds invade mine
 ear?

My friends! what sad disaster must we hear?
 Some hero's fall; for with the shouts, I know
 Loud lamentation mixt, and sounds of woe.
 So were we told, when mighty Tydeus fell,
 And Polynices trod the path to hell;
 So rag'd the combat o'er the hero slain,
 And such the din and tumult of the plain.
 He said; and list'ning (what he greatly fear'd) |
 Hegialus's name at least he heard
 Mix'd with the noise; and, sick'ning at the sound,
 By grief subdu'd, fell prostrate on the ground.
 But rage succeeding, and despair, he rose
 Eager to rush amid the thickest foes.
 His spear he grasp'd, impatient for the fight;
 And pond'rous shield, unequal to the weight.
 Him frantic thus, his wife attendants held;
 And to retire with prudent care compell'd,
 Impatient of his state, by quick returns,
 With grief he melts, with indignation burns.
 And thus at last: Stern ruler of the sky!
 Whose sport is man, and human misery;
 What deed of mine has stirr'd thy boundless rage,
 And call'd for vengeance on my helpless age?
 Have I, by sacrilege, your treasures drain'd;
 Your altars slighted, or your rites profan'd?
 Did I forget my holy vows to pay?
 Or bid you witness, and my faith betray?
 Has lawless rapine e'er increas'd my store,
 Or, unreliev'd, the stranger left my door?
 If not; in justice, can your stern decree
 With wrath pursue my guiltless race and me?
 Here valiant Tydeus, Polynices fell;
 In one sad hour they trod the path to hell:
 For them my daughters mourn, their sorrows flow
 Still fresh, and all their days are spent in woe.
 Hegialus remain'd my hopes to raise;
 The only comfort of my joyless days:
 In whom I saw my vigorous youth return,
 And all our native virtues brighter burn.
 He's now no more; and to the nether skies,
 Banish'd by fate, a bloodless spectre flies.
 For what, ye gods! has unrelenting fate
 Curs'd my misfortunes with so long a date?
 That thus I live to see our ancient race
 At once extinguish'd, and for ever cease!
 Gods! grant me now, the only boon I crave,
 For all my sorrows past, a peaceful grave:
 Now let me perish, that my fleeting ghost
 May reach my son in Pluto's shady coast;
 Where, join'd for ever, kindred souls enjoy
 An union fix'd, which nothing can destroy.
 He said; and sinking prostrate on the ground,
 His furrow'd cheeks with floods of sorrow
 drown'd;
 And, furious in the rage of grief, o'erspread
 With dust the reverend honours of his head.

B O O K III.

THE Spartan bands, with thirst of vengeance fir'd,
 The fight maintain'd; nor from their toils respir'd.
 Before the hero fall'n the warriors stand,
 Firm as the chains of rock which guard the strand;
 Whose rooted strength the angry ocean braves,
 And bounds the fury of his bursting waves.
 So Sparta stood; their ferred bucklers bar
 The Theban phalanx, and exclude the war.
 While from the field, upon their shoulders laid,
 His warriors sad the Argive prince convey'd;
 Leophron saw, with indignation fir'd,
 And with his shouts the ling'ring war inspir'd.
 Again the rigour of the shock returns;
 The slaughter rages, and the combat burns;
 Till, push'd and yielding to superior sway,
 In slow retreat the Spartan ranks give way.
 As, in some channel pent, entangled wood
 Reluctant stirs before the angry flood;
 Which, on its loaded current, slowly heaves
 The spoils of forests mix'd with harvest sheaves.
 Pallas observ'd, and from th' Olympian height
 Precipitated swift her downward flight.
 Like Cleon's valiant son, the goddess came;
 The same her stature, and her arms the same.
 Descending from his chariot to the ground,
 The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found;
 His steeds unrul'd: for, stretch'd before the wheel,
 Lay the bold driver pierc'd with Theban steel.
 On the high car her mighty hand she laid,
 And thus address'd the valiant Diomed:
 The Spartan warriors, prince! renounce the fight,
 O'ermatch'd by numbers and superior might:
 While adverse fate their valiant chief restrains,
 Who dead or wounded with the foe remains;
 Hegialus lies lifeless on the earth,
 Brother to her from whom you claim your birth:
 The great Atrides, as he press'd to save,
 Leophron's jav'lin mark'd for him the grave.
 To vengeance haste; and, ere it is too late,
 With speedy succour stop impending fate:
 For stern Leophron, like the rage of flame,
 With ruin threatens all the Spartan name.
 The goddess thus: Tydides thus replies:
 How partial are the counsels of the skies!
 For vulgar merit oft the gods with care
 Honour, and peace, and happiness prepare;
 While worth, distinguish'd by their partial hate,
 Submits to all the injuries of fate.
 Adrastus thus with justice may complain
 His daughters widow'd, sons in battle slain.
 In the devoted line myself I stand,
 And here must perish by some hostile hand:
 Yet not for this I shun the works of war,
 Nor skulk inglorious when I ought to dare.
 And now I'll meet yon terror of the plain,
 To crown his conquests, or avenge the slain.
 But wish some valiant youth to rule my car,
 And push the horses through the shock of war,
 Were present; for, extended in his gore,
 The brave Spensippus knows his charge no more.

VOL. XI.

Thus as the hero spoke, Cassandra heard,
 And present, to assume the charge, appear'd,
 By love inspir'd, she fought the fields of war;
 Her hero's safety was her only care.
 A polish'd casque her lovely temples bound,
 With flowers of gold and various plumage crown'd;
 Confus'dly gay the peacock's changeful train,
 With gaudy colours mix'd of ev'ry grain:
 The virgin white, the yellow's golden hue,
 The regal purple, and the shining blue,
 With female skill compos'd. The shield she bore
 With flow'rs of gold was mark'd and spangled
 o'er:

Light and of splend'rst make, she held a lance;
 Like some mock warrior armed for the dance,
 When spring's return and music's cheerful strain
 The youth invite to frolic on the plain.

Illustrious chief, the armed virgin said,
 To rule your steeds on me the task be laid;
 Skill'd to direct their course with steady rein,
 To wake their fiery mettle, or restrain;
 To stop, to turn, the various arts I know;
 To push them on direct, or shun the foe.
 With ready hand your voice I shall obey,
 And urge their fury where you point the way.
 The virgin thus: and thus Tydides said:
 Your zeal I honour, but reject your aid.
 Fierce are my steeds; their fury to restrain
 The strongest hand requires, and stiffest rein:
 For oft, their mettle rous'd, they rush along;
 Nor feel the biting curb, or sounding thong.
 Oft have I seen you brave the toils of fight,
 With dauntless courage, but unequal might.
 Small is your force; and, from your arm unstrung,
 The harmless lance is impotently flung.
 Yet not for this you shun the martial strife,
 Patient of wounds, and prodigal of life.
 Where'er I combat, faithful to my side,
 No danger awes you, and no toils divide.
 Yet grudge not that your service I decline;
 Homocleon's better hand shall guide the rein:
 His manly voice my horses will obey,
 And move submissive to his firmer sway.

Th' Ætolian warrior thus; and, with a bound,
 Rose to his lofty chariot from the ground.
 The goddess to the driver's seat proceeds,
 Assumes the reins, and winds the willing steeds.
 On their smooth sides the sounding lash she plies,
 And through the fight the smoking chariot flies.
 Th' Athenians soon they pass'd; and Phocians
 strong,

Who from fair Crissa led their martial throng.
 Th' Arcadians next, from Alpheus' silver flood,
 And hardy Eleans, grim with dust and blood,
 In order rang'd. As when some pilot spies
 The rocky cliffs in long succession rise,
 When near the land his galley scours the shores,
 By prosp'rous winds impell'd and speeding oars;
 So, hastening to the fight, the hero flew;
 And now the Spartan host appears in view:

B

By wounds subdu'd, their bravest warriors lay;
Others, by shameful flight, their fear obey;
The rest in flow retreat forsake the field,
O'ermatch'd by numbers, and constrain'd to yield.
Th' Ætolian hero saw, and rais'd his voice,
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
And rush'd to fight: through all the field it flew;
The host at once the happy signal knew,
And joy'd, as they who, from the found'ring ship
Escap'd, had struggled long amid the deep:
Faint from despair, when hope and vigour fail,
If, hast'ning to their aid, appears a sail;
With force renew'd their weary limbs they strain,
And climb the slipp'ry ridges of the main.
So joy'd the Spartans to repulse the foe;
With hope restor'd their gen'rous bosoms glow:
While Thebes, suspended 'midst her conquest,
stands,
And feels a sudden check through all her bands.

Leophron only, far before the rest,
Tydides waited with a dauntless breast.
Firm and unaw'd the hardy warrior stood,
Like some fierce boar amid his native wood,
When armed swains his gloomy haunts invade,
And trace his footsteps through the lonely shade;
Resolv'd he hears approach the hostile sound,
Grinds his white teeth, and threat'ning glares
around;

So stood Leophron, trusting in his might,
And shook his armour, eager for the fight.
Tydides saw; and, springing from his car,
Thus brav'd the hero, as he rush'd to war:
O son unhappy, of a fire accurs'd!
The plague of all, and fated to the worst!
The injuries of Greece demand thy breath;
See in my hand the instrument of death.
Hegialus's ghost shall less deplore
His fate untimely on the Stygian shore, [come
When banish'd from the light, your shade shall
To mingle with the dark infernal gloom.
Tydides thus: and Creon's son replies:
Your fear in vain by boasting you disguise;
Such vulgar art a novice oft confounds,
To scenes of battle new and martial sounds;
Though lost on me, who dwell amid alarms,
And never met a greater yet in arms.

Thus as the warrior spoke, his lance with care
He aim'd, and sent it hissing through the air.
On Diomed's broad shield the weapon fell;
Loud rung the stunning brass with echoing knell:
But the strong orb, by Vulcan's labour bound,
Repell'd, and sent it blunted to the ground.
Tydides next his pond'rous jav'lin threw:
With force impell'd; it brighten'd as it flew;
And pierc'd the border of the Theban shield,
Where, wreath'd around, a serpent guards the
field;

Through the close mail an easy passage found,
And mark'd his thigh, in passing, with a wound.
Now in close fight the angry chiefs engage,
Like two fell griffins rous'd to equal rage;
Pois'd on their rolling trains they fiercely rise
With blood-bespotted crests and burning eyes:
With poison fraught they aim their deadly stings,
Clasp their sharp fangs, and mix their rattling
wings.

In combat thus, the ardent warriors clos'd,
With shield to shield, and foot to foot oppos'd.

First at his foe Leophron aim'd a stroke,
But on his polish'd casque the falchion broke:
From the smooth steel the shiver'd weapon sprung,
Aloft in air its hissing splinters fung.
Not so, Tydides, did thy weapon fail;
With force impell'd, it pierc'd the silver mail,
Whose sliding plates the warrior's neck surround:
A tide of gore came rushing from the wound.
Stagg'ring to earth, he sunk with head declin'd,
And life in long convulsive throbs resign'd.
Nor stoop'd Tydides to despoil the slain;
The warrior goddess led him, cross the plain,
Towards the grove where great Atrides lay;
Th' immortal spear she stretch'd, and mark'd the
way.

Thither amid surrounding foes they haste,
Who shunn'd them, still retreating as they pass'd;
And ent'ring found the Spartan hero laid
On the green sward, beneath the bow'ring shade.
The guard secure, lay stretch'd upon the ground;
Their shields resign'd, their lances pitch'd around:
One only near a winding riv'let stood,
Which turn'd its wand'ring current through the
wood;

His helmet fill'd with both his hands he rear'd,
In act to drink, when in the grove appear'd
Th' Ætolian prince. His armour's fiery blaze
The dark recess illumin'd with its rays.
Amaz'd the Theban stood; and from his hand
The helmet slipp'd, and roll'd upon the sand.
Not more afraid the wond'ring swain describes
'Midst night's thick gloom a flaming meteor rise;
Sent by the furies, as he deems, to sow
Death and diseases on the earth below.
Tydides comes! with fault'ring voice he cry'd,
And straight to flight his willing limbs apply'd.
With sudden dread surpris'd the guards retire,
As shepherd swains avoid a lion's ire,
Who roams the heights and plains, from famine
The stall to ravage, or assault the fold. [bold,

Now, lifeless as he lay, the martial maid
Atrides with a pitying eye survey'd;
And with her spear revers'd, the hero shook:
The touch divine his iron slumber broke;
As when his drowsy mate the shepherd swain
Stirs with his crook, and calls him to the plain;
When in the east he sees the morning rise,
And redd'ning o'er his head the colour'd skies.
When from the ground his head the hero rais'd,
In full divinity the goddesses blaz'd;
Her left, reveal'd, the dreadful Ægis rears,
Whose ample field the snaky Gorgon bears;
Th' immortal lance stood flaming in the right,
Which scatters and confounds the ranks of fight.
Speechless the chiefs remain'd; amazement strong,
In mute suspense and silence, held them long.
And thus the goddesses: Atteus' son! arise,
Confess the partial favour of the skies.
For thee I leave the thund'rer's lofty seat,
To wake the slumb'ring on the verge of fate:
To you let Diomed his arms resign;
Unequal were your force to govern mine;
His stronger arm shall bear this pond'rous shield,
His better hand the weighty jav'lin wield.
Arise! be sudden, for your foes draw near;
Assur'd to conquer when the gods appear.

The goddesses thus; and, mixing with the wind,
Left in a heap her shining arms behind

Upon the field; with loud harmonious peal,
Th' immortal buckler rung, and golden mail.
And thus Atrides, rising from the ground:
In this, approv'd is hoar tradition found;
That oft, descending from th' ethereal tow'rs,
To mix with mortals, come the heav'nly pow'rs:
But ne'er till now I saw a god appear,
Or more than human voice did ever hear.
Do you, my friend, assume these arms divine;
The mortal and inferior shall be mine.
Atrides thus; and Diomed reply'd:
To heav'n obedience must not be deny'd;
Else you yourself th' immortal arms should wield,
And I with these attend you on the field.
But of the pow'rs above, whose sov'reign sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
Pallas, with surest vengeance still pursues
Such as obedience to her will refuse.

He said, and straight his shining arms unbound,
The casque, the mail, the buckler's weighty round;
With secret joy th' immortal helmet took:
High on its crest the waving plumage shook.
This whosoever wears, his sharp'ned eyes
All dangers mock of ambush and surprise;
Their ray unquench'd, the midnight shade divides:
No cunning covers, and no darkness hides.
The breast-plate next he takes, whose matchless
Firm courage fixes in the bounding heart; [art
The rage of war, unmov'd, the wearer braves,
And rides serene amid the stormy waves!
The glitt'ring mail a starry baldrick bound,
His arm sustain'd the buckler's weighty round;
Impenetrably strong, its orb can bear
And turn, like softest lead, the pointed spear;
Nor yields to aught, in earth or heav'n above,
But the dread thunder of almighty Jove.
Th' immortal spear the hero last did wield,
Which fixes conquest, and decides a field;
Nor strength nor numbers can its rage withstand,
Sent by a mortal or immortal hand.

Thus arm'd to meet the foe Tydides mov'd,
And glory'd, conscious of his might improv'd;
Like the proud steed rejoicing in his force,
When the shrill trumpet wakes him to the course:
Fierce and impatient of restraint, he strains
With stiffen'd neck against the galling reins.
Taller he seem'd; as when the morning, spread
With golden lustre, crowns some mountain's head
In early spring; when, from the meads below,
A wreath of vapours binds his rocky brow;
In cloudy volumes settling as they rise,
They lift the lofty prospect to the skies.
So in immortal arms the chief appear'd,
His stature broad display'd, and higher rear'd.

Now from the field approaching to the grove,
Embattel'd thick, the Theban warriors move;
Slowly they move, as swains with doubtful steps
Approach the thicket where a lion sleeps.
Tydides saw; and, rushing from the shade,
The Spartan call'd, and to the combat led.
Unaw'd the hero met the hostile band;
Nor could united force his rage withstand.
They wheel'd aloof; as when a dragon springs
From his dark den, and rears his pointed wings
Against approaching swains, when summer burns,
And the fresh lakes to parched desert turns;
They fly dispers'd, nor tempt his fatal ire,
His wrath-swoln neck and eyes of living fire:

So fled the Thebans, nor escap'd by flight.
Amid their squadrons, like a falcon light,
The hero sprung; who, stooping from the skies,
The feather'd fowl disperses as he flies.
Still from his hand th' immortal weapon flew;
And ev'ry flight an armed warrior flew.
Andremon first, beneath his mighty hand,
Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand.
Pherecydes gigantic press'd the plain;
And valiant Tereus sunk amid the slain.
Warriors to those of vulgar names succeed;
And all his path is mark'd with heaps of dead.
As when some woodman, by incessant strokes,
Bestrews a mountain with its falling oaks;
Fells the thick plains, the hawthorn's flow'ry
shade,

The poplar fair by passing currents fed;
The laurel with unfading verdure crown'd;
Heaps roll'd on heaps, the forest sinks around:
So spreads the slaughter; as the chief proceeds;
At every stroke an armed warrior bleeds.
Atrides combats by the hero's side,
To share his glory, and the toil divide:
Unmov'd amid the hostile ranks they go;
Before them far retreats the routed foe.

And now the Spartan host appear'd in fight;
By toil subdu'd, and ling'ring in the fight.
Their valiant leader saw, and rais'd his voice;
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
With hopes of victory his bands to cheer;
It swiftly flew: the distant Spartans hear
With glad surprise. Polyctes thus address'd,
And rous'd the languid valour of the rest.
Myceneans! Spartans! taught to seek renown
From dangers greatly brav'd, and battles won;
With sorrow and regret I see you yield,
And Thebes victorious drive you from the field.
Atrides calls us; to his aid repair:
No foe subdues you but your own despair.
He yet survives, beset with hostile bands;
And, from your valour, present aid demands.
He said. The rigour of the shock returns;
The slaughter rages, and the combat burns.
As when a reaping train their sickles wield,
Where yellow harvest loads some fruitful field;
The master's heart, with secret joy, o'erflows;
He prompts the work, and counts the length'ning
rows;

So 'midst the war, the pow'r of battles stood,
Pleas'd with the carnage and the streams of blood.

Elpenor first lay lifeless on the plain,
By stern Plexippus with a jav'lin slain,
A grief to Thebes. Euryalus the bold,
Rich in his flocks, and rich in sums of gold,
Beneath the arm of Aristæus fell;
Loud rung his silver arms with echoing knell:
And like some flow'r, whose painted foliage fair
With fragrant breath perfumes the vernal air,
If the rude scythe its tender root invades,
It falls dishonour'd, and its lustre fades.
Thus fell Euryalus; whose matchless grace,
In youth's full bloom, surpass'd the human race;
For Cynthius only could with him compare,
In comely features, shape, and flowing hair.

Now o'er the fields the rage of war is spread;
And heaps on heaps ascend the hills of dead.
Ranks meeting ranks oppose with equal rage;
As when the north and stormy south engage;

Beneath their strife the troubled ocean roars;
 And rushing waves o'erwhelm the rocky shores;
 So rag'd the fight; when bursting from a crowd
 Of thick opposing foes the princes stood
 Between the hosts. And thus th' Ætolian lord:
 Spartans! behold your valiant chief restor'd;
 Ye owe his safety to Minerva's care;
 Let hecatombs your gratitude declare,
 Soon as from Thebes you reach your native
 ground.

Where flocks and herds for sacrifice abound;
 Now fight and conquer; let this signal day
 Your tedious toils, with victory repay;
 And, for Hegialus, let thousands dead
 With ample vengeance gratify his shade.
 As thus the hero spoke, the warriors heard,
 And hope rekindling through the host appear'd;
 With joyful shouts they rent the trembling air,
 And blest'd the gods, and own'd Minerva's care.

Now, tow'ring in the midst, Atrides stood,
 And call'd his warriors to the fight aloud;
 As mariners with joy the sun deicry,
 Ascending, in his course, the eastern sky;
 Who, all night long, by angry tempests tost,
 Shunn'd with incessant toil some faithless coast;
 So to his wishing friends Atrides came;
 Their danger such before, their joy the same.
 Again the rigour of the shock returns;
 The slaughter rages, and the combat burns;
 With thirst of vengeance ev'ry bosom glows.
 Tydides leads, and rushes on his foes;
 Around his head a ray of lightning shone
 From the smooth helmet and the glitt'ring cone;
 Like that by night which streams with fiery glare,
 When some red meteor glides along the air,
 Sent by the angry gods, with tainted breath,
 To sow the seeds of pestilence and death;
 From look to look infectious terror spreads;
 And ev'ry wretch th' impending vengeance
 dreads.

Before the chief the Theban bands retire,
 As shepherd swains avoid the lion's ire.
 Clytander only, by the fates impell'd,
 Oppos'd him single, and disdain'd to yield;
 Lycaon's son; deceiv'd by glory's charms,
 Superior might he brav'd and matchless arms.
 Nor was his brother present by his side,
 To share the danger, and the toil divide;
 Himself a youth, and yet by time unsteel'd,
 Single, he met Tydides in the field.
 Against th' immortal shield his lance he flung,
 Whose hollow orb with deaf'ning clangour rung:
 The tow'rs of Thebes re-echo'd to the sound;
 The spear repuls'd, fell blunted on the ground.
 Tydides next th' immortal jav'lin threw;
 With force impell'd, it brighten'd as it flew:
 And pierc'd the Theban helmet to the cone;
 Behind his ear the starting weapon shone.
 Supine the warrior fell, his spirit fled,
 And mix'd with heroes in th' Elysian shade.
 To spoil the slain the ardent victor flew:
 First from the wound the fixed lance he drew,
 The helmet loos'd, the costly mail unbound,
 And shining shield with sculptor'd figures crown'd.
 These spoils the hero, in his grateful mind,
 A present for the geir'ous youth design'd;
 Who still in perilous battle sought his side,
 And proffer'd late his warlike steeds to guide.

Fatal the gift, the cause of future woe!
 But good and ill th' immortals only know.
 The armour to a vulgar hand consign'd,
 Again the hero, swifter than the wind,
 To combat rush'd.

But, from his throne above
 Declin'd, the all-surveying eye of Jove
 His progress mark'd. The herald pow'r, who
 brings

His sov'reign mandates on immortal wings,
 He thus address'd: To yonder sphere descend;
 Bid Phœbus straight his ev'ning charge attend:
 For, with reverted eye, he views the war,
 And checks the progress of his downward car.
 Let him not linger in th' ethereal way,
 But lash his steeds, and straight conclude the day;
 For, if the gods descend not to her aid,
 Or ev'ning interpose with friendly shade,
 Thebes now must perish; and the doom of fate,
 Anticipated, have an earlier date
 Than fate ordains; for, like devouring flame,
 Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
 Immortal arms his native force improve,
 Conferr'd by Pallas, partial in her love.
 These to retrieve must be your next essay;
 Win them by art, and hither straight convey:
 For man with man an equal war shall wage:
 Nor with immortal weapons arm his rage.

He said. And Maia's son, with speed, address'd
 His flight to Phœbus hov'ring in the west.
 Upon a cloud his winged feet he stay'd;
 And thus the mandates of his fire convey'd.
 Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
 And silent night her peaceful shade extend,
 Else Thebes must perish; and the doom of fate,
 Anticipated, have an earlier date
 Than fate decrees; for, like devouring flame,
 Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
 Immortal arms his native force improve,
 Conferr'd by Pallas, partial in her love.

The son of Maia thus. The god obey'd;
 The sounding lash upon his steeds he laid.
 Swift to the goal with winged feet they flew;
 The night ascending as the day withdrew.

To Thebes the herald next pursu'd his way;
 Shot like a meteor with the setting ray.
 Behind Tydides in the fight he stay'd;
 And on his head the potent sceptre laid:
 Whose magic pow'r on waking sense prevails;
 Or, in profoundest sleep, the eye unseals;
 The struggling ghost unbinds from mortal clay.
 And drives it down the dark Tartarean way.
 Subdu'd the hero stood by pow'ful charms,
 Till Hermes stript him of th' immortal arms;
 And, mounting to the starry roofs above,
 Dispos'd them in the armory of Jove.
 And, recollected, thus Tydides spoke:
 Whate'er they give, th' immortals may revoke.
 I own their favour; that, of mortal line
 The first, I wore a panoply divine.
 But if the day were lengthen'd to my will,
 With light to point my jav'lin where to kill,
 Thebes now should perish; but the morning ray
 Shall finish what the ev'ning shades delay.

And now the night began her silent reign;
 Ascending, from the deep, th' ethereal plain,
 O'er both the hosts she stretch'd her ample shade,
 Their conflict to suspend: the hosts obey'd.

The field no more a noisy scene appears,
With steeds and chariots throng'd and glitt'ring
spears;
But still, and silent: like the hoary deep,
When, in their caves, the angry tempests sleep,

Peaceful and smooth it spreads from shore to
shore,
Where storms had rag'd and billows swell'd before:
Such seem'd the field; the martial clangors cease;
And war tumultuous lulls itself to peace.

B O O K IV.

AND now the princes of the Theban state
In council sat assembled in the gate,
Where rows of marble pillars bound the space,
To judgment sacred in the days of peace.
And Creon thus, with public care oppress'd
And private griefs the senators address'd:

Princes of Thebes, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm associates in the works of war,
Heroes, attend! I shall not now propose
To supplicate for peace, our haughty foes:
No peace can grow, no friendship e'er be found,
When mutual hate has torn so wide a wound.
Yet for a truce of seven days space I plead,
And fun'ral obsequies to grace the dead.
Nor were it just, that they, who greatly fall
From rage of foes to guard their native wall,
Should want the honours which their merits claim,
Sepulchral rites deny'd and fun'ral flame.

Thus as he spoke, parental grief suppress'd
His voice, and swell'd within his lab'ring breast.
Silent amid the assembled peers he stands;
And wipes his falling tears with trembling hands;
For great Leophron, once his country's boast,
The glory and the bulwark of her host,
Pierc'd by a foe and lifeless on the plain,
Lay drench'd in gore and mix'd with vulgar slain:
Silent he stood; the Theban lords around
His grief partake, in streams of sorrow drown'd;
Till sage Palantes rose, and to the rest,
The monarch seconding, his words address'd.

Princes! renown'd for wisdom and for might,
Rever'd in council, and approv'd in fight;
What Creon moves the laws themselves require,
With obsequies to grace, and funeral fire,
Each warrior, who in battle bravely falls
From rage of foes to guard his native walls.
If all approve, and none will sure withstand
What Creon counsels and the laws command,
Charg'd with the truce, Apollo's priest shall go
To offer and conclude it with the foe.

His silver hairs a mild respect may claim,
And great Apollo's ever honour'd name.
The rest assent. The venerable man,
Slow from his seat arising, thus began: [hand
Princes of Thebes! and thou, whose sov'reign
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command;
Though well I might this perilous task refuse,
And plead my feeble age a just excuse;
Yet nothing shall restrain me, for I go,
Pleas'd with the pious charge, to meet the foe.
Willing I go; our bleeding warriors claim
Sepulchral honours and the fun'ral flame.
If all approve, let Clytophon attend;
With just success our labours thus shall end:

For sure no Theban boasts an equal skill,
With pleasing words to bend the fixed will.
Sooth'd with the friendly praise, the hero said,
No self-regard shall hold me or dissuade;
The pious charge my inmost thoughts approve,
He said; and slow through yielding crowds they
move;

While Thebes on every side assembled stands,
And supplicates the gods with lifted hands:
O grant that wrathful enemies may spare
These rev'rend heads, nor wrong the silver hair!
And now they pass'd the lofty gates, and came
Where flow Ismenus winds his gentle stream;
Amphion's grove they pass'd, whose umbrage
His rural tomb defends on every side! [wide
The scene of fight they reach'd, and spacious fields
With mangled slaughter heap'd, and spears and
shields.

Under their feet the hollow bucklers sound;
And splinter'd faulchions glitter'd on the ground.
And now the stations of the camp appear,
Far as a shaft can wound the flying deer.
Thither, amid the wrecks of war, they go
With silent steps, and 'scape the watchful foe.
Now full in view before the guards they stand;
The priest displays his ensigns in his hand,
The laurel wreath, the gold-bespangled rod
With stars adorn'd the symbols of his god.

He thus began: ye Argive warriors! hear:
A peaceful message to your tents we bear:
A truce is ask'd, till the revolving sun,
Seven times from east to west his journey run,
Again ascends; and, from the ocean's streams,
Crowns the green mountains with his golden beams:
That mutually secure, with pious care,
Both hosts funereal honours may prepare
For every hero, whom the raging fight
Has swept to darkness and the shores of night.

Thus as he spoke, the list'ning warriors heard
With approbation, and the priest rever'd,
The chief of Salamis, their leader, went
Himself to guide them to the royal tent; [night
Which shone conspicuous; through the shades of
Its spacious portal pour'd a stream of light.
Thither conducted by the chief they found
The king of men with all his peers around.
On thrones with purple spread each royal guest
In order sat, and shar'd the genial feast.
Silent they enter'd. From his chair of state,
Full in the midst oppos'd to the gate,
The monarch saw; and rising thus express'd
The gen'rous dictates of his royal breast.

My guests, approach! no enemy is near;
This roof protects you, straight forget your fear,

Ev'n though from yon devoted walls you come,
For vengeance mark'd by fate's eternal doom;
Here in my tent, with safety you shall rest,
And with the princes share the genial feast.
You freely then your message may propose,
When round the board the cheering vintage flows,
Which soothes impatience, and the open'd ear,
With favour and attention bends to hear.

The hero thus. Apollo's priest replies:
Humane thy manners, and thy words are wise;
With thee the noblest gifts the gods have plac'd,
And pow'r supreme with equal wisdom grac'd:
Though oft, by parts, for others they ordain,
The arts of sway, the privilege to reign;
In thee their partial favour has combin'd
The highest fortune with the greatest mind.

As thus the sage reply'd, the princely band
By turns presented each his friendly hand,
The sign of peace. For each a splendid throne,
Where fring'd with gold the purple covering shone,
The ready waiters, by command, prepar'd;
There sat the envoys and the banquet shar'd.
On ev'ry side the sparkling vintage flows,
The momentary cure of human woes.
The rage of thirst and hunger thus suppress'd,
To Nestor turning, Clytophon address'd.

Illustrious chief! an honour now I'll claim,
Which not to publish, sure, would merit blame.
Your father's guest I was; by fortune led,
When from Trinacria's desert shores I fled
With ills beset: but in his friendly land,
His gen'rous heart I prov'd and lib'ral hand.
A grateful mind excites me to reveal
His sov'reign bounty, and attempt a tale
Of dear remembrance. But the fond design
Prudence dissenting, warns me to decline:
For when to public cares your thoughts you bend
A private story mingled must offend.

The artful Theban thus. The chief reply'd,
Whose sov'reign mandates all the host obey'd:
My honour'd guest! proceed, nor aught conceal
Which gratitude enjoins you to reveal;
For gen'rous deeds, improperly suppress'd,
Lie unapplauded in the grateful breast;
And now the feast, short interval of care,
To vocal symphony unbends the ear;
Or sweet discourse, which to the soul conveys
Sublimier joys than music's tuneful lays.
The monarch thus. The prudent sage suppress'd
His inward joy, and thus the peers address'd:
Each chief he strove to gain, but Nestor most,
Whose wisdom sway'd the councils of the host.

Confed'rate kings! and thou whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
Attend and hearken! since you seek to know
The sad beginnings of a life of woe.
In Rhodes my father once dominion claim'd,
Orsiloehus, for deeds of valour fam'd,
The Sporades his sov'reign sceptre own'd,
And Carpa thus with waving forests crown'd.
His youngest hope I was, and scarce had seen
The tenth returning summer clothe the green,
When pirates snatch me from my native land:
While with my infant equals on the strand
I play'd, of harm secure, and from the deep
With pleasure saw approach the fatal ship;
Pleas'd with the whiteness of the sails we stood,
And the red streamers shining on the flood:

And fearless saw the hostile galley land,
Where from the hills a current seeks the strand.
They climb'd the rocky beach, and far around,
Intent on spoil and rapine, view'd the ground;
If any herd were near, or fleecy store,
Or lonely mansion on the winding shore.
My young companions straight their fear obey.
I, bold and unsuspecting, dar'd to stay.
Me straight they seiz'd: and doom'd to servile toil
A wretched captive in a foreign soil.
Struggling in vain, they bore me down the bay,
Where, anchor'd near the beach, their vessel lay;
And plac'd me on the deck. With bitter cries,
To speeding gales I saw the canvass rise:
The boundless ocean far before me spread;
And from my reach the shores at distance fled.
All day I wept; but when the setting light
Retir'd, and yielded to the shades of night,
Sleep stole upon my grief with soft surprise,
Which care ne'er banish'd long from infant eyes.

Nine days we sail'd; the tenth returning ray
Show'd us Trinacria rising in our way,
Far in the west; where, with his ev'ning beams,
The sun descending gilds the ocean's streams.
Thither the sailors ply, and blindly run
On hidden dangers which they ought to shun;
For whom the gods distinguish'd by their hate,
They first confound, and then resign to fate.
All day we sail'd; and with the evening hour,
Which calls the shepherd to his rural bow'r,
Approach'd the shore. The forests on the land
We mark'd, and rivers op'ning from the strand.
Then gladness touch'd my heart; the first I knew
Since fate had mix'd me with that lawless crew:
With joy I saw the rising shores appear,
And hop'd to find some kind deliverer near;
Some gen'rous lord, to whom I might relate,
Low bending on my knees, my wretched fate.
Vain was the hope; the Cyclopes ne'er know
Compassion, not to melt at human woe.

Near on the left, and where the parted tides
A promontory's rocky height divides,
A bay they found; and on the fatal strand
Descending, fix'd their vessel to the land.
They valleys straight and mountains they explore,
And the long windings of the desert shore;
And find, of sheep and goats, a mingled flock,
Under the shelter of a cavern'd rock.

The largest and the best the pirate band
Seiz'd, and prepar'd a banquet on the strand.
With joy they feasted; while the goblet, crown'd
With Mithymnean vintage, flow'd around.
Of harm secure they sat; and void of fear
To mirth resign'd; nor knew destruction near.

Amid them there I meditating sat;
Some god inspir'd me, or the power of fate,
To 'scape their hated hands: and soon I found
The wish'd occasion; when along the ground,
Each where he sat, the ruffians lay supine,
With sleep oppress'd, and sense-subduing wine;
Softly I rose, and to a lofty grove,
Which shaded all the mountain tops above,
Ascending, in a rocky cavern lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then from above I saw the pirate band,
In parties, roaming o'er the desert strand;
The mountain-goats they drove, and fleecy store,
From all the pastures, crowded to the shore.

Me too by name they call'd; and oft, in vain,
Explor'd each grove and thicket on the plain;
While from above I saw, with careless eye,
Them searching round and list'ning for reply.
Some to the ship the bleating spoil convey'd;
While others to prepare a banquet stay'd,
And call'd their mates: to share the full repast
With mirth they came, nor knew it was their last.

Then from the rocky summit where I lay,
A flock appear'd descending to the bay;
Which through a narrow valley rush'd along,
Oxen and sheep, an undistinguish'd throng.
With these the sloping hills were cover'd o'er,
And the long windings of the sandy shore.
Behind a Cyclops came; and, by degrees,
Rose to my view, and tower'd above the trees.
His giant stature, like a lofty rock,
Appear'd: and in his hand a knotted oak
Of tallest growth; around his shoulder flung
His bag enormous, by a cable hung.
Panting I lay; as when a lurking deer,
From some close thicket, sees the hunter near.
By dread subdu'd, confounded and amaz'd,
My fixed eye-balls darken'd as I gaz'd.
Soon from above my wretched mates he knew,
As on the level shore in open view,
They sat secure, with flow'ry garlands crown'd;
The signs of spoil and ravage scatter'd round.
With indignation, for his wasted flock,
Inflam'd he thus like distant thunder spoke.
Whoe'er these are, who from their native soil
To foreign climates thus, in quest of spoil,
Licentious roam; they soon shall feel my hand,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trinacria's strand.
As muttering thus, along the craggy road
He came, the mountain trembled as he trod.
The wretches saw with horror and affright;
Each limb enfeebled lost the power of flight.
Their cries in vain the monster mov'd to spare;
His club he rear'd and swung it thrice in air,
Then hurl'd it cross the bay: it swiftly drove
O'er the smooth deep, and raz'd the beach above.
Threat'ning it rush'd along; but, bending low,
Each, where he sat, escap'd the weighty blow.
Beyond them far it pitch'd upon the land,
Tore the green sward, and heav'd a mount of sand.
Now starting from the ground they strove to fly,
Press'd by despair and strong necessity;
The woody summits of the cliffs to gain,
With fault'ring haste they fled across the plain.
But the impending mountains barr'd their flight,
High and projecting from their airy height,
Back from the slipp'ry arch, in heaps, they fall;
And with imploring cries for mercy call,
In vain. The monster with gigantic strides,
At twenty steps, the spacious bay divides;
Around his knees the whit'ning billows roar,
And his rude voice like thunder shakes the shore.

There thirty youths he slew; against the stones
And ragged cliffs, he dash'd their crackling bones.
Twenty his feet and heavy hands pursue,
As to the ocean in despair they flew;
Striving the summit of the beach to gain,
With headlong course to rush into the main:
For there they hop'd a milder fate to have,
And less abhorr'd, beneath the whelming wave.
These too he reach'd; and, with his weighty hand,
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the sand.

Two yet surviv'd; who supplicating strove,
With humble suit, his barb'rous soul to move.
With trembling knees the sandy beach they press'd;
And, as he came, the monster thus address'd:

O thou! with whom no mortal can compare
For strength resistless, pity now and spare.
O let the blood, already shed, atone,
For our provoking guilt, and trespass done!
O spare and pity! sure, the gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
Are won by pray'r; and he whose matchless might
The solid earth sustains and starry height,
Oft spares the guilty; for his soul approves
Compassion, and the works of mercy loves.
Let sov'reign pity touch thy mighty breast;
And him revere, the greatest and the best:
Who pardons oft, but measures grief and pain
To such as hear the wretched plead in vain.

As thus to touch his iron heart they try'd,
The Cyclops smiling, scornful thus reply'd:
The praise of mercy well your words proclaim;
And vengeance mark, though merited, with blame.
Well have you spoken; therefore, from my hand,
More favour hope than any of your band;
They, on the desert shore expos'd and bare,
The wolves shall feast and ev'ry bird of air;
But ye, prefer'd above the rest, shall have
This body for your monument and grave.

He said, and seizing lifts them both on high,
With hands and feet extended in the sky;
Then dash'd them thrice against the rocky shore;
Gnaw'd their warm flesh, and drank their stream-
ing gore.

Oft have I seen the havoc of the plain,
The rage of tempests and the stormy main;
But fate, in such a form, ne'er meet my eyes,
And, while I speak, afresh its horrors rise
To chill my veins; nor can the vary'd state
Of sprightly youth, and middle age sedate,
Or life's last stage with all its griefs oppress,
Banish the dire impression from my breast.
For still I see the monster, as he stood,
His hairy visage dy'd in human blood:
As the grim lion leaves the wasted plains,
Red from the ravage of the flocks and swains.

With vengeance pleas'd he view'd the shores
around;

And, riding near the beech, our vessel found:
Her by the mast he seiz'd; and to the land,
With all her anchors, dragg'd along the strand.
Exploring, next the solid deck he tore,
And found, conceal'd below, his fleecy store.
With scornful smiles he saw the theft bewray'd;
And sidelong on the beach the galley laid;
And call'd his flock: to open light they strain,
Through the wide beach, and crowd upon the plain:
Still, as they pass'd, his weighty hand he laid
On their soft backs, and, stroaking gently, said:
Go now, my flock! enjoy the verdant hills,
The rivers cool, the sweet refreshing rills,
The meads and shady forests, safe from harm;
Your foes lie crush'd beneath your master's arm.
The giant thus; and next the hold explor'd:
Four jars he found with Lesbian vintage stor'd.
These first he drain'd; then to his lips apply'd
His flute, which like a quiver by his side,
Of size enormous, hung. Its hollow sound
The woods repeated and the caves around.

Its music such, as when a stormy gale
Roars through a hollow cliff with hideous peal,
Resounding deep, along the level shore:
He ply'd, and drove his past'ring flock before.

Horror and grief at once my heart assail'd;
Presages sad o'er ev'ry hope prevail'd.
My distant country rush'd upon my mind;
My friends, my weeping parents, left behind.
Now lost to hope, and furious from despair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And in an agony of sorrow prest,
With strokes repeated oft, my heaving breast.
All day I mourn'd; but when the setting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Encourag'd by the night, I sought the plain;
And, wand'ring anxious 'midst the mangled slain
Oft call'd, to know if any of the band
Did yet survive, escap'd the monster's hand;
But none reply'd. Along the desert shore
All night I wander'd, 'midst the fullen roar
Of bursting billows; till the morning ray
Appear'd to light my solitary way.

'Twas then I reach'd a mountain's height, o'er-
spread

With thickets close, and dark impending shade,
Hung o'er the valley, where a river leads
His wand'ring current through a grove of reeds.

Thither I went; and, op'ning to the deep,
A cavern found beneath the rocky steep;
The haunt of mountain goats, when wint'ry rains
Have chas'd them from the hills and naked plains.
Gladly I enter'd; for, deceiv'd by fear,
I always thought the barb'rous Cyclops near;
His form descri'd in ev'ry tree behind,
And heard his voice approaching in the wind.
Of honey there a sweet repast I found,
In clusters hanging from the cliffs around,
My hunger soon appeas'd, the gentle pow'r
Of sleep subdu'd me till the ev'ning hour.

'Twas then I wak'd; and to the deep below, [flow;
Through thickets, creep'd with careful steps and
And gaz'd around if any hut were there,
Or solitary wretch my grief to share:

But none appear'd. I climb'd a mountain's head
Where, wide before me, lay the ocean spread;
And there no object met my wishing eyes,
But billows bounded by the setting skies.
Yet still I gaz'd, till night's prevailing sway
Extinguish'd, in the west, the evening-ray.
Hopeless and sad, descending from my stand,
I wander'd on the solitary strand,

Through the thick gloom; and heard the fullen
roar

Of billows bursting on the desert shore.

Thus ten long years I liv'd, conceal'd by day,
Under a rock on wither'd leaves I lay;

At dawn and twilight on the mountains stood,
Exploring with my eyes the pathless flood;
Impatient till some friendly sail should come,
To wait me to my fire and native home;

But none appear'd. The pilots shun the shores
Where Ætna flames and dire Charibdis roars;
And where the curs'd Cyclopean brothers reign,
The lonely tyrants of the desert plain.

Prest'd by despair, at last I dar'd to brave,
Ev'n in a skiff, the terrors of the wave;
Contemning all the perils in my way,
For worse it seem'd than death itself to stay.

Of ozers soft the bending hull I wove;
And ply'd the skins of mountain goats above.
A slender fir, ten cubit lengths, I found
Fall'n from a mould'ring bank, and stript it round.
This for the mast, with bulrush ropes I ty'd;
A pole to steer the rudder's use supply'd:
Four goat-skins join'd I fitted for the sail,
And spread it with a pole to catch the gale.
Each chink with gum against the brine, I clos'd:
And the whole work beneath a shade dispos'd,
Where, from the hills descending to the main,
A winding current cuts the sandy plain.
Nuts and dry'd figs in baskets next I thar'd;
And liquid stores in bags of skin prepar'd:
And waited anxious till the southern gale,
From the dire coast, should bear my flying sail.
Nine days I stay'd; and still the northern breeze,
From great Heiperia, swept the whit'ning seas:
But on the tenth it chang'd; and, when the hour
Of twilight call'd the giant to his bow'r,
Down from my grotto to the shore I came,
And call'd the God who rules the ocean's stream;
Oblations vow'd, if, by his mighty hand
Conducted safe, I found my native land.
And, turning where conceal'd my vessel lay,
The rope I loos'd, and push'd her to the bay;
The sail unfurl'd, and, steering from the strand,
Behind me left with joy the hated land.

All night, by breezes sped, the prow divides
The deep and o'er the billows lightly glides.
But when the dawn, prevailing o'er the night,
Had ting'd the glowing east with purple light,
The air was hush'd: deserted by the gale,
Loose to the mast descends the empty sail.
And full against my course a current came,
Which hurl'd me backwards, floating on its stream.
Towards the land. I saw the shores draw near;
And the long billows on the beach appear.
The cruel Cyclops spy'd me as he drove
His past'ring flock along the hills above;
And winding through the groves his secret way,
Conceal'd behind a promontory lay;
Prepar'd to snatch me, when his arm could reach
My skiff, which drove ungovern'd to the beach.
I mark'd his purpose; furious from despair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And on the poop with desp'rate purpose stood,
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming flood.
But Neptune sav'd me in that perilous hour;
The headlong current felt his present pow'r:
Back from the shore it turn'd, at his command,
And bore me joyful from the fatal strand.
The Cyclops vex'd; as when some fowler spies,
Safe from his cover'd snares the quarry rise:
His seat forsook, and, leaning o'er the steep,
Strove with soft words to lure me, from the deep.
Stranger, approach! nor fly this friendly strand;
Share the free blessings of a happy land:
Here, from each cliff, a stream of honey flows;
And ev'ry hill with purple vintage glows.
Approach; your fear forget; my bounty share;
My kindness prove and hospitable care.
As to allure me thus the monster try'd,
His fraud I knew; and rashly thus reply'd:
Talk not of friendship; well I know the doom
Of such as to your dire dominions come.
These eyes beheld when, with a ruthless hand,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the strand.

Two su'd for mercy; but their limbs you tore
With brutal rage, and drank their streaming gore.
If heav'n's dread Sov'reign to my vengeful hand—
His wasting flames would yield, and forked brand,
Scorch'd on the cliffs, your giant limbs should feed
The mountain wolves, and all the rav'nous breed.

I said; and from the south a rising breeze
Brush'd the thick woods, and swept the curling seas.
Above the waves my vessel lightly flew;
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Enrag'd the Cyclops, rushing down the steep,
Eager to snatch me, plung'd into the deep:
My flight he follow'd with gigantic strides,
And stem'd with both his knees the rushing tides.
Soon had I perish'd, but escap'd again,
Protected by the god who rules the main.
He sent a spectre from his wat'ry caves;
Like mist it rose, and hover'd o'er the waves.
A skiff like mine, by art divine, it grew;
And to the left across the ocean flew.
With course divided, where the pilot spies
Amid the deep two desert islands rise,
In shape like altars, so by sailors nam'd,
A mark for pilots, else for nothing fam'd;
The angry giant doubting stood, nor knew
Which to forsake, the shadow or the true:
For both seem'd equal. By the fates misled,
He chas'd the airy image as it fled:
Nor reach'd it: for it led him through the main,
As the bright rainbow mocks some simple swain;
Who still intent to catch it where it stands,
And grasp the shining meteor with his hands,
Along the dewy meadows holds his way;
But still before him flies the coloured ray.
The Cyclops so, along the wat'ry plain,
The shadowy phantom chas'd, and chas'd in vain;
The billows burst'd on his hairy sides,
And far behind him rush'd the parted tides.
Dissolv'd at last, its airy structure broke,
And vanish'd hov'ring like a cloud of smoke.
His error then, and my escape he knew;
For, favour'd by the breeze, my vessel flew
Far to the deep: yet plunging in the waves,
Torn from its bed a pond'rous rock he heaves,
Craggy and black, with dangling sea-weed hung;
Push'd from his hand the weighty mass he flung,
To crush my flight: along the ethereal plain
It roll'd, and thund'ring downwards shook the
main.

Behind it fell; and farther from the shore,
Hurl'd on the mounting waves, my vessel bore
Towards the deep. The giant saw with pain,
His fraud detected, force essay'd in vain.
He curs'd the partial pow'rs, and lash'd on high,
With both his hands, the ocean to the sky.

Now safe beyond his reach, a prosp'rous gale
Blew fresh behind, and stretch'd my flying sail:
The shores retir'd; but, from the distant main,
I saw him towering on the watery plain,
Like a tall ship; and moving to the shore.
Sullen and sad, to tend his fleecy store.
Seven days I sail'd; the eighth returning light
The Pylian shores presented to my sight,
Far in the east; and where the sun displays,
Along the glitt'ring waves, his early rays.
Thither I steer'd, and where a point divides
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,

A fane I mark'd; whose tow'ring summit, rear'd
High in the air, with gilded spires appear'd.
To Neptune sacred on the beach it stands,
Conspicuous from the sea and distant lands.
Assembled on the shore the people stood,
On ev'ry side extended, like a wood:
And in the midst I saw a pillar rise,
Of sacred smoke, ascending to the skies.
'Twas there I reach'd the hospitable strand,
And, joyful, fix'd my vessel to the land.

There, with his peers, your royal fire I found;
And fell before him prostrate on the ground,
Imploring aid; my lineage I reveal'd,
Nor aught of all my tedious toils conceal'd.
Attentive, as I spoke, the hero heard,
Nor credulous nor diffident appear'd;
For prudence taught him, neither to receive
With easy faith, or rashly disbelieve.

O son of Neleus! though you justly claim,
For eloquence and skill, superior fame:
Yet to an equal glory ne'er aspire:
Vain were the hope to emulate your fire.
Eight days we feasted: still the flowing bowl
Return'd, and sweet discourse, to glad the soul,
With pleasure heard; as comes the sound of rain,
In summer's drought, to cheer the careful swain.
And when the ninth returning morn arose,
Sixty bold mariners the hero chose,
Skill'd, through the deep, the flying keel to guide,
And sweep, with equal oars, the hoary tide:
They trimm'd a vessel, by their lord's command,
To waft me to my fire and native land.
With gifts enrich'd of robes and precious ore,
He sent me joyful from the Pylian shore.
Such Neleus was! and such his matchless praise
For hospitable deeds in former days;
The friend, the patron, destin'd to redress
The wrongs of fate, and comfort my distress.

But what is man! a reptile of the earth;
To toils successive fated from his birth;
Few are our joys; in long succession flow
Our griefs; we number all our days in woe.
Misfortune enter'd with my infant years;
My feeble age a load of sorrow bears.
Driv'n from my country by domestic foes,
Thebes but receiv'd me to partake her woes.
The sword I've seen, and wide devouring fire,
Against her twice in fatal league conspire.
The public griefs, which ev'ry heart must share,
By nature taught to feel another's care,
Augment my own: our matrons weeping stand;
Our rev'rend elders mourn a ruin'd land:
Their furrow'd cheeks with streams of sorrow flow;
And wailing orphans swell the gen'ral woe;
They mourn their dearest hopes, in battle slain,
Whose limbs, unbury'd, load their native plain;
And now by us entreat that war may cease,
And, for seven days successive, yield to peace:
That mutually secure, with pious care,
Both hosts funereal honours may prepare
For ev'ry warrior, whom the rage of fight
Has swept to darkness and the coasts of night.
To ratify the truce, if ye approve,
We come alike commission'd, as to move.

Thus Clytophon; and he, whose sov'reign
sway
The warriors of the Pylian race obey,

Nestor, his partial favour thus express'd;
 And to the Theban chief himself address'd:
 The truth you speak, nor do your words appear
 Prepar'd with art, or dictated by fear;
 For what you tell, my memory recalls,
 When young I saw you at my native walls,
 Yourself a youth: though now a length of years,
 Imprinted deep, in all your form appears;
 Yet still, with sure remembrance, can I trace
 Your voice the same and lineaments of face.
 An infant then upon your knees I hung,
 And catch'd the pleasing wonders from your
 tongue:

Your woes I pity'd, as I pity still;
 And, were the chiefs determin'd by my will,
 The truce should stand: for piety conspires
 With justice, to demand what Thebes requires.

The hero thus; the king of men replies:
 Princes, in fight approv'd, in council wise!
 What Thebes propounds, 'tis yours alone to choose,
 Whether ye will accept it, or refuse:
 For though your votes consenting, in my hand
 Have plac'd the sceptre of supreme command;
 Yet still my pow'r, obedient to my choice,
 Shall with its sanction join the public voice.

The monarch thus; and thus the chief reply'd,
 Whom fair Ætolia's martial sons obey'd:
 Princes, attend! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
 Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
 What Thebes requires, I do not now oppose,
 Because, insensible to human woes,
 The widow's tears I scorn, the mother's sighs,
 The groans of sisters, or the orphan's cries,
 Whose dearest hopes, in rage of battle slain,
 With wounds defac'd, lie scatter'd on the plain:
 Compassion for the host, which fruitless toil
 So long has wasted in a foreign soil,
 What Thebes propounds, impels me to dissuade,
 And for the living, disregard the dead.
 How long has war and famine thinn'd our pow'rs,
 Inactive camp'd around the Theban tow'rs?
 And pestilence, whose dire infection flies,
 Blown by the furies through the tainted skies?
 Many now wander on the Stygian shore,
 Whom fires and comforts shall behold no more:
 And many still, who yet enjoy the day,
 Must follow down the dark Tartarean way,
 If, blinded by the fates, our counsels bar
 The course of conquest, and protract the war.
 Since equity and public right demands
 That Thebes should fall by our avenging hands,
 Now let us combat, till the gods above,
 Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
 The judges of the nations, crown our toil,
 So long endur'd, with victory and spoil;
 Or destine us to fall in glorious fight,
 Elate and dauntless in the cause of right.
 Shall we delay till dire infection spreads
 Her raven wings o'er our devoted heads?
 Till gen'rous wrath, by slow disease suppress'd,
 Expires inactive in the warrior's breast,
 And life, the price of glory, paid in vain,
 Who die forgotten on a foreign plain.

Tydides thus; and he, whose sovereign sway
 The warriors of the Pylian race obey,
 Nestor reply'd, for eloquence approv'd,
 By Pallas and the tuneful sisters lov'd:

Confed'rate kings! and thou, whose sov'reign
 hand

Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
 With patience hear the reasons which I plead
 For funeral rites, the honours of the dead.
 Well have you heard the various ills that wait
 On strife prolong'd, and war's disastrous state:
 And they who choose to dwell amid alarms,
 The rage of slaughter and the din of arms,
 Know little of the joys, when combats cease,
 That crown with milder bliss the hours of peace.
 Though gladly would I see, in vengeance just,
 The Theban tow'rs confounded with the dust;
 That from the war releas'd, we might again
 Each share the pleasures of his native reign:
 Yet let us not presumptuously withstand
 What piety alike and right command,
 The honours of the dead: nor tempt the gods
 To curse our labours, from their bright abodes.
 Far in the heav'ns, above this mortal scene,
 In boundless light, the thund'rer sits serene;
 He views the works of men: the good he knows,
 And on their just attempts success bestows;
 But blasts impiety, and mocks its aim,
 With disappointment sure, and lasting shame.

Attend, ye princes! and I shall unfold
 What sage Harmodius taught my fire of old.
 The Locri summon'd all their martial pow'rs,
 And fought around the Orchomenian tow'rs.
 From oxen seiz'd began the dire debate;
 And wide and wasteful was the work of fate.
 The Orchomenians oft a truce propos'd
 For fun'ral rites; the Locrian chiefs oppos'd.
 Nine days expir'd, the bleeding warriors lay;
 Their wounds hot streaming to the solar ray.
 From Styx's fable shore their ghosts implor'd,
 With suppliant cries, hell's dread avenging lord.
 He heard, and from the gloomy deep below
 Of Erebus profound, the house of woe,
 A fury sent, the fiercest of the crew,
 Whose iron scourges human crimes pursue:
 Discord her name; among th' infernal gods
 She dwells, excluded from the blest abodes;
 Though oft on earth she rears her baleful head,
 To kindle strife, and make the nations bleed.
 The fury came; and, hov'ring o'er the plain
 Devoted with her eyes the Locrian train.
 In form a raven, to a tow'r she flew,
 Which rose upon a precipice in view,
 And on the airy summit took her seat,
 With potent charms, to kindle dire debate.
 The howling dogs her presence first declare;
 The war horse trembling snorts aloft in air;
 On man at last the dire infection fell,
 The awful vengeance of the pow'rs of hell.
 Confusion straight through all the camp is found;
 The wand'ring centinel deserts his ground,
 Fatally gay and crown'd with every weed,
 Which weeping matrons scatter o'er the dead;
 Of dire portent: but when the silent reign
 Of night possess'd the mountains and the plain,
 Above the camp her torch the fury rear'd,
 Red, in the air, its baleful flame appear'd.
 Kindling debate: outrageous strife arose,
 Loud as the ocean when a tempest blows,
 O'er all the plain, and stun'd the ear of night
 With shouts tumultuous and the din of fight.

Down from her airy stand the goddess came,
 Shot like a meteor, with a stream of flame,
 To kindle fiercer strife with stronger charms,
 To swell the tumult and the rage of arms.
 The combat burn'd; the Orchomenians heard
 With horror, nor beyond their walls appear'd,
 By awe divine restrain'd: but when the light
 Return'd successive on the steps of night,
 From ev'ry tow'r they saw the spacious plain
 With havoc heap'd, and mountains of the slain.
 The secret cause the augurs first declar'd;
 The justice of the gods they own'd and fear'd.
 No fun'ral rite the Orchomenian state
 On them bestow'd, the vulgar or the great;
 In one deep pit, whose mouth extended wide
 Four hundred cubit length from side to side,
 They whelm'd them all; their bucklers and their
 spears,

The steeds, the chariots, and the charioteers,
 One ruin mix'd; for so the will of Jove
 The priests declar'd: and heap'd a mount above:
 Such was the fate, by heav'n and hell decreed,
 To punish bold contemners of the dead.
 And let not us their fatal wrath provoke,
 Nor merit by our guilt an equal stroke;
 But seal the truce, and piously bestow
 What to the reliques of the dead we owe.

He said; the peers their joint assent declare,
 The dead to honour, and the gods revere.
 The king of men commands a herald straight
 The priests to call, and hasten ev'ry rite.
 While thus the sov'reign mandate they obey'd,
 Th' Ætolian leader rose, and frowning said:

O blind to truth! and fated to sustain
 A length of woes, and tedious toils in vain!
 By sounds deceiv'd, as to her fatal den
 Some vocal forc'rels lures the steps of men;
 O eloquence! thou fatal charm! how few,
 Guided by thee, their real good pursue!
 By thee, our maids, with magic fetters bound,
 In all decisions, true and false confound.
 Not the unnumber'd wrecks, which lie along
 The Syrens' coast the trophies of their song,
 Nor there where Circe from the neighb'ring
 deep,

With strong enchantments, draws the passing ship,
 Can match thy spoils: O let me ne'er obey,
 And follow blindly, as you point the way!
 Confed'rate kings! since nothing can oppose
 The truce you purpose with our treach'rous foes,
 With mischief pregnant; I alone am free,
 Nor these my eyes the fatal rite shall see;
 Lest it be said, when mischief shall succeed,
 Tydides saw it, and approv'd the deed.

Speaking he grasp'd his spear and pond'rous
 shield;

And mov'd like Mars, when, 'midst th' embattell'd
 [field,
 Sublime he stalks to kindle fierce alarms,
 To swell the tumult and the rage of arms.
 Such seem'd the chief: the princes with surprise
 Turn'd on the king of men, at once their eyes.

He thus began: Since now the public choice
 The truce approves, with one consenting voice;
 Tydides only, with superior pride,
 Though youngest, still the readiest to decide,
 Our gen'ral sense condemns; his haughty soul
 Must not the counsels of the host controul,
 Brave though he is: the altars ready stand;
 In order waits the consecrated band;
 Straight let us seal the truce with blood and wine,
 And, to attest it, call the pow'rs divine.

The monarch thus; Tydides to his tent,
 Through the still host, in sullen sorrow went.
 Fix'd in his mind the fatal vision stay'd,
 Snatch'd by invading force his lovely maid;
 The fraud of Cytherea; still his heart
 Incessant anguish felt, and lasting smart;
 And, as a lion, when his side retains
 A barbed shaft, the cause of bitter pains,
 Growls in some lonely shade; his friends declin'd,
 He breath'd in groans the anguish of his mind.

Now round the flaming hearth th' assembly
 stands,

And Theseus thus invokes with lifted hands:
 Hear me, ye pow'rs, that rule the realms of light!
 And ye dread sov'reigns of the shades of night!
 If, till the eighth succeeding sun displays,
 Above the eastern hills his early rays,
 Any bold warrior of the Argive bands,
 Against a Theban lifts his hostile hands
 By us approv'd; let ev'ry curse succeed
 On me, and all, for perjury decreed.
 And as by blood our mutual oath we seal,
 The blood of victims drawn by deathful steel;
 So let their blood be shed, who, scorning right,
 Profanely shall presume its ties to flight.
 Apollo's priest, for Thebes resum'd the vow,
 The gods above, invoking, and below,
 Their vengeance to inflict, if force, or art,
 The truce should violate on either part.

The rites concluded thus, the king commands
 Two younger warriors of his native bands
 A chariot to prepare; the driver's place
 Sophronimus assum'd; with tardy pace,
 Ascend the sage ambassadors; before
 A lighted torch Asteropæus bore,
 And led the way; the tents, the fields of war,
 They pass'd, and at the gate dismiss'd the car.

BOOK V.

Soon as the sun display'd his orient ray,
 And crown'd the mountain tops with early day;
 Through ev'ry gate the Theban warriors flow,
 Unarm'd, and fearless of th' invading foe:
 As when, in early spring, the shepherd sees
 Rush from some hollow rock a stream of bees,

Long in the cliffs, from winter's rage conceal'd,
 New to the light, and strangers to the field;
 In compass wide their mazy flight they steer,
 Which wings of balmy zephyrs lightly bear
 Along the meads, where some soft river flows,
 Or forests, where the flow'ry hawthorn blows;

To taste the early spring their course they bend,
And lightly with the genial breeze descend:
So o'er the heights and plains the Thebans spread;
Some, 'midst the heaps of slaughter, sought their
dead;

Others with axes to the woods repair'd,
Fell'd the thick forests, and the mountains bar'd.

With like intent the Argive warriors mov'd,
By Theseus led, whom virgin Pallas lov'd.
Ten thousand oxen drew the harness'd wains,
In droves collected from the neighb'ring plains;
Slow up the mountains move the heavy wheels,
The steep ascent each groaning axle feels:
In ev'ry grove the temper'd axes sound;
The thick trees crackle, and the caves resound.
Now to the plain the moving woods descend,
Under their weight a thousand axles bend:
And round the camp, and round the Theban
walls,

Heaps roll'd on heaps, the mingled forest falls.

Of this the Spartan chief, his native bands,
With speed to rear a lofty pile, commands;
Which for Hegialus, with grateful mind,
Adrastus' valiant son, the chief design'd;
Who to his aid, when ev'ry warrior fled,
Repair'd, and for his rescue greatly bled:
His native bands the hero thus address'd,
While sighs incessant labour'd from his breast.

The chief of Argos, warriors! first demands
Funereal honours from our grateful hands;
For him this lofty structure is decreed,
And ev'ry rite in order shall succeed:
His dear remains in my pavilion rest;
Nor can Adrastus at the rites assist;
Who to despair and frenzy has resign'd,
By age and grief subdu'd, his generous mind:
The other princes of the army wait
The obsequies to grace, with mournful state.

He said; and to his tent the warriors led,
Where stood already deck'd the fun'ral bed:
With Syrian oil bedew'd, the corse they found
Fresh from the bath, and breathing fragrance
round:

For Menelaus, with divided care,
Each rite domestic hasten'd to prepare.
Twelve princes to the pile the corse sustain'd:
The head on Agamemnon's hand reclin'd:
With mournful pomp the slow procession mov'd;
For all the hero honour'd and approv'd.

First on the top the fun'ral bed they place;
And next, the sad solemnity to grace,
And gratify the manes of the slain,
The blood of steeds and bullocks drench'd the
plain.

The four fair steeds which drew the rapid car,
That bore the hero through the ranks of war,
Their lofty necks the pointed faulchion tore,
With force impell'd, and drew a stream of gore:
Three groaning fell; but, fiercer from the
stroke,

The silver reins the fourth with fury broke,
And fled around the field: his snowy chest,
Was dash'd with streaming blood, and lofty crest.
In circles still he wheel'd! at ev'ry round,
Still nearer to the pile himself he found;
Till drain'd of life, by blood alone supply'd,
Just where he felt the blow, he sunk, and dy'd.

By awe divine subdu'd, the warriors stand;
And silent wonder fixes ev'ry band:
Till thus Atrides: Sure th' immortal gods,
The glorious synod of the blest abodes,
Approve our rites; the good their favour share,
In death and life the objects of their care.

Atrides thus: and, further to augment
The mournful pomp, the martial goddesses went
Through all the camp, in Merion's form ex-
press'd,

And thus aloud the public ear address'd:
Warriors and friends! on yonder lofty pyre,
Hegialus expects the fun'ral fire:
For such high merit, public tears should flow;
And Greece assembled pour a flood of woe.
Now let us all his obsequies attend;
And, with the mournful rites, our sorrows blend.
Proclaiming thus aloud the goddesses went;
The army heard; and each forsakes his tent;
Her voice had touch'd their hearts; they mov'd
along,

Nations and tribes, an undistinguish'd throng.
Around the pile the wid'ning circle grows;
As spreading in some vale, a deluge flows,
By mountain torrents fed, which stretches wide,
And floats the level lands on ev'ry side.
Distinguish'd in the midst the princes stand,
With sceptres grac'd, the ensigns of command.
Atrides, with superior grief oppress'd,
Thus to the fire of gods his pray'r address'd.

Dread sov'reign, hear! whose unresisted sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey:
From thee the virtue of the hero springs;
Thine is the glory and the pow'r of kings.
If e'er by thee, and virgin Pallas, led,
To noble deeds this gen'rous youth was bred:
If love to men, or piety, possess'd,
With highest purpose, his undaunted breast;
Command the winds in bolder gusts to rise,
And bear the flames I kindle to the skies.

The hero thus; and with the fun'ral brand
The structure touch'd; ascending from his hand,
Spreads the quick blaze: the ruler of the sky
Commands; at once the willing tempests fly:
Rushing in streams invisible, they came,
Drove the light smoke, and rais'd the sheeted
flame.

The favour of the gods the nations own,
And, with their joint applause, the hero crown.
From morn till noon the roaring flames aspire,
And fat of victims added feeds the fire;
Then fall their lofty spires, and, sinking low,
O'er the pale ashes tremulously glow.
With wine, the smoke, and burning embers lay'd;
The bones they glean'd, and to a tomb convey'd
Under an oak, which, near the public way,
Invites the swains to shun the noontide ray.

Now twenty warriors of Atrides' train,
Loaded with treasure, brought a harness'd wain;
Vases and tripods in bright order plac'd,
And splendid arms with fair devices grac'd:
These for the games the Spartan chief decreed,
The fun'ral games in honour of the dead.
Amid the princes first a polish'd yew,
Unbent upon the ground the hero threw,
Of work divine; which Cynthus claim'd before,
And Chiron next upon the mountains bore;

His fire the third receiv'd it: now it lies,
For him who farthest shoots, the destin'd prize.

Heroes, approach! Atrides thus aloud,
Stand forth, distinguish'd from the circling crowd,
Ye, who, by skill or manly force, may claim
Your rivals to surpass, and merit fame.
This bow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed
For him who farthest sends the winged reed:
This bowl, worth eight, shall be reserv'd to grace
The man whose merit holds the second place.
He spoke. His words the bold Ajaces fir'd;
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd;
Teucer for shooting fam'd; and Merion strong,
Whose force enormous dragg'd a bull along;
Prompt to contend, and rais'd with hope, they
stood;

Laertes' son the last forsook the crowd.
Tydides too had join'd them, and obtain'd
Whatever could by skill or force be gain'd;
But in his tent, indulging sad despair,
He sat, subdu'd by heart-consuming care.

Straight in a casque the equal lots were thrown;
Each hero with his name had mark'd his own:
These, mix'd with care, the chief of Sparta drew;
Idomeneus the first he knew:
Teucer, with hope inspir'd, the second claim'd;
The third Oileus, much for shooting fam'd:
Next claim'd the wearer of the seven-fold shield,
Though young in arms, distinguish'd in the field:
Ulysses! then came next, and, last of all,
Bold Merion with a smile receiv'd his ball.

Press'd with incumbent force, the Cretan lord
Strain'd the stiff bow, and bent it to the cord;
Then from the full stor'd quiver, close with art,
Wing'd for the aerial flight a pointed dart.
Theseus commands the warriors to divide,
Who crowded thick and press'd on ev'ry side;
Straight they retire; as, at the word of Jove,
From day's bright face the scatt'ring clouds re-
move;

And through the host appear'd a spacious way,
Where woods and fields in distant prospect lay.
With force immense, the Cretan monarch drew,
Stretch'd the tough cord, and strain'd the circling
yew,

From his firm gripe the starting arrow sprung,
The stiff bow crack'd, the twanging cordage sung.
Up the light air the hissing weapon flies,
Pierces the winds, and streams along the skies:
Far to the distant plain it swiftly drove:
The host stood wond'ring as it rush'd above:
Descending there upon a mount it stood:
A depth of soil receiv'd the trembling wood.
Applause from all, tumultuous shouts declare,
By echoes wafted through the trembling air.
Such joy the hero feels, as praise inspires,
And to the circle of the kings retires.

The valiant Teucer next receiv'd the bow,
And to Apollo thus address'd a vow:
Hear me, dread king! whose unresisted sway
Controuls the sun, and rules the course of day;
Great patron of the bow! this shaft impell;
And hecatombs my gratitude shall tell;
Soon as to Salamis our martial pow'rs
Return victorious, from the Theban tow'rs.
He said, and bid the winged arrow fly
It pierc'd the winds, and swept a length of sky;

I

In compass, like the coloured arch, which shines
Exalted as the setting sun declines;
From north to south it marks th' ethereal space,
And woods and mountains fill its wide embrace:
Beyond the Cretan shaft, it reach'd the plain;
As far before, as now a shepherd swain,
Hurl'd from a sling, the sounding flint can throw,
From his young charge, to drive the deadly crow.

Oilean Ajax next the weapon claim'd,
For skill above the rest, and practice fam'd;
But Phœbus, chief and patron of the art,
Retarded in its flight the winged dart:
For, not by prayers, nor holy vows, he strove,
Of grateful sacrifice, the god to move.
Downwards he turn'd it, where a cedar fair
Had shot its spiring top aloft in air;
Caught in a bough the quiv'ring weapon stood,
Nor forc'd a passage through the closing wood.

Ajax the next appear'd upon the plain,
With strength untaught, and emulous in vain;
With sinewy arms the solid yew he bends;
Near and more near approach the doubling ends:
The arrow sprung; but erring took its way,
Far to the left, where oozy marshes lay,
And groves of reeds; where slow Ismenus strays,
And winds, through thickets green, his wat'ry
maze.

Abash'd the youth, with painful steps, retires;
And now Ulysses to the prize aspires.

In silence thus the prudent warrior pray'd,
And, in his heart, address'd the martial maid:
Great queen of arts! on thee my hopes depend:
With favour to thy suppliant's suit, attend!
By thee my infant arms were taught to throw
The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
Oft on my little hands, immortal maid!
To guide the shaft, thy mighty hands were laid:
Now, goddess, aid me, while I strive for fame;
Wing the swift weapon, and assert my claim.
He pray'd: the goddess, at his suit, descends;
And present from th' Olympian courts attends.
With force divine his manly limbs she strung,
The bow he strain'd: the starting arrow sung;
As when the fire of gods, with wrathful hand,
Drives the swift lightning and the forked brand,
To waste the labours of the careful swains,
Consume the mountain flocks, or scorch the plains;
With sudden glare appears the fiery ray;
No thought can trace it through th' ethereal
way:

So swift thy winged shaft, Ulysses! flew,
Nor could the following eye its speed pursue.
The flight of Teucer's arrow far surpass'd,
Upon a rural heath it pitch'd at last,
To Ceres built; where swains, in early spring,
With joy were wont their annual gifts to bring;
When first to view, above the furrow'd plain,
With pleasing verdure, rose the springing grain.
Through all the host applauding shouts resound;
The hills repeat them, and the woods around.

The bended bow bold Merion next assumes,
A shaft selects, and smooths its purple plumes:
He plac'd it on the string, and bending low,
With all his force collected, strain'd the bow.
Up the light air the starting arrow sprung;
The tough bow crack'd; the twanging cordage
sung.

Beyond the reach of sight the weapon drove,
And tow'r'd amid th' ethereal space above :
But as it rose, a heron cross'd before,
From inland marshes steering to the shore;
Under the wing it reach'd her with a wound ;
Screaming, she wheel'd, then tumbled to the
ground.

And thus the youth : Illustrious chiefs ! I claim,
If not the prize, at least superior fame :
Ungovern'd strength alone the arrow sends :
To hit the mark, the shooter's art commends.
In mirthful mood the hero thus address'd ;
And all their favour and applause express'd.

Ulysses ! take the bow, Atrides cries,
The silver bowl, brave Teucer ! be thy prize.
In ev'ry art, my friends ! you all excel ;
And each deserves a prize for shooting well :
For though the first rewards the victor's claim,
Glory ye merit all, and lasting fame.
He said ; and pond'ring in his grateful mind,
Distinguish'd honours for the dead design'd.

Warriors of Greece, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm associates in the works of war !
Here from a rock the Theban stream descends,
And to a lake its silver current sends ;
Whose surface smooth, unruffled by the breeze,
The hills inverted shows and downward trees :
Ye daring youths ! whose manly limbs divide
The mountain surge, and brave the rushing tide ;
All ye, whom hopes of victory inspire,
Stand forth distinguish'd ; let the crowd retire.
This costly armour shall the youth obtain,
Who comes victorious from the wat'ry plain ;
That island compass'd, where the poplar grows,
And in the lake its wav'ring image shows,
Who measuring back the liquid space, before
His rivals, shall regain the flow'ry shore.
This golden bowl is fix'd the second prize,
Esteem'd alike for fashion and for size.

The hero thus : with thirst of glory fir'd,
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd ;
With Sparta's younger chief ; Ulysses came ;
And brave Clearchus emulous of fame,
A wealthy warrior from the Samian shore,
In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore :
Distinguish'd in the midst the heroes stood,
Eager to plunge into the shining flood.

His brother's ardour purpos'd to restrain,
Atrides strove, and counsell'd thus in vain :
Desist, my brother ! shun th' unequal strife ;
For late you stood upon the verge of life :
No mortal man his vigour can retain,
When flowing wounds have empty'd ev'ry vein.
If now you perish in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief shall cloud this mournful day :
Desist, respect my counsel, and be wise ;
Some other Spartan in your place will rise.
To change his brother's purpose, thus he try'd ;
But nothing mov'd : the gen'rous youth reply'd :
Brother ! in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear ;
For firm, as e'er before, my limbs remain,
To dash the fluid waves, or scour the plain.

He said, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighb'ring grove ;
Which to the bank its shady walk extends,
Where mixing with the lake a riv'let ends.

Prompt to contend, their purple robes they loose
Their figur'd vests and gold embroider'd shoes ;
And through the grove descending to the strand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order stand.
As when, in some fair temple's sacred shrine,
A statue stands, express'd by skill divine,
Apollo's or the herald pow'r's, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings ;
The form majestic awes the bending crowd :
In port and stature such, the heroes stood.

Starting at once, with equal strokes, they sweep
The smooth expanse, and shoot into the deep ;
The Cretan chief, exerting all his force,
His rivals far surpass'd, and led the course ;
Behind Atrides, emulous of fame ;
Clearchus next, and last Ulysses came.
And now they measur'd back the wat'ry space,
And saw from far the limits of the race.
Ulysses then with thirst of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aspir'd ;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be last,
With equal speed the Spartan hero pass'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch strove, with pain,
His doubtful hopes of conquest to maintain ;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wishing, from afar the shore descri'd :
For near and nearer still Ulysses press'd ;
The waves he felt rebounding from his breast.
With equal zeal for victory they strove ;
When, glidding sudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd ; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulysses only saw her form reveal'd.
Majestic by the hero's side she stood ;
Her shining sandals press'd the trembling flood.
She whisper'd soft, as when the western breeze
Stirs the thick reeds, or shakes the rustling trees :
Still shall thy soul, with endless thirst of fame,
Aspire to victory, in ev'ry game.

The honours, which from bones and sinews rise,
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wise :
To envy still they rouse the human kind ;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomeneus yield the race ;
Contented to obtain the second place.
The goddess thus : while stretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the strand ;
Ulysses next arriv'd ; and, spent with toil,
The weary Samian grasp'd the welcome soil.

But far behind the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd, and fainting, in the wat'ry way.
Thrice struggling, from the lake, his head he
rear'd ;

And thrice, imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch hastes the youth to save,
And Ithacus again divides the wave ;
With force renew'd their manly limbs they ply ;
And from their breasts the whit'ning billows fly.
Full in the midst a rocky isle divides
The liquid space, and parts the silver tides ;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erspread, two hillocks, and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged swain ; his cottage stood
Under the cliffs, encompass'd by a wood.
From poverty secure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.
Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd the peasant fat ;

When first the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the stream.
Hast'ning, his skiff he loos'd, and spread the sail;
Some present god supply'd a prosp'rous gale:
For as the Spartan chief, with toil subdu'd,
Hopeless of life, was sinking in the flood;
The swain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him safe from danger imminent retriev'd.

Upon a willow's trunk Therfites sat,
Contempt and laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring surface clung;
He saw Atrides safe; and thus aloud,
With leer malign, address'd the list'ning crowd.
Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth shall stand;
A hecatomb the fav'ring gods demand,
Who sav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And snatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate:
Without his aid we all might quit the field;
Ulysses, Ajax, and Tydides, yield:
His mighty arm alone the host defends,
But dire disaster still the chief attends:
Last sun beheld him vanquish'd on the plain;
Then warriors sav'd him, now a shepherd swain.
Defend him still from persecuting fate!
Protect the hero who protects the state;
In martial conflicts watch with prudent fear,
And, when he swims, let help be always near!
He said; and, scorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious spite,
Smiling contempt; and pleas'd his ranc'rous heart

With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long; for soon the faithless wood,
Strain'd from the root, resign'd him to the flood.
Plunging and sputt'ring as his arms he spread,
A load of foil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipt from the bank: along the winding shore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd,
With horror pale, with blotting clay besmear'd;
Then clamb'ring by the trunk, in sad dismay,
Which half immers'd with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he skulk'd along,
Amid the shouts and insults of the throng.

Now cloth'd in public view the heroes stand,
With sceptres grac'd the ensigns of command.
The Cretan monarch, as his prize, assumes
The polish'd helmet, crown'd with waving plumes,
The silver mail, the buckler's weighty round,
Th' embroider'd belt, with golden buckles bound.
The second prize Laertes' son receiv'd,
With less applause from multitudes deceiv'd;
The first he could have purchas'd; but declin'd,
And yielded, to the martial maid resign'd.

Thus they. The Thebans, near the eastern gate,
Around their pyres in silent sorrow wait:
Hopeless and sad they mourn'd their heroes slain,
The best and bravest on their native plain.
The king himself, in deeper sorrow, mourn'd;
With rage and mingled grief his bosom burn'd.
Like the grim lion, when his offspring slain
He sees, and round him drawn the hunter's train;
Couch'd in the shade with fell intent he lies,
And glares upon the foes with burning eyes:
Such Creon seem'd: hot indignation drain'd
Grief's wat'ry sources, and their flow restrain'd.

Upon a turret o'er the gate he stood,
And saw the Argives, like a shady wood,
Extended wide; and dreading fraud design'd,
Still to the plain his watchful eyes confin'd,
Suspicious from his hatred, and the pow'r
Of restless passions, which his heart devour:
And when at ev'n's approach the host retir'd,
And from the labours of the day respir'd,
Within the walls he drew his martial pow'rs,
And kept with strictest watch the gates and tow'rs.

Soon as the night possess'd th' ethereal plain,
And o'er the nations stretch'd her silent reign,
The guards were plac'd, and to the gentle sway
Of sleep subdu'd, the weary warriors lay.
Tydides only wak'd, by anxious care
Distracted, still he mourn'd his absent fair,
Deeming her lost; his slighted counsel mov'd
Lasting resentment, and the truce approv'd;
Contending passions shook his mighty frame;
As warring winds impel the ocean's stream,
When south and east with mingled rage contend,

And in a tempest on the deep descend:
Now, stretch'd upon the couch, supine he lay;
Then, rising anxious, wish'd the morning ray.
Impatient thus, at last, his turbid mind,
By various counsels variously inclin'd,
The chief address: Or shall I now recal
Th' Ætolian warriors from the Theban wall;
Obey the warning by a goddess giv'n,
Nor flight her counsel dictated from heav'n?
Or shall I try, by one deciding blow,
The war at once to end, and crush the foe?
This pleases most; nor shall the voice of fame
The daring deed, in after ages, blame.
No truce I swore, but shunn'd it, and remov'd,
Alone dissenting while the rest approv'd.
Soon as the morn, with early light reveal'd,
Has call'd the Theban warriors to the field;
Against the town I'll lead my martial pow'rs,
And fire with flaming brands her hated tow'rs:
The bane of Greece, whence dire debate arose
To bid the peaceful nations first be foes;
Where Tydeus fell, and many heroes more,
Banish'd untimely to the Stygian shore.
The public voice of Greece for vengeance calls;
And shall applaud the stroke by which she falls.
He purpos'd: but the gods, who honour right,
Deny'd to treason what is due to might.

When from the east appear'd the morning fair,
The Theban warriors to the woods repair,
Fearless, unarm'd; with many a harness'd wain,
The woody heights were crowded and the plain.
Tydides saw; and, issuing from his tent,
In arms complete, to call his warriors, went.
Their leader's martial voice the soldiers heard
Each in his tent, and at the call appear'd
In shining arms. Deiphobus began,
For virtue fam'd, a venerable man.
Him Tydeus lov'd; and in his faithful hand
Had plac'd the sceptre of supreme command,
To rule the state; when, from his native tow'rs,
To Thebes the hero led his martial pow'rs;
His son, an infant, to his care resign'd,
With sage advice to form his tender mind.
The hero thus: Illustrious chief! declare
What you intend, and whither point the war.

The truce commenc'd, you cannot, and be just,
The Thebans now assault, who freely trust
To public faith engag'd: unarm'd they go
Far through the woods and plains, nor fear a foe.

His leader's purpose thus the warrior try'd;
And, inly vex'd, Tydides thus reply'd:
Father! thy words from ignorance proceed;
The truce I swore not, nor approv'd the deed.
The rest are bound, and therefore must remain
Ling'ring inactive on this hostile plain:
The works of war abandon'd, let them shed
Their unavailing sorrows o'er the dead:
Or aim the dart, or hurl the disk in air;
Some paltry presents shall the victor share.
Warriors we came, in nobler strifes to dare;
To fight and conquer in the lists of war;
To conquer Thebes: and Jove himself ordains,
With wreaths of triumph, to reward our pains.
Wide to receive us stand the Theban gates;
A spacious entry, open'd by the fates,
To take destruction in; their turrets stand
Defenceless, and expect the flaming brand.
Now let us snatch th' occasion while we may,
Years waste in vain, and perish by delay,
That Thebes o'erthrown, our tedious toils may
cease,

And we behold our native walls in peace.

Tydides thus: the ancient warrior burns
With indignation just, and thus returns:
O son! unworthy of th' illustrious line
From which you spring: your fire's reproach and
mine!

Did I e'er teach you justice to disclaim;
And steal, by treachery, dishonest fame?
The truce subsists with all the rest; are we
Alone excepted, unengag'd and free?
Why, warriors! do not then these hostile tow'rs,
Against us send at once their martial pow'rs?
And are we safe but that the treaty stands,
And from unequal force protects our bands?
In this our foes confide; the dead they burn,
And mix with tears their ashes in the urn.
Their tow'rs defenceless, and their gates un-
barr'd,

Shall we with wrongs their confidence reward?
No; though each warrior of this num'rous band
Should yield to execute what you command;
Yet would not I, obedient to thy will,
Blot my long labours with a deed so ill.
Whatever hard or dang'rous you propose,
Though old and weak, I shun not, nor oppose:
But what the gods command us to forbear,
The prudent will avoid, the bravest fear.
He said; and to the ground his buckler flung;
On the hard soil the brazen orbit rung:
The rest approving, dropt upon the field
His pond'rous jav'lin, each, and shining shield.

The warlike son of Tydeus straight resign'd,
To dire disorder, all his mighty mind,
And sudden wrath; as when the troubled air,
From kindled lightning shines with fiery glare:
With fury so inflam'd, the hero burn'd,
And frowning to Deiphobus return'd:
I know thee, wretch! and mark thy constant
aim,

To teach the host their leader thus to blame.
Long have I borne your pride, your reverend age,
A guardian's name, suppress'd my kindling rage:

But to protect your insolence, no more
Shall these avail, and screen it as before.

He said; and more his fury to provoke,
Replying thus, the aged warrior spoke:
Vain youth! unmov'd thy angry threats I hear;
When tyrants threaten, slaves alone should fear:
To me is ev'ry servile part unknown,
To glory in a smile, or fear a frown.
Your mighty fire I know by counsel rul'd;
His fiercest transports sober reason cool'd.
But wild and lawless, like the stormy wind,
The sport of passion, impotent and blind,
The desp'rate paths of folly you pursue,
And scorn instruction with a lofty brow:
Yet know, proud prince! my purpose I retain,
And see thy threat'ning eye-balls roll in vain:
Never, obsequious to thy mad command,
Against the foe I lift a hostile hand;
Till, righteously fulfill'd, the truce expires
Which heav'n has witness'd and the sacred fires.

He said; and, by his sharp reproaches stung,
With sudden hand, his lance the hero flung:
Too sure the aim; his faithful friend it found,
And open'd in his side a deadly wound:
Stagg'ring he fell; and, on the verge of death,
In words like these resign'd his parting breath:
O Diomed, my son! for thee I fear:
Sure heav'n is angry, and its vengeance near:
For whom the gods distinguish by their hate,
Themselves are made the ministers of fate;
For from their side, the destin'd victims drive
Their friends intent to succour and retrieve.
Ere yet their vengeance falls, the pow'rs invoke,
While uninflicted hangs the fatal stroke;
And rule the transports of your wrath, lest fear
Make sound advice a stranger to your ear.
Speaking he dy'd; his gen'rous spirit fled
To mix with heroes in th' Elysian shade.

Amaz'd, at first, th' Ætolian warriors stood;
No voice, no action, through the wond'ring
crowd;
Silent they stood, like rows of forest trees,
When Jove's dread thunder quells the summer
breeze:

But soon on ev'ry side a tumult rose,
Loud as the ocean when a tempest blows:
Disorder wild the mingling ranks confounds,
The voice of sorrow mix'd with angry sounds.
On ev'ry side against the chief appears
A brazen bulwark, rais'd of shields and spears,
Fast closing round. But from his thigh he drew
His shining blade, and on the phalanx flew;
With gesture fierce the threat'ning steel he wav'd;
But check'd its fury, and the people sav'd:
As the good shepherd spares his tender flock,
And lightens, when he strikes, the falling crook.
The crowd dividing, shunn'd the hero's ire;
As from a lion's rage the swains retire,
When dreadful o'er the mangled prey he stands,
By brandish'd darts unaw'd and flaming brands.

And now the flame of sudden rage suppress'd,
Remorse and sorrow stung the hero's breast.
Distracted through the scattering crowd he went,
And sought the dark recesses of his tent;
He enter'd: but the menial servants, bred
To wait his coming, straight with horror fled.
Against the ground he dash'd his bloody dart;
And utter'd thus the swellings of his heart:

Why fly my warriors? why the menial train,
Who joy'd before to meet me from the plain,
Why shun they now their lord's approach, nor
bring,

To wash my bloody hands, the cleansing spring?
Too well, alas! my fatal rage they know,
To them more dreadful now than to the foe;
No enemy, alas! this spear has stain'd,
With hostile gore in glorious battle drain'd:
My guardian's blood it shows, whose hoary hairs
Still watch'd my welfare with a father's cares.
Thou Pow'r supreme! whose unresisted sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If wise and good, why did thy hand impart
So fierce an impulse to this bounding heart?
By fury rul'd, and impotent of mind,
No awe restrains me, and no tie can bind:
Hence, by the madness of my rage o'erthrown,
My father's friend lies murder'd, and my own.
He said; and, yielding to his fierce despair,
With both his hands he rent his rooted hair;
And, where his locks in shining ringlets grew,
A load of ashes from the hearth he threw,
Rolling in dust: but now around the slain
His warriors stood, assembled on the plain;
For total insurrection ripe they stood;
Their angry murmurs rose to tumult loud.

Ulysses soon the dire disorder heard,
And present to explore the cause appear'd:
The hero came, and, 'midst the warriors, found
Deiphobus extended on the ground.
A flood of sorrow started to his eyes,
But soon he check'd each symptom of surprise
With prudent care, while pressing round the chief
Each strove to speak the universal grief:

Their mingled spears in wild disorder shook,
Like the sharp reeds along some winding brook,
When through the leafless woods the north wind
blows,

Parent of ice and thick descending snows:
Now fell revenge had bath'd in streams of blood,
And pow'r in vain her desp'rate course with-
stood:

But Ithacus, well skill'd in ev'ry art
To fix or change each purpose of the heart,
Their stern decrees by soft persuasion broke,
And answer'd, thus with prudent purpose spoke:
Warriors! your gen'rous rage approve I must;
Dire was the deed, the purpos'd vengeance just:
But, when the kings in full assembly sit,
To them the crime and punishment commit:
For rash procedure wrongs the fairest cause,
And private justice still insults the laws.
Now to your tents your shields and lances bear:
Theseus expects us, and the hour is near:
The altars flame, the priests in order stand,
With sacrifice, to hallow ev'ry band:
But to the covert of a tent convey,
Sav'd from the scorching winds and solar ray,
These dear remains; till Theseus has decreed
Distinguish'd obsequies to grace the dead.
The hero thus; and from his shoulders threw
The regal cloak of gold, and shining blue,
Which o'er the slain with prudent care he spread,
His ghastly features from the crowd to shade.
Thrice to his eyes a flood of sorrow came;
Thrice on the brink he check'd the gushing
stream

In act to flow; his rising sighs suppress;
Patient of grief, he lock'd it in his breast.

BOOK VI.

To sad despair th' Ætolian chief resign'd,
And dire remorse, which stung his tortur'd mind,
From early dawn in dust extended lay,
By all abandon'd till the setting ray.

'Twas then Cassandra came; and, at the door,
Thrice call'd her lord: he started from the floor:

In sullen majesty his chair of state,
Full in the midst opposed to the gate,
The hero press'd: the anxious maid drew near,
By love excited, and restrain'd by fear:

Trembling before the chief she stood, and held
A bowl of wine with temp'ring mixtures quell'd;
The fragrant juice which fam'd Thesprotia yields,
The vintage of her cliffs and sunny fields.

And thus: Dread lord! reject not with disdain
A present offer'd by a humble swain.

This bowl receive, of gentle force to charm
Distress, and of its rigour grief disarm.

How vain to grieve for ever for the past!

No hour recalls the actions of the last:

Nor groans, nor sighs, nor streams of sorrow shed,
From their long slumber can awake the dead.

When death's stern pow'r his iron sceptre lays
On the cold lips, the vital spirit strays

VOL. XI.

To worlds unknown: nor can the dead perceive
The tears of friends or lovers when they grieve.

To sooth his passion, thus the virgin try'd;
With wonder thus th' Ætolian chief reply'd:
Say who you are, who thus approach my seat,
Unaw'd by good Deiphobus's fate?

When all avoid my presence, nor appear,
By indignation banish'd, or by fear.

What is thy name? what deed of mine could bind
To friendship so unchang'd thy constant mind;
Still to survive the horror of a crime,
Whose colour blots the registers of time?

The hero thus: Cassandra thus replies:

Iphicles is my name; my country lies
Where Antirrhium's rocky shores divide,
Extended in the deep th' Ionian tide.
There dwells my sire, possessor of ample store,
In flocks and herds, and gold's refulgent ore.
Oeneus his name: his vessels on the main,
From rich Hesperia waft him yearly gain,
And that fam'd land, whose promontories run
Far to the west, beneath the setting sun;
Where ev'ry cliff with veins of silver gleams,
And sands of gold lie glitt'ring in the streams.

In Hymen's sacred ties two sons he bred,
 Me, and my valiant brother Lycomed.
 The youngest I, was charg'd his flocks to keep :
 My brother rul'd his galleys on the deep.
 Once as he left Iberia's wealthy shore,
 With Boetic fleeces fraught and precious ore ;
 Phœnician pirates waited on the strand,
 Where high Pachynus stretches from the land ;
 In that fam'd isle where Ætna lifts his spires,
 With smoke obscure, and blows his sulph'rous
 fires.

Behind the cliffs conceal'd, the treach'rous band
 Waited the Greeks, descending on the strand :
 My brother there with twenty youths they flew ;
 Their sudden arrows from an ambush flew.
 Dire was the deed : and still my sorrows stream,
 Whene'er that argument of woe I name,
 And grief prevails ; but in your presence most ;
 You still recal the brother whom I lost :
 For such he was in lineaments of face,
 In martial stature, and majestic grace ;
 Though less in all ; in form inferior far ;
 And still, though valiant, less in works of war.
 Hence, deeply rooted in my constant heart,
 You challenge, as your own, a brother's part :
 And I alone, of all the host, remain
 To share your grief and suffer in your pain.

Thus by an artful tale, the virgin strove
 To shun discov'ry, and conceal her love.
 Yet still her looks, her gestures, all express'd
 The maid ; her love in blushes stood confess'd.
 Tydides saw ; and quickly, to his thought,
 Each circumstance the fair Cassandra brought.
 Silent he sat ; and fix'd in deep surprise,
 Her flushing features mark'd and downcast eyes.
 He thus reply'd : The native truth reveal,
 And, what I ask you, hope not to conceal.
 Or shall I credit what you now have said,
 Oeneus your sire, your brother Lycomed ?
 Or art thou she, whose beauty first did move,
 Within my peaceful breast, the rage of love ?

With look and voice severe the hero spoke.
 Aw'd and abash'd, the conscious virgin shook ;
 She dropt the silver goblet on the ground ;
 The fragrant liquor drench'd the pavement round.
 And thus Tydides with a frown address'd :
 Thy art is useless, and the truth confess'd ;
 Nor can that fair disguise of martial arms,
 And male attire, conceal thy fatal charms.
 Those eyes I see, whose soft enchantment stole
 My peace, and stirr'd a tempest in my soul :
 By their mild sight, in innocence array'd,
 To guilty madness was my heart betray'd.
 Deiphobus is dead ; his mournful ghost,
 Lamenting, wanders on the Stygian coast,
 And blames my wrath. Oh ! that the sun which
 gave

Light to thy birth, had set upon thy grave ;
 And he had liv'd ! now lifeless on the plain
 A corse he lies, and number'd with the slain.

The hero ended thus ; with melting eye,
 The virgin turn'd, unable to reply.
 In sorrow graceful, as the queen of love
 Who mourn'd Adonis in the Syrian grove,
 Confounded and abash'd, she left the tent,
 And through the host in silent anguish went,
 Far to the left ; where, in a lonely wood,
 To Ceres built, a rural temple stood ;

By swains frequented once, but now the place
 Unfightly shrubs o'erspread and weeds disgrace.
 Thither Cassandra went ; and at the shrine,
 With suppliant voice address'd the pow'r divine :
 Hear me, dread genius of this sacred grove !
 Let my complaints thy sov'reign pity move ;
 To seek the friendly shelter of thy dome,
 With heart unstain'd, and guiltless hands, I come :
 Love is my crime ; and, in thy rural seat,
 From infamy I seek a safe retreat.

By blame unmerited, and cold neglect,
 Banish'd I come ; receive me, and protect !
 She pray'd ; and, ent'ring, 'gainst a pillar staid
 Her lance, and on the floor her armour laid.
 Then falling prostrate pour'd a flood of tears,
 With present ills oppress'd, and future fears.
 'Twas then the herald of the queen of love,
 Zelotypé, descended in the grove,
 By Venus sent ; but still her counsels fail'd ;
 And Pallas with superior sway prevail'd :
 The phantom enter'd, and assum'd a form,
 Pale as the moon appearing through a storm ;
 In Amyclea's shape disguis'd she came ;
 The same her aspect, and her voice the same.
 Cassandra saw ; a sudden horror froze
 Her veins ; erect her parted locks arose,
 Stirr'd from the root : impatient thus the maid,
 With trembling lips, in fault'ring accents, said :
 My lov'd, my honour'd parent ! have my groans,
 From death's deep slumber, rous'd thy sacred
 bones :

I hop'd that nothing could your peace molest,
 Nor mortal cares disturb eternal rest ;
 That, safe for ever on th' Elysian shore,
 You heard of human misery no more.

Cassandra thus : and thus the Paphian maid :
 Your gen'rous love, my child, is ill repaid ;
 Your griefs I feel, and bear a parent's part,
 Though blood no more returns to warm my
 heart ;

And that, which first your mortal being bred,
 To dust lies mould'ring, in its earthy bed.
 To Calydon, my child, with speed return ;
 Your father grieves, your gay companions mourn ;
 He deems you lost, and desp'rate of his state,
 By grief subdu'd, invokes his ling'ring fate :
 Incessant tears bedew his wrinkled face,
 And ashes foul his hoary locks disgrace.
 Return, return ! nor let misjudging pride,
 With further errors, strive the past to hide.
 Return, once more to bless his aged eyes,
 Or, by your guilty stay a parent dies.

She ended thus. Her arms Cassandra spread
 To fold, in close embrace, the parting shade ;
 In vain ; for, starting from her grasp, it flew,
 And, gliding through the shady walks, with-
 drew.

The virgin now awaits the rising morn,
 With purpose fix'd impatient to return :
 And when, through broken clouds, a glimm'ring
 ray

Of early dawn foretold approaching day ;
 The spear she grasp'd, and on her temples plac'd
 The golden casque, with various plumage grac'd ;
 Tydides' gift ; when in the ranks of fight
 The brave Clytander sunk beneath his might.
 The gods she call'd ; and, bending to the ground,
 Their aid invok'd with reverence profound.

Then left the dome; and where Ismenus strays,
Winding through thickest woods his wat'ry maze,
Her way pursu'd; a hostile band drew near;
Their tread she heard, and saw their armour clear,
Chief of the Theban youth; the herds they drove,
And flocks collected from the hills above.
For thus the Paphian goddess had betray'd,
To hands of cruel foes, the guiltless maid.

By sudden terror check'd, at first she stood;
Then turn'd, and sought the covert of the wood;
Nor so escap'd: her glitt'ring armour shone,
The starry helmet, and the lofty cone,
Full to the glowing east; its golden rays
Her winding flight betray'd through all its maze.
The Thebans saw; and, rushing 'midst the shade
With shouts of triumph, seiz'd the trembling
maid.

Amaz'd and pale, before the hostile band,
She stood; and dropp'd the jav'lin from her hand:
O spare my life! she cry'd, nor wealth, nor fame
To purchase in the works of war, I came.

No hate to you I bear, or Creon's sway,
Whose sov'reign will the sons of Thebes obey:
Me, hapless friendship hither led, to share,
With Diomed, the dangers of the war.

I now return and quit the martial strife,
My fire to succour on the verge of life;
Who crush'd beneath a load of sorrow bends,
And to the grave, with painful steps, descends.
But if the plea of pity you reject,
The stronger ties of equity respect:

A truce we swore; Jove witnesses the deed;
On him who breaks it, vengeance will succeed.

Thus as the virgin spoke, Phericles ey'd
The arms she wore; and sternly thus reply'd:
Ill-fated wretch! that panoply to wear:
The same my brother once in fight did bear;
Whom fierce Tydides, with superior might,
O'erthrew and vanquish'd in the ranks of fight.
If with his foe my brother's spoils you shar'd,
A mark of love, or merited reward;
Prepare to yield them and resign thy breath;
To vengeance due: Clytander claims thy death.

Frowning he spoke, and drew his shining
blade;

Beneath the lifted steel, th' unhappy maid
Confounded sloop'd: Menætiüs caught the stroke
On his broad shield: and, interposing, spoke:
Brave youth! respect my counsel, and suspend
The sudden vengeance which you now intend.
The chiefs of Thebes, the rulers of the state,
In full assembly, at the Cadmean gate,
A monument for great Leophron rear;
His name, achievements, and descent to bear.
Thither let this devoted youth be led,
An off'ring grateful to the hero's shade:
Nor shall Clytander less the deed approve;
Or friendly zeal applaud, and feel our love;
When fame shall tell, in Pluto's gloomy reign,
How stern Tydides mourns this warrior slain.
Thus ignorantly they; nor knew the peace
Of happy patriots, when their labours cease;
That fell revenge and life consuming hate
Find no admittance to molest their state.

And now they led the captive cross the plain;
Scarce could her trembling knees their load sus-
tain;

Thrice had her fault'ring tongue her sex reveal'd,
But conscious shame oppos'd it and conceal'd.
Their monarch at the Cadmean gate they found,
In mournful state, with all his peers around.
Oblations to Leophron's mighty shade,
In honey, milk, and fragrant wines they paid.
And thus Lycaon's son address'd the king:
A grateful off'ring to your rites we bring.
This youth, the friend of Diomed, we found
Clad in the armour which Clytander own'd;
My brother's spoils, by Diomed possess'd,
When his keen jav'lin pierc'd the hero's breast.
Soon had my rage the hostile deed repaid,
With vengeance grateful to his kindred shade;
But public griefs the first atonements claim,
And heroes of a more distinguish'd name.
Leophron, once his country's pride and boast;
Andremon too, the bulwark of the host,
His blood demands; for when their souls shall
know

The sweet revenge, in Pluto's shades below,
Pleas'd with our zeal, will each illustrious ghost,
With lighter footsteps, press th' Elysian coast.

He spoke; the princes all at once incline;
The rest, with shouts, applaud the dire design.
An altar soon of flow'ry turf they raise:
On ev'ry side the sacred torches blaze:
The bowls, in shining order, plac'd around;
The fatal knife was whetted for the wound.
Decreed to perish, stood the helpless fair;
Like some soft fawn, when, in the hunter's snare
Involv'd, she sees him from his seat arise,
His brandish'd truncheon dreads, and hears his
cries;

Silent she stands, to barb'rous force resign'd,
In anguish soft, dissolv'd her tender mind.
The priests in order ev'ry rite prepar'd;
Her neck and bosom, for the blow, they bar'd;
The helmet loos'd, the buckled mail unbound,
Whose shining circles fenc'd her neck around.
Down sunk the fair disguise; and full to fight
The virgin stood, with charms divinely bright.
The comely ringlets of her flowing hair,
Such as the wood-nymphs wear, and naiads
fair,

Hung loose; her middle by a zone embrac'd,
Which fix'd the floating garment round her waist.
Venus herself divine effulgence shed
O'er all her stature, and her lovely head;
Such as in spring the colour'd blossoms show,
When on their op'ning leaves the zephyrs blow:
Amazement seiz'd the chiefs; and all around,
With murmurs mix'd the wond'ring crowds re-
found.

Most vote to spare: the angry monarch cries:
Ye ministers, proceed! the captive dies.
Shall any here, by weak compassion mov'd,
A captive spare by stern Tydides lov'd?
The scourge of Thebes, whose wide-destroying
hand

Has thinn'd our armies in their native land,
And slain my son: by all the gods I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear,
That none he loves, shall ever 'scape my rage:
The vulgar plea I scorn, of sex, or age.
Ev'n she, who now appears with ev'ry grace
Adorn'd, each charm of stature and of face;

Ev'n though from Venus she could claim the prize,
Her life to vengeance forfeited, she dies.

Sternly the monarch ended. All were still,
With mute submission to the sov'reign will:
Lycaon's valiant son except; alone
His gen'rous ardour thus oppos'd the throne:
Dread sov'reign! listen with a patient ear,
And what I now shall offer, deign to hear.
When first by force we seiz'd this captive maid,
'The truce was vi'lated, our faith betray'd;
And justice, which, in war and peace, prevails
Alike, and weighs their deeds with equal scales,
Her freedom claims, with presents to atone
For what our rage perfidiously has done:
Let us not, now, to further wrongs proceed;
But fear the curse for perjury decreed.

Phericles thus: and, with a stern regard,
His indignation thus the king declar'd:
Vain giddy youth! forbear, with factious breath,
'To rouse my justice to pronounce thy death:
In opposition, first of all you move,
While others hear in silence, and approve.
Your bold presumption check, and learn to dread
My vengeance thunder'd on your wretched head.

Frowning he ended thus: his threats defy'd,
With gen'rous heat Phericles thus reply'd:
Princes! attend, and trust my words sincere;
The king I honour, and his will revere,
When truth gives sanction to his just commands,
Nor common right in opposition stands:
Yet gen'rous minds a principle retain,
Which promises and threats attempt in vain,
Which claims dominion, by the gods imprest,
'The love of justice in the human breast:
By this inspir'd, against superior might,
I rise undaunted in the cause of right.
And now, by all th' avenging gods I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear;
'That no bold warrior of the Theban bands,
'This maid shall violate with hostile hands;
While these my arms have force the lance to
wield,

And lift in her defence this pond'rous shield,
Not ev'n the king himself, whose sov'reign sway
'The martial sons of sacred Thebes obey.

He said: and, by his bold example fir'd,
Twelve warriors rose, with equal zeal inspir'd.
With shining steel the altar they surround,
The fire now flaming, and the victim crown'd.
On ev'ry side in wild disorder move
'The thick compacted crowds; as when a grove,
Rock'd by a sudden whirlwind, bends and strains,
From right to left, along the woodland plains:
Fell discord soon had rag'd, in civil blood,
With wide destruction not to be withstood;
For from his seat the angry monarch sprung,
And lifted, for the blow, the sceptre hung:
But 'midst the tumult, Clytophon appear'd,
Approv'd for wisdom, and with reverence heard.
Straight, by the robe, the furious chief he seiz'd,
And thus, with sage advice, his wrath appeas'd:
Hear, mighty prince! respect the words of age,
And calm the wasteful tempest of thy rage;
'The public welfare to revenge prefer,
For nations suffer when their sov'reigns err.
It ill becomes us now, when hostile pow'rs
With strictest siege invest our straiten'd tow'rs;

It ill becomes us thus, thus with civil arms,
To wound the state, and aggravate our harms.
Hear, all ye princes! what to me appears
A prudent counsel, worthy of your ears:
Let us inquire, if in our hands we hold
A life esteem'd by Diomed the bold:
If, in his breast, those tender passions reign,
Which charms like these must kindle and main-
tain;

Our mandates freely to his tent we send,
For to our will his haughty soul must bend:
Nor dares he, while the Theban walls enclose
A pledge so dear, invade us or oppose;
But must submit, whenever we require,
Or with his pow'rs to aid us, or retire.

He said; the monarch painfully suppress'd
His burning rage, and lock'd it in his breast.
He thus reply'd: Thy prudent words inspire
Pacific counsels, and subdue mine ire:
But if in peace I rul'd the Theban state,
Nor hostile armies thunder'd at my gate;
They had not dar'd, with insolence and spite,
My purpose to oppose and scorn my might.
He said, and to his seat again retir'd;
While sudden transport ev'ry breast inspir'd;
As swains rejoice, when, from the troubled skies,
By breezes swept, a gather'd tempest flies;
With wish'd return the sun exerts his beams,
To cheer the woods and gild the shining streams.

Meanwhile, the son of Tydeus, through the
plain,
With wishing eyes, Cassandra sought in vain;
At ev'ry leader of the bands inquir'd;
Then, sad and hopeless, to his tent retir'd.
'Twas then his grief the bounds of silence broke,
And thus in secret to himself he spoke:
Me sure, of all mens sons, the gods have curs'd
With their chief plagues, the greatest and the
worst;

Doom'd to disasters, from my earliest hour;
Not wise to shun, nor patient to endure.
From me the source, unnumber'd ills proceed
To all my friends; Deiphobus is dead!
His soul excluded, seeks the nether skies,
And wrong'd Cassandra from my presence flies.
Me surely, at my birth, the gods design'd
Their rod of wrath, to scourge the human kind;
For slaughter form'd, with brutal fury brave,
Prompt to destroy, but impotent to save.
How could my madness blame thee, gen'rous
maid!

And, with my crime, thy innocence upbraid!
Deiphobus is fall'n! but not by thee;
Thy only fault, alas! was love to me:
For this, in plated steel thy limbs were dress'd,
A weighty shield thy tender arm oppress'd:
For this thou didst to hostile fields repair,
And court such objects as distract the fair;
Patient above thy sex! an ill reward,
Blame and unjust reproach, was all you shar'd.
By my unkindness banish'd, now you roam,
And seek, through paths unknown, your distant
home:

To mountain wolves expos'd, a helpless prey,
And men unjust, more terrible than they.
Save her, ye gods! and let me stand the aim
Of Jove's all-dreaded bolt, and scorching flame.

Thus plain'd the hero till the setting ray
 Withdrew, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
 Then in his tent, before his lofty seat,
 Appear'd a herald from the Theban state;
 The hero's knees, with trembling hands, he
 press'd,
 And with his message thus the chief address'd:
 Hear, mighty prince! the tidings which I bring,
 From Thebes assembled, and the Theban king.
 An armed warrior of your native train,
 At early dawn, was seiz'd upon the plain.
 What others did, forgive, if I relate;
 Creon commands me and the Theban state.
 A fairer youth, in martial arms, ne'er came
 To court bright honour in the fields of fame.
 A casque of polish'd steel his temples press'd,
 The golden cone with various plumage dress'd;
 A silver mail embrac'd his body round,
 And greaves of brass his slender ancles bound:
 To Thebes well known the panoply he wore,
 The same, which once, renown'd Clytander bore.
 Our warriors dragg'd him to the Cadmean gate,
 Where Creon, with the rulers of the state,
 Assembled sat; the trembling captive stood,
 With arms surrounded, and th' insulting crowd.
 O spare my life! he cry'd, nor wealth nor fame
 To purchase in the works of war, I came.
 No hate to you, I bear, or Creon's sway,
 Whose sov'reign will the sons of Thebes obey.
 Me luckless friendship rather led, to share,
 With Diomed, the dangers of the war.
 I now return, and quit the martial strife,
 My fire to succour on the verge of life;
 Whose feeble age the present aid demands,
 And kind assistance of my filial hands.
 His words inclin'd the wisest and the best,
 And some their gen'rous sympathy express'd:
 But others, nothing mov'd, his guiltless head
 With threats demanded, to avenge the dead:
 And thus the king: My countrymen, attend!
 In this, let all your loud contention end:
 If Diomed, to save this valu'd life,
 The field abandons and the martial strife;
 The captive safe, with presents, I'll restore,
 Of brass, and steel, and gold's refulgent ore:
 But if these terms the haughty chief shall slight,
 And for the Argives still exert his might;
 Before our heroes' tombs, this youth shall bleed,
 To please the living, and avenge the dead.
 His sentence all approv'd; and to your ear,
 As public herald, I the message bear;
 And must your answer crave, without delay;
 Creon and Thebes already blame my stay.
 Thus as he spoke, contending passions strove,
 With force oppos'd, the hero's soul to move;
 As shifting winds impel the ocean's tide,
 And sway the reeling waves from side to side:
 Rage dictated revenge; but tender fear,
 From love and pity, warn'd him to forbear:
 Till, like a lion, fiercer from his pain,
 These words broke forth in wrath and high disdain:
 Go, tell your tyrant, that he tempts a soul,
 Which presents cannot win, nor threats controul:
 Not form'd, like his, to mock at ev'ry tie;
 With perjury to sport, and heav'n defy.
 A common league the Argive warriors swore,
 And seal'd the sacred tie with wine and gore:

My faith was plighted then, and ne'er shall fail,
 Nor Creon's arts, to change me, aught avail.
 But tell him loud, that all the host may hear,
 And Thebes through all her warriors learn to fear;
 If any, from himself, or by command,
 The captive violates with hostile hand;
 That all shall quickly rue the guilty deed,
 When, to requite it, multitudes shall bleed.
 Sternly the hero ended, and resign'd,
 To fierce disorder, all his mighty mind.
 Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
 He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands,
 In fancy saw the tottering turrets fall,
 And led his warriors o'er the levell'd wall.
 Rous'd with the thought, from his high seat he
 sprung:
 And grasp'd the sword, which on a column hung;
 The shining blade he balanc'd thrice in air;
 His lances next he view'd and armour fair.
 When, hanging 'midst the costly panoply,
 A scarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
 Which fair Cassandra's skilful hands had wrought;
 A present for her lord, in secret brought,
 That day, when first he led his martial train
 In arms to combat on the Theban plain.
 As some strong charm, which magic sounds com-
 pose,
 Suspends a downward torrent as it flows;
 Checks in the precipice its headlong course,
 And calls it trembling upwards to its source:
 Such seem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
 Made the fair artist in her charms to rise.
 His rage, suspended in its full career,
 To love resigns, to grief and tender fear.
 Glad would he now his former words revoke,
 And change the purpose which in wrath he
 spoke;
 From hostile hands his captive fair to gain,
 From fate to save her, or the servile chain:
 But pride, and shame, the fond design suppress;
 Silent he stood, and lock'd it in his breast.
 Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
 By symptoms sure, each motion of his mind:
 With joy he saw the heat of rage suppress'd;
 And thus again his artful words address'd:
 Illustrious prince! with patience bend thine ear,
 And what I now shall offer, deign to hear.
 Of all the griefs, distressful mortals prove,
 The woes of friendship most my pity move.
 You much I pity, and the youth regret,
 Whom you too rigidly resign to fate;
 Expos'd, alone, no hope of comfort near,
 The scorn and cruelty of foes to bear.
 O that my timely counsel might avail,
 For love, and sympathy, to turn the scale!
 That Thebes releas'd from thy devouring sword,
 The captive honour'd, and with gifts restor'd,
 We yet might hope for peace, and you again
 Enjoy the blessings of your native reign.
 Insinuating thus, the herald try'd
 His aim to compass; and the chief reply'd:
 In vain you strive to sway my constant mind;
 I'll not depart while Theseus stays behind:
 Me nothing e'er, to change my faith, shall move,
 By men attested, and the gods above:
 But since your lawless tyrant has detain'd
 A valu'd hostage, treacherously gain'd;

And dire injustice only will restore
 When force compels, or proffer'd gifts implore :
 A truce I grant, till the revolving sun,
 Twice ten full circuits of his journey run,
 From the red ocean, points the morning ray,
 And on the steps of darkness pours the day :
 Till then, from fight and council I abstain,
 Nor lead my pow'rs to combat on the plain :
 For this, your monarch to my tent shall send
 The captive, and from injuries defend.
 This proffer is my last ; in vain will prove
 All your attempts my fixed mind to move :
 If Thebes accepts it, let a sign declare,
 A flaming torch, display'd aloft in air,
 From that high tow'r, whose airy top is known
 By travellers from afar, and marks the town ;
 The fane of Jove : but if they shall reject
 The terms I send, nor equity respect,
 They soon shall feel the fury of mine ire,
 In wasteful havoc, and the rage of fire.

The hero thus ; and round his shoulders flung
 A shaggy cloak, with vulgar trappings hung ;
 And on his head a leathern helmet plac'd,
 A boar's rough front with grisly terrors grac'd ;
 A spear he next assum'd, and pond'rous shield,
 And led the Theban, issuing to the field.
 Amid surrounding guards they pass'd unseen.
 For night had stretch'd her friendly shade between ;
 Till nearer, through the gloom, the gate they
 knew ;
 The herald enter'd, and the chief withdrew :
 But turning oft to Thebes his eager eyes,
 The signal on the tow'r at last he spies ;
 A flaming torch upon the top expos'd,
 Its ray at once his troubled mind compos'd :
 Such joy he felt, as when a watch-tow'r's light,
 Seen through the gloom of some tempestuous
 night,
 Glads the wet mariner, a star to guide
 His lab'ring vessel, through the stormy tide.

B O O K VII.

Now silent night the middle space possess
 Of heaven, or journey'd downwards to the west :
 But Creon, still with thirst of vengeance fir'd,
 Repose declin'd, nor from his toils respir'd ;
 But held his peers in council to debate
 Plans for revenge suggested by his hate.
 Before the king Dienices appear'd ;
 To speak his tidings sad the hero fear'd ;
 Return'd from Oeta, thither sent to call
 Alcides to protect his native wall.

And Creon thus : Dienices ! explain
 Your sorrow ; are our hopes of aid in vain ?
 Does Hercules neglect his native soil ;
 While strangers reap the harvest of his toil ?
 We from your silence cannot hope success ;
 But further ills your falling tears confess ;
 Cleon my son is dead ; his fate you mourn ;
 I must not hope to see his fate return.
 Sure if he liv'd, he had not come the last ;
 But found his father with a filial haste.
 His fate, at once, declare, you need not fear,
 With any tale of grief to wound mine ear,
 Proof to misfortune : for the man who knows
 The whole variety of human woes
 Can stand unmov'd though loads of sorrow press ;
 Practis'd to bear, familiar with distress.

The monarch question'd thus ; and thus the
 youth :

Too well thy boding fear has found the truth.
 Cleon is dead ; the hero's ashes lie
 Where Pelion's lofty head ascends the sky.
 For as, on Oeta's top, he vainly strove
 To win the arrows of the son of Jove ;
 Compelling Philoctetes, to resign,
 The friend of Hercules, his arms divine ;
 The insult to repel, an arrow flew,
 And from his heart the vital current drew :
 Prostrate he sunk ; and welling from the wound,
 A flood of gore impurpled all the ground.

Thus spoke Dienices. The king suppress
 His big distress, and lock'd it in his breast :
 Sighing he thus reply'd : The cause declare,
 Which holds the great Alcides from the war ;
 And why another now, the bow commands
 And arrows sacred, from his mighty hands.
 Nor fear my valiant son's untimely fate,
 With all its weight of sorrow, to relate :
 All I can bear. Against my naked head,
 I see the vengeance of the gods decreed ;
 With hostile arms beset my tott'ring reign ;
 The people wasted, and my children slain.
 Attempts prove fruitless ; ev'ry hope deceives ;
 Success in prospect disappointment gives ;
 With swift approach, I see destruction come ;
 But with a mind unmov'd, I'll meet my doom ;
 Nor stain this war-worn visage with a tear,
 Since all that Heav'n has purpos'd, I can bear.
 The monarch thus his rising grief suppress'd ;
 And thus the peers Dienices address'd :

Princes of Thebes ! and thou, whose sov'reign
 hand
 Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command !
 To what I offer, lend an equal ear ;
 The truth I'll speak, and judge me when you hear.
 If Cleon, by my fault, no more returns,
 For whom, her second hope, his country mourns ;
 No doom I deprecate, no torture fly,
 Which justice can denounce, or rage supply :
 But if my innocence appears, I claim
 Your censure to escape, and public blame.

From Marathon by night our course we steer'd,
 And pass'd Gerastus when the day appear'd ;
 Andros we saw, with promontories steep,
 Ascend ; and Delos level with the deep.
 A circuit wide ; for where Euripus roars
 Between Eubœa and the Theban shores,
 The Argives had dispos'd their naval train ;
 And prudence taught to shun the hostile plain.

Four days we sail'd; the fifth our voyage ends,
 Where Oeta, sloping to the sea, descends.
 The vales I search'd, and woody heights above,
 Guided by fame, to find the son of Jove,
 With Cleon only; for we charg'd the band
 To stay, and guard our vessel on the strand.
 In vain we search'd: but when the lamp of day
 Approach'd the ocean with its setting ray,
 A cave appear'd, which from a mountain steep,
 Through a low valley, look'd into the deep.
 Thither we turn'd our weary steps, and found
 The cavern hung with savage spoils around;
 The wolf's gray fur, the wild boar's shaggy hide,
 The lion's mane, the panther's speckled pride:
 These signs we mark'd; and knew the rocky seat,
 Some solitary hunter's wild retreat.
 Farther invited by a glimm'ring ray,
 Which through the darkness shed uncertain day,
 In the recesses of the cave we found
 The club of Hercules; and wrapt around,
 Which, seen before, we knew, the lion's spoils,
 The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
 Amaz'd we stood; in silence, each his mind
 To fear and hope alternately resign'd:
 With joy we hop'd to find the hero near;
 The club and mantle found, dispos'd to fear.
 His force invincible in fight we knew,
 Which nought of mortal kind could e'er subdue.
 But fear'd Apollo's might, or his who heaves
 The solid earth, and rules the stormy waves.

Pond'ring we stood, when on the roof above,
 The tread of feet descending through the grove
 Which crown'd the hollow cliff, amaz'd we heard;
 And straight before the cave a youth appear'd.
 A bleeding buck across his shoulders flung,
 Ty'd with a rope of twisted rushes hung.
 He dropt his burden in the gate, and plac'd
 Against the pillar'd cliff his bow unbrac'd.
 'I was then our footsteps in the cave he heard,
 And through the gloom our shining arms appear'd.
 His bow he bent; and backwards from the rock
 Retir'd, and, of our purpose quest'ning, spoke:
 Say who you are, who seek this wild abode,
 Through desert paths, by mortals rarely trod?
 If just, and with a fair intent you come,
 Friendship expect, and safety in my dome:
 But if for violence, your danger learn,
 And trust my admonition when I warn:
 Certain as fate, where'er this arrow flies,
 The hapless wretch who meets its fury dies:
 No buckler to resist its point avails,
 The hammer'd cuirass yields, the breast-plate fails;
 And where it once has drawn the purple gore,
 No charm can cure, no med'cine health restore.

With threats he question'd thus; and Cleon said
 We come to call Alcides to our aid;
 By us the senators of Thebes entreat
 The hero to protect his native state:
 For hostile arms invest the Theban tow'rs;
 Famine within, without the sword devours.
 If you have learn'd where Hercules remains,
 In mountain caves, or hamlets on the plains,
 Our way direct; for, led by gen'ral fame,
 To find him in these desert wilds we came.

He spoke: and Philoctetes thus again:
 May Jove for Thebes some other aid ordain;
 For Hercules no more exerts his might
 Against oppressive force, for injur'd right:

Retir'd, among the gods, he sits serene,
 And views, beneath him far, this mortal scene:
 But enter now this grotto, and partake
 What I can offer for the hero's sake:
 With you from sacred Thebes he claim'd his birth,
 For godlike virtue fam'd through all the earth;
 Thebes therefore and her people still shall be
 Like fair Trachines and her sons to me.
 Enter, for now the doubtful twilight fails,
 And o'er the silent earth the night prevails:
 From the moist valleys noxious fogs arise,
 To wrap the rocky heights, and shade the skies.
 The cave we enter'd, and his bounty shar'd;
 A rural banquet by himself prepar'd.
 But soon the rage of thirst and hunger staid,
 My mind still doubtful, to the youth I said:
 Must hapless Thebes, despairing and undone,
 Want the assistance of her bravest son?
 The hero's fate explain, nor grudge mine ear
 The sad assurance of our loss to hear.

I question'd thus. The youth with horror pale
 Attempted to recite an awful tale;
 Above the fabled woes which bards rehearse,
 When sad Melpomene inspires the verse.

The wife of Jove (Pæonides reply'd)
 All arts in vain to crush the hero try'd;
 For brighter from her hate his virtue burn'd;
 And disappointed still, the goddess mourn'd.
 His ruin to effect at last she strove
 By jealousy, the rage of injur'd love.
 The bane to Deianira's breast convey'd,
 Who, as a rival, fear'd th' Oechalian maid,
 The goddess knew, that jealous of her lord,
 A robe she kept with latent poisons stor'd;
 The Centaur's gift, bequeath'd her, to reclaim
 The hero's love, and light his dying flame;
 If e'er, devoted to a stranger's charms,
 He stray'd inconstant from her widow'd arms;
 But giv'n with treacherous intent to prove
 The death of nature, not the life of love.
 Mad from her jealousy, the charm she try'd;
 His love to change, the deadly robe apply'd:
 And guiltless of the present which he bore,
 Lychas convey'd it to Cœneum's shore:
 Where to the pow'rs immortal for their aid,
 A grateful hecatomb the hero paid:
 When favour'd from above, his arm o'erthrew
 The proud Eurytus, and his warriors flew.
 The venom'd robe the hero took, nor fear'd
 A gift by conjugal respects endear'd:
 And straight resign'd the lion's shaggy spoils,
 The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
 No sign of harm the fatal present show'd,
 Till rous'd by heat its secret venom glow'd;
 Straight on the flesh it seiz'd like stiffest glue,
 And icorcing deep to ev'ry member grew.
 Then tearing with his hands th' infernal snare,
 His skin he rent, and laid the muscles bare,
 While streams of blood descending from the wound,
 Mix'd with the gore of victims on the ground.
 The guiltless Lychas, in his furious mood,
 He seiz'd, as trembling by his side he stood:
 Him by the slender ankle snatch'd, he swung,
 And 'gainst a rocky promontory flung:
 Which, from the dire event, his name retains;
 Through his white locks imperpl'd rush the brains,
 Aw'd by the deed, his desperate rage to shun,
 Our bold companions from his presence run.

THE WORKS OF WILKIE.

I too, conceal'd behind a rock, remain'd;
My love and sympathy by fear restrain'd:
For furious 'midst the sacred fires he flew;
The victims scatter'd, and the hearths o'erthrew.
Then sinking prostrate, where a tide of gore
From oxen slain had blacken'd all the shore,
His form divine he roll'd in dust and blood;
His groans the hills re-echo'd and the flood.
'Then rising furious, to the ocean's streams
He rush'd, in hope to quench his raging flames;
But burning still the unextinguish'd pain,
The shore he left, and stretch'd into the main.
A galley anchor'd near the beach we found;
Her curled canvass to the breeze unbound;
And trac'd his desp'rate course, till far before
We saw him land on Oeta's desert shore.
'Towards the skies his furious hands he rear'd,
And thus, across the deep his voice we heard:
Sov'reign of heav'n and earth! whose bound-
less sway

The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form, you sought Alcmena's love;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth;
Whence from a course of spotless glory run,
Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched? better, that before
Some monster fierce had drunk my streaming
gore;

Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to gods and men,
My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den;
Than from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
'To fall subdu'd by female arts at last.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
And crack the icy cliffs; in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
Now bending from the skies, O wife of Jove!
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
For fate, by me, the thund'rer's guilt atones;
And, punish'd in her son, Alcmena groans:
'The object of your hate shall soon expire;
Fix'd on my shoulders preys a net of fire:
Whom nor the toils nor dangers could subdue,
By false Eurystheus dictated from you;
Nor tyrants lawless, nor the monstrous brood,
Which haunts the desert or infests the flood,
Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye;
A woman hath o'erthrown! ye gods! I yield
'To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
My arms—alas! are these the same that bow'd
Anteus, and his giant force subdu'd?
'That dragg'd Nemea's monster from his den;
And slew the dragon in his native fen?
Alas, alas! their mighty muscles fail,
While pains infernal ev'ry nerve assail:
Alas, alas! I feel in streams of woe
These eyes dissolv'd, before untaught to flow.
Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
Patient in toils, in deaths untterrify'd,
Rouse to my aid; nor let my labours past,
With fame achiev'd, be blotted by the last;
Firm and unmov'd, the present shock endure;
Once triumph, and for ever rest secure.

The hero thus; and grasp'd a pointed rock
With both his arms, which straight in pieces broke,
Crush'd in his agony; then on his breast
Descending prostrate, further plaint suppress'd.
And now the clouds, in dusky volumes spread,
Had darken'd all the mountains with their shade:
The winds withhold their breath; the billows rest;
The sky's dark image on the deep imprest.
A bay for shelter op'ning in the strand,
We saw, and steer'd our vessel to the land.
'Then mounting on the rocky beach above,
Through the thick gloom descry'd the son of Jove.
His head, declin'd between his hands, he lean'd;
His elbows on his bended knees sustain'd.
Above him still a hov'ring vapour flew,
Which, from his boiling veins, the garment drew.
Through the thick woof we saw the fumes aspire;
Like smoke of victims from the sacred fire.
Compassion's keenest touch my bosom thrill'd;
My eyes, a flood of melting sorrow fill'd:
Doubtful I stood: and, pond'ring in my mind,
By fear and pity variously inclin'd,
Whether to shun the hero, or essay,
With friendly words, his torment to allay:
When bursting from above with hideous glare,
A flood of lightning kindled all the air.
From Oeta's top it rush'd in sudden streams;
The ocean redden'd at its fiery beams.
Then, bellowing deep, the thunder's awful sound,
Shook the firm mountains and the shores around.
Far to the east it roll'd, a length of sky;
We heard Eubœa's rattling cliffs reply,
As at his master's voice a swain appears,
When wak'd from sleep his early call he hears,
The hero rose; and to the mountain turn'd,
Whose cloud-involved top with lightning burn'd:
And thus his fire address'd: With patient mind,
Thy call I hear, obedient and resign'd;
Faithful and true the oracle! which spoke,
In high Dodona, from the sacred oak;
"That twenty years of painful labours past,
"On Oeta's top I should repose at last:"
Before, involv'd, the meaning lay conceal'd;
But now I find it in my fate reveal'd.
Thy sov'reign will I blame not, which denies,
With length of days to crown my victories:
Though still with danger and distress engag'd,
For injur'd right eternal war I wag'd;
A life of pain, in barb'rous climates led,
'The heav'ns my canopy, a rock my bed:
More joy I've felt than delicacy knows,
Or all the pride of regal pomp bestows.
Dread fire! thy will I honour and revere,
And own thy love with gratitude sincere, [boast
Which watch'd me in my toils, that none could
To raise a trophy from my glory lost:
And though at last, by female arts, o'ercome,
And unsuspected fraud, I find my doom;
There to have fail'd, my honour ne'er can shake,
Where vice is only strong and virtue weak.
He said: and turning to the cloudy height,
The seat of thunder, wrapt in sable night,
Firm and undaunted trod the steep ascent;
An earthquake rock'd the mountain as he went.
Back from the shaking shores retir'd the flood;
In horror lost, my bold companions stood,
To speech or motion; but the present pow'r
Of love inspir'd me, in that awful hour;

With trembling steps I trac'd the son of Jove;
And saw him darkly on the steep above, [noise
Through the thick gloom, the thunder's awful
Ceas'd; and I call'd him thus with feeble voice;
O son of mighty Jove! thy friend await;
Who comes to comfort thee, or share thy fate:
In ev'ry danger and distress before,
His part your faithful Philoctetes bore.
O let me still attend you, and receive
The comfort which a present friend can give,
Who come obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his willing hands.

My voice he heard; and from the mountains
Saw me ascending on the steep below. [brow
To favour my approach his steps he stay'd;
And pleas'd, amidst his anguish smiling, said:
Approach, my Philoctetes! Oft I've known
Your friendly zeal in former labours shown:
The present, more than all, your love proclaims,
Which braves the thunderer's bolts and volley'd
flames;

With daring step the rocking earthquake treads,
While the firm mountains shake their trembling
heads.

As my last gift, these arrows with the bow,
Accept the greatest which I can bestow;
My glory, all my wealth; of pow'r to raise
Your name to honour and immortal praise;
If for wrong'd innocence your shafts shall fly,
As Jove by signs directs them from the sky.

Straight from his mighty shoulders, as he spoke,
He loos'd and lodg'd them in a cavern'd rock;
To lie untouch'd, till future care had drain'd
Their poison from the venom'd robe retain'd.

And thus again: the only aid I need,
For all my favours past, the only meed,
Is, that, with vengeful hand, you fix a dart
In cruel Deianira's faithless heart:

Her treach'rous messenger already dead,
Let her, the author of his crime, succeed.
This awful scene forsake without delay;
In vain to mingle with my fate you stay:
No kind assistance can my state retrieve,
Nor any friend attend me, and survive.

The hero thus his tender care express'd,
And spread his arms to clasp me to his breast;
But soon withdrew them, lest his tainted veins
Infection had convey'd and mortal pains:
Silent I stood in dreams of sorrow drown'd,
Till from my heart these words a passage found:
O bid me not forsake thee, nor impose
What wretched Philoctetes must refuse.

By him I swear, whose presence now proclaim
The thunders awful voice and forked flame,
Beneath whose steps the trembling desert quakes,
And earth affrighted to her centre shakes;
I never will forsake thee, but remain
While struggling life these ruin'd limbs retain:
No form of fate shall drive me from thy side,
Nor death with all its terrors e'er divide;
Tho' the same stroke our mortal lives should end,
One flash consume us, and our ashes blend.

I spoke; and to the cloudy steep we turn'd;
Along its brow the kindled forest burn'd.
The savage brood, descending to the plains,
The scatter'd flocks, and dread distracted swains,
Rush'd from the shaking cliffs: we saw them come,
In wild disorder mingled, through the gloom.

And now appear'd the desert's lofty head,
A narrow rock with forests thinly spread.
His mighty hands display'd aloft in air,
To Jove the hero thus address'd a pray'r: [skies,
Hear me, dread pow'r! whose nod controls the
At whose command the winged lightning flies:
Almighty fire; if yet you deign to own
Alcmena's wretched offspring as your son;
Some comfort in my agony impart,
And bid thy forked thunder rend this heart:
Round my devoted head it idly plays;
And aids the fire, which wastes me with its rays:
By heat inflam'd, this robe exerts its pow'r,
My scorched limbs to shrivel and devour;
Upon my shoulders, like a dragon, clings,
And fixes in my flesh a thousand stings.
Great fire! in pity to my suit attend,
And with a sudden stroke my being end.

As thus the hero pray'd, the lightning ceas'd,
And thicker darkness all the hill embrac'd.
He saw his suit deny'd: in fierce despair,
The rooted pines he tore, and cedars fair;
And from the crannies of the rifted rocks,
Twisted with force immense the stubborn oaks.
Of these upon the cliff a heap he laid,
And thus address'd me, as I stood dismay'd:
Behold, my friend! the ruler of the skies,
In agony invok'd, my suit denies;
But sure the oracle inspir'd from heaven,
Which in Dodona's sacred grove was given,
The truth declar'd; "that now my toils shall cease,
"And all my painful labours end in peace:

Peace, death can only bring: the raging smart,
Wrapt with my vitals, mocks each healing art.
Not all the plants that clothe the verdant field,
Not all the health a thousand mountains yield,
Which on their tops the sage physician finds,
Or digging from the veins of flint unbinds,
This fire can quench. And therefore, to obey
My last commands, prepare without delay.
When on this pile you see my limbs compos'd,
Shrink not, but bear what must not be oppos'd;
Approach, and, with an unrelenting hand,
Fix in the boughs beneath, a flaming brand.
I must not longer trust this madd'ning pain,
Lest some rash deed should all my glory stain.
Lychas I flew upon the Cœnian shore,
Who knew not, sure, the fatal gift he bore:
His guilt had taught him else to fly, nor wait,
Till from my rage he found a sudden fate.
I will not Deianira's action blame;
Let heav'n decide which only knows her aim:
Whether from hate with treacherous intent,
This fatal garment to her lord she sent;
Or, by the cunning of a foe betray'd,
His vengeance thus imprudently convey'd.
If this, or that, I urge not my command,
Nor claim her fate from thy avenging hand:
To lodge my lifeless bones is all I crave,
Safe and uninjur'd in the peaceful grave.

This with a hollow voice and alter'd look,
In agony extreme, the hero spoke.
I pour'd a flood of sorrow, and withdrew,
Amid the kindled groves, to pluck a bough;
With which the structure at the base I fir'd:
On ev'ry side the pointed flames aspir'd.
But ere involving smoke the pile enclos'd,
I saw the hero on the top repos'd;

Serene as one who, near the fountain laid,
At noon enjoys the cool refreshing shade.
The venom'd garment hiss'd; its touch the fires
Avoiding, stop'd oblique their pointed spires:
On ev'ry side the pointed flame withdrew,
And levell'd, round the burning structure flew.
At last victorious to the top they rose;
Firm and unmov'd the hero saw them close.
His soul unletter'd, fought the blest abodes,
By virtue rais'd to mingle with the gods.
His bones in earth, with pious hands, I laid;
The place to publish nothing shall persuade;
Lest tyrants now unaw'd, and men unjust,
With insults, should profane his sacred dust.
E'er since, I haunt this solitary den,
Retir'd from all the busy paths of men;
For these wild mountains only suit my state,
And sooth with kindred gloom my deep regret.

He ended thus: amazement long suppress'd
My voice; but Cleon answ'ring thus address'd:
Brave youth! you offer to our wond'ring ears,
Events more awful than tradition bears.
Fix'd in my mind the hero's fate remains,
I see his agonies, and feel his pains.
Yet suffer, that for hapless Thebes I mourn,
Whose fairest hopes the envious fates o'erturn.
If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand
Safe and protected by his mighty hand;
On you, brave youth! our second hopes depend;
To you the arms of Hercules descend;
He did not, sure, those glorious gifts bestow,
The shafts invincible, the mighty bow;
From which the innocent protection claim,
To dye the hills with blood of savage game.
Such toils as these your glory ne'er can raise,
Nor crown your merit with immortal praise;
And with the great Alcides place your name,
To stand distinguish'd in the rolls of fame.

The hero thus: The son of Pœan said:
Myself, my arms, I offer for your aid;
If sav'ring from the skies, the signs of Jove
Confirm what thus I purpose and approve.
For when Alcides, with his last commands,
His bow and shafts committed to my hands;
In all attempts he charg'd me to proceed
As Jove by signs and auguries should lead.
But these the rising sun will best disclose;
The season now invites to soft repose.

He said; and from the hearth a flaming bough,
To light us through the shady cavern drew.
Far in the deep recess, a rocky bed
We found, with skins of mountain monsters spread.
There we compos'd our weary limbs, and lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then rose and climb'd a promontory steep,
Whose rocky brow, impending o'er the deep,
Shoots high into the air, and lifts the eye,
In boundless stretch, to take a length of sky.
With hands extended to th' ethereal height,
The pow'r we call'd who rules the realms of light;
That symbols sure his purpose might explain,
Whether the youth should aid us, or refrain:
We pray'd; and on the left along the vales,
With pinions broad display'd, an eagle sails.
As near the ground his level flight he drew,
He stoop'd, and brush'd the thickets as he flew,
When starting from the centre of a brake,
With horrid hiss appear'd a crested snake;

Her young to guard, her venom'd fangs she rear'd;
Above the shrubs her wavy length appear'd;
Against his swift approaches, as he flew,
On ev'ry side her forked tongue she through,
And armed jaws; but wheeling from the snare
The swift assailant still escap'd in air;
But stooping from his pitch, at last he tore
Her purple crest, and drew a stream of gore.
She wreath'd; and, in the fierceness of her pain,
Shook the long thickets with her twisted train:
Relax'd at last, its spires forgot to roll,
And, in a hiss, she breath'd her fiery soul:
In haste to gorge his prey, the bird of Jove
Down to the bottom of the thicket drove;
The young defenceless from the covert drew;
Devour'd them straight, and to the mountains flew.
This omen seen, another worse we hear;
The subterraneous thunder greets our ear:
The worst of all the signs which augurs know;
A dire prognostic of impending woe.

Amaz'd we stood, till Philoctetes broke
Our long dejected silence thus, and spoke:
Warriors of Thebes! the auguries dissuade
My purpose, and withhold me from your aid;
Though pity moves me, and ambition draws,
To share your labours, and assert your cause;
In fight the arms of Hercules to show,
And from his native ramparts drive the foe.
But vain it is against the gods to strive;
Whose counsels ruin nations or retrieve;
Without their favour, valour nought avails,
And human prudence self-subverted fails;
For irresistibly their pow'r presides
In all events, and good and ill divides.
Let Thebes assembled at the altars wait,
And long processions crowd each sacred gate:
With sacrifice appeas'd, and humble pray'r,
Their omens frustrated, the gods may spare.
To-day, my guests, repose; to-morrow sail,
If heav'n propitious sends a prosp'rous gale:
For, shifting to the south, the western breeze
Forbids you now to trust the faithless seas.

The hero thus; in silence sad we mourn'd;
And to the solitary cave return'd,
Despairing of success; our grief he shar'd,
And for relief a cheering bowl prepar'd;
The vintage which the grape spontaneous yields,
By art untutor'd, on the woodland fields,
He sought with care, and mingled in the bowl,
A plant, of pow'r to calm the troubled soul;
Its name Nepenthe; swains, on desert ground,
Do often glean it, else but rarely found;
This in the bowl he mix'd; and soon we found,
In soft oblivion, all our sorrows drown'd:
We felt no more the agonies of care,
And hope, succeeding, dawn'd upon despair.
From morn we feasted, till the setting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Then in the dark recesses of the cave,
To slumber soft, our willing limbs we gave:
But ere the morning, from the east, appear'd,
And sooner than the early lark is heard,
Cleon awak'd, my careless slumber broke,
And bending to my ear, in whispers spoke:
Dienices! while slumbering thus secure,
We think not what our citizens endure. [pears
The worst the signs have threaten'd, nought ap-
With happier aspect to dispel our fears;

Alcides lives not, and his friend in vain
To arms we call, while auguries restrain:
Returning thus, we bring the Theban state
But hopes deceiv'd, and omens of her fate:
Better success our labours shall attend,
Nor all our aims in disappointment end;
If you approve my purpose, nor dissuade
What now I counsel for your country's aid.
Soon as the sun displays his early beam,
The arms of great Alcides let us claim;
Then for Bœotia's shores direct our sails;
And force must second if persuasion fails:
Against reproach necessity shall plead;
Censure confute, and justify the deed.

The hero thus, and ceas'd: with pity mov'd,
And zeal for Thebes, I rashly thus approv'd.
You counsel well; but prudence would advise
To work by cunning rather, and surprise,
Than force declar'd; his venom'd shafts you know,
Which fly resistless from th' Herculean bow;
A safe occasion now the silent hour
Of midnight yields; when, by the gentle pow'r
Of careless slumber bound, the hero lies,
Our necessary fraud will 'scape his eyes;
Without the aid of force shall reach its aim,
With danger less incurr'd, and less of blame.

I counsell'd thus; and Cleon straight approv'd.
In silence from the dark recess we mov'd;
Towards the hearth, with wary steps, we came,
The ashes stirr'd, and rous'd the slumb'ring flame.
On every side in vain we turn'd our eyes,
Nor, as our hopes had promis'd, found the prize:
Till to the couch where Philoctetes lay,
The quiver led us by its silver ray;
For in a panther's fur together ty'd,
His bow and shafts, the pillow's place supply'd;
Thither I went with careful steps and slow;
And by degrees obtain'd th' Herculean bow:
The quiver next to disengage essay'd;
It stuck entangled, but at last obey'd.
The prize obtain'd, we hasten to the strand,
And rouse the mariners and straight command
The canvass to unfurl: a gentle gale
Favour'd our course, and fill'd the swelling sail:
The shores retir'd; and when the morning ray
Ascended, from the deep, th' ethereal way;
Upon the right Cænæum's beach appear'd,
And Pelion on the left his summit rear'd.
All day we sail'd; but when the setting light
Approach'd the ocean, from th' Olympian height,
The breeze was hush'd: and, stretch'd across the
main,

Like mountains rising on the wat'ry plain,
The clouds collected on the billows stood,
And, with incumbent shade, obscur'd the flood.
Thither a current bore us; soon we found
A night of vapour closing fast around.
Loose hung the empty sail: we ply'd our oars,
And strove to reach Eubœa's friendly shores;
But strove in vain: for erring from the course,
In mazes wide, the rower spent his force.
Seven days and nights we try'd some port to gain,
Where Greek or barb'rous shores exclude the
main;

But knew not, whether backwards or before,
Or on the right or left to seek the shore:
Till, rising on the eighth, a gentle breeze
Drove the light fog, and brush'd the curling seas.

Our canvass to its gentle pow'r we spread,
And fix'd our oars, and follow'd as it led.
Before us soon, impending from above,
Through parting clouds, we saw a lofty grove,
Alarm'd, the sail we slacken, and explore
The deeps and shallows of the unknown shore.
Near on the right a winding creek appear'd,
Thither, directed by the pole, we steer'd;
And landed on the beach, by fate misled,
Nor knew again the port from which we fled.
The gods themselves deceiv'd us: to our eyes
New caverns open, airy cliffs arise;
That Philoctetes might again possess
His arms, and heav'n our injury redress.

The unknown region purpos'd to explore,
Cleon, with me alone, forsakes the shore;
Back to the cave we left by angry fate
Implicitely conducted, at the gate
The injur'd youth we found; a thick disguise
His native form conceal'd, and mock'd our eyes;
For the black locks in waving ringlets spread,
A wreath of hoary white involv'd his head,
Beneath a load of years, he seem'd to bend,
His breast to sink, his shoulders to ascend.
He saw us straight, and, rising from his seat,
Began with sharp reproaches to repeat
Our crime; but could not thus suspicion give;
So strong is error, when the gods deceive!
We question'd of the country as we came,
By whom inhabited, and what its name;
How far from Thebes: that thither we were
bound;

And thus the wary youth our error found.
Smooth'd to deceive, his accent straight he turn'd,
While in his breast the thirst of vengeance burn'd;
And thinking now his bow and shafts regain'd,
Reply'd with hospitable kindness feign'd:
On Ida's sacred height, my guests! you stand;
Here Priam rules, in peace, a happy land.
Twelve cities own him, on the Phrygian plain,
Their lord, and twelve fair islands on the main.
From hence to Thebes in seven days space you'll sail,
If Jove propitious sends a prosp'rous gale.
But now accept a homely meal, and deign
To share what heav'n affords a humble swain.

He said; and brought a bowl with vintage
fill'd,
From berries wild, and mountain grapes distill'd,
Of largest size; and plac'd it on a rock,
Under the covert of a spreading oak;
Around it autumn's mellow stores he laid,
Which the sun ripens in the woodland shade.
Our thirst and hunger thus at once allay'd,
To Cleon turning, Philoctetes said:
The bow you wear, of such unusual size,
With wonder still I view, and curious eyes;
For length, for thickness, and the workman's art,
Surpassing all I've seen in ev'ry part.

Dissembling, thus inquir'd the wary youth,
And thus your valiant son declar'd the truth:
Father! the weapon which you thus commend,
The force of great Alcides once did bend; [du'd,
These shafts the same which monsters fierce sub-
And lawless men with vengeance just pursu'd.

The hero thus; and Pœan's son again:
What now I ask, refuse not to explain:
Whether the hero still exerts his might,
For innocence oppress'd, and injur'd right?

Or yields to fate ; and with the mighty dead,
From toil repofes in the Elyfian fhafe !
Sure, if he liv'd, he would not thus forgo
His fhafts invincible and mighty bow,
By which, he oft immortal honour gain'd
For wrongs redrefs'd and lawlefs force refrain'd.

The rage fuppreſs'd which in his boſom burn'd,
He queſtion'd thus ; and Cleon thus return'd :
What we have heard of Hercules, I'll ſhow
What by report we learn'd, and what we know.
From Thebes to Oeta's wildernefs we went,
With fupplications, to the hero, ſent
From all our princes ; that he would exert
His matchlefs valour on his country's part,
Againſt whoſe ſtate united foes conſpire,
And waſte her wide domain with ſword and fire.
'There on the cliffs which bound the neighb'ring
main,

We found the manſion of a lonely ſwain ;
Much like to this, but that its rocky mouth
The cooling north reſpects, as this the ſouth ;
And, in a corner of the cave conceal'd,
The club which great Alcides us'd to wield.
Wrapt in his ſhaggy robe, the lion's ſpoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
At ev'n a hunter in the cave appear'd ;
From whom the fate of Hercules we heard.
He told us that he ſaw the chief expire,
That he himſelf did light his fun'ral fire ;
And boated, that the hero had reſign'd
To him, this bow and quiver, as his friend :
Oft ſeen before, theſe deadly ſhafts we know,
And tip'd with ſtars of gold th' Herculean bow :
But of the hero's fate, the tale he told,
Whether 'tis true I cannot now unfold.

He ſpoke. The youth with indignation burn'd,
Yet calm in outward ſemblance, thus return'd :
I muſt admire the man who could reſign
To you theſe arms ſo precious and divine,
Which, to the love of ſuch a friend, he ow'd,
Great was the gift if willingly beſtow'd :
By force they could not eaſily be gain'd,
And fraud, I know, your gen'rous ſouls diſdain'd.

Severely ſmiling, thus the hero ſpoke ;
With conſcious ſhame we heard, nor ſilence broke :
And thus again : The only boon I claim,
Which, to your hoſt deny'd, would merit blame ;
Is, that my hands that weapon may embrace,
And on the flaxen cord an arrow place ;
An honour which I covet ; though we mourn'd,
By great Alcides, once our ſtate o'erturn'd :
When proud Laomedon the hero brav'd,
Nor paid the ranſom for his daughter ſav'd.

Diſſembling thus, did Philoctetes ſtrive
His inſtruments of vengeance to retrieve :
And, by the fates deceiv'd, in evil hour,
The bow and ſhafts we yielded to his pow'r,
In mirthful mood, provoking him to try
Whether the weapon would his force obey ;
For weak he ſeem'd, like thoſe whoſe nerves have
loſt,

Through age, the vigour which in youth they
The belt around his ſhoulders firſt he flung,
And glitt'ring by his ſide the quiver hung :
Compreſs'd with all his force the ſtubborn yew
He bent, and from the caſe an arrow drew :
And yielding to his rage, in furious mood,
With aim direct againſt us full he flood,

For vengeance arm'd ; and now the thick diſguiſe,
Which veil'd his form before, and mock'd our eyes,
Vanish'd in air ; our error then appear'd ;
I ſaw the vengeance of the gods, and fear'd.
Before him to the ground my knees I bow'd,
And, with extended hands, for mercy ſu'd.
But Cleon, fierce and ſcorning to entreat,
His weapon drew, and ruſh'd upon his fate :
For as he came, the fatal arrow flew,
And from his heart the vital current drew ;
Supine he fell ; and, welling from the wound,
A tide of gore impurpled all the ground.
The ſon Pœan ſtooping drew the dart,
Yet warm with ſlaughter, from the hero's heart ;
And turn'd it full on me : with humble pray'r
And liſted hands, I mov'd him ſtill to ſpare.
At laſt he yielded, from his purpoſe ſway'd,
And anſw'ring thus in milder accents, ſaid :
No favour ſure you merit ; and the cauſe,
Of right infrin'd and hoſpitable laws,
Would juſtify revenge ; but as you claim,
With Hercules, your native ſoil the ſame ;
I now ſhall pardon for the hero's ſake,
Nor, though the gods approve it, vengeance take.
But ſtraight avoid my preſence ; and unbind,
With ſpeed, your flying canvafs to the wind :
For if again to meet thoſe eyes you come,
No pray'rs ſhall change, or mitigate your doom.

With frowning aſpect thus the hero ſaid,
His threats I fear'd, and willingly obey'd.
Straight in his purple robe the dead I bound,
Then to my ſhoulders rais'd him from the ground ;
And from the hills deſcending to the bay,
Where anchor'd near the beach our galley lay,
The reſt conven'd, with ſorrow to relate
This anger of the gods and Cleon's fate :
The hero's fate his bold companions mourn'd,
And ev'ry breaſt with keen reſentment burn'd.
They in their heady tranſports ſtraight decreed,
His fall with vengeance to requite or bleed.
I fear'd the angry gods ; and gave command,
With ſail and oar, to fly the fatal ſtrand ;
Enrag'd and ſad, the mariners obey'd,
Unfurl'd the canvafs, and the anchor weigh'd.
Our courſe, behind, the weſtern breezes ſped,
And from the coaſt with heavy hearts we fled.
All day they favour'd, but with evening ceas'd ;
And ſtraight a tempeſt, from the ſtormy eaſt,
In oppoſition full, began to blow,
And rear in ridges high the deep below.
Againſt its boiſt'rous ſway in vain we ſtrove ;
Obliquely to the Thracian coaſt we drove :
Where Pelion liſts his head aloft in air,
With painted cliffs and precipices bare ;
Thither our courſe we ſleer'd, and on the ſtrand
Deſcending, fix'd our cable to the land.
There twenty days we ſtay'd, and wiſh'd in vain
A favourable breeze, to croſs the main ;
For with unceaſing rage the tempeſt rav'd,
And o'er the rocky beach the ocean heav'd.
At laſt with care the hero's limbs we burn'd,
And, water'd with our tears, his bones inurn'd.
There, where a promontory's height divides,
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,
His tomb is ſeen, which, from its airy ſtand,
Marks to the mariner the diſtant land.

'This, princes ! is the truth ; and though the will
Of heav'n, the ſov'reign cauſe of good and ill.

Has dash'd our hopes, and, for the good in view,
With griefs afflicts us and disasters new :
Yet, innocent of all, I justly claim
To stand exempt from punishment or blame.
That zeal for Thebes 'gainst hospitable laws
Prevail'd, and ardour in my country's cause,
I freely have confess'd ; but sure if wrong
Was e'er permitted to inducement strong,
This claims to be excus'd : our country's need,
With all who hear it will for favour plead.

He ended thus. Unable to subdue [drew :
His grief: the monarch from the throne with-
In silent wonder fix'd, the rest remain'd ;
Till Clytophon the gen'ral sense explain'd ;

Your just defence, we mean not to refuse ;
Your prudence censure, or your zeal accuse :
To heav'n we owe the valiant Cleon's fate,
With each disaster which afflicts the state.
Soon as the sun forsakes the eastern main,
At ev'ry altar let a bull be slain ;
And Thebes assembled, move the pow'rs to spare,
With vows of sacrifice and humble pray'r :
But now the night invites to soft repose,
The momentary cure of human woes ;
The stars descend ; and soon the morning ray
Shall rouse us to the labours of the day.
The hero thus. In silence all approv'd,
And rising, various, from th' assembly mov'd.

B O O K VIII.

BEHIND the palace, where a stream descends,
Its lonely walks a shady grove extends ;
Once sacred, now for common use ordain'd,
By war's wide licence and the axe profan'd :
Thither the monarch from th' assembly went
Alone, his fury and despair to vent,
And thus to Heav'n : Dread pow'r ! whose sove-
reign sway

The fates of men and mortal things obey !
From me expect not such applause to hear,
As fawning vot'ries to thine altars bear ;
But truth severe. Although the forked brand,
Which for destruction arms thy mighty hand,
Were levell'd at my head ; a mind I hold,
By present ills, or future, uncontroll'd.
Beneath thy sway the race of mortals groan ;
Felicity sincere is felt by none :
Delusive hope th' unpractis'd mind assails,
And, by ten thousand treach'rous arts prevails :
Through all the earth the fair deceiver strays,
And wretched man to misery betrays.
Our crimes you punish, never teach to shun,
When, blind to folly, on our fate we run :
Hence sighs and groans thy tyrant reign confess,
With ev'ry rueful symptom of distress.
Here war unchain'd exerts his wasteful pow'r ;
Here famine pines ; diseases there devour,
And lead a train of all the ills that know
To shorten life, or lengthen it in woe.
All men are curst ; but I, above the rest,
With tenfold vengeance for my crimes oppress'd :
With hostile pow'rs beset my tott'ring reign,
The people wasted, and my children slain ;
In swift approach, I see destruction come,
But, with a mind unmoy'd, I meet my doom ;
For know, stern pow'r ! whose vengeance has
decreed

That Creon, after all his sons, should bleed ;
As from the summit of some desert rock,
The sport of tempests, falls the leafless oak,
Of all his honours stript, thou ne'er shalt find,
Weakly submits, or stupidly resign'd
This dauntless heart ; but purpos'd to debate
Thy stern decrees, and burst the chains of fate.

He said ; and turning where the heralds stand
All night by turns, and wait their lord's command ;
Menestheus there and Hegesander found,
And Phæmius sage, for valour once renown'd,
He charg'd them thus : Beyond the eastern tow'rs,
Summon to meet in arms our martial pow'rs.
In silence let them move ; let signs command,
And mute obedience reign through ev'ry band ;
For when the east with early twilight glows,
We rush, from cover'd ambush, on our foes
Secure and unprepar'd : the truce we swore,
Our plighted faith, the seal of wine and gore,
No ties I hold ; all piety disclaim :
Adverse to me the gods, and I to them.
The angry monarch thus his will declar'd ;
His rage the heralds fear'd, and straight repair'd
To rouse the warriors. Now the morning light
Begins to mingle with the shades of night :
In ev'ry street a glitt'ring stream appears,
Of polish'd helmets mix'd with shining spears :
Towards the eastern gate they drive along,
Nations and tribes, an undistinguish'd throng ?
Creon himself superior, in his car,
Receiv'd them coming, and dispos'd the war.

And now the Argives from their tents proceed,
With rites sepulchral to entomb the dead.
The king of men, amid the fun'ral fires,
The chiefs assemble, and the work inspires.
And thus the Pelian sage, in council wise :
Princes ! I view, with wonder and surprise,
Yon field abandon'd, where the foe pursu'd
Their fun'ral rites before, with toil renew'd :
Nor half their dead interr'd, they now abstain,
And silence reigns through all the smoky plain,
Thence jealousy and fear possess my mind
Of faith infrig'd, and treachery design'd :
Behind those woody heights, behind those tow'rs,
I dread, in ambush laid, the Theban pow'rs ;
With purpose to assault us, when they know
That we, confiding, least expect a foe :
Let half the warriors arm, and stand prepar'd,
For sudden violence, the host to guard ;
While, in the mournful rites, the rest proceed,
Due to the honour'd relics of the dead.

Thus as he spoke ; approaching from afar,
The hostile pow'rs, embattled for the war,
Appear'd ; and streaming from their polish'd
shields,

A blaze of splendour brighten'd all the fields.
And thus the king of men, with lifted eyes,
And both his hands extended to the skies :
Ye pow'rs supreme ! whose unresisted sway
The fate of men and mortal things obey !
Let all the plagues, which perjury attend,
At once, and sudden, on our foes descend :
Let not the sacred seal of wine and gore,
The hands we plighted, and the oaths we swore,
Be now in vain ; but from your bright abodes,
Confound the bold despisers of the gods.

He pray'd ; and nearer came the hostile train,
With swift approach advancing on the plain ;
Embattled thick, as when, at fall of night,
A shepherd, from some promontory's height,
Approaching from the deep, a fog describes,
Which hov'ring lightly o'er the billows flies ;
By breezes borne, the solid soon it gains,
Climbs the steep hills, and darkens all the
plains !

Silent and swift the Theban pow'rs drew near ;
The chariots led, a phalanx clos'd the rear.

Confusion straight through all the host arose,
Stirr'd like the ocean when a tempest blows.
Some arm for fight ; the rest to terror yield,
Inactive stand, or trembling quit the field.
On ev'ry side, assaults the deafen'd ear
The discord loud of tumult, rage, and fear.
Superior in his car, with ardent eyes,
The king of men through all the army flies :
The rash restrains, the cold with courage fires,
And all with hope and confidence inspires ;
As when the deep, in liquid mountains hurl'd,
Assaults the rocky limits of the world :
When tempests with unlicenc'd fury rave,
And sweep from shore to shore the flying wave :
If he, to whom each pow'r of ocean bends,
To quell such uproar, from the deep ascends,
Serene, amidst the wat'ry war, he rides,
And fixes, with his voice, the moving tides :
Such seem'd the monarch. From th' Olympian
height,

The martial maid precipitates her flight ;
To aid her fav'rite host the goddess came,
Mentor she seem'd, her radiant arms the same ;
Who with Ulysses brought a chosen band
Of warriors from the Cephallenian strand ;
Already arm'd, the valiant youth she found,
And arming for the fight his warriors round.
And thus began : Brave prince ! our foes appear
For battle order'd, and the fight is near.
Dauntless they come superior and elate,
While fear unmans us, and resigns to fate.
Would some immortal from th' Olympian height
Descend, and for a moment stop the fight ;
From sad dejection rous'd, and cold despair,
We yet might arm us, and for war prepare ;
But if on human aid we must depend,
Nor hope to see the fav'ring gods descend,
Great were the hero's praise, who now could boast
From ruin imminent to save the host !
The danger near some prompt expedient claims,
And prudence triumphs o'er in worst extremes.

Thus, in a form assum'd, the martial maid ;
The generous warrior, thus replying, said :
In youth, I cannot hope to win the praise,
With which experience crowns a length of
days :

Weak are the hopes that on my counsels stand,
To combats, nor practis'd in command :
But as the gods, to save a sinking state,
Or snatch an army from the jaws of fate,
When prudence stands confounded, oft suggest
A prompt expedient to some vulgar breast ;
To your discerning ear I shall expose
What now my mind excites me to disclose.
Sav'd from th' unfinish'd honours of the slain,
The mingled spoils of forests load the plain :
In heaps contiguous round the camp they lie,
A fence too weak to stop the enemy :
But if we mix them with the seeds of fire,
Which unextinguish'd glow in ev'ry pyre,
Against the foe a sudden wall shall rise,
Of flame and smoke ascending to the skies :
The steed dismay'd shall backward hurl the car ;
Mix with the phalanx, and confound the war.

He said. The goddess, in her conscious breast,
A mother's triumph for a son possess'd,
Who emulates his fire in glorious deeds,
And, with his virtue, to his fame succeeds :
Graceful the goddess turn'd, and with a voice,
Bold, and superior to the vulgar noise,
O'er all the field commands the woods to fire ;
Straight to obey a thousands hands conspire.
On ev'ry side the spreading flame extends,
And, roll'd in cloudy wreaths, the smoke ascends.

Creon beheld, enrag'd to be withstood :
Like some fierce lion when he meets a flood
Or trench defensive, which his rage restrains
For flocks unguarded, left by careless swains ;
O'er all the field he sends his eyes afar,
To mark fit entrance for a pointed war :
Near on the right a narrow space he found,
Where fun'ral ashes smok'd upon the ground :
Thither the warriors of the Theban host,
Whose martial skill he priz'd and valour most,
The monarch sent, Chalcidamus the strong,
Who from fair Thespia led his martial throng,
Where Helicon erects his verdant head,
And crowns the campaign with a lofty shade :
Oechalia's chief was added to the band,
For valour fam'd and skilful in command ;
Eriheus, with him, his brother came,
Of worth unequal, and unequal fame.
Rhesus, with these, the Thracian leader, went,
To merit fame, by high achievements, bent ;
Of stature tall, he scorns the pointed spear,
And crushes with his mace the ranks of war :
With him twelve leaders of his native train,
In combats, taught the bounding steed to rein,
By none surpass'd who boast superior skill
To send the winged arrow swift to kill,
Mov'd to the fight. The rest of vulgar name,
Though brave in combat, were unknown to fame.

Their bold invasion dauntless to oppose,
Full in the midst the bulk of Ajax rose ;
Unarm'd he stood ; but, in his mighty hand,
Brandish'd, with gesture fierce, a burning brand,
Snatch'd from the ashes of a fun'ral fire ;
An olive's trunk, five cubit lengths entire.

Arm'd for the fight, the Cretan monarch stood;
 And Merion, thirsting still with hostile blood;
 The prince of Ithaca, with him who led
 The youth, in Sicyon, and Pellene, bred.
 But ere they clos'd, the Thracian leader press'd,
 With eager courage, far before the rest;
 Him Ajax met, inflam'd with equal rage:
 Between the wond'ring hosts the chiefs engage:
 Their weighty weapons round their heads they
 throw,

And swift, and heavy falls each thund'ring blow;
 As when in Ætna's caves the giant brood,
 The one-ey'd servants of the Lemnian god,
 In order round the burning anvil stand,
 And forge, with weighty strokes the forked brand:
 The shaking hills their fervid toil confess,
 And echoes rattling through each dark recess:
 So rag'd the fight; their mighty limbs they
 strain;

And oft their pond'rous maces fall in vain:
 For neither chief was destin'd yet to bleed;
 But fate at last the victory decreed.
 The Salaminian hero aim'd a stroke,
 Which thund'ring on the Thracian helmet broke:
 Stunn'd by the boist'rous shock, the warrior
 reel'd

With giddy poise, then sunk upon the field.
 Their leader to defend, his native train
 With speed advance, and guard him on the plain.
 Against his foe, their threat'ning lances rise,
 And aim'd at once, a storm of arrows flies;
 Around the chief on ev'ry side they sing;
 One in his shoulder fix'd its barbed sting.
 Amaz'd he stood, nor could the fight renew:
 But slow and fullen from the foe withdrew.
 Straight to the charge Idomeneus proceeds,
 With hardy Merion try'd in martial deeds,
 Laertes' valiant son, and he who led
 The youth in Sicyon, and Pellene, bred;
 With force united, these the foe sustain,
 And wasteful havoc loads the purple plain:
 In doubtful poise the scales of combat sway'd,
 And various fates alternately obey'd. [foe,

But now the flames, which barr'd th' invading
 Sunk to the wasted wood, in ashes glow:
 Thebes rushes to the fight; their polish'd shields
 Gleam through the smoke, and brightens all the
 fields;

Thick fly the embers, where the coursers tread,
 And cloudy volumes all the welkin shade.
 The king of men, to meet the tempest, fires
 His wav'ring bands, and valour thus inspires.
 Gods! shall one fatal hour deface the praise
 Of all our sleepless nights, and bloody days?
 Shall no just meed for all our toils remain?
 Our labours, blood, and victories in vain?
 Shall Creon triumph, and his impious brow
 Claim the fair wreath, to truth and valour due?
 No, warriors! by the heav'nly pow'rs, is weigh'd
 Justice with wrong, in equal balance laid:
 From Jove's high roof depend th' eternal scales,
 Wrong mounts defeated still, and right prevails.
 Fear then no odds; on heav'n itself depend,
 Which falsehood will confound, and truth defend.

He said; and sudden in the shock they close,
 Their shields and helmets ring with mutual
 blows,

Disorder dire the mingling ranks confounds,
 And shouts of triumph mix with dying sounds;
 As fire, with wasteful conflagration spreads,
 And kindles, in its course, the woodland shades,
 When, shooting sudden from the clouds above,
 On some thick forest fall the flames of Jove;
 The lofty oaks, the pines and cedars burn,
 Their verdant honours all to ashes turn;
 Loud roars the tempest; and the trembling swains
 See the wide havoc of the wasted plains:
 Such seem'd the conflict; such the dire alarms,
 From shouts of battle mix'd with din of arms.
 Phorides first, Lycaon's valiant son,
 The sage whose counsels propp'd the Theban
 throne,

Rose in the fight, superior to the rest,
 And brave Democleon's fall his might confess'd,
 The chief and leader of a valiant band,
 From fair Eione and th' Asinian strand.
 Next Asius, Iphitus, and Crates fell;
 Terynthian Podius trode the path of hell:
 And Schedius, from Mazeta's fruitful plain,
 Met there his fate, and perish'd with the slain.
 Aw'd by their fall, the Argive bands give way;
 As yields some rampart to the ocean's sway,
 When rous'd to rage, it scorns opposing mounds,
 And sweeps victorious through forbidden grounds.

But Pallas, anxious for her fav'rite host,
 Their best already wounded, many lost,
 Ulysses sought: she found him, in the rear,
 Wounded and faint, and leaning on his spear.
 And thus in Mentor's form: Brave prince! I dread
 Our hopes defeated, and our fall decreed:
 For conqu'ring on the right the foe prevails,
 And all defence against their fury fails;
 While here, in doubtful poise, the battle sways,
 And various fates alternately obeys;
 In great Tydides, who beholds from far
 Our danger imminent, yet shuns the war,
 Held by resentment, or some cause unknown,
 Regardless of our safety and his own,
 Would rise to aid us; yet we might respire,
 And Creon, frustrated, again retire.
 Great were his praise, who could the chief per-
 suade,

In peril so extreme, the host to aid.
 The fittest you, who boast the happy skill,
 With pleasing words, to move the fixed will;
 Though Nestor justly merits equal fame,
 A friend the soonest will a friend reclaim.

And thus Ulysses to the martial maid:
 I cannot hope the hero to persuade:
 The source unknown from which his rage pro-
 ceeds,

Reason in vain from loose conjecture pleads;
 The fatal truce, with faithless Creon made,
 Provokes him not, nor holds him from our aid;
 He easily resign'd whate'er he mov'd,
 Till now approving as the rest approv'd,
 Some dire disaster, some disgrace unseen,
 Confounds his steady temper, else serene:
 But with my utmost search, I'll strive to find
 The secret griefs which wound his gen'rous mind;
 If drain'd of blood, and spent with toils of war,
 My weary limbs can bear their load so far.

He spoke; his words the martial maid admir'd;
 With energy divine his breast inspir'd;

Lightly the hero mov'd, and took his way
Where broad encamp'd th' Ætolian warriors lay:
Already arm'd he found the daring band,
Fierce and impatient of their lord's command;
Some, murm'ring, round the king's pavilion
stood,

While others, more remote, complain'd aloud:
With pleasing words he sooth'd them as he went,
And sought their valiant leader in his tent:
Him pond'ring deep in his distracted mind,
He found, and sitting sad, with head declin'd.
He thus address'd him: Will the news I bring,
Afflict, or gratify, th' Ætolian king?

"That wav'ring on the brink of foul defeat,
Without the hopes of success or retreat,
Our valiant bands th' unequal fight maintain;
Their best already wounded, many slain."
If treach'rous Thebes has brib'd you with her
store, [swore;

And bought the venal faith which once you
Has promis'd precious ore, or lovely dames,
And pays to lust the price which treason claims:
Name but the proffers of the perjur'd king,
And more, and better, from your friends I'll
bring;

Vast sums of precious ore, and greater far
Than Thebes, in peace, had treasur'd for the war;
Or, though, to gratify thy boundless mind,
Her private wealth and public were combin'd.
If beauty's pow'r your am'rous heart inflames,
Unrivall'd are Achaia's lovely dames;
Her fairest dames Adrastus shall bestow,
And purchase thus the aid you freely owe.
Gods! that our armies e'er should need to fear
Destruction, and the son of Tydeus near!

Ulysses thus; and Tydeus' son again:
Your false reproaches aggravate my pain
Too great already: in my heart I feel
Its venom'd sting, more sharp than pointed steel.
No bribe persuades, or promise from the foe,
My oath to vi'late, and the war forego:
In vain for this were all the precious store,
Which trading Zidon wafts from shore to shore;
With all that rich Iberia yet contains,
Safe and unrifled in her golden veins.
The source from which my miseries arise,
The cause, which to the host my aid denies,
With truth I shall relate; and hope to claim
Your friendly sympathy, for groundless blame.
In yonder walls a captive maid remains,
To me more dear than all the world contains;
Fairer she is than nymph was ever fair;
Pallas in stature, and majestic air;
As Venus soft, with Cynthia's sprightly grace,
When on Taigetus she leads the chase,
Or Erymanthus; while in fix'd amaze,
At awful distance heard, the satyrs gaze.
With oaths divine our plighted faith we bound;
Hymen had soon our mutual wishes crown'd;
When, call'd to arms, against the Theban tow'rs,
From Calydon I led my martial pow'rs.
Her female form in martial arms conceal'd,
With me she brav'd the terrors of the field:
Unknown and unrewarded, from my side
No toil could drive her, and no shock divide.
But now proud Thebes injuriously detains
The lovely virgin, lock'd in hostile chains;

Doom'd, and reserv'd to perish, for my sake,
If of your counsels, I, or works, partake;
Till twenty mornings in the east shall rise,
And twenty ev'nings gild the western skies.
See then the cause which holds me, and confines
My arm, to aid you, though my heart inclines;
Love mix'd with pity, whose restraints I feel
Than adamant more strong, and links of steel.

The hero thus. Laertes' son reply'd:
Oft have I heard what now is verify'd;
That still when passion reigns without controul,
Its sway confounds and darkens all the soul.
If Thebes, by perjury, the gods provok'd,
The vengeance slighted, by themselves invok'd;
Assaulted us, secure, with hostile arms,
And mix'd our pious rites with dire alarms:
With better faith, by faithless Creon sway'd,
Will they at last restore the captive maid?
When from their battlements and lofty spires,
They see their champaign shine with hostile fires;
And, pitch'd around them, hosts of armed foes,
With strict embrace, their straiten'd walls enclose:
The gods they scorn as impotent and vain:
What will they do, when you alone remain?
Our princes fall'n, the vulgar warriors fled,
Shall to your tent the captive fair be led?
Or rather must you see her matchless charms
Reserv'd to bless some hapless rival's arms;
While rage and jealousy divide your breast,
No present friend to pity, or assist?
Now rather rise: and, ere it is too late,
Rescue our armies from impending fate.
The captive maid uninjur'd you'll regain;
Force oft obtains what justice asks in vain.
With success thus your wishes shall be crown'd,
Which trust in Thebes would frustrate and con-
found.

Ulysses thus: his weighty words inclin'd,
Long tortur'd with suspense, the hero's mind;
As settling winds the moving deep controul,
And teach the wav'ring billows how to roll:
Straight from his seat th' Ætolian warrior rose;
His mighty limbs the martial greaves enclose;
His breast and thighs in polish'd steel he dress'd;
A plumed helmet next his temples press'd:
From the broad baldric, round his shoulders flung,
His shining sword and starry faulchion hung:
The spear he last assum'd, and pond'rous shield,
With martial grace, and issu'd to the field:
To mingle in the fight, with eager haste
He rush'd, nor call'd his warriors as he past.
Ulysses these conven'd; his prudent care
Their ranks dispos'd, and led them to the war.
Afar distinguish'd by his armour bright,
With shouts Tydides rous'd the ling'ring fight;
Through all the host his martial voice resounds,
And ev'ry heart with kindling ardour bounds;
As when the sun ascends, with gladsome ray,
To light the weary traveller on his way;
Or cheer the mariner by tempest toss'd
Amidst the dangers of some per'ous coast:
So to his wishing friends Tydides came;
Their danger such before, their joy the same.

Phericles saw; and, springing from the throng,
Call'd the bold Thebans, as he rush'd along:
Ye gen'rous youths! whom fair Boeotia breeds,
The nurse of valour and heroic deeds:

Let not, though oft renew'd, these tedious toils
Your martial ardour quench, and damp your souls.
Tydides comes; and leads, in armour bright,
His native bands, impatient for the fight:
Myself the first the hero's arm shall try,
And teach you how to conquer, or to die.
We strive not now, as when, in days of peace,
Some prince's hymeneal rites to grace,
In list'd fields bedew'd with fragrant oil,
In combat feign'd, the mimic warriors toil;
Alike the victors, and the vanquish'd fare,
And genial feasts, to both, conclude the war:
We now must conquer: or it stands decreed
That Thebes shall perish, and her people bleed.
No hopes of peace remain; nor can we find
New gods to witness, or new oaths to bind,
The first infrig'd: and therefore must prepare
To stand or perish by the lot of war:
Then let us all undaunted brave our fate:
To stop is doubtful, desp'rate to retreat.

The hero thus; and to the battle led:
Like Mars, he seem'd, in radiant armour clad,
Tow'ring sublime: behind his ample shield
He mov'd to meet Tydides on the field:
As when at noon, descending to the rills,
Two herds encounter, from the neighbouring hills:
Before the rest, the rival bulls prepare,
With awful prelude, for th' approaching war;
With desp'rate horns they plough the smoking
ground;

Their hideous roar the hollow caves resound;
Heav'd o'er their backs the streaming sand ascends;
Their stern encounter both the herds suspends:
So met the chiefs; and such amazement quell'd
The rest, and in suspense the combat held.
Tydides first his weighty weapon threw,
Wide of the mark with erring force it flew.
Phericles! thine succeeds with happier aim,
Full to the centre of the shield it came:
But slightly join'd, unequal to the stroke,
Short from the steel, the staff in splinters broke.
With grief Tydides saw his aim deceiv'd;
From off the field a pond'rous rock he heav'd;
With figures rude of antique sculpture grac'd,
It mark'd the reliques of a man deceas'd;
Push'd at his foe the weighty mass he flung;
Thund'ring it fell; the Theban helmet rung:
Deep with the brain the dinted steel it mix'd,
And lifeless, on the ground, the warrior fix'd.

Aw'd by his fall, the Theban bands retire;
As flocks defenceless shun a lion's ire;
At once they yield, unable to withstand
The wide destruction of Tydides' hand.
Disorder soon, the form of war confounds,
And shouts of triumph mix with dying sounds.
Creon perceiv'd, where ruling on the right
In equal poise he held the scales of fight,
Blaspheming heav'n, he impiously resign'd,
To stern despair, his unsubmitting mind:
Yet, vers'd in all the various turns of fate,
The brisk assault to rule, or safe retreat,

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He drew his firm battalions from the foe,
In martial order, regularly flow.
The Argive leaders, thund'ring in the rear,
Still forwards on the yielding squadrons bear:
The strife with unabated fury burns,
They stop; they combat, and retreat by turns;
As the grim lion sourly leaves the plains,
By dogs compell'd, and bands of armed swains;
Indignant to his woody haunts he goes,
And with retorted glare restrains his foes.

Meanwhile Tydides, near the Cadmean gate,
Urg'd with incessant toil the work of fate;
Towards the walls, an undistinguish'd throng,
The victors and the vanquish'd, rush'd along.
Access to both the guarded wall denies;
From ev'ry tow'r, a storm of jav'lins flies;
Thick as the hail descends, when Boreas flings
The rattling tempest from his airy wings:
So thick the jav'lins fell, and pointed spears;
Behind them close, another host appears,
In order'd columns rang'd, by Creon led:
Ulysses saw; and thus to Diomed:
Bold as you are, avoid these guarded tow'rs:
From loose pursuit recal your scatter'd pow'rs:
See Creon comes; his thick embattled train,
In phalanx join'd, approaches from the plain.
Here if we stay th' unequal fight to prove,
The tow'rs and ramparts threaten from above
With darts and stones; while to th' invading foe,
In order loose, our scatter'd ranks we show;
Nor by your matchless valour hope, in vain,
Such odds to conquer, and the fight maintain;
Against an army single force must lose;
Immod'rate courage still like folly shows.
See where into the field you turret calls,
Drawn to a point the long-extended walls:
There force your way, and speedily regain
The space, and safety of the open plain.

Ulysses thus; and by his prudence sway'd,
The martial son of Tydeus strait obey'd.
Thrice to the height the hero rais'd his voice,
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
The signal of retreat; his warriors heard,
And round their chief in order'd ranks appear'd,
Drawn from the mingled tumult of the plain;
As, sever'd on the floor, the golden grain
Swells to a heap; while, whirling through the
skies,

The dusty chaff in thick disorder flies;
Tydides leads; between the guarded tow'rs
And hostile ranks, he draws his martial pow'rs
Towards the plain; as mariners, with oar
And sail, avoid some promontory's shore;
When caught between the ocean and the land,
A sudden tempest bears them on the strand;
The stem opposing to its boist'rous sway,
They shun the cape and stretch into the bay:
So 'scap'd Tydides. Cover'd by their tow'rs,
In safety stood retir'd the Theban pow'rs,
For from above an iron tempest rain'd,
And the incursions of the foe restrain'd.

D

BOOK IX.

AND now the king of men his army calls,
Back from the danger of th' impending walls;
They quit the combat, and in order long
The field possess, a phalanx deep and strong.
Rank following rank, the Theban squadrons move
Still to the rampart, and the tow'rs above:
Creon himself, unwilling, quits the field,
Enrag'd, defeated, and constrain'd to yield,
'Gainst all his foes his indignation burns,
But first on Diomed its fury turns.

He call'd a vulgar warrior from the crowd,
A villain dark, and try'd in works of blood,
Erembus nam'd, of huge gigantic size,
With cloudy features mark'd, and downcast eyes;
Cold and inactive still in combat found,
Nor wont to kindle at the trumpet's sound;
But bold in villany when pow'r commands;
A weapon fitted for a tyrant's hands.

And thus the wrathful monarch: take this sword,
A sign, to all my servants, from their lord;
And hither bring the fair Ætolian's head;
I, who command you, will reward the deed:
But let not pity or remorse prevail;
Your own shall answer, if in aught you fail.

He said; the murd'rer, practis'd to obey,
The royal sword receiv'd, and took his way
Straight to the palace, where the captive fair,
Of hope bereft, and yielding to despair,
Lamenting sat. Their mutual griefs to blend,
The queen and all the royal maids attend.
And thus the queen: fair stranger! shall your
grief

All hopes reject of comfort and relief?
Your woes I've measur'd, all your sorrows known;
And find them light when balanc'd with my own.
In one sad day my valiant sire I mourn'd;
My brothers slain; my native walls o'erturn'd;
Myself a captive destin'd to fulfil,
In servile drudgery, a master's will;
Yet to a fall so low, the gods decreed
This envy'd height of greatness to succeed.
The pow'rs above, for purposes unknown,
Oft raise the fall'n, and bring the lofty down;
Elude the vigilance of all our care:
Our surest hopes deceive, and mock despair.
Let no desponding thoughts your mind possess,
To banish hope, the medicine of distress:
For nine short days your freedom will restore,
And break the bondage which you thus deplore.
But I, alas! unhappy still, must mourn,
Joys once possess'd, which never can return;
Four valiant sons, who perish'd on the plain
In this dire strife, a fifth on Oeta slain:
These shall return to bless my eyes no more;
The grave's dark mansion knows not to restore,
For time, which bids so oft the solar ray
Repeat, with light renew'd, th' ethereal way,
And from the soil, by heat and vernal winds,
To second life the latent plant unbinds,

Again to flourish, nurs'd by wholesome dews,
Never to mortal man his life renews.
These griefs are sure; but others still I fear;
A royal husband lost, and bondage near;
Myself, my daughters, dragg'd by hostile hands;
Our dignity exchange'd for servile bands:
All this the gods may purpose and fulfil;
And we with patience must endure their will.

As thus Laodice her sorrow try'd
With sympathy to sooth; the maid reply'd:
Great queen! on whom the sov'reign pow'rs
bestow

A gen'rous heart to feel another's woe;
Let still untouch'd through life your honours last,
With happier days to come for sorrows past!
Yet strive, not thus a hopeless wretch to cheer,
Whom sure conjecture leads the worst to fear.

Shall Diomed a public cause forego,
His faithful friends betray, and trust a foe?
By treachery behold the host o'erthrown,
Renounce the public interest and his own?
Shall kings and armies, in the balance laid,
Avail not to outweigh a single maid?
One, whom his fury falsely did reprove
For crimes unknown, whose only crime was love:
No, sure ere this he triumphs in the field;
Your armies to his matchless valour yield:
And soon submitting to the fatal blow,
This head must gratify a vanquish'd foe.

If symbols e'er the secret fates explain,
If visions do not always warn in vain,
If dreams do ever true prognostics prove,
And dreams, the fates say, descend from Jove,
My fate approaches: late at dead of night:
My veins yet freeze with horror and affright!
I thought that, all forsaken and alone,
Pensive I wander'd far through ways unknown,
A gloomy twilight, neither night nor day
Frown'd on my steps, and sadden'd all the way:
Long dreary vales I saw on ev'ry side,
And caverns sinking deep, with entrance wide;
On ragged cliffs the blasted forests hung;
Her baleful note the boding screech-owl sung.
At last, with many a weary step, I found
This melancholy country's outmost bound,
An ocean vast: upon a cliff I stood,
And saw, beneath me far, the fable flood;
No islands rose the dull expanse to grace,
And nought was seen through all the boundless
space,

But low-brow'd clouds, which on the billows
frown'd,
And, in a night of shade, the prospect drown'd.
The winds, which seem'd around the cliffs to blow,
With doleful cadence, utter'd sounds of woe,
Wafting, from ev'ry cave and dreary den,
The wail of infants mix'd with groans of men:
Amaz'd, on ev'ry side my eyes I turn,
And see depending from the craggy bourn

Wretches unnumber'd; some the mould'ring
soil,

Some grasp'd the slipp'ry rock, with fruitless toil;
Some hung suspended by the roots, which pass
Through crannies of the cliffs, or wither'd grass.
Still from the steep they plung'd into the main;
As from the eyes descends the trickling rain.
Amaz'd I turn'd, and strove in vain to fly;
Thickets oppos'd, and precipices high
To stop my flight: and, from the airy steep,
A tempest snatch'd, and hurl'd me to the deep.
The sudden violence my slumber broke;
The waves I seem'd to touch, and straight awoke.
With sleep the vision fled; but, in my mind
Imprinted deep, its image left behind.

For had the frightful scene which fancy drew,
And what I seem'd to suffer, all been true;
Had fate appear'd, in blackest colours dress'd,
No deeper had its horrors been impress'd.
When thus the gods by certain symbols warn,
And sure, from dreams, their purposes we learn,
No blame I merit, that to fear resign'd,
Fate's dread approach fits heavy on my mind.

Cassandra thus; Laodice again:
Futurity, in dreams, we seek in vain;
For oft, from thoughts disturb'd, such phantoms
rise,

As fogs from marshes climb, to blot the skies:
With a dark veil, the cheerful face of day
They sadden, and eclipse the solar ray;
But soon in dews and soft-descending rains,
Fall to refresh the mountains and the plains.
For Diomed's offence you ne'er can bleed;
Favour, your sex and innocence will plead,
Ev'n, with the worst; nor will a gen'rous foe
His rage, in cruelty and baseness show.
Now to the tow'rs I haste, to view from far
The danger, or success of this day's war.
Let Clymene with me the walls ascend;
The rest at home domestic cares attend.

She ended thus; and from her seat arose;
The royal maid attends her, as she goes
Towards the western gate; where full to view
Expos'd, the armies and the camp she knew.
And now appear'd within the lofty gate,
By Creon sent, the messenger of fate.
His shining blade, for execution bar'd,
And aspect dark, his purpose straight declar'd.
Alarm'd, at once the royal virgins rise,
And, scatt'ring, fill the dome with female cries:
But, bolder from despair, Cassandra staid,
And to th' assassin thus, undaunted, said:
Approach! divide this neck with deathful steel,
A tyrant's vassal no remorse should feel.
O Diomed! let this example prove,
In man, that stubborn honour conquers love:
With weight superior, great ambition draws
The scale for glory, and a public cause.
I blame thee not for this; nor will impeach
A great example, which I could not reach:
For had whole armies, in the balance laid,
And kings and mighty states with thee been
weigh'd,

And I the judge appointed to decree,
They all had perished to ransom thee.
Cassandra thus; and for the blow prepar'd,
With both her hands her shining neck she bar'd,

And round her head a purple garment roll'd,
With leaves of silver mark'd, and flow'rs of gold.
Rais'd for the stroke, the glittering faulchion hung,
And swift descending, bore the head along.
A tide of gore, diffus'd in purple streams,
Dashes the wall, and o'er the pavement swims.
Prone to the ground the headless trunk reclines,
And life, in long convulsive throbs, resigns.

Now on the open plain before the walls,
The king of men the chiefs to council calls.
And Diomed, with secret griefs oppress'd,
Impatient, thus the public ear address'd:
Confed'rate kings! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
What holds us, and restrains our martial pow'rs;
While haughty Thebes insults us from her
tow'rs?

In vain we conquer thus, and bleed in vain,
If victory but yields the empty plain.
Behind his walls, perfidious Creon lies,
And safely meditates a new surprise:
When on the urn our pious tears we pour;
Or mirth disarms us, and the genial hour;
No; let us rather, now when fortune calls,
With bold assault, attempt to mount the walls;
Myself the first a chosen band shall lead,
Where yon low rampart sinks into the mead:
There will I gain the battlements, and lay,
For others to succeed, an open way,
If bars of steel have force their works to tear,
Or, from their hinges heav'd the gates, can bear:

Tydides thus. His counsel to oppose,
The leader of the Cretan warriors rose:
Confed'rate kings! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
Let not Tydides now, with martial rage,
In measures hot and rash, the host engage;
To sober reason still let passion yield,
Nor here admit the ardour of the field:
If Thebes could thus with one assault be won,
Her armies vanquish'd, and her walls o'erthrown:
Could this one single day reward our toil,
So long endur'd, with victory and spoil:
No soldier in the ranks, no leader here,
Would shun the fight, or counsel to forbear.
But if for victory, a foul defeat,
With all the shame and danger of retreat,
Should be the issue, which the wise must dread,
To stop is better, sure, than to proceed.
On yonder walls, and lofty turrets stand,
Not sav'd from shameful flight, a heartless band,
Who, desp'rate of their state, would soon forego
Their last defences, and admit a foe;
But who, from fight recall'd, without dismay,
A safe retreat maintain'd, in firm array.
Secure they combat from protecting walls;
Thrown from above each weapon heavier falls;
Against such odds, can we the fight maintain,
And with a foe found equal on the plain?
Though we desist, no leader will oppose
That thus the fruits of victory we lose;
When, pent within their battlements and tow'rs,
In narrow space, we hold the Theban pow'rs:
For oftner, than by arms, are hosts o'erthrown
By dearth and sickness, in a straiten'd town.
He who can only wield the sword and spear,
Knows less than half the instruments of war,

Heart-gnawing hunger, enemy to life,
Wide-wasting pestilence, and civil strife,
By want inflam'd, to all our weapons claim
Superior force, and strike with surer aim:
With these, whoever arm'd to combat goes,
Instructed how to turn them on his foes,
Shall see them soon laid prostrate on the ground,
His aims accomplish'd, and his wishes crown'd.
Our warriors, therefore, let us straight recal,
Nor, by assault, attempt to force the wall;
But with a rampart, to the gates oppos'd,
Besiege, in narrow space, our foes enclos'd.

The hero thus; and, eager to reply,
Tydides rose: when on a turret high
Creon appear'd: Cassandra's head, display'd
Upon a lance's point, he held, and said:
Ye Argive warriors! view the sign; and know,
That Creon never fails to quit a foe.
This bloody trophy mark'd; and if it brings
Grief and despair to any of the kings,
Let him revenge it on the man who broke
His faith, and dar'd my fury to provoke.

He ended thus. Tydides, as he heard,
With rage distracted, and despair, appear'd.
Long on the tow'r he fix'd his burning eyes;
The rest were mute with wonder and surprise;
But, to the council turning, thus at last:
If any favour claim my merits past;
If, by a present benefit, ye'd bind
To future services a grateful mind;
Let what I urge, in council, now prevail,
With hostile arms yon rampart to assail:
Else, with my native bands, alone I'll try
The combat, fix'd to conquer or to die.

The hero thus. Ulysses thus express'd
The prudent dictates of his generous breast:
Princes! shall dire contention still preside
In all our councils, and the kings divide?
Sure, of the various ills that can distress
United armies, and prevent success,
Discord is chief: where'er the fury strays,
The parts she severs, and the whole betrays.
Now let Tydides lead his native pow'rs
To combat, and assault the Theban tow'rs;
The rest, on various parts their forces show,
By mock approaches to distract the foe.
If he prevails, to victory he leads;
And safe behind him all the host succeeds:
If Jove forbids and all-decreeing fate,
The field is open, and a safe retreat.

Ulysses thus. The princes all assent;
Straight from the council through the host they
went,
Review'd its order, and in front dispos'd
The slingers, and the rear with bowmen clos'd;
Arming the rest with all that could avail,
The tow'rs and battlements to sap or scale.
Tydides first his martial squadrons leads;
Ulysses, with his native band, succeeds.
Upon them, as they came, the Thebans pour
A storm of jav'lins, shot from ev'ry tow'r;
As from the naked heights the feather'd kind,
By bitter show'rs compell'd, and wintry wind,
In clouds assembled, from some mountain's head,
To shelter crowd, and dive into the shade;
Such and so thick the winged weapons flew,
And many warriors wounded, many flew.

Now on their ranks, by forceful engines thrown,
Springs, from the twisted rope, the pond'rous stone,
With wide destruction through the host to roll,
To mix disorder and confound the whole.

Intrepid still th' Ætolian chief proceeds;
And still Ulysses follows as he leads.
They reach'd the wall. Tydides, with a bound,
Twice strove in vain to mount it from the
ground.

Twice fled the foe; as, to the boist'rous sway
Of some proud billow, mariners give way;
Which, rous'd by tempests, 'gainst a vessel bends
Its force, and, mounting o'er the deck, ascends:
Again he rose: the third attempt prevail'd;
But, crumbling in his grasp, the rampart fail'd:
For thunder there its fury had impress'd,
And loos'd a shatter'd fragment from the rest.
Supine upon the earth the hero falls,
Mix'd with the smoke and ruin of the walls.
By disappointment chaff'd, and fierce from pain,
Unable, now the rampart to regain,
He turn'd, and saw his native bands afar,
By fear restrain'd, and ling'ring in the war.
From Creon straight and Thebes, his anger turns,
And 'gainst his friends, with equal fury, burns;
As when, from snows dissolv'd, or sudden rains,
A torrent swells and roars along the plains;
If, rising to oppose its angry tide,
In full career, it meets a mountain's side;
In foaming eddies, backwards to its source,
It wheels, and rages with inverted course;
So turn'd at once, the fury, in his breast,
Against Ulysses, thus itself express'd:
Author accurs'd, and source of all my woes!
Friend more pernicious than the worst of foes:
By thy suggestions from my purpose sway'd,
I slew Cassandra, and myself betray'd;
Hence, lodg'd within this tortur'd breast, remains
A fury, to inflict eternal pains.

I need not follow, with vindictive spear,
A traitor absent, while a worse is near;
Creon but acted what you well foreknew,
When me unwilling to the fight you drew.
To you the first my vengeance shall proceed,
And then on Creon and myself succeed:
Such sacrifice Cassandra's ghost demands,
And such I'll offer with determin'd hands.

Thus as he spoke, Ulysses pond'ring stood,
Whether by art to sooth his furious mood,
Or, with a sudden hand, his lance to throw,
Preventing, ere it fell, the threaten'd blow.
But, gliding from above, the martial maid
Between them stood, in majesty display'd;
Her radiant eyes with indignation burn'd,
On Diomed their piercing light she turn'd:
And frowning thus: Thy frantic rage restrain;
Else by dread Styx I swear, nor swear in vain,
That proof shall teach you whether mortal might
This arm invincible can match in fight.
Is't not enough that he, whose hoary hairs
Still watch'd your welfare with a father's cares,
Who dar'd, with zeal and courage, to withstand
Your fatal phrenzy, perish'd by your hand?
That, slighting ev'ry tie which princes know,
You leagu'd in secret with a public foe?
And, from your faith by fond affection sway'd,
The kings, the army, and yourself betray'd?

Yet, still unaw'd, from such atrocious deeds,
 'To more and worse your desp'rate rage proceeds,
 And dooms to perish, by a mad decree,
 'The chief who sav'd alike the host and thee.
 Had Thebes prevail'd, and one decisive hour
 The victory had fix'd beyond thy pow'r;
 These limbs, ere now, had captive fetters worn,
 To infamy condemn'd, and hostile scorn;
 While fair Cassandra, with her virgin charms,
 A prize decreed, had blest some rival's arms.
 Did not the worth of mighty Tydeus plead,
 Approv'd when living, and rever'd when dead,
 For favour to his guilty son, and stand
 A rampart to oppose my vengeful hand;
 You soon had found how mad it is to wage
 War with the gods, and tempt immortal rage.
 This Thebes shall know, ere to the ocean's
 streams

The sun again withdraws his setting beams;
 For now the gods consent, in vengeance just,
 For all her crimes, to mix her with the dust.
 The goddesses thus; and turning to the field,
 Her deity in Mentor's form conceal'd:
 With courage new each warrior's heart inspires,
 And wakes again, in all their martial fires.
 Conscious of wrong, and speechless from sur-
 prise,

Tydidēs stood, nor dar'd to lift his eyes,
 Of fate regardless; though from ev'ry tow'r,
 Stones, darts, and arrows fell, a mingled show'r:
 For awe divine subdu'd him, and the shame
 Which virtue suffers from the touch of blame.
 But to Ulysses turning, thus at last:
 Prince! can thy gen'rous love forget the past;
 And all remembrance banish from thy mind,
 Of what my fury and despair design'd?
 If you forgive me, straight our pow'rs recal
 Who shun the fight, while I attempt the wall.
 Some present god inspires me; for I feel
 My heart exulting knock the plated steel:
 In brisker rounds the vital spirit flies,
 And ev'ry limb with double force supplies.

Tydidēs thus. Ulysses thus again
 Shall heav'n forgive offences, man retain;
 'Though born to err, by jarring passions tols'd?
 The best, in good, no steadiness can boast:
 No malice, therefore, in my heart shall live;
 'To sin is human; human to forgive.
 But do not now your single force oppose
 To lofty ramparts and an host of foes;
 Let me at least, attending at your side,
 Partake the danger, and the toil divide:
 For see our pow'rs advancing to the storm!
 Pallas excites them in a mortal form.
 Let us, to mount the rampart, straight proceed;
 They of themselves will follow as we lead.

Ulysses thus; and, springing from the ground,
 Both chiefs at once ascend the lofty mound.
 Before him each his shining buckler bears
 'Gainst flying darts, and thick portended spears.
 Now, on the bulwark's level top they stand,
 And charge on ev'ry side the hostile band:
 There many warriors in close fight they slew,
 And many headlong from the rampart threw.
 Pallas her fav'rite champions still inspires,
 Their nerves confirms, and wakes their martial
 fires.

With course divided, on the foe they fall,
 And bare between them leave a length of wall;
 As fire, when kindled on some mountain's head,
 Where runs, in long extent, the woodland shade,
 Consumes the middle forest, and extends
 Its parted progress to the distant ends:
 So fought the leaders, while their scatter'd
 pow'rs,
 In phalanx join'd, approach'd the Theban tow'rs;
 With hands and heads against the rampart
 lean'd,

The first, upon their shields, the rest sustain'd:
 Rank above rank, the living structure grows,
 As settling bees the pendent heap compose,
 Which to some cavern's roof united clings,
 Woven thick with complicated feet and wings:
 Thus mutually sustain'd, the warriors bend;
 While o'er their heads the order'd ranks ascend.

And now the martial goddesses with delight,
 Plac'd on a turret's top, survey'd the fight.
 Thrice to the height she rais'd her awful voice;
 The tow'rs and bulwarks trembled at the noise:
 Both warring hosts alike the signal hear;
 To this, the cause of hope, to that, of fear.
 And Theseus thus address'd his martial train:
 Here shall we wage a distant war in vain,
 When now, Tydidēs, from the conquer'd tow'rs
 Descending, on the town his warriors pours?
 Your glory, if ye would assert, nor yield
 At once the praise of many a well-fought field;
 Ascend these lofty battlements, and claim
 With those who conquer, now an equal fame.
 'The monarch thus; and to the combat leads;
 With emulation fir'd, the host proceeds;
 Under a show'r of falling darts they go,
 Climb the steep ramparts, and assault the foe;
 As winds outrageous, from the ocean wide,
 Against some mole impel the stormy tide,
 Whose rocky arms, opposed to the deep,
 From tempests safe the anchoring vessel keep;
 Wave heap'd on wave, the stormy deluge tow'rs,
 And o'er it, with resistless fury, pours:
 Such seem'd the fight, the Theban host o'er-
 thrown,

The wall deserts, and mingles with the town.

Creon in vain the desp'rate rout withstands,
 With sharp reproaches and vindictive hands;
 His rage they shun not, nor his threat'nings hear,
 From stunning clamours deaf, and blind from fear,
 And thus the monarch with uplifted eyes,
 And both his hands extended to the skies:
 Ye pow'rs supreme, whose unresisted sway
 The fates of men and mortal things obey!
 Against your counsels, vain it is to strive,
 Which only ruin nations or retrieve.
 Here in your fight, with patience, I resign
 That envy'd royalty which once was mine;
 Renounce the cares that wait upon a crown,
 And make my last attention all my own.
 Seven virgin daughters in my house remain,
 Who must not live to swell a victor's train;
 Nor shall my wretched queen, in triumph borne,
 Be lifted to the eye of public scorn:
 One common fate our miseries shall end,
 And, with the dust of Thebes, our ashes blend.

His fix'd decree the monarch thus express'd
 One half the fates confirm'd, deny'd the rest:

For now surrounded by the hostile crowd
 His captive queen an humble suppliant stood.
 Tydides found her as she left the walls;
 Before the hero to the ground she falls; [press'd,
 With trembling hands, his mighty knees she
 And, supplicating, thus with tears address'd:
 Illustrious chief! for sure your gallant wien
 No less proclaims you, spare a wretched queen;
 One whom the gods with endless hate pursue,
 To griefs already sumless adding new;
 O spare a helpless wretch, who humbly bends,
 And for protection on thy might depends!
 As supplicating thus her suit she press'd,
 Ulysses heard, and thus the chief address'd:
 See how th' immortals, by a just decree,
 Cassandra's fall avenge, and honour thee!
 See, at thy feet, the wife of Ceron laid,
 A victim offer'd for the injur'd maid.

Let her the first your just resentment feel;
 By heav'n presented to your vengeful steel.
 Ulysses thus. With sighs the hero said:
 Enough is offer'd to Cassandra's shade;
 With wide destruction, wasting sword and fire,
 To plague the authors of her fall, conspire.
 Yet all in vain. No sacrifice recalls
 The parted ghost from Pluto's gloomy walls.
 Too long, alas! has lawless fury rul'd,
 To reason deaf, by no reflection cool'd:
 While I unhappy, by its dictates sway'd,
 My guardian murder'd, and the host betray'd,
 No victim, therefore, to my rage I'll pay;
 Nor ever follow as it points the way.
 The son of Tydeus thus; and to his tent,
 From insults safe, the royal matron sent.
 Himself again the course of conquest led
 Till Thebes was overthrown, and Creon bled.

A D R E A M.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

I.

ONE ev'ning as by pleasant Forth I stray'd,
 In pensive mood, and meditated still
 On poets' learned toil, with scorn repaid
 By envy's bitter spite, and want of skill;
 A cave I found, which open'd in a hill.
 The floor was sand, with various shells yblended,
 Through which, in slow meanders, crept a rill;
 The roof, by nature's cunning flight suspended:
 Thither my steps I turn'd, and there my journey
 ended.

II.

Upon the ground my listless limbs I laid,
 Lull'd by the murmur of the passing stream:
 Then sleep, soft stealing, did my eyes invade;
 And waking thought, soon ended in a dream.
 Transported to a region I did seem,
 Which with Theffalian Tempe might compare;
 Of verdant shade compos'd, and wat'ry gleam:
 Not even Valdarna, thought so passing fair,
 Might match this pleasant land, in all perfections
 rare.

III.

One, like a hoary palmer, near a brook,
 Under an arbour, seated did appear;
 A shepherd swain, attending, held a book,
 And seem'd to read therein that he mote hear.
 From curiosity I stepped near;
 But ere I reach'd the place where they did sit,
 The whisp'ring breezes wafted to my ear
 The sound of rhymes which I myself had writ:
 Rhymes much, alas, too mean, for such a judge
 unfit.

IV.

For him he seem'd who sung Achilles' rage,
 In lofty numbers that shall never die,
 And wife Ulysses' tedious pilgrimage,
 So long the sport of sharp adversity:
 The praises of his merit, fame on high,

With her shrill trump, for ever loud doth sound;
 With him no bard for excellence can vie,
 Of all that late or ancient e'er were found;
 So much he doth surpass ev'n bards the most re-
 nown'd.

V.

The shepherd swain invited me to come
 Up to the arbour where they seated were;
 For Homer call'd me: much I fear'd the doom
 Which such a judge seem'd ready to declare.
 As I approach'd, with mickle dread and care,
 He thus address'd me: Sir, the cause explain
 Why all your story here is told so bare?
 Few circumstances mix'd of various grain;
 Such, surely, much enrich and raise a poet's
 strain.

VI.

Certes, quoth I, the critics are the cause
 Of this, and many other mischiefs more;
 Who tie the Muses to such rigid laws,
 That all their songs are frivolous and poor.
 They cannot now, as oft they did before,
 Ere pow'rful prejudice had clipt their wings,
 Nature's domain with boundless flight explore,
 And traffic freely in her precious things:
 Each bard now fears the rod, and trembles while
 he sings.

VII.

Though Shakspeare, still disdaining narrow
 rules,
 His bosom fill'd with Nature's sacred fife,
 Broke all the cobweb limits fix'd by fools,
 And left the world to blame him and admire.
 Yet his reward few mortals would desire;
 For, of his learned toil, the only meed
 That ever I could find he did acquire,
 Is that our dull, degenerate, age of lead,
 Says that he wrote by chance, and that he scarce
 could read.

VIII.

I ween, quoth he, that poets are to blame
 When they submit to critics' tyranny:
 For learned wights there is no greater shame,
 That blindly with their dictates to comply.
 Who ever taught the eagle how to fly,
 Whose wit did e'er his airy tract define,
 When with free wing he claims his native sky,
 Say, will he steer his course by rule and line?
 Certes, he'd scorn the bounds that would his flight
 confine.

IX.

Not that the Muses' art is void of rules:
 Many there are, I wot, and stricter far,
 Than those which pedants dictate from the schools,
 Who wage with wit and taste eternal war:
 For foggy ignorance their sight doth mar;
 Nor can their low conception ever reach
 To what dame Nature, crown'd with many a
 star,
 Explains to such as know her learned speech;
 But few can comprehend the lessons she doth
 teach.

X.

As many as the stars that gild the sky,
 As many as the flow'rs that paint the ground,
 In number like the insect tribes that fly,
 The various forms of beauty still are found;
 That with strict limits no man may them bound,
 And say that this, and this alone, is right:
 Experience soon such rashness would confound,
 And make its folly obvious to the light;
 For such presumption sure becomes not mortal
 wight.

XI.

Therefore each bard should freely entertain
 The hints which pleasing fancy gives at will;
 Nor curb her sallies with too strict a rein,
 Nature subjecting to her hand-maid skill:
 And you yourself in this have done but ill;
 With many more, who have not comprehended
 That genius, cramp't, will rarely mount the hill,
 Whose forked summit with the clouds is blended:
 Therefore, when next you write, let this defect
 be mended.

XII.

But, like a friend, who candidly reproves
 For faults and errors which he doth espy,
 Each vice he freely marks; yet always loves
 To mingle favour with severity.
 Certes, quoth he, I cannot well deny,
 That you in many things may hope to please:
 You force a barbarous northern tongue to ply,
 And bend it to your purposes with ease;
 Though rough as Albion's rocks, and hoarser than
 her seas.

XIII.

Nor are your tales, I wot, so loosely yok'd,
 As those which Colin Clout * did tell before;
 Nor with description crowded so, and chok'd,
 Which, thinly spread, will always please the
 more.
 Colin, I wot, was rich in Nature's store;
 More rich than you, had more than he could use:
 But mad Orlando † taught him had his lore;

* Spenser.

† Ariosto, so called from his hero.

Whose flights, at random, oft misled his muse:
 To follow such a guide, few prudent men would
 choose.

XIV.

Me you have follow'd: Nature was my guide;
 To this the merit of your verse is owing:
 And know for certain, let it check your pride,
 That all you boast of is of my bestowing.
 The flow'rs I see, through all your garden
 blowing,
 Are mine; most part, at least: I might demand,
 Might claim them, as a crop of my own sowing,
 And leave but few, thin scatter'd o'er the land:
 A claim so just, I wot, you could not well with-
 stand.

XV.

Certes, quoth I, that justice were full hard,
 Which me alone would sentence to restore;
 When many a learned sage, and many a bard,
 Are equally your debtors, or much more.
 Let Tityrus * himself produce his store,
 Take what is thine, but little will remain:
 Little, I wot, and that indebted sore
 To Ascrea's bard †, and Arethusa's swain ‡;
 And others too beside; who lent him many a
 strain.

XVI.

Nor could the modern bards afford to pay,
 Whose songs exalt the champions of the
 Cross;
 Take from each hoard thy sterling gold away,
 And little will remain but worthless dross.
 Not bards alone could ill support the loss;
 But sages too, whose theft suspicion shunn'd:
 Ev'n that sly Greek, §, who steals and hides so
 close,
 Were half a bankrupt, if he should refund,
 While these are all forborn, shall I alone be
 dunn'd.

XVII.

He smil'd; and from his wrath, which well could
 spare
 Such boon, the wreath with which his locks
 were clad,
 Pluck'd a few leaves to hide my temples bare;
 The present I receiv'd with heart full glad.
 Henceforth, quoth I, I never will be sad;
 For now I shall obtain my share of fame:
 Nor will licentious wit, or envy bad,
 With bitter taunts, my verses dare to blame:
 This garland shall protect them, and exalt my
 name.

XVIII.

But dreams are short; for as I thought to lay
 My limbs, at ease, upon the flow'ry ground,
 And drink, with greedy ear, what he might say,
 As murm'ring waters sweet, or music's sound,
 My sleep departed; and I, waking, found
 Myself again by Fortha's pleasant stream.
 Homewards I stepp'd, in meditation drown'd,
 Reflecting on the meaning of my dream;
 Which let each wight interpret as him best doth
 seem.

* Virgil. † Hesiod. ‡ Theocritus.

§ Plato, reckoned by Longinus one of the greatest
 imitators of Homer.

F A B L E S.

TO THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

MY LORD,

It is undoubtedly an uneasy situation to lie under great obligations, without being able to make suitable returns: all that can be done in this case, is, to acknowledge the debt, which (though it does not entitle to an acquittance) is looked upon as a kind of compensation, being all that gratitude has in its power.

This is in a peculiar manner my situation with respect to your Lordship. What you have done for me with the most uncommon favour and condescension, is what I shall never be able to repay; and, therefore, have used the freedom to recommend the following performance to your protection, that I might have an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations in the most public manner.

It is evident, that the world will hardly allow my gratitude upon this occasion to be disinterested. Your distinguished rank, the additional honours derived from the lustre of your ancestors, your

own uncommon abilities, equally adapted to the service of your country in peace and in war, are circumstances sufficient to make any author ambitious of your Lordship's patronage. But I must do myself the justice to insist, it is upon the account of distinctions less splendid, though far more interesting (those, I mean, by which you are distinguished as the friend of human nature, the guide and patron of unexperienced youth, and the father of the poor), that I am zealous of subscribing myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble, and

Most devoted Servant,

WILLIAM WILKIE.

F A B L E I.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Ye deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend;
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse;
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply.
Without a name reprove and warn:
Here none are hurt, and all may learn;
This, too, must fail, the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?

Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows it makes out.
There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Refractive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:

At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
 Then in a corner take a seat,
 And sourly moping all the day
 Disdain alike to work or play.
 Papa all softer arts had try'd,
 And sharper remedies apply'd;
 But both were vain, for every course
 He took still made her worse and worse.
 'Tis strange to think how female wit,
 So oft should make a lucky hit,
 When man with all his high pretence
 To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
 Will err, and measures false pursue—
 'Tis very strange I own, but true—
 Mama observ'd the rising lass,
 By stealth retiring to the glass,
 To practise little airs unseen,
 In the true genius of thirteen:
 On this a deep design she laid
 To tame the humour of the maid;
 Contriving like a prudent mother
 To make one folly cure another.
 Upon the wall against the seat
 Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
 Whene'er by accident offended,
 A looking-glass was straight suspended,
 That it might show her how deform'd
 She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;
 And warn her as she priz'd her beauty,
 To bend her humour to her duty,
 All this the looking-glass achiev'd,
 Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid who spurn'd at all advice,
 Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
 So when all other means had fail'd
 The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, fable to the human kind
 Presents an image of the mind,
 It is a mirror where we spy
 At large our own deformity,
 And learn of course those faults to mend
 Which but to mention would offend.

FABLE II.

THE KITE AND THE ROOKS.

You say 'tis vain in verse or prose
 To tell what ev'ry body knows,
 And stretch invention to express
 Plain truths which all men will confess:
 Go on the argument to mend,
 Prove that to know is to attend,
 And that we ever keep in sight
 What reason tells us once is right;
 Till this is done you must excuse
 The zeal and freedom of my muse
 In hinting to the human-kind,
 What few deny but fewer mind:
 There is a folly which we blame,
 'Tis strange that it should want a name,
 For sure no other finds a place
 So often in the human race,
 I mean the tendency to spy
 Our neighbour's faults with sharpen'd eye,
 And make his lightest failings known,
 Without attending to our own.

The prude in daily use to vex
 With groundless censure half the sex,
 Of rigid virtue honour nice,
 And much a foe to every vice,
 Tells lies without remorse and shame,
 Yet never thinks herself to blame.
 A scriv'ner, though afraid to kill,
 Yet scruples not to forge a will;
 Abhors the soldier's bloody feats,
 While he as freely damns all cheats:
 The reason's plain, 'tis not his way
 To lie, to cozen and betray.
 But tell me if to take by force,
 Is not as bad at least, or worse.
 The pimp who owns it as his trade
 To potch for lechers, and be paid,
 Thinks himself honest in his station,
 But rails at rogues that sell the nation
 Nor would he stoop in any case,
 And stain his honour for a place.
 To mark this error of mankind
 The tale which follows is design'd.

A flight of rooks one harvest morn
 Had stopt upon a field of corn,
 Just when a kite as authors say,
 Was passing on the wing that way:
 His honest heart was fill'd with pain,
 To see the farmer lose his grain,
 So lighting gently on a shock
 He thus the foragers bespoke:
 "Believe me, Sirs, your much to blame,
 'Tis strange that neither fear nor shame
 Can keep you from your usual way
 Of stealth, and pilf'ring every day.
 No sooner has the industrious swain
 His field turn'd up and sow'd the grain,
 But ye come flocking on the wing,
 Prepar'd to snatch it ere it spring:
 And after all his toil and care
 Leave every furrow spoil'd and bare:
 If ought escapes your greedy bills,
 Which nurs'd by summer grows and fills,
 'Tis still your prey: and though ye know
 No rook did ever till or sow,
 Ye boldly reap, without regard
 To justice, industry's reward,
 And use it freely as your own,
 Though men and cattle shou'd get none.
 I never did in any case
 Descend to practices so base.
 Though stung with hunger's sharpest pain
 I still have scorn'd to touch a grain,
 Ev'n when I had it in my pow'r
 To do't with safety every hour:
 For, trust me, nought that can be gain'd
 Is worth a character unstain'd."

Thus with a face austere grave
 Harangu'd the hypocrite and knave;
 And answering from amidst the flock
 A rook with indignation spoke.

"What has been said is strictly true,
 Yet comes not decently from you;
 For sure it indicates a mind
 From selfish passions more than blind,
 To miss your greater crimes, and quote
 Our lighter failings thus by rote.

I must confess we wrong the swain
Too oft by pilf'ring of his grain :
But is our guilt like yours, I pray,
Who rob and murder every day ?
No harmless bird can mount the skies
But you attack him as he flies ;
And when at eve he lights to rest,
You stoop and snatch him from his nest.
The husbandman who seems to share
So large a portion from your care,
Say, is he ever off his guard,
While you are hov'ring o'er the yard ?
He knows too well your usual tricks
Your ancient spite to tender chicks,
And that you like a felon watch,
For something to surprise and snatch."

At this rebuke so just, the kite
Surpris'd, abash'd, and silenc'd quite,
And prov'd a villain to his face,
Straight soar'd aloft and left the place.

FABLE III.

THE MUSE AND THE SHEPHERD.

LET every bard who seeks applause
Be true to virtue and her cause,
Nor ever try to raise his fame
By praising that which merits blame ;
The vain attempt he needs must rue,
For disappointment will ensue.
Virtue with her superior charms
Exalts the poet's soul and warms,
His taste refines, his genius fires,
Like Phœbus and the nine inspires ;
While vice though seemingly approv'd
Is coldly flatter'd, never lov'd.

Palemon once a story told,
Which by conjecture must be old :
I have a kind of half conviction
That at the best 'tis but a fiction ;
But taken right and understood.
The moral certainly is good.

A shepherd swain was wont to sing
The infant beauties of the spring,
The bloom of summer, winter hoar,
The autumn rich in various store ;
And prais'd in numbers strong and clear
The Ruler of the changeful year.
To human themes he'd next descend,
The shepherd's harmless life commend,
And prove him happier than the great
With all their pageantry and state ;
Who oft for pleasure and for wealth,
Exchange their innocence and health ;
The Muses listen'd to his lays ;
And crown'd him as he sung with bays.
Euterpe, goddess of the lyre,
A harp bestow'd with golden wire :
And oft wou'd teach him how to sing,
Or touch with art the trembling string.
His fame o'er all the mountains flew,
And to his cot the shepherds drew ;
They heard his music with delight,
Whole summer days from morn to night :

Nor did they ever think him long,
Such was the magic of his song :
Some rural present each prepar'd,
His skill to honour and reward ;
A flute, a sheep-hook or a lamb,
Or kidling follow'd by its dam :
For bards it seems in earlier days,
Got something more than empty praise.
All this continued for a while,
But soon our songster chang'd his style,
Infected with the common itch,
His gains to double and grow rich :
Or fondly seeking new applause,
Or this or t'other was the cause ;
One thing is certain that his rhimes
Grew more obsequious to the times,
Less stiff and formal, alter'd quite
To what a courtier calls polite.
Whoe'er grew rich, by right or wrong,
Became the hero of a song :

No nymph or shepherdess could wed,
But he must sing the nuptial bed,
And still was ready to recite
The secret transports of the night,
In strains too luscious for the ear
Of sober chastity to bear.
Astonish'd at a change so great,
No more the shepherds sought his feat,
But in their place a horned crowd
Of satyrs flock'd from every wood,
Drawn by the magic of his lay,
To dance, to frolic, sport, and play.
The goddess of the lyre disdain'd
To see her sacred gift profan'd,
And gliding swiftly to the place,
With indignation in her face,
The trembling shepherd thus address'd,
In awful majesty confess'd.

" Thou wretched fool, that harp resign,
For know it is no longer thine ;
It was not given you to inspire
A herd like this with loose desire,
Nor to assist that venal praise
Which vice may purchase, if it pays :
Such offices my lyre disgrace ;
Here take this bagpipe in its place.
'Tis fitter far, believe it true,
Both for these miscreants and you."

The swain dismay'd, without a word,
Submitted, and the harp restor'd.

FABLE IV.

THE GRASHOPPER AND THE GLOWWORM.

WHEN ignorance possess'd the schools,
And reign'd by Aristotle's rules,
Ere Verulam, like dawning light,
Rose to dispel the Gothic night :
A man was taught to shut his eyes,
And grow abstracted to be wise.
Nature's broad volume fairly spread,
Where all true science might be read,
The wisdom of th' Eternal Mind,
Declar'd and publish'd to mankind,

Was quite neglected, for the whims
Of mortals and their airy dreams:
By narrow principles and few,
By hasty maxims, oft untrue,
By words and phrases ill-defin'd,
Evasive truth they hop'd to bind;
Which still escap'd them, and the elves
At last caught nothing but themselves.
Nor is this folly modern quite,
'Tis ancient too; the Stagyrte
Improv'd at first, and taught his school
By rules of art to play the fool.
Ev'n Plato, from example bad,
Would oft turn sophist, and run mad:
Makes Socrates himself discourse
Like Clarke and Leibnitz, oft-times worse;
'Bout quirks and subtilties contending,
Beyond all human comprehending.
From some strange bias men pursue
False knowledge still in place of true,
Build airy systems of their own,
This moment rais'd, the next pull'd down;
While few attempt to catch those rays
Of truth which nature still displays
Throughout the universal plan,
From moss and mushrooms up to man.
This sure were better, but we hate
To borrow when we can create;
And therefore stupidly prefer
Our own conceits, by which we err,
To all the wisdom to be gain'd
From nature and her laws explain'd.

One ev'ning, when the sun was set,
A grasshopper and glowworm met
Upon a hillock in a dale,
As Mab the fairy tells the tale.
Vain and conceited of his spark,
Which brighten'd as the night grew dark,
The shining reptile swell'd with pride
To see his rays on every side,
Mark'd by a circle on the ground
Of livid light, some inches round.

Quoth he, if glowworms never shone,
To light the earth when day is gone,
In spite of all the stars that burn,
Primeval darkness would return:
They're less and dimmer, one may see,
Besides much farther off than we;
And therefore through a long descent
Their light is scatter'd quite and spent:
While ours, compacter and at hand,
Keeps night and darkness at a stand,
Diffus'd around in many a ray,
Whose brightness emulates the day.

This pass'd and more without dispute,
The patient grasshopper was mute:
But soon the east began to glow
With light appearing from below,
And level from the ocean's streams
The moon emerging shot her beams,
To gild the mountains and the woods,
And shake and glitter on the floods.
The glowworm, when he found his light
Grow pale, and faint, and vanish quite,
Before the moon's prevailing ray,
Began his envy to display.

That globe, quoth he, which seems so fair,
Which brightens all the earth and air,
And sends its beams so far abroad,
Is nought, believe me, but a clod;
A thing, which, if the sun were gone,
Has no more light in't than a stone,
Subsisting merely by supplies
From Phœbus in the nether skies:
My light, indeed, I must confess,
On some occasions will be less;
But spite itself will hardly say
I'm debtor for a single ray;
'Tis all my own, and on the score
Of merit mounts to ten times more
Than any planet can demand
For light dispens'd at second hand.

To hear the paltry insect boast
The grasshopper all patience lost.
Quoth he, my friend, it may be so,
The moon with borrow'd light may glow;
That your faint glimm'ring is your own,
I think is question'd yet by none:
But sure the office to collect
The solar brightness and reflect,
To catch those rays that would be spent
Quite useless in the firmament,
And turn them downwards on the shade
Which absence of the sun has made,
Amounts to more, in point of merit,
Than all your tribe did e'er inherit:
Oft by that planet's friendly ray
The midnight traveller finds his way;
Safe by the favour of his beams
'Midst precipices, lakes, and streams;
While you mislead him, and your light,
Seen like a cottage lamp by night,
With hopes to find a safe retreat,
Allures and tempts him to his fate:
As this is so, I needs must call
The merit of your light but small:
You need not boast on't though your own;
'Tis light, indeed, but worse than none;
Unlike to what the moon supplies,
Which you call borrow'd, and despise.

FABLE V.

THE APE, THE PARROT, AND THE JACKDAW.

I HOLD it rash at any time
To deal with fools dispos'd to rhyme;
Dissuasive arguments provoke
Their utmost rage as soon as spoke;
Encourage them, and for a day
Or two you're safe, by giving way:
But when they find themselves betray'd,
On you at last the blame is laid.
They hate and scorn you as a traitor,
The common lot of those who flatter:
But can a scribbler, Sir, be shunn'd?
What will you do when teaz'd and dunn'd?
When watch'd, and caught, and closely press'd,
When complimented and address'd:
When Bavius greets you with a bow,
"Sir, please to read a line or two."
If you approve, and say they're clever,
"You make me happy, Sir, for ever."

What can be done? the case is plain,
No methods of escape remain:
You're fairly noos'd, and must consent
To bear, what nothing can prevent,
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate
Will be to suffer soon or late.

An ape, that was the sole delight
Of an old woman day and night,
Indulg'd at table and in bed,
Attended like a child, and fed:
Who knew each trick, and twenty more
Than ever monkey play'd before,
At last grew frantic, and would try,
In spite of nature's laws, to fly.
Oft from the window would he view
The passing swallows as they flew,
Observe them fluttering round the walls,
Or gliding o'er the smooth canals:
He too must fly, and cope with these;
For this and nothing else would please:
Oft thinking from the window's height,
Three stories down to take his flight:
He still was something loth to venture,
As tending strongly to the centre:
And knowing that the least mistake
Might cost a limb, perhaps his neck:
The case you'll own was something nice;
He thought it best to ask advice;
And to the parrot straight applying,
Allow'd to be a judge of flying,
He thus began: "You'll think me rude,
Forgive me if I do intrude,
For you alone my doubts can clear
In something that concerns me near:
Do you imagine, if I try,
That I shall e'er attain to fly?
The project's whimsical no doubt,
But, ere you censure, hear me out:
That liberty's our greatest blessing
You'll grant me without farther pressing;
To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear
Is something very hard to bear:
This you must know, who for an age
Have been kept pris'ner in a cage,
Deny'd the privilege to soar
With boundless freedom as before.
I have, 'tis true, much greater scope
Than you, my friend, can ever hope;
I traverse all the house, and play
My tricks and gambols every day:
Oft with my mistress in a chair
I ride abroad to take the air:
Make visits with her, walk at large,
A maid or footman's constant charge.
Yet this is nothing, for I find
Myself still hamper'd and confin'd;
A grov'ling thing: I fain would rise
Above the earth, and mount the skies:
The meanest birds, and insects too,
This feat with greatest ease can do.
To that gay creature turn about
That's beating on the pane without!
Ten days ago, perhaps but five,
A worm, it scarcely seem'd alive:
By threads suspended, tough and small,
Midst dusty cobwebs on a wall;

Now dress'd in all the diff'rent dyes
That vary in the ev'ning skies,
He soars at large, and on the wing
Enjoys with freedom all the spring;
Skims the fresh lakes, and rising sees
Beneath him far the loftiest trees:
And when he rests, he makes his bow'r
The cup of some delicious flow'r.
Shall creatures so obscurely bred,
On mere corruption nurs'd and fed,
A glorious privilege obtain,
Which I can never hope to gain?
Shall I, like man's imperial race
In manners, customs, shape, and face,
Expert in all ingenious tricks,
To tumble, dance, and leap o'er sticks;
Who know to sooth and coax my betters,
And match a beau, at least in letters;
Shall I despair, and never try
(What meanest insects can) to fly?
Say, mayn't I without dread or care
At once commit me to the air,
And not fall down and break my bones
Upon those hard and flinty stones?
Say, if to stir my limbs before
Will make me glide along or soar?
All things they say are learn'd by trying:
No doubt it is the same with flying.
I wait your judgment with respect,
And shall proceed as you direct.
Poor poll, with gen'rous pity mov'd,
The ape's fond rashness thus reprov'd:
For, though instructed by mankind,
Her tongue to candour still inclin'd.
My friend, the privilege to rise
Above the earth, and mount the skies,
Is glorious sure, and 'tis my fate
To feel the want on't with regret;
A pris'ner to a cage confin'd,
Though wing'd and of the flying kind,
With you the case is not the same,
You're quite terrestrial by your frame,
And should be perfectly content
With your peculiar element:
You have no wings, I pray reflect,
To lift you and your course direct;
Those arms of yours will never do,
Not twenty in the place of two;
They ne'er can lift you from the ground,
For broad and long, they're thick and round,
And therefore if you choose the way,
To leap the window, as you say,
'Tis certain that you'll be the jest
Of every insect, bird, and beast;
When you lie batter'd by your fall
Just at the bottom of the wall.
Be prudent then, improve the pow'rs
Which nature gives in place of ours.
You'll find them readily conduce
At once to pleasure and to use.
But airy whims and crotchets lead
To certain loss, and ne'er succeed;
As folks, though inly vex'd and teaz'd,
Will oft seem satisfy'd and pleas'd.
The ape approv'd of every word
At this time utter'd by the bird;

But nothing in opinion chang'd,
Thought only how to be reveng'd.
It happen'd when the day was fair,
That Poll was set to take the air,
Just where the Monkey oft sat poring
About experiments in soaring:
Dissembling his contempt and rage,
He stept up softly to the cage,
And with a fly malicious grin,
Accosted thus the bird within.

You say, I am not form'd for flight;
In this you certainly are right:
'Tis very plain upon reflection,
But to yourself there's no objection,
Since flying is the very trade
For which the winged race is made;
And therefore for our mutual sport,
I'll make you fly, you can't be hurt.
With that he slyly slip't the string
Which held the cage up by the ring.
In vain the Parrot begg'd and pray'd,
No word was minded that she said:
Down went the cage, and on the ground
Bruis'd and half-dead poor Poll was found.
Pug who for some time had attended
To that alone which now was ended,
Again had leisure to pursue
The project he had first in view.

Quoth he, a person, if he's wise
Will only with his friends advise,
They know his temper and his parts,
And have his interest near their hearts.
In matters which he should forbear,
They'll hold him back with prudent care,
But never from an envious spirit
Forbid him to display his merit;
Or judging wrong from spleen and hate
His talents slight or underrate;
I acted sure with small reflection
In asking counsel and direction
From a sly minion whom I know
To be my rival and my foe:
One who will constantly endeavour
To hurt me in our lady's favour,
And watch and plot to keep me down,
From obvious interests of her own:
But on the top of that old tow'r
An honest Daw has made his bow'r;
A faithful friend whom one may trust,
My debtor too for many a crust;
Which in the window oft I lay,
For him to come and take away:
From gratitude no doubt he'll give
Such counsel as I may receive;
Well back'd with reasons strong and plain
To push me forward or restrain.

One morning when the Daw appear'd,
The project was propos'd and heard:
And though the bird was much surpris'd
To find friend Pug so ill advis'd,
He rather chose that he should try
At his own proper risk to fly,
Than hazard, in a case so nice,
To shock him by too free advice.

Quoth he, I'm certain that you'll find
The project answer to your mind;
Without suspicion, dread or care,
At once commit you to the air;

You'll soar aloft, or, if you please,
Proceed straight forwards at your ease:
The whole depends on resolution,
Which you possess from constitution;
And if you follow as I lead,
'Tis past a doubt you must succeed.

So saying, from the turret's height,
The Jackdaw shot with downward flight,
And on the edge of a canal,
Some fifty paces from the wall,
'Lighted, obsequious to attend
The Monkey when he should descend:
But he, although he had believ'd
The flatterer and was deceiv'd,
Felt some misgivings at his heart
In vent'ring on so new an art:
But yet at last 'tween hope and fear
Himself he trusted to the air,
But far'd like him whom poets mention
With Dedalus's old invention:
Directly downwards on his head
He fell, and lay an hour for dead.
The various creatures in the place
Had diff'rent thoughts upon the case,
From some his fate compassion drew,
But those I must confess were few:
The rest esteem'd him rightly serv'd,
And in the manner he deserv'd,
For playing tricks beyond his sphere,
Nor thought the punishment severe.
They gather'd round him as he lay,
And jeer'd him when he limp'd away.

Pug disappointed thus and hurt,
And grown besides the public sport,
Found all his different passions change
At once to fury and revenge:
The Daw 'twas useless to pursue,
His helpless brood as next in view,
With unrelenting paws he seiz'd,
One's neck he wrung, another squeez'd,
Till of the number four or five,
No single bird was left alive.

Thus counsellors, in all regards
Though different, meet with like rewards:
The story shows the certain fate
Of every mortal soon or late,
Whose evil genius for his crimes
Connects with any sop that rhimes.

FABLE VI.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition sort and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possess'd
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood
With fishes to explore the flood,

Man only acts of every creature,
 In opposition to his nature.
 The happiness of human-kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
 And passions practis'd to obey;
 An open and a gen'rous heart,
 Refin'd from selfishness and art;
 Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
 And wisdom never sad nor sour:
 In these consist our proper bliss;
 Else Plato reasons much amiss:
 But foolish mortals still pursue
 False happiness in place of true;
 Ambition serves us for a guide,
 Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
 While reason no assent can gain,
 And revelation warns in vain.
 Hence through our lives in ev'ry stage,
 From infancy itself to age,
 A happiness we toil to find,
 Which still avoids us like the wind;
 Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
 At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
 You'll ask me why I thus rehearse,
 All Epictetus in my verse,
 And if I fondly hope to please
 With dry reflections, such as these,
 So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
 I'll take the hint and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
 His flock attended on the plain,
 The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
 Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
 With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
 Its distance eighty yards or so.
 This bumpkin had it seems been told
 The story of the cup of gold,
 Which fame reports is to be found
 Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
 He therefore felt a sudden itch
 To seize the goblet and be rich;
 Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
 No more to toil through wind and rain,
 But sit indulging by the fire,
 'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
 He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,
 And stepping forwards at his leisure
 Expected to have found the treasure.
 But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
 Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
 As seeming his approach to shun;
 From walking he began to run,
 But all in vain, it still withdrew
 As nimbly as he could pursue;
 At last through many a bog and lake,
 Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,
 It led the easy fool, till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
 And left him to compute his gains,
 With nought but labour for his pains.

FABLE VII.

CELIA AND HER MIRROR.

As there are various sorts of minds,
 So friendships are of diff'rent kinds:

Some, constant when the object's near,
 Soon vanish if it disappear.
 Another sort, with equal flame,
 In absence will be still the same:
 Some folks a trifle will provoke,
 Their weak attachment soon is broke;
 Some great offences only move
 To change in friendship or in love.
 Affection when it has its source
 In things that shift and change of course,
 As these diminish and decay,
 Must likewise fade and melt away.
 But when 'tis of a nobler kind,
 Inspir'd by rectitude of mind,
 Whatever accident arrives,
 It lives, and death itself survives;
 Those different kinds reduc'd to two,
 False friendship may be call'd and true.

In Celia's drawing-room of late
 Some female friends were met to chat;
 Where after much discourse had past,
 A portrait grew the theme at last:
 'Twas Celia's you must understand,
 And by a celebrated hand.
 Says one, that picture sure must strike,
 In all respects it is so like:
 Your very features, shape and air
 Express'd, believe me, to a hair:
 The price I'm sure could not be small—
 Just fifty guineas frame and all—
 That Mirror there is wond'rous fine
 I own the bauble cost me nine;
 I'm fairly cheated you may swear,
 For never was a thing so dear:
 Dear—quoth the Looking-glass—and spoke,
 Madam, it would a faint provoke:
 Must that same gaudy thing be own'd
 A pennyworth at fifty pound;
 While I at nine am reckon'd dear,
 'Tis what I never thought to hear.
 Let both our merits now be try'd,
 This fair assembly shall decide;
 And I will prove it to your face,
 That you are partial in the case.
 I give a likeness far more true
 Than any artist ever drew:
 And what is vastly more, express
 Your whole variety of dress:
 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
 I watch each change and paint it right;
 Besides I'm mistress of the art,
 Which conquers and secures a heart.
 I teach you how to use those arms,
 That vary and assist your charms,
 And in the triumphs of the fair,
 Claim half the merit for my share:
 So when the truth is fairly told,
 I'm worth at least my weight in gold:
 But that vain thing of which you speak
 Becomes quite useless in a week.
 For, though it had no other vice,
 'Tis out of fashion in a trice,
 The cap is chang'd, the cloak, the gown;
 It must no longer stay in town?
 But goes in course to hide a wall
 With others in our country-hall.

The Mirror thus:—the nymph reply'd,
 Your merit cannot be deny'd;

The portrait too, I must confess,
In some respects has vastly less.
But you yourself will freely grant
That it has virtues which you want.
'Tis certain that you can express
My shape, my features, and my dress,
Not just as well, but better too
Than Kneller once or Ramsay now.
But that same image in your heart
Which thus excels the painter's art,
The shortest absence can deface,
And put a monkey's in its place:
That other which the canvass bears,
Unchang'd and constant, lasts for years,
Would keep its lustre and its bloom
Though it were here and I at Rome.
When age and sickness shall invade
Those youthful charms and make them fade,
You'll soon perceive it, and reveal
What partial friendship should conceal;
You'll tell me, in your usual way,
Of furrow'd cheeks and locks grown gray;
Your gen'rous rival, not so cold,
Will ne'er suggest that I am old;
Nor mark when time and slow disease
Has stol'n the graces won't please;
But keep my image to be seen
In the full blossom of sixteen:
Bestowing freely all the praise
I merited in better days.
You will (when I am turn'd to dust,
For beauties die, as all things must,
And you remember but by seeing)
Forget that e'er I had a being;
But in that picture I shall live,
My charms shall death itself survive,
And figur'd by the pencil there
Tell that your mistress once was fair.
Weigh each advantage and defect,
The portrait merits most respect:
Your qualities would recommend
A servant rather than a friend;
But service sure in ev'ry case,
To friendship yields the higher place.

FABLE VIII.

THE FISHERMEN.

Imitated from Theocritus.

By all the sages 'tis confess'd
That hope when moderate is best:
But when indulg'd beyond due measure
It yields a vain deceitful pleasure,
Which cheats the simple, and betrays
To mischief in a thousand ways;
Just hope assists in all our toils,
The wheels of industry it oils;
In great attempts the bosom fires,
And zeal and constancy inspires.
False hope, like a deceitful dream,
Rests on some visionary scheme,
And keeps us idle to our loss,
Enchanted with our hands across.

A tale an ancient bard has told
Of two poor fishermen of old,
Their names were (lest I should forget
And put the reader in a pet,

Left critics too should make a pother)
The one Asphelio, Gripus t' other.
The men were very poor, their trade
Could scarce afford them daily bread:
Though ply'd with industry and care
Through the whole season, foul and fair,
Upon a rock their cottage stood,
On all sides bounded by the flood:
It was a miserable seat,
Like cold and hunger's worst retreat:
And yet it serv'd them both for life,
As neither could maintain a wife;
Two walls were rock, and two were sand,
Ramm'd up with stakes and made to stand.
A roof hung threat'ning o'er their heads
Of boards half-rotten, thatch'd with reeds.
And as no thief e'er touch their store,
A hurdle serv'd them for a door.
Their beds were leaves; against the wall
A sail hung drying, yard and all.
On one side lay an old patch'd wherry,
Like Charon's on the Stygian ferry:
On t' other, baskets and a net,
With sea-weed foul and always wet.
These sorry instruments of trade
Were all the furniture they had:
For they had neither spit nor pot,
Unless my author has forgot.

Once some few hours ere break of day,
As in their hut our fishers lay,
The one awak'd, and wak'd his neighbour,
That both might ply their daily labour;
For cold and hunger are confess'd
No friends to indolence or rest.
Friend, quoth the drowsy swain, and swore,
What you have done has hurt me more
Than all your service can repay
For years to come by night and day;
You've broke—the thought on't makes me mad—
The finest dream that e'er I had.

Quoth Gripus: friend your speech would prove
You mad indeed, or else in love;
For dreams should weigh but light with those
Who feel the want of food and clothes:
I guess, though simple and untaught,
You dream'd about a lucky draught,
Or money found by chance: they say
That "hungry foxes dream of prey."

You're wond'rous shrewd, upon my troth,
Asphelio cry'd, and right in both:
My dream had gold in't, as you said,
And fishing too, our constant trade;
And since your guess has hit so near,
In short, the whole on't you shall hear.

"Upon the shore I seem'd to stand,
My rod and tackle in my hand;
The baited hook full oft I threw,
But still in vain, I nothing drew:
A fish at last appear'd to bite,
The cork div'd quickly out of sight,
And soon the dipping rod I found
With something weighty bent half round:
Quoth I, good luck has come at last,
I've surely made a happy cast:
This fish, when in the market fold,
In place of brass will sell for gold:
To bring it safe within my reach,
I drew it softly to the beach:

But long ere it had come so near
 The water gleam'd with something clear;
 Each passing billow caught the blaze,
 And glitt'ring, shone with golden rays.
 Of hope and expectation full
 Impatient, yet afraid to pull,
 To shore I slowly brought my prize,
 A golden fish of largest size:
 'Twas metal all from head to tail,
 Quite stiff and glitt'ring ev'ry scale.
 Thought I, my fortune now is made;
 'Tis time to quit the fishing trade,
 And choose some other, where the gains
 Are sure, and come for half the pains.
 Like creatures of amphibious nature
 One hour on land, and three on water;
 We live 'midst danger, toil, and care,
 Yet never have a groat to spare;
 While others not expos'd to harm,
 Grow rich though always dry and warm;
 This treasure will suffice, and more,
 To place me handsomely on shore,
 In some snug manor; now a swain,
 My steers shall turn the furrow'd plain,
 While on a mountain's grassy side
 My flocks are past'ring far and wide:
 Beside all this, I'll have a seat
 Convenient, elegant, and neat,
 A house not over great nor small,
 Three rooms, a kitchen, and a hall.
 The offices contriv'd with care,
 And fitted to complete a square;
 A garden well laid out; a wife,
 To double all the joys of life;
 With children prattling at my knees,
 Such trifles as are sure to please.
 Those gay designs, and twenty more,
 I in my dream was running o'er,
 While you, as if you ow'd me spite,
 Broke in and put them all to flight,
 Blew the whole vision into air,
 And left me waking in despair.
 Of late we have been poorly fed,
 Last night went supperless to bed:
 Yet, if I had it in my pow'r
 My dream to lengthen for an hour,
 The pleasure mounts to such a sum,
 I'd fast for fifty yet to come.
 Therefore to bid me rise is vain,
 I'll wink and try to dream again.

If this, quoth Gripus, is the way
 You choose, I've nothing more to say;
 'Tis plain that dreams of wealth will serve
 A person who resolves to starve;
 But sure to hug a fancy'd case,
 That never did nor can take place,
 And for the pleasures it can give
 Neglect the trade by which we live,
 Is madness in its greatest height,
 Or I mistake the matter quite:
 Leave such vain fancies to the great,
 For folly suits a large estate:
 The rich may safely deal in dreams,
 Romantic hopes and airy schemes;
 But you and I, upon my word,
 Such pastime cannot well afford;
 And therefore if you would be wise,
 Take my advice, for once, and rise.

FABLE IX.

CUPID AND THE SHEPHERD.

Who sets his heart on things below
 But little happiness shall know;
 For every object he pursues
 Will vex, deceive him, and abuse:
 While he on hopes and wishes rise
 To endless bliss above the skies,
 A true felicity shall gain,
 With freedom from both care and pain.
 He seeks what yields him peace and rest,
 Both when in prospect and possess.

A swain whose flock had gone astray,
 Was wand'ring far out of his way
 Through deserts wild, and chanc'd to see
 A stripling leaning on a tree,
 In all things like the human kind,
 But that upon his back behind
 Two wings were from his shoulders spread
 Of gold and azure, ting'd with red;
 Their colour like the ev'ning sky:
 A golden quiver grac'd his thigh:
 His bow unbended in his hand
 He held, and wrote with on the sand;
 As one whom anxious cares pursue,
 In musing oft is wont to do.
 He started still with sudden fear,
 As if some danger had been near,
 And turn'd on every side to view
 A flight of birds that round him flew,
 Whose presence seem'd to make him sad,
 For all were ominous and bad;
 The hawk was there, the type of spite,
 The jealous owl that shuns the light,
 The raven, whose prophetic bill
 Denounces woe and mischief still;
 The vulture hungry to devour,
 Though gorg'd and glutted ev'ry hour;
 With these confus'd an ugly crew
 Of harpies, bats, and dragons flew,
 With talons arm'd, and teeth, and stings,
 The air was darken'd with their wings.
 The swain, though frighten'd, yet drew near,
 Compassion rose in place of fear,
 He to the winged youth began,
 " Say, are you mortal and of man,
 Or something of celestial birth,
 From heaven descended to the earth?
 I am not of terrestrial kind,
 Quoth Cupid, nor to earth confin'd:
 Heav'n is my true and proper sphere,
 My rest and happiness are there:
 Through all the boundless realms of light
 The phoenix waits upon my flight,
 With other birds whose names are known
 In that delightful place alone.
 But when to earth my course I bend,
 At once they leave me and ascend;
 And for companions in their stead,
 Those winged monsters there succeed,
 Who hov'ring round me night and day,
 Expect and claim me as their prey.

Sir, quoth the shepherd, if you'll try,
 Your arrows soon will wake them fly;
 Or if they brave them and resist,
 My sling is ready to assist.

Incapable of wounds and pain,
 Reply'd the winged youth again,
 These foes our weapons will defy;
 Immortal made, they never die;
 But live to haunt me every where,
 While I remain within their sphere.

Sir, quoth the swain, might I advise,
 You straight should get above the skies:
 It seems indeed your only way,
 For nothing here is worth your stay;
 Beside, when foes like these molest,
 You'll find but little peace or rest.

FABLE X.

THE SWAN AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

EACH candidate for public fame
 Engages in a desp'rate game:
 His labour he will find but lost,
 Or less than half repaid at most:
 To prove this point I shall not choose
 The arguments which Stoics use;
 That human life is but a dream,
 And few things in it what they seem;
 That praise is vain and little worth,
 An empty bauble, and so forth.
 I'll offer one, but of a kind
 Not half so subtle and refin'd;
 Which, when the rest are out of sight,
 May sometimes chance to have its weight.
 The man who sets his merits high,
 To glitter in the public eye,
 Should have defects but very small,
 Or strictly speaking, none at all:
 For that success which spreads his fame,
 Provokes each envious tongue to blame,
 And makes his faults and failings known
 Where'er his better parts are shown.

Upon a time, as poets sing,
 The birds all waited on their king,
 His hymeneal rites to grace;
 A flow'ry meadow was the place;
 They all were frolicksome and gay
 Amidst the pleasures of the day,
 And ere the festival was clos'd,
 A match at singing was propos'd;
 The queen herself a wreath prepar'd,
 To be the conqueror's reward;
 With store of pinks and daisies in it,
 And many a songster try'd to win it;
 But all the judges soon confest
 The swan superior to the rest;
 He got the garland from the bride,
 With honour and applause beside:
 A tattling goose, with envy stung,
 Although herself she ne'er had sung,
 Took this occasion to reveal
 What swans seem studious to conceal,
 And, skill'd in satire's artful ways,
 Invektive introduc'd with praise.

The swan, quoth she, upon my word,
 Deserves applause from ev'ry bird:
 By proof his charming voice you know,
 His feathers soft and white as snow;
 And if you saw him when he swims
 Majestic on the silver streams,
 He'd seem complete in all respects:
 But nothing is without defects;

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For that is true, which few would think,
 His legs and feet are black as ink—

As black as ink—if this be true,
 To me 'tis wonderful and new,
 The sov'reign of the birds reply'd;
 But soon the truth on't shall be try'd.
 Sir, show your limbs, and for my sake,
 Confute at once this foul mistake,
 For I'll maintain, and I am right,
 That, like your feathers, they are white.

Sir, quoth the swan, it would be vain
 For me a falsehood to maintain;
 My legs are black, and proof will show
 Beyond dispute that they are so:
 But if I had not got a prize
 Which glitters much in some folk's eyes,
 Not half the birds had ever known
 What truth now forces me to own.

FABLE XI.

THE LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

To the Poets.

'Tis not the point in works of art
 With care to furnish every part,
 That each to high perfection rais'd,
 May draw attention and be prais'd,
 An object by itself respected,
 Though all the others were neglected;
 Not masters only this can do,
 But many a vulgar artist too:
 We know distinguish'd merit most,
 When in the whole the parts are lost,
 When nothing rises up to shine,
 Or draw us from the chief design,
 When one united full effect
 Is felt, before we can reflect
 And mark the causes that conspire
 To charm and force us to admire.
 This is indeed a master's part,
 The very summit of his art;
 And, therefore, when ye shall rehearse
 To friends for trial of your verse,
 Mark their behaviour and their way,
 As much, at least, as what they say;
 If they seem'd pleas'd, and yet are mute,
 The poem's good beyond dispute;
 But when they babble all the while,
 Now praise the sense, and now the style,
 'Tis plain that something must be wrong,
 This too weak or that too strong.
 The art is wanting which conveys
 Impressions in mysterious ways,
 And makes us from a whole receive
 What no divided parts can give:
 Fine writing, therefore, seems of course,
 Less fit to please at first than worse.
 A language fitted to the sense
 Will hardly pass for eloquence.

One feels its force, before he sees
 The charm which gives it pow'r to please,
 And ere instructed to admire,
 Will read and read, and never tire.
 But when the style is of a kind
 Which soars and leaves the sense behind,
 'Tis something by itself, and draws
 From vulgar judges dull applause;

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They'll yawn, and tell you as you read,
 "Those lines are mighty fine indeed;"
 But never will your works peruse
 At any time, if they can choose.

'Tis not the thing which men call wit,
 Nor characters, though truly hit,
 Nor flowing numbers soft or strong,
 That bears the raptur'd soul along;
 'Tis something of a diff'rent kind,
 'Tis all those skilfully combin'd,
 To make what critics call a whole,
 Which ravishes and charms the soul.

Alexis by fair Celia's scorn
 To grief abandon'd and forlorn,
 Had sought in solitude to cover
 His anguish, like a hopeless lover:
 With his fond passion to debate,
 Gay Strephon sought his rural seat,
 And found him with the shepherds plac'd
 Far in a solitary waste.—

My friend, quoth he, you're much to blame;
 This foolish softness quit for shame;
 Nor fondly doat upon a woman,
 Whose charms are nothing more than common.
 That Celia's handsome I agree,
 But Clara's handsomer than she:
 Euanthe's wit, which all commend,
 Does Celia's certainly transcend:
 Nor can you find the least pretence
 With Phebe's to compare her sense;
 With better taste Belinda dresses,
 With truer step the floor she presses;
 And for behaviour soft and kind,
 Melissa leaves her far behind:
 What witchcraft then can fix the chain
 Which makes you suffer her disdain,
 And not attempt the manly part
 To set at liberty your heart?
 Make but one struggle, and you'll see
 That in a moment you'll be free.

This Strephon urg'd, and ten times more,
 From topics often touch'd before:
 In vain his eloquence he try'd;
 Alexis, sighing, thus reply'd:

If Clara's handsome and a toast,
 'Tis all the merit she can boast:
 Some fame Euanthe's wit has gain'd,
 Because by prudence not restrain'd.
 Phebe I own is wondrous wise,
 She never acts but in disguise:
 Belinda's merit all confess
 Who know the mystery of dress:
 But poor Melissa on the score
 Of mere good-nature pleases more:
 In those the reigning charm appears
 Alone, to draw our eyes and ears,
 No other rises by its side
 And shines, attention to divide;
 Thus seen alone it strikes the eye,
 As something exquisite and high:
 But in my Celia you will find
 Perfection of another kind;
 Each charm so artfully express'd
 As still to mingle with the rest:
 Averse and shunning to be known,
 An object by itself alone,
 But thus combin'd they make a spell
 Whose force no human tongue can tell;

A pow'rful magic which my breast
 Will ne'er be able to resist:
 For as she flights me or complices,
 Her constant lover lives or dies.

FABLE XII.

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
 Philosopher and atheist grown,
 Benighted once upon the road,
 Found out a hermit's lone abode,
 Whose hospitality in need
 Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed,
 For both sufficiently were tir'd,
 Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
 Hunger the first attention claims;
 Upon the coals a rasher flames,
 Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
 Were added to make up a meal;
 At which our trav'ler as he sat
 By intervals began to chat.—

'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
 Of folly govern some folk's brains!
 What makes you choose this wild abode?
 You'll say, 'tis to converse with God:
 Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim:
 You never saw or spoke with him.
 They talk of Providence's pow'r,
 And say it rules us every hour;
 To me all nature seems confusion,
 And such weak fancies mere delusion.
 Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
 Could there be such a thing as night;
 Which, when the sun has left the skies,
 Puts all things in a deep disguise?
 If then a trav'ler chance to stray
 The least step from the public way,
 He's soon in endless mazes lost,
 As I have found it to my cost.
 Besides, the gloom which nature wears
 Assists imaginary fears
 Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
 Of sulph'rous lakes, and yawning graves;
 All sprung from superstitious seed,
 Like other maxims of the creed.
 For my part, I reject the tales
 Which faith suggests when reason fails:
 And reason nothing understands,
 Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
 These subtle essences, like wind,
 Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
 It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
 Which says men rot, but never die.
 It holds all future things in doubt,
 And therefore wisely leaves them out:
 Suggesting what is worth our care,
 To take things present as they are,
 Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
 The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the hermit, I agree
 That reason still our guide should be:
 And will admit her as the test,
 Of what is true, and what is best:
 But reason sure would blush for shame
 At what you mention in her name;
 Her dictates are sublime and holy;
 Impiety's the child of folly:

Reason with measur'd steps and slow,
 To things above from things below
 Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
 With caution, vigilance, and care.
 Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
 And reason puts her in her hands,
 But not till her commission giv'n
 Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
 'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
 Should miss a god in viewing nature:
 Whose high perfections are display'd
 In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
 Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
 When found again, we see them most;
 The night itself which you would blame
 As something wrong in nature's frame,
 Is but a curtain to invest
 Her weary children, when at rest:
 Like that which mothers draw to keep
 The light off from a child asleep.
 Beside, the fears which darkness breeds
 At least augments in vulgar heads,
 Are far from useless, when the mind
 Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
 They make the worldling think with pain
 On frauds and oaths, and ill-got gain;
 Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
 Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
 And in defence of virtue's cause
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expells,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight:
 With saints and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things:
 Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand list'ning on each hill,
 To catch the sounds that sink and swell
 Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
 While foxes howl and beetles hum,
 Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
 And try if folly rash and rude
 Dares on the sacred hour intrude.
 Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
 Attempt to quote those lights by name,
 Which shine so thick and spread so far;
 Conceive a sun in every star,
 Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
 While comets shoot athwart the whole.
 From system still to system ranging,
 Their various benefits exchanging,
 And shaking from their flaming hair
 The things most needed every where.
 Explore this glorious scene, and say
 That night discovers less than day;
 That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
 That chance disposes, not design:
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 Him either mad or else a dunce.
 For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 From signs and evidences clear,
 Of wise contrivance every where.

The hermit ended; and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confess'd
 That all was order'd for the best.

FABLE XIII.

PHOEBUS AND THE SHEPHERD,

I CANNOT think but more or less
 True merit always gains success;
 That envy, prejudice, and spite,
 Will never sink a genius quite.
 Experience shows beyond a doubt,
 That worth, though clouded, will shine out.
 The second name for epic song,
 First classic of the English tongue,
 Great Milton, when he first appear'd,
 Was ill receiv'd and coldly heard:
 In vain did faction damn those lays,
 Which all posterity shall praise:
 Is Dryden or his works forgot,
 For all that Buckingham has wrote?
 The peer's sharp satire, charg'd with sense,
 Give's pleasure at no one's expence:
 The bard and critic both inspir'd
 By Phœbus, shall be still admir'd:
 'Tis true that censure, right or wrong,
 May hurt at first the noblest song,
 And for a while defeat the claim
 Which any writer has to fame:
 A mere book-merchant with his tools
 Can sway with ease the herd of fools:
 Who on a moderate computation
 Are ten to one in every nation—
 Your style is stiff—your periods halt—
 In every line appears a fault—
 The plot and incidents ill-sorted—
 No single character supported—
 Your similes will scarce apply;
 The whole misshapen, dark, and dry.
 All this will pass, and gain its end
 On the best poem e'er was penn'd:
 But when the first assaults are o'er,
 When fops and wittlings prate no more,
 And when your works are quite forgot
 By all who praise or blame by rote:
 Without self-interest, spleen, or hate,
 The men of sense decide your fate:
 Their judgment stands, and what they say
 Gains greater credit ev'ry day;
 Till groundless prejudices pass,
 True merit has its due at last.
 The hackney scribblers of the town,
 Who were the first to write you down,
 Their malice chang'd to admiration,
 Promote your growing reputation,
 And to excess of praise proceed;
 But this scarce happens till you're dead,
 When fame for genius, wit, and skill,
 Can do you neither good nor ill;
 Yet, if you would not be forgot,
 They'll help to keep your name afloat.
 An aged swain that us'd to feed
 His flock upon a mountain's head,
 Drew crowds of shepherds from each hill,
 To hear and profit by his skill;
 For ev'ry simple of the rock,
 That can offend or cure a flock,

He us'd to mark, and knew its pow'r
 In stem and foliage, root and flow'r.
 Beside all this, he could foretel
 Both rain and sunshine passing well;
 By deep sagacity he'd find,
 The future shiftings of the wind;
 And guess most shrewdly ev'ry year
 If mutton would be cheap or dear.
 To tell his skill in ev'ry art,
 Of which he understood a part,
 His sage advice was wrapt in tales,
 Which oft persuade when reason fails;
 To do him justice every where,
 Would take more time than I can spare,
 And therefore now shall only touch
 Upon a fact which authors vouch;
 That Phœbus oft would condescend
 To treat this shepherd like a friend:
 Oft when the solar chariot past,
 Provided he was not in haste,
 He'd leave his steeds to take fresh breath,
 And crop the herbage of the heath;
 While with the swain a turn or two
 He'd take, as landlords use to do,
 When sick of finer folks in town,
 They find amusement in a clown.
 One morning when the god alighted,
 His winged steeds look'd wild and frighted;
 The whip it seems had not been idle,
 One's traces broke, another's bridle:
 All four were switch'd in every part,
 Like common jades that draw a cart,
 Whose sides and haunches all along
 Show the just measure of the thong.

Why, what's the matter, quoth the swain,
 My lord, it gives your servant pain;
 Sure some offence is in the case,
 I read it plainly in your face.---

Offence, quoth Phœbus, vex'd and heated;
 'Tis one indeed, and oft repeated:
 Since first I drove through heav'n's high-way,
 That's before yesterday, you'll say,
 The envious clouds in league with night
 Conspire to intercept my light;
 Rank vapours breath'd from putrid lakes,
 The steams of common sew'rs and jakes,
 Which under ground should be confin'd,
 Nor suffer'd to pollute the wind;
 Escap'd in air by various ways,
 Extinguish or divert my rays.
 Oft in the morning, when my steeds
 Above the ocean lift their heads,
 And when I hope to see my beams
 Far glittering on the woods and streams;
 A ridge of lazy clouds that sleep
 Upon the surface of the deep,
 Receive at once, and wrap me round
 In fogs extinguish'd half and drown'd.
 But mark my purpose, and by Styx
 I'm not soon alter'd when I fix;
 If things are suffer'd at this pass,
 I'll fairly turn my nags to grass:
 No more this idle round I'll dance,
 But let all nature take its chance.

If, quoth the shepherd, it were fit
 To argue with the god of wit,
 I could a circumstance suggest
 That would alleviate things at least.

That clouds oppose your rising light
 Full oft, and lengthen out the night,
 Is plain; but soon they disappear,
 And leave the sky serene and clear;
 We ne'er expect a finer day,
 Than when the morning has been gray;
 Besides, those vapours which confine
 You issuing from your eastern throne,
 By heat sublim'd, and thinly spread,
 Streak all the ev'ning sky with red:
 And when your radiant orb in vain
 Would glow beneath the western main,
 And not a ray could reach our eyes,
 Unless reflected from the skies,
 Those wat'ry mirrors send your light
 In streams amidst the shades of night:
 Thus length'ning out your reign much more
 Than they had shorten'd it before.
 As this is so, I must maintain
 You've little reason to complain:
 For when the matter's understood,
 The ill scenes balanc'd by the good;
 The only difference in the case
 Is that the mischief first takes place,
 The compensation when you're gone
 Is rather somewhat late, I own:
 But since 'tis so, you'll own 'tis fit
 To make the best on't, and submit.

FABLE XIV.

THE BREEZE AND THE TEMPEST.

THAT nation boasts a happy fate,
 Whose prince is good, as well as great;
 Calm peace at home with plenty reigns,
 The law its proper course obtains;
 Abroad the public is respected,
 And all its int'rests are protected:
 But when his genius, weak or strong,
 Is by ambition pointed wrong,
 When private greatness has possess'd,
 In place of public good, his breast,
 'Tis certain, and I'll prove it true,
 That ev'ry mischief must ensue.
 On some pretence a war is made,
 The citizen must change his trade;
 His steers the husbandman unyokes,
 The shepherd too must quit his flocks,
 His harmless life and honest gain,
 To rob, to murder, and be slain:
 The fields, once fruitful, yield no more
 Their yearly produce as before:
 Each useful plant neglected dies,
 While idle weeds licentious rise
 Unnumber'd, to usurp the land
 Where yellow harvests us'd to stand.
 Lean famine soon in course succeeds;
 Diseases follow as she leads.
 No infant bands at close of day
 In ev'ry village sport and play.
 The streets are throng'd with orphans dying
 For want of bread, and widows crying;
 Fierce rapine walks abroad unchain'd,
 By civil order not restrain'd:
 Without regard to right and wrong,
 The weak are injur'd by the strong.

The hungry mouth but rarely tastes
 The fatt'ning food which riot wastes;
 All ties of conscience lose their force,
 Ev'n sacred oaths grow words of course.
 By what strange cause are kings inclin'd
 To heap such mischief on mankind?
 What pow'rful arguments controul
 The native dictates of the soul?
 The love of glory and a name
 Loud-founded by the trump of fame:
 Nor shall they miss their end, unless
 Their guilty projects want success.
 Let one possess'd of sov'reign sway
 Invade, and murder, and betray,
 Let war and rapine fierce be hurl'd
 Through half the nations of the world;
 And prove successful in a course
 Of bad designs, and actions worse,
 At once a demigod he grows,
 And incens'd both in verse and prose,
 Becomes the idol of mankind;
 Though to what's good he's weak and blind;
 Approv'd, applauded, and respected,
 While better rulers are neglected.

Where Shott's airy tops divide
 Fair Lothian from the vale of Clyde,
 A tempest from the east and north
 Fraught with the vapours of the Forth,
 In passing to the Irish seas,
 Once chanc'd to meet the western breeze.
 The tempest hail'd him with a roar,
 "Make haste and clear the way before;
 No paltry zephyr must pretend
 To stand before me, or contend:
 Begone, or in a whirlwind tost
 Your weak existence will be lost."

The tempest thus:—The breeze reply'd
 "If both our merits should be try'd,
 Impartial justice would decree
 That you should yield the way to me."

At this the tempest rav'd and storm'd,
 Grew black and ten times more deform'd.
 What qualities, quoth he, of thine,
 Vain flatt'ring wind, can equal mine?
 Breath'd from some river, lake or bog,
 Your rise at first is in a fog;
 And creeping slowly o'er the meads
 Scarce stir the willows or the reeds;
 While those that feel you hardly know
 The certain point from which you blow.
 From earth's deep womb, the child of fire,
 Fierce, active, vigorous, like my fire,
 I rush to light; the mountains quake
 With dread, and all their forests shake:
 The globe itself convuls'd and torn,
 Feels pangs unusual when I'm born:
 Now free in air with sov'reign sway,
 I rule, and all the clouds obey:
 From east to west my pow'r extends,
 Where day begins, and where it ends:
 And from Bootes downwards far,
 Athwart the track of ev'ry star.
 Through me the polar deep disdains
 To sleep in winter's frosty chains;
 But rous'd to rage indignant heaves
 Huge rocks of ice upon its waves:

While dread tornados lift on high
 The broad Atlantic to the sky.
 I rule the elemental roar,
 And strew with shipwrecks ev'ry shore:
 Nor less at land my pow'r is known
 From Zembla to the burning zone.
 I bring Tartarian frosts to kill
 The bloom of summer; when I will
 Wide desolation doth appear
 To mingle and confound the year:
 From cloudy Atlas wrapt in night,
 On Barka's sultry plains I light,
 And make at once the desert rise
 In dusty whirlwinds to the skies;
 In vain the traveller turns his steed,
 And shuns me with his utmost speed;
 I overtake him as he flies,
 O'erblown he struggles, pants, and dies.
 Where some proud city lifts in air
 Its spires, I make a desert bare;
 And when I choose, for pastimes sake,
 Can with a mountain shift a lake;
 The Nile himself, at my command,
 Oft hides his head beneath the sand,
 And 'midst dry deserts blown and tost,
 For many a sultry league is lost.
 All this I do with perfect ease,
 And can repeat whene'er I please:
 What merit makes you then pretend
 With me to argue and contend,
 When all you boast of force or skill
 Is scarce enough to turn a mill,
 Or help the swain to clear his corn,
 The servile tasks for which you're born?

Sir, quoth the breeze, if force alone
 Must pass for merit, I have none;
 At least I'll readily confess
 That your's is greater, mine is less.
 But merit rightly understood
 Consists alone in doing good;
 And therefore you yourself must see
 That preference is due to me:
 I cannot boast to rule the skies
 Like you, and make the ocean rise,
 Nor e'er with shipwreck's strew the shore,
 For wives and orphans to deplore.
 Mine is the happier task, to please
 The mariner, and smooth the seas,
 And waft him safe from foreign harms
 To bless his consort's longing arms.
 With you I boast not to confound
 The seasons in their annual round,
 And mar that harmony in nature
 That comforts ev'ry living creature.
 But oft from warmer climes I bring
 Soft airs to introduce the spring;
 With genial heat unlock the soil,
 And urge the ploughman to his toil:
 I bid the op'ning blooms unfold
 Their streaks of purple, blue, and gold,
 And waft their fragrance to impart
 That new delight to ev'ry heart,
 Which makes the shepherd all day long
 To carol sweet his vernal song:
 The summer's sultry heat to cool,
 From ev'ry river, lake and pool,

I skim fresh airs. The tawny swain,
Who turns at noon the furrow'd plain,
Refresh'd and trusting in my aid,
His task pursues and scorns the shade:
And ev'n on Afric's sultry coast,
Where such immense exploits you boast,
I blow to cool the panting flocks
'Midst deserts brown and sun-burnt rocks,
And health and vigour oft supply
To such as languish, faint and die:
'Those humbler offices you nam'd,
To own I'll never be ashamed,
With twenty others that conduce
To public good or private use,
The meanest of them far outweighs
The whole amount of all your praise;
If to give happiness and joy,
Excels the talent to destroy.

The tempest, that till now had lent
Attention to the argument,
Again began (his patience lost)
To rage, to threaten, huff and boast:
Since reasons fail'd, resolv'd in course
The question to decide by force,
And his weak opposite to brave—
The breeze retreated to a cave
To shelter, till the raging blast
Had spent its fury and was past.

FABLE XV.

THE CROW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

Containing an useful hint to the Critics.

In ancient times, tradition says,
When birds like men would strive for praise;
The bulfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
With all that chant from tree or bush,
Would often meet in song to vie;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The knack to criticise by rote:
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as critics now-a-days:
Some say, he learn'd them from an owl,
By list'ning where he taught a school.
'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the public taste.
Then puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticis'd;
What he approv'd not, was despis'd:
But one false step in evil hour
For ever stript him of his pow'r.
Once when the birds assembled fat,
All list'ning to his formal chat;
By instinct nice he chanc'd to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking when they think of rain;
His wonted song he sung: the blunder
Amaz'd and scar'd them worse than thunder;

For no one thought so harsh a note
Could ever sound from any throat:
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes:
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in ev'ry face.
All this the raven saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.

Quoth he, The solo which ye heard
In public should not have appear'd:
The trifle of an idle hour,
To please my mistress once when four:
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong,
But, try'd by rules, you'll find the grounds
Most perfect and harmonious sounds.
He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
At every word the laugh grew double:
At last o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.

FABLE XVI.

THE HARE AND THE PARTAN (a).

THE chief design of this fable is to give a true specimen of the Scotch dialect, where it may be supposed to be most perfect, namely, in Mid-Lothian, the seat of the capital. The style is precisely that of the vulgar Scotch; and that the matter might be suitable to it, I chose for the subject a little story adapted to the ideas of peasants. It is a tale commonly told in Scotland among the country people; and may be looked upon as of the kind of those *Aniles Fabellæ*, in which *Horace* observes his country neighbours were accustomed to convey their rustic philosophy.

A CANNY man (b) will scarce provoke
Ae (c) creature livin', for a joke;
For be they weak or be they strang (d)
A jibe (e) leaves after it a stang (f)
To mak them think on't; and a laird (g)
May find a beggar fae prepar'd,
Wi pawks (h) and wiles, whar pith (i) is wantin,
As soon will mak him rue his tauntin.
Ye hae my moral, if am able
All fit it nicely wi a fable.

(a) A crab.

(b) A canny man signifies nearly the same thing as a prudent man: but when the Scotch say that a person is not canny, they mean not that they are imprudent, but mischievous and dangerous. If the term not canny is applied to persons without being explained, it charges them with sorcery and witchcraft.

(c) One.

(d) The Scotch always turn o in the syllable ong, into a. In place of long, they say lang; in place of tongs, tangs, as here strang, for strong.

(e) A satirical jest.

(f) Sting.

(g) A gentleman of an estate in land.

(h) Stratagems.

(i) Strength.

A hare, ae morning, chanc'd to see
 A partan creepin on a lee (k),
 A fishwife (l) wha was early oot
 Had drapt (m) the creature thereaboot.
 Mawkin (n) bumbas'd (o) and frighted fair (p)
 To see a thing but hide and hair (q),
 Which if it stur'd not might be ta'en (r)
 For naething ither than a stane (s),
 A squint-wife (t) wambling (u), fair beset
 Wi gerse and rashes (w) like a net,
 First thought to rin (x) for't; for bi kind
 A hare's nae fetcher (y), ye maun mind (z).
 But seeing that wi (a) aw its strength
 It scarce could creep a tether length (b),
 The hare grew baulder (c) and cam near,
 Turn'd playsome, and forgot her fear.
 Quoth Mawkin, Was there ere in nature
 Sae feckless (d) and sae poor a creature?
 It scarcely kens (e), or am mistaen
 The way to gang (f) or stand its lane (g).

(k) A piece of ground let run into grass for pasture.

(l) A woman that sells fish. It is to be observed, that the Scotch always use the word wife where the English would use the word woman.

(m) Dropt.

(n) A cast name for a Hare, like that of Reynard for a Fox, or Grimalkin for a Cat, &c.

(o) Astonish'd.

(p) Sore. I shall observe, once for all, that the Scotch avoid the vowels o and u; and have in innumerable instances supplied their places with a and e, or diphthongs in which these letters are predominant.

(q) Without hide and hair.

(r) Taken.

(s) Nothing other than a stone.

(t) Obliquely or asquat.

(u) A feeble motion like that of a worm or serpent.

(w) Grass and rushes. The vowel e which comes in place of a, is by a metathesis put between the consonants g and r, to soften the sound.

(x) Run.

(y) Fighter.

(z) You must remember.

(a) With all.

(b) The length of a rope used to confine cattle when they pasture, to a particular spot.

(c) Bolder.

(d) Feeble. Feckful and feckless signify strong and weak, I suppose from the verb to effect.

(e) Knows, or I am in a mistake.

(f) Go.

(g) Alone, or without assistance.

See how it steitters (b); all be bund (i)
 To rin a mile of up-hill grund
 Before it gets a rig-braid frae (k)
 The place its in, though doon the brae (l).

Mawkin wi this began to frisk,
 And thinkin (m) there was little risk,
 Clapt baith her feet on Partan's back,
 And turn'd him awald (n) in a crack.
 To see the creature sprawl, her sport
 Grew twice as good, yet prov'd but short.
 For parting wi her fit (o), in play,
 Just whar the partan's nippers lay,
 He gript it fast, which made her squeel,
 And think she bourded (p) wi the deil.
 She strave to rin, and made a fistle:
 The tither catch'd a tough bur thristle (q);
 Which held them baith, till o'er a dyke
 A herd cam stending (r) wi his tyke (s),
 And fell'd poor mawkin, fairly rucin,
 Whan forc'd to drink of her ain brewin (t).

(b) Walks in a weak stumbling way.

(i) I will be bound.

(k) The breadth of a ridge from. In Scotland about four fathoms.

(l) An ascent or descent. It is worth observing, that the Scotch when they mention a rising ground with respect to the whole of it, they call it a knau, if small, and a hill, if great; but if they respect only one side of either, they call it a brae, which is probably a corruption of the English word brow, according to the analogy I mentioned before.

(m) Thinking. When polysyllables terminate in ing, the Scotch almost always neglect the g, which softens the sound.

(n) Topsy-turvy.

(o) Foot.

(p) To bound with any person is to attack him in the way of jest.

(q) Thristle. The Scotch, though they commonly affect soft sounds, and throw out consonants and take in vowels, in order to obtain them, yet in some cases, of which this is an example, they do the very reverse; and bring in superfluous consonants to roughen the sound, when such sounds are more agreeable to the roughness of the thing represented.

(r) Leaping.

(s) Dog.

(t) Brewing. "To drink of one's own brewing," is a proverbial expression, for suffering the effects of one's own misconduct. The English say, "As they bake, so let them brew."

A DIALOGUE.

THE AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

HERE take your papers.—Have you look'd them
Yes, half a dozen times, I think, or more. [o'er?
And will they pass?—They'll serve but for a day;
Few books can now do more: You know the way;
A trifle's puff'd till one edition's sold,
In half a week at most a book grows old.
The penny turn'd's the only point in view;
So ev'ry thing will pass if 'tis but new.—

By what you say I easily can guess
You rank me with the drudges for the press;
Who from their garrets show'r Pindarics down,
Or plaintive elegies to lull the town.

You take me wrong: I only meant to say,
That ev'ry book that's new will have its day;
The best no more: for books are seldom read:
The world's grown dull, and publishing a trade.
Were this not so, could Ossian's deathless strains,
Of high heroic times the sole remains,
Strains which display perfections to our view,
Which polish'd Greece and Italy ne'er knew,
With modern epics share one common lot,
This day applauded, and the next forgot?

Enough of this; to put the question plain,
Will men of sense and taste approve my strain?
Will my old-fashion'd sense and comic ease
With better judges have a chance to please?

The question's plain, but hard to be resolv'd;
One little less important can be solv'd:
The men of sense and taste believe it true,
Will ne'er to living authors give their due.
They're candidates for fame in diff'rent ways;
One writes romances, and another plays,
A third prescribes you rules for writing well,
Yet bursts with envy if you should excel.
Through all fame's walks, the college and the
court,

The field of combat and the field of sport;
The stage, the pulpit, senate-house and bar,
Merit with merit lives at constant war.

All who can judge, affect not public fame;
Of those that do the paths are not the same:
A grave historian hardly needs to fear
The rival glory of a sonneteer:
The deep philosopher who turns mankind
Quite inside outwards, and dissects the mind,
Would look but whimsical and strangely out,
To grudge some quack his treatise on the gout.—

Hold, hold, my friend, all this I know, and
more;

An ancient bard * has told us long before;
And by examples easily decided,
That folks of the same trades are most divided.
But folks of diff'rent trades that hunt for fame,
Are constant rivals, and their ends the same.

* *Hesiod.*

It needs no proof, you'll readily confess,
That merit envies merit more or less:
The passion rules alike in those who share
Of public reputation, or despair.
Varrus has knowledge, humour, taste and sense,
Could purchase laurels at a small expence;
But wise and learn'd, and eloquent in vain,
He sleeps at ease in pleasure's silken chain:
Will Varrus help you to the muse's crown,
Which, but for indolence, might be his own?
Timon with art and industry aspires
To fame; the world applauds him, and admires:
Timon has sense, and will not blame a line
He knows is good, from envy or design:
Some general praise he'll carelessly express,
Which just amounts to none, and sometimes less:
But if his penetrating sense should spy
Such beauties as escape a vulgar eye,
So finely couch'd, their value to enhance,
That all are pleas'd, yet think they're pleas'd by
chance;

Rather than blab such secrets to the throng,
He'd lose a finger, or bite off his tongue.

Narcissus is a beau, but not an ass,
He likes your works, but most his looking-glass;
Will he to serve you quit his favourite care,
Turn a book-pedant and offend the fair?

Clelia to taste and judgment may pretend
She will not blame your verse, nor dares com-
mend:

A modest virgin always shuns dispute;
Soft Strephon likes you not, and she is mute.
Stern Aristarchus, who expects renown
From ancient merit rais'd, and new knock'd down,
For faults in every syllable will pry,
Whate'er he finds is good he'll pass it by.

Hold, hold, enough! All act from private ends;
Authors and wits were ever slipp'ry friends:

But say, will vulgar readers like my lays?
When such approve a work, they always praise.

To speak my sentiments, your tales I fear
Are but ill suited to a vulgar ear.
Will city readers, us'd to better sport,
The politics and scandals of a court,
Well vouch'd from Grub-street, on your pagespore,
For what they ne'er can know, or knew before?
Many have thought, and I among the rest,
That fables are but useless things at best:
Plain words without a metaphor may serve
To tell us that the poor must work or starve.
We need no stories of a cock and bull
To prove that graceless scribblers must be dull.
That hope deceives; that never to excel,
'Gainst spite and envy is the only spell.—
All this, without an emblem, I suppose
Might pass for sterling truth in verse or prose.—

Sir, take a seat, my answer will be long ;
Yet weigh the reasons and you'll find them strong.
At first * when savage men in quest of food,
Like lions, wolves and tigers, rang'd the wood,
They had but just what simple nature craves,
Their garments skins of beasts, their houses caves.
When prey abounded, from its bleeding dam
Pity would spare a kidling or a lamb,
Which, with their children nurs'd and fed at
home,

Soon grew domestic and forgot to roam :
From such beginnings flocks and herds were seen
To spread and thicken on the woodland green :
With property, injustice soon began,
And they that prey'd on beasts now prey'd on man.
Communities were fram'd, and laws to bind
In social intercourse the human kind.
These things were new, they had not got their
names,

And right and wrong were yet uncommon themes :
The rustic senator, untaught to draw
Conclusion in morality or law,
Of every term of art and science bare,
Wanted plain words his sentence to declare ;
Much more at length to manage a dispute,
To clear, enforce, illustrate, and confute ;
Fable was then found out, 'tis worth your heeding,
And answer'd all the purposes of pleading.
It won the head with unsuspected art,
And touch'd the secret springs that move the
heart :

With this premis'd, I add, that men delight
To have their first condition still in sight.
Long since the fires of Brunswick's line forsook
The hunter's bow, and dropp'd the shepherd's
crook :

Yet, 'midst the charms of royalty, their race
Still loves the forest, and frequents the chase.
The high-born maid, whose gay apartments shine
With the rich produce of each Indian mine,
Sighs for the open fields, the past'ral hook,
To sleep delightful near a warbling brook ;
And loves to read the ancient tales that tell
How queens themselves fetch'd water from the
well.

If this is true, and all affect the ways
Of patriarchal life in former days,
Fable must please the stupid, the refin'd,
Wisdom's first dress to court the op'ning mind.

You reason well, could nature hold her course,
Where vice exerts her tyranny by force :
Are natural pleasures suited to a taste,
Where nature's laws are alter'd and defac'd ?
The healthful swain who treads the dewy mead,
Enjoys the music warbl'd o'er his head :
Feels gladness at his heart while he inhales
The fragrance wafted in the balmy gales.
Not so Silenus from his night's debauch,
Fatigu'd and sick, he looks upon his watch
With rheumy eyes and forehead aching sore,
And staggers home to bed to belch and snore ;

* The author speaks of those only, who, upon the
dispersion of mankind, fell into perfect barbarism,
and emerged from it again in the way which he
describes, and not of those who had laws and arts
from the beginning by divine tradition.

For such a wretch in vain the morning glows,
For him in vain the vernal zephyr blows :
Gross pleasures are his taste, his life a chain
Of feverish joys, of lassitude and pain.
Trust not to nature in such times as these,
When all is off the hinge, can nature please ?
Discard all useless scruples, be not nice ;
Like some folks laugh at virtue, flatter vice,
Boldly attack the mitre or the crown ;
Religion shakes already, push it down :
Do every thing to please ?—You shake your
head :

Why then 'tis certain that you'll ne'er succeed :
Dismiss your muse, and take your full repose ;
What none will read 'tis useless to compose.—

A good advice ! to follow it is hard.—
Quote one example, name me but a bard
Who ever hop'd Parnassus' heights to climb,
That dropp'd his muse, till she deserted him.
A cold is caught, this med'cine can expel,
The dose is thrice repeated, and you're well.
In man's whole frame there is no crack or flaw
But yields to Bath, to Bristol, or to Spa :
No drug poetic frenzy can restrain,
Ev'n hellebore itself is try'd in vain :
'Tis quite incurable by human skill ;
And though it does but little good or ill,
Yet still it meets the edge of reformation,
Like the chief vice and nuisance of the nation.
The formal quack, who kills his man each day,
Passes uncensur'd, and receives his pay.
Old Aulus, nodding 'midst the lawyers strife,
Wakes to decide on property and life.
Yet not a soul will blame him, and insist
That he should judge to purpose, or desist.
At this address how would the courtiers laugh !
My lord, you're always blundering : quit your
staff :

You've lost some reputation, and 'tis best
To shift before you grow a public jest.
This none will think of, though 'tis more a
crime

To mangle state-affairs, than murder rhyme.
The quack, you'll say, has reason for his killing,
He cannot eat unless he earns his shilling.
The worn-out lawyer clambers to the bench
That he may live at ease, and keep his wench ;
The courtier-toils for something higher far,
And hopes for wealth, new titles and a star ;
While moon-struck poets in a wild-goose chase
Pursue contempt, and begg'ry, and disgrace.

Be't so : I claim'd by precedent and rule
A free-born Briton's right, to play the fool :
My resolution's fix'd, my course I'll hold,
In spite of all your arguments when told :
Whether I'm well and up, or keep my bed,
Am warm and full, or neither cloth'd nor fed,
Whether my fortune's kind, or in a pet
Am banish'd by the laws, or fled for debt ;
Whether in Newgate, Bedlam, or the Mint,
I'll write as long as publishers will print.

Unhappy lad, who will not spend your time
To better purpose than in useless rhyme :
Of but one remedy your case admits,
The king is gracious, and a friend to wits ;
Pray write for him, nor think your labour lost,
Your verse may gain a pension or a post.

May Heav'n forbid that this auspicious reign
Should furnish matter for a poet's strain;
The praise of conduct steady, wise, and good,
In prose is best express'd and understood.
Nor are those sov'reigns blessings to their age
Whose deeds are sung, whose actions grace the
stage.

A peaceful river, whose soft current feeds
The constant verdure of a thousand meads,
Whose shaded banks afford a safe retreat
From winter's blasts and summer's sultry heat,
From whose pure wave the thirsty peasant drains
Those tides of health that flow within his veins,

Passes unnotic'd; while the torrent strong
Which bears the shepherds and their flocks along,
Arm'd with the vengeance of the angry skies,
Is view'd with admiration and surprise;
Employs the painter's hand, the poet's quill,
And rises to renown by doing ill.
Verse form'd for falsehood makes ambition shine,
Dubs it immortal, and almost divine;
But qualities which fiction ne'er can raise
It always lessens when it strives to praise.

Then take your way, 'tis folly to contend
With those who know their faults, but will not
mend.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT DODSLEY.

Containing

AGRICULTURE,
MELPOMENE,
ART OF PREACHING,

||

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
The Muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing———
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse,
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome,
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.

AGRICULTURE, CANTO I. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

POETICAL WORKS

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Containing

SELECTED
SONNETS
AND
OTHER
POEMS

ARRANGED
AND
EDITED
BY
J. DODSLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of course, and the various kinds of
The Mind, obtaining the choice, outward
To sing—
O'er the barrenness, happy were the land
Might that his rural notes, to future time
Boast of all known, that, needing only the
Notes to their musical melody. For all
Beneath the feeble efforts of a man,
I cannot but be true of those who know
A greater world, the Christian's hope
What greater power, greater influence than
And the false world of political men
Of the great world, the land of the
Acquainted with the world

EDINBURGH:

JOHN WATSON AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY was born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703. The humble situation and circumstances of his parents precluded him from the advantages of a liberal education; and his first setting out in life was in the station of a footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, in which his good conduct and abilities soon brought him into notice.

In this humble sphere of life he wrote several poems, which excited so much attention, that he was encouraged to publish them under the title of *The Muse in Livery*. The collection is very little known; but it was printed in 12mo, had a very handsome list of subscribers prefixed to it, and was dedicated to Mrs. Lowther.

He was for some time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope; and it is greatly to his honour, that he was not unwilling that his low station in the family of that epicure should be recollected, when he had raised himself to competency and affluence.

"When Lord Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*" came out," says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman.'"

What contributed still more to his reputation, was his writing a dramatic piece, called *The Toy-Shop*, built on Randolph's celebrated comedy, called "The Muses Looking-Glass," 4to, 1638; which being shown in manuscript to Pope, he was so well pleased with the delicacy of its satire, and the simplicity of its design, that he took the author under his protection; and though he had no connection with the theatres, procured him such an interest as ensured its being immediately brought on the stage.

It was acted at Covent Garden theatre, in 1735, with very great success, and when printed, was received with much applause by the public. The hint of it is taken from Randolph's play; but he has so perfectly modernized it, that he has made it perfectly his own, and rendered it one of the justest, and at the same time the best natured rebukes that fashionable absurdity perhaps ever met with. It contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age; the characters are distinct and appropriate; and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, it is still received with no small applause.

Pope's warm and zealous patronage of Dodsley is noticed in a malignant epistle from Curll, to that celebrated poet, in 1737.

'Tis kind a *Livery Muse* to aid,
Who scribbles farces to augment his trade.
When you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.

The world has long been ruled by an opinion which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities; that it is not easy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his estate; and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Dodsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very possible for a man to be an author, without neglecting business.

The pecuniary advantages which Dodsley had derived from his first publication, and from the success of his *Toy-Shop*, were applied by him to a very wise and useful purpose. Instead of adopting the precarious situation of a town writer, he determined to engage in some profitable business; and the business he fixed upon was happily suited to his literary taste, and favourable to his connection with men of learning.

In 1735, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall-Mall; and such was the effect of Pope's recommendation and assistance, and of his own good character and behaviour, that he soon obtained not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also of those of the first rank; and in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession.

His shop became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank; and he reckoned Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenstone, Dr. Johnson, and other distinguished characters, in the number of his friends.

His employment as a bookseller did not prevent his pursuing the bent of his genius as an author. In 1737, he brought on the stage at Drury-Lane theatre, a farce called *The King, and the Miller of Mansfield*, which met with very great success. The plot of the piece is founded on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II.; of this story he has made a very pleasing use, and wrought it out into a truly dramatic conclusion. The dialogue is natural, yet elegant; the satire poignant, yet genteel; the sentiments are such as do honour to both his head and heart; and the catastrophe, though simple, yet affecting and perfectly just. The scene lies in and near the *Miller's* house in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham; and he had probably an additional pleasure in the choice of his subject from the connection of it with his native place.

O native *Sherwood*! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes to future times,
Boast of tall groves that nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody.—

The year following, his *Sir John Cockle at Court*, a farce, was acted at Drury-Lane. It is a sequel to the *King and Miller of Mansfield*, in which, the miller newly made a knight, comes up to London with his family, to pay his compliments to the king. It is not, however, equal in merit to the first part; for though the king's disguising himself, in order to put *Sir John's* integrity to the test, and the latter's resisting every temptation, not only of bribery, but of flattery, is ingenious, and gives an opportunity for many admirable strokes of satire, yet there is a simplicity and fitness for the drama in the turn of the former production, which it is scarcely possible to come up to in the circumstances that arise from the conduct of *Sir John Cockle at Court*.

The *Miller of Mansfield*, and its sequel, exhibitis an interesting contrast between the unadorned solidity of country manners, and the splendid vices of a court; the blunt honesty of a miller, and the slender importance of a monarch without his attendants, in a sequestered spot, and in midnight darkness. It has several pleasing songs, which from some of them continuing still to be popular, must have merit.

His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, which, according to Mr. Victor, was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1739-40, but Mr. Reed says in 1741, but without much success. It is on the same story with Day's comedy of "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," 4to, 1659.

In 1744, he published *A Collection of Plays, by old Authors*, in 12 vols. 12mo., which was a valuable acquisition to the literary world. It has been highly improved in the second edition, published by Mr. Reed, in 1780; in which, besides an excellent preface, and very useful notes, some plays before inserted are rejected, and others of greater merit are introduced in their room.

In 1745, he produced a dramatic piece, called *Rex et Pontifex*, 8vo., being an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime. It does not, however, appear to have been represented at any of our theatres.

In 1746, he published *The Museum, or Literary and Historical Register*, in 3 vols. 8vo, to which Dr. Johnson, and other men of genius, were contributors.

In 1748, he collected his several dramatic pieces, which had been separately printed, and published them in one volume 8vo., under the modest title of *Trifles*.

On the occasion of the signing the treaty of peace, at Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1748-9.

In 1749, he published that eminently useful school-book, *The Preceptor*, in 2 vols. 8vo. The design of this work was framed by Doddsley, and the execution of it was accomplished by several of the distinguished writers of the age.

In 1750, he published a small work, which, for a short time had a very great celebrity, under the title of *The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered, in a Letter from an English Gentleman now residing in China, to the Earl of * * **. Besides the apocryphal introduction of this work into the world, it derived a temporary popularity from its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield. This supposition was strengthened by a letter

that had been addressed to his Lordship, by Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, in which she had complimented him on being author of "The Whole Duty of Man." She had probably heard an account of the Earl's letters to his son. However this may have been, the power of *literary fashion* procured *The Economy of Human Life* a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a height of applause which it would not have obtained if it had been known to be the production of a bookseller. The work, upon the whole, is not without a considerable share of merit. The subjects are well chosen, the advice is good, the style is succinct and frequently nervous; but it is deficient in that strength and energy, that vividness of imagination, and that luminousness of metaphor, which pervade those parts of scripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in the genuine oriental writings.

The popularity of Doddsley's performance produced a number of imitations: "The second part of the Economy of Human Life," "Appendix," "The Economy of a Winter Day," "The Economy of Female Life," "The Economy of the Sexes," "Complete Economy for the Female Sex," 1751, and "The Economy of the Mind," 1767.

In 1752, he obliged the lovers of poetry, by the publication of *A Collection of Poems, by Eminent Hands*. vol. 1st, 2d, and 3d, 12mo. Several of his own little pieces are inserted at the close of the 3d volume. The 4th volume of this elegant and valuable miscellany appeared in 1755, and the 5th and 6th volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it consists are not all equally valuable; but perhaps a more excellent miscellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable service to the cause of genius and taste, as it has been the means of preserving several productions of merit, which might otherwise have sunk into oblivion. A judicious selection of pieces omitted by Doddsley, was given to the world by the editor of "A collection of the most esteemed pieces of poetry that have appeared for several years: with variety of originals, by the late Moses Mendez, Esq., and other contributors to Doddsley's collection. To which this is designed as a supplement," printed for Richardson and Urquhart, in 1 vol. 12mo, 1767, 1770. The world is indebted for a more extensive supplement to Doddsley, to the valuable "Collections" of Mr. Pearch, in 4 vols, 12mo. 1768, 1770; and of Mr. Nichols, with biographical and historical notes, in 8 vols, 1780, 1782. The collection printed for Urquhart and Richardson is commonly, but erroneously ascribed to Mendez, who died in 1758. His imitations of Spenser, and other poems, are highly deserving of republication, and were originally recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this collection of classical English poetry.

The subject of his next publication was *Public Virtue*, a didactic poem, which was intended to be comprised in three books, including 1st, *Agriculture*, 2d, *Commerce*, 3d, *Arts*; of this truly useful and valuable undertaking, the first book on *Agriculture*, was published in 1754, 4to., and was all that was accomplished by Doddsley. It is probable that the reception and sale of the poem did not encourage him to complete his design.

In 1758, he published *Melpomene; or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode*, 4to. This ode was eagerly read on its first appearance, and is justly regarded as one of the happiest efforts of his muse.

His next publication was *The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year 1758*; a very valuable work, which has been continued to the present time.

The same year his *Cleone*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Covent Garden; and met with very great success. An imperfect hint towards the fable of this tragedy was taken from the "Legend of St. Genevieve," written originally in French, and translated into English in the last century, by Sir William Lower. The first sketch of it, consisting then of three acts only, was shown to Pope two or three years before his death, who informed Doddsley, that in his very early youth he had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards destroyed, and he advised him to extend his plan to five acts. It was first offered to Garrick, but he refused it; principally, as it should seem, because it contained no character in which he could have figured himself. To prevent its success, he appeared in a new part on the first night of its appearance. This scheme had no effect; for the play rose above all opposition, and had a long and crowded run; the character of *Cleone* received every possible advantage from the exquisite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, whose peculiar merit, in this part, contributed, in a great degree, to promote the run of the piece. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the epilogue by Mr. Shenstone.

The intrinsic merit of *Gleone*, as a moral and interesting drama, is universally acknowledged. "When I heard you read it," said Dr. Johnson to Mr. Langton, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Dodsley himself, upon this being repeated to him, said, "It was too much."

It will not, indeed, stand in competition with the tragedies of Otway or Southerne; but it is not, upon the whole, inferior to any that have been brought upon either stage for the last fifty years, except "Douglas." It is equally free from the bombast and rant of a "Barbarossa," and from the flowery whine and romantic softness of "Philoclea;" but at the same time it wants the majesty of diction, and high reach of thought, essential to the dignity of a perfect tragedy. The plot is too thin; the scenes are too barren of incidents, at least of important ones), and the language, in general, too much, though not altogether destitute of poetry. It contains, however, some happy expressions and striking sentiments. The circumstance of *Siffroy's* giving his friend directions concerning his wife, has some degree of similarity to Posthumus's orders in "Cymbeline." In the two last acts, he appears to the greatest advantage: *Cleone's* madness, in particular, over her murdered infant, being highly pathetic.

This tragedy has lately been revived by Mrs. Siddons; but so strong were the feelings which her exquisite performance of *Cleone* excited on the first night of acting, that the house was thin on the second night, and the play was dropped.

In 1760, he published his last separate work, the *Select Fables of Æsop, and other Fabulists, in three books, with the Life of Æsop, and an Essay on Fable*, 8vo. This work added greatly to his reputation. It is indeed a classical performance, both in regard to the elegant simplicity of the style, and the propriety of the sentiments and characters. The first book contains ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables; the stories in the third book are wholly invented by Dodsley and his friends. *The Life of Æsop*, by M. Mezeriac, is the only Life of Æsop that is consistent with common sense; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of absurd traditions, or equally absurd inventions. The *Essay* considers the fable regularly; first, with relation to the moral; secondly, the actions and incidents; thirdly, the persons, character, and sentiments; and, lastly, the language. This is one of the first pieces of criticism, in which rules are delivered for this species of composition drawn from nature, and by which these small and pleasing kind of productions that were thought to have little other standard than the fancy, are brought under the jurisdiction of the judgment. Dodsley has been so eminently successful in his design, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be disputed, except only in a single instance; in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Grapes," he says, "a fox should not be said to long for grapes;" because the appetite is not consistent with its known character. It is not so in the east. Dr. Hasselquist, in his "Travels," observes, that the fox is an animal common in Palestine; and that it destroys the vines, unless it is strictly watched. Solomon also says, in "Canticles" ii. 15. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Before he committed the *Essay* to the press, he subjected it to the revival of his literary friends, and especially of Shenstone.

In 1761, he published a collection of *Fugitive Pieces*, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubbe, Dr. Lancaster, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in 2 vols, 8vo.

In 1763, he published the works of his amiable and ingenious friend Shenstone, in 2 vols, 12mo; to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings, and added a description of the Leasowes.

His "*Description of Persefield*," in a letter to Shenstone, is preserved in Hull's "Select Letter," between the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whistler, Miss Dolman, Shenstone, Dodsley, &c. in 2 vols, 1773.

In the course of his profession, Dodsley acquired a very handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the active part of business, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Dodsley, the present respectable bookseller in Pall-Mall. During the latter years of his life he was much troubled with the gout, to which, at length, he fell a martyr, while he was upon a visit to his friend Spence, at Durham, Sept. 5. 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. Spence paid the last kind office

to his remains. He was buried in the Abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inscription was engraved on his tomb-stone.

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place
In which are deposited, the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY;
Who, as an author, raised himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better,
Sept. 25. 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

A second volume of his *Miscellanies* was published in 8vo, 1772. The volume contains *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human Life*. The editions of the *Economy of Human Life* are too numerous to be specified. His *Agriculture*, *Melpomene*, and other poems, are now, for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was very amiable and respectable. As a tradesman, he preserved the greatest integrity; as a writer, the most becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and on many occasions he was not only the publisher, but the patron of genius. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained, and always expressed towards the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of being first taken notice of in life. Modest, sensible, and humane; he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth sufficient to satisfy every wish which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greatest part of his life in an intimacy with men of the brightest abilities, whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his writings.

As an author, he is entitled to considerable praise. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which are sometimes more pleasing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of writing. His prose is familiar, and yet chaste. His *Essay on Fable* will be a durable monument of his ingenuity. In his dramas he has always kept in view the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*, some general moral is constantly conveyed in each of his plans, and particular instructions are displayed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue, at the same time, is easy; the plots simple; and the catastrophe interesting and pathetic. In verse, his compositions sufficiently show what genius alone, unassisted by learning, is capable of executing. His subjects are well chosen and entertaining; the diction is chaste and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

Of his poetical productions, his *Agriculture*, a Georgic in three cantos, is the most considerable. The subject is such as must be grateful and entertaining to every Briton; and though, in the execution, there are imperfections impossible to be overlooked by a critical eye, yet there are a number of beauties in it deserving of applause; and those who may have reason to condemn the poet, will find ample cause to commend the patriot. Indeed, to write a truly excellent Georgic, is one of the greatest efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to succeed in this species of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, exquisiteness of taste, and power of harmony. The general economy of this Georgic is judicious: it contains several exalted sentiments; and the descriptions are often delicate and well expressed. But, at the same time, the diction is frequently too prosaic, many of the epithets are inadequate, and in some places, sufficient attention is not paid to the powers of the versification.

In the *first* canto, after having generally proposed his intention, addressed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the *Genius of Britain*, he proceeds to consider husbandry as the source of wealth and plenty; and therefore recommends it to landlords not to oppress the farmer, and to the farmer that he should be frugal, temperate, and industrious. After giving an account of the instruments of husbandry, he describes a country statute, and introduces the episode of *Patty*, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmer's poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and such other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the industrious labours of the husbandman; and we are shown how the cultivation of the former, and the destruction of the latter contribute alternately to provide him with business or amusement; whence we are led to contemplate the happiness of a rural life; to which succeeds an address to the great to engage them in the study of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of nature's operations on the vegetable world, with a philosophical system, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the canto. The address to the *Genius of Britain* is pleasing, and the description of the *Fair Milk-maid* is exquisitely beautiful.

The *second* canto begins with instructions for meliorating soils, according to their diversity, whether they consist of sand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly taken notice of, and those of the Middlesex gardeners. Directions are also given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for the improvement and enclosure of lands; the respective uses of the several forest trees are distinguished; the advantages arising from plantations pointed out; and rules are presented for their successful cultivation. To these succeed some observations on gardening, wherein the taste for strait lines, regular platforms, and clipped trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. These are succeeded by a few compliments to some modern gardens, Chiswick, Richmond, Oatlands, Esher, Woburn, and Hagley; a description of those of *Epicurus*, and a celebration of his morals. The apostrophe to the *Genius of Gardens* is happily introduced; and the description of the *Gardens of Epicurus* is rich and luxuriant.

In the *third* canto are described hay-making, harvest, and the harvest-home; a method is prescribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Other vegetable, fossil, and mineral productions peculiar to England are praised. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a transition to the breeding and management of sheep, cows, and horses; of the latter there are descriptions according to their respective uses; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two last, which are eminently beautiful, conclude the poem.

Of his other poems, his *Melpomene* may be considered as the greatest effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in sublimity and enthusiasm with the lyric compositions of Dryden, Keats, Collins, Gray, and Mason. It has a more moderate degree of elevation, and poetic fire. It is animated without being rhapsodical, and joins ardent sentiment and picturesque description, to correctness, harmony, and happy expression. His picture of *Despair*, in the *Region of Terror*, is finely drawn, and only inferior to that of Spenser. The portrait of *Rage* is equally happy in the designing, and the expression. In the *Region of Pity*, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corse of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally striking and beautiful, and pregnant with a necessary moral caution.

Of his *Art of Preaching*, in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," the rules are well adapted, and exemplified, and the versification is smooth and elegant. His *Songs*, in point of tenderness, delicacy, and simplicity, are not inferior to any composition of that kind in the English language.

Most of his smaller pieces may be read with pleasure. His just retort on Burnet, for calling Prior in his "History of his Own Times," *one Prior*, is probably remembered by most readers of poetry.

THE WORKS OF DODSLEY.

AGRICULTURE: A POEM.

PREFACE.

If the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the public attention, it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is farther confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistance of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest (the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry), his prospects of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these, and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public, without the approbation of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan*. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion, and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would, in case of success, have increased his reputation, he hopes, if he hath failed, they will soften his disgrace.

* The author's original design was to have written a poem, intituled, "Public Virtue," in three books; 1st, Agriculture; 2d, Commerce; 3d, Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The proposition. Address to the Prince of Wales. Invocation to the genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords, not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milk-maid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great, to study agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
Of social commerce, of the nobler arts,
Which polish and adorn the life of man;
Objects demanding the supreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons;
The muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!
The favourite of her wishes! Thou, O prince!
On whom her fondest expectations wait,
Accept the verse: and, to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear.

Genius of Britain! pure intelligence!
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;
O! wake the breast of her aspiring son,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue.

From cultivation, from the useful toils
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth!
To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
And, with a spirit congenial to your birth,
Regard his various labours through the year:
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.

The year declining, now hath left the fields
Divested of their honours: the strong glebe
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes and to his cares.

O ye, whom fortune in her silken robe
Enwraps benign; whom plenty's bounteous hand

Hath favour'd with distinction ! O look down,
 With smiles indulgent, on his new designs !
 Assist his useful works, facilitate
 His honest aims ; nor in exaction's gripe [toils
 Enthal th' endeavouring swain. Think not his
 Were meant alone to foster you in ease
 And pamper'd indolence ; nor grudge the meed,
 Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
 The labouring hand of useful industry.
 Be yours the joy to propagate content ;
 With bounteous Heaven co-operate, and reward
 The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring.
 As in a garden, the enlivening air
 Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
 Which by its influence rise ; so in his breast
 Benevolent, who gives the swains to thrive,
 Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.

But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
 On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
 Gives labour hope ; where sheltering shades arise,
 Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow ;
 Where arable and pasture duly mix ;
 Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the muse,
 And catch the moral lessons of her song.
 Be frugal and be blest ; frugality
 Will give thee competence ; thy gains are small,
 Too small to bear profusion's wasteful hand ;
 Make temperance thy companion ; so shall health
 Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
 To every useful work. And if to these
 Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,
 The love of industry, the glowing joy
 Felt from each new improvement ; then fair peace,
 With modest neatness in her decent garb,
 Shall walk around thy dwelling ; while the great,
 Tir'd with the vast fatigue of indolence,
 Fill'd with disease by luxury and sloth,
 Impatient curse the dilatory day,
 And look with envy on thy happier state.

Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain
 With courage enters on his rural works.
 First he provides the needful implements.
 Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
 Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast
 Fed with his fellow brute in woods and wilds,
 Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
 The spiked harrow next, to break the clods,
 And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field :
 Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought.
 Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
 To encounter all the numerous host of weeds,
 Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes.
 The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for
 grafs,

And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
 The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save,
 With providential care he treasures up.
 His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox
 Drags on, deep laden, grinding the rough ruts ;
 While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse
 Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
 Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
 Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd
 sheaves

Their hidden stores profuse ; which now demand
 The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
 With blasts successive, wafting far away
 The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.

And now compell'd to hire assistant strength,
 Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
 Where willing servitude, for mutual wants
 Of hind and farmer, holds her * annual feast.
 'Tis here the toiling hand of industry
 Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord
 And leader of the rustic band ; who claims
 His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
 And dignity superior ; boasting skill
 To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
 To scatter with an equal hand the seed,
 And with a master scythe to head the train,
 When the ripe meadow asks the mower's hand.
 Here too, the thrasher, brandishing his flail,
 Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand
 A labouring arm, now ready to give up
 Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
 For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.
 The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
 Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects
 Observance ; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep
 In all diseases of the bleating flock.
 Mix'd with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
 Some taught with dextrous hand to twirl the
 wheel,

Or stroak the swelling udder ; some expert
 To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf ;
 To mash the melted barley, and extract
 Its flavour'd strength ; or, with a housewife's care,
 To keep the decent habitation neat.
 But now let loose to revelry and sport,
 In clamorous mirth indelicate and rude, [voke
 The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, pro-
 Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
 Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid ;
 As Verulam the pleasing tale records.
 When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
 Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not
 heard

Of Patty, the fair milk-maid ? Beautiful
 As an Arcadian nymph ; upon her brow
 Sat virgin modesty, while in her eyes
 Young sensibility began to play
 With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
 On either side her face in careless curls,
 Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
 Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
 Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
 Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
 Through lips of living coral. When she spoke,
 Her features wore intelligence ; her words
 Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,
 As lighted in her face resistless charms.
 Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast
 With pleasing elegance :—That lovely breast :—
 Ah ! fancy, dwell not there, lest gay desire,
 Who, smiling, hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
 Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecstasy.
 Her shape was moulded by the hand of ease,
 Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame ;
 While grace, following her steps, with secret art
 Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
 In sweet simplicity ; a snow-white pail

* This is called in the country a statute, and is
 held annually at most market-towns in England,
 where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places
 and employment.

Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
In that fair province of the rural state,
The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.

How great the power of beauty! The rude
swains

Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds,
Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a spreading whisper through the crowd.
Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No rest the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous
form,

Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
He strives to tear her image from his breast;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
And binding all his soul a slave to love.

Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
For him she dress'd, for him the pleasing arts
She study'd, and for him she wish'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,
Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.

Judge then the sweet surprise, when she at
length

Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe these soft words into her listening ear.

"O Patty! dearest maid, whose beauteous form
Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,

"Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,

"Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:

"Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,

"If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."

Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
Of struggling passions rising in her breast?

Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love,
Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,

But the faint accents dy'd upon her tongue:

Her fears prevented utterance.—At length

"Can Thyrsis mock my poverty? Can he

"Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,

"Too humble even to hope"—No more she said;

But gently, as if half unwilling, stole

Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,

Casting a look of diffidence and fear,

To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.

But Thyrsis read, with rapture in her eyes,

The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,

And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams
Coagulated, rise in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
To her sweet butter yield superior praise.

But turn, my muse, nor let th' alluring form
Of beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
See where the farmer, with a master's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
In sov'reign independence. At a word
His feathery subjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glittering pageant to the mid-day sun;
In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
And calls the bristling feathers round his head.
There the loud herald of the morning struts
Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
See the gray gander, with his female train,
Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,
Rejoicing on the surface, clap their wings;
Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The glossy pigeons chase their sportive loves,
Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.

Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
Promise the future market large supplies:
While with an eye of triumph he surveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at winter's frown.
In silent rumination, see the kine,
Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait
To pour into his pails their milky stores:
While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily blooming pea, the fragrant bean, (scatt.
And broad-leav'd cabbage for the ploughman's

These his amusements, his employments these;
Which still arising in successive change,
Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.
Peace and contentment with their guardian wings
Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy health,
When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy footsteps round the field;

And cheerfulness attends his closing day.
No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,
Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
Sailing around portentous; the rank roe
Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;
The corn-devouring partridge; timorous hare;
Th' amphibious otter bold; the weasel sly,
Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell;
And moles, a dirty undermining race.

These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd
With man to man, an inoffensive train.
'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,
Th' explosive thunder of the levell'd tube,
Or toils unwearied of his social friend
The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
And health and pleasure in the sportive field
Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he! happiest of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to
catch

The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar buittles for a bribe,
The purchase of his honour; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce; and beneath the mask
Of friendship and sincerity, betray.

Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculptur'd, yield to charm the eye;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate enwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping avarice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring
springs,

Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits, to meditate the God!

Turn then at length, O turn, ye sons of wealth,
And ye who seek through life's bewildering
maze,

To tread the paths of happiness, O turn!
And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;
In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of nature, and displays
The matchless beauty of created things.
Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts
Of cultivation; and those fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.
Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,
That noblest science, which in ancient time
The mind of sages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his work in agriculture's school.

Then hear the muse, now entering, hand in
hand

With sweet philosophy, the secret bowers
Of deep mysterious nature; there to explore
The causes of fecundity, and how
The various elements, earth, water, air,
And fire united; the enlivening ray
Diurnal, the prolific dews of night;
With all the rolling seasons of the year;
In vegetation's work their power combine.

Whither, O whither dost thou lead my steps,
Divine philosophy? What scenes are these,
Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! en-
thron'd

Upon a solid rock great nature sits;
Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence
Receiving inspiration. Round her head
A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.
Lift! lift! what harmony, what heavenly sounds

Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'tis ancient Pan,
Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
Conveys the fancy'd music of the spheres.
See by his strains the elements inspir'd,
Join in mysterious work; their motions led
By † active fire, in windings intricate,
But not perplex'd, nor vague. And who are they?
What pair obeying in alternate rounds
The tuneful melody? majestic one,
And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time.
A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,
Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;
As wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,
Glides gaily on; a milk-white robe invests
His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head,
A shining glory paints his flying robe,
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.

Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
The varying seasons join the mystic train.
In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
Gay spring advances smiling: on her head
A flow'ry chaplet, mix'd with verdant buds,
Sheds aromatic fragrance through the air;
While little zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded
ears

Of ripening harvest; in her hand she bears
A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek
The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:
Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry breath
Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath
Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks
Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink
And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold;
Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
Shines the hoar-frost, and icicles depend.
Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
Shivering he walks, his joints benumb'd and
stiff;

And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.

And now, great nature pointing to the train
Her heaven-directed hand; they all combine,
In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound
Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd

* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signified by this god; and that his pipe, composed of seven reeds, was the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhave, and the other modern philosophers, all the motion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away, all things would become fixed and immoveable: fluids would become solid; a man would harden into a statue; and the very air would become into a firm and rigid mass.

Her voice harmonious; and the listening muse,
Admiring, caught the wonders of her * theme.

"To God, supreme Creator! great and good!

"All-wise, Almighty Parent of the world!

"In choral symphonies of praise and love,

"Let all the powers of nature raise the song!"

"The wat'ry signs forsaking, see, the sun,

"Great father of the vegetable tribes,

"Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray.

"When now the genial warmth earth's yielding
breast

"Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,

"And air, and water mix'd; attract, repel,

"And raise prolific ferment. Lo! at length

"The vital principle begins to wake:

"Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,

"Seek their terrestrial nurture; which convey'd

"In limpid currents through th' ascending tubes,

"And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells;

"To its own nature every different plant

"Assimilating, changes. Awful Heaven!

"How wond'rous is thy work, to thee! to thee!

"Mysterious power belongs! summer's fierce heat

"Increasing, rarifies the ductile juice.

"See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,

"Th' elastic air impells the rising sap.

"Swift through the stem, through every branch-
ing arm,

"And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,

"Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:

"Whence, as ordain'd th' expiring air flows out

"In copious exhalations; and from whence

"Its noblest principles the plant inhales.

"See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!

"Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!

"On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,

"Cloth'd in soft mingling shades from light to
dark,

"The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.

"The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's
blooms,

"And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,

"The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale

"Breathes odours, every zephyr from his wings

"Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from
shrubs,

"Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,

"From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,

"From every flower and aromatic herb

"In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits

"Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape

"The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious
plumb,

"The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,

"And thy rich nectar many flavour'd pine.

"These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man!

"These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of
Heav'n,

"A world of beauty, wonder, and delight."

"To God, supreme Creator! great and good!

"All-wise, Almighty Parent of the world!

"In choral symphonies of praise and love,

"Let all the powers of nature close the strain."

* The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his *Vegetable Statics*.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from these superior themes,
O muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different culture each requires.
The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
The falling moisture: hence the embryo seeds,
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
Correct this error of the ardent soil,
With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay
Give the loose glebe consistence and firm strength,
So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.

Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay?
Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil
Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
The hand of diligence. Here give the plough
No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm
dungs

Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground,
Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these
The sharpest sand, to open and unbind
The close-cohering mass; so shall new pores
Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive,
And yield a passage to the soaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots in quest of food,
Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,
And richer juices feed the swelling shoots:
So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.

But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live,
Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish,
Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views
All products of the teeming earth arise
In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid
Of culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears
Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain
Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change
Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,
In vigour through the perils of the year.

But new improvements curious wouldst thou
learn,

Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's * son,

* The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkshire, in his *Horse-boeing Husbandry*; or, an *Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage*.

Whose precepts drawn from sage experience,
claim

Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
First let the young Agricolist be taught:
Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds
Of every different species, Nitre, fire,
Air, water, earth, their various powers combine
In vegetation; but the genuine food
Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
Their strength and substance. Nitre first prepares
And separates the concreted parts; which then,
The wat'ry vehicle assumes, and through
Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtle air,
Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.

Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots:
But from the streams of ordure, from the stench
Of putrefaction, from stercoréous fumes
Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preserve
Her purity from taint, amid the stews.
Defile not then the freshness of thy field
With dungs polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller lend
Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
Turn it to catch the sun's prolific ray,
Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent Heaven.
These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And toil's unceasing hand full well supply
The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.

Thus taught the Shalborne swain; who first
with skill
Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough;
Who first his seed committed to the ground.
Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
In just proportion and in even rows;
Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
His * new machine, form'd to exterminate
The weedy race (intruders who devour,
But nothing pay), to pulverize the soil,
Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
And to its last perfection raise the crop.
He taught, alas! but practis'd ill the lore
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
His own philosophy disgracing, brought
Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.

Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth;
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.
Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour fees. Accumulated filth
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,

To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
Disorder governs; and licentious weeds
Spring up uncheck'd: the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
Ah, why so near the path of innocents,
Should spring their bane? But thou alone art wise.

Thus hath the faithful muse his lore pursu'd,
Who, trusting to the culture of his plough,
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith;
Experience to experience oft oppos'd,
Leaves truth uncertain. See what various crops,
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields
On Thames' prolific bank. On culture's hand
Alone, do these Horticulturists rely?
Or do they owe to London's rich manure
Those products which its crowded markets fill?
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
Have spread the glory of their garden's wide,
A theme of wonder to the distant swain. [er'd
Hence the piazza'd * square, where erst, embow-
In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;
Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,
Each various esculent the teeming earth
In every changing season can produce.

Join then with culture the prolific strength
Of such manure as best inclines to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marl impart
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling † tan
Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds
Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled foot,
From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil
Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
From its black sediment; and from the street
Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
Of ‡ unripe weeds, afford a cool manure.
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,
From land and wave commixt, with richness
fraught:

This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
Through chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.

* *Cowent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.*

† *The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hotbeds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardeners, Tan.*

‡ *If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.*

But if nor oily marl, nor crumbling tan,
Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
Nor weed, nor ocean's sand, can lend its aid;
Then, farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,
The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pulse,
Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;
These early reap, and bury'd in the soil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they
sprung.

Or sow the bulbous turnip; this shall yield
Sweet pasture to the flocks, or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.

Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
Thy products from invasion, and divide
For various use th' appropriated fields,
Disdain not thus to learn. For this, the sloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
Their branches, and their different merits boast.
But from the nurs'ry then with care select
Quick hawthorn setts, well rooted, smooth, and
strait:

Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side,
Let rise in height the sloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richest mold.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant shoots from depredation deep,
At proper distance drive stiff oaken stakes;
Which, interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Frustrate the nibbling flock, or browsing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choke, by covering from the vital air,
The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,
Soon shall they rise, and to thy field afford
A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
Here, by security invited, build
Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer
With melody: the hand of lovely May
Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mixt
With stocks of knotted crabs, ingrafted fruits,
When autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.

But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.

From seeds, or suckers, layers, or setts, arise
Their various tribes; for now exploded stands
The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,
To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,
In fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the shades their grandfire gave;
Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,
In distant ages, Britain's naval power;
Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
A shelter'd nursery; well from weeds, from shrubs,
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth.
Then from the summit of the fairest tree
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills
On nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wint'ry months
In embryo close the future forest lies,
And waits for germination: but in spring,
When their green heads first rise above the earth,
And ask thy fostering hand; then to their roots
The light soil gently move, and strew around
Old leaves, or litter'd straw, to screen from heat

The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,
Or starves the nurslings they pretend to shade.

When now four summers have beheld their
youth

Attended in the nursery, then transplant,
The soil, prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.

Avoid the error of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade
His hands shall raise, removes at vast expence
Tall trees; with envy and regret shall see
His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copse.

But if thy emulation's generous pride
Would boast the largest timber strait and strong:
Thick let the seedling in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; so shall each lateral branch,
Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
The towering stem: and they whose vigorous
health

Exalts above the rest their lofty heads,
Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,
Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.

Nor small the praise the skilful planter claims
From his befriended country. Various arts
Borrow from him materials. The soft beech,
And close-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
And with a thousand implements supply
Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
The cabinet. Smooth linden best obeys
The carver's chissel; best his curious work
Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—
Ah, why should birch supply the chair? since oft
Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending ash
Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
To weave our baskets the soft osier lends
His pliant twigs: Staves that nor shrink nor swell,
The cooper's close-wrought cask to chestnut owes.
The sweet-leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
Its varying beauties. The tall towering elm,
Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams
Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;
Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.
And last the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her isle! whose sons robust,
The best supporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
Of strength immense: or in the bounding deep
The loose foundations lay of floating walls,
Impregnable secure. But sunk, but fallen
From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
The druid erst his solemn rites perform'd,
And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? where but to serve
Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,
O prince below'd! for thee more nobly born
Than for thyself alone, the patriot work

Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
The fair occasion to remotest time
Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
So shall thy country's rising fleets, to thee
Owe future triumphs; so her naval strength,
Supported from within, shall fix thy claim
To ocean's sovereignty; and to thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled earth,
Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
Let then the great ambition fire thy breast,
For this, thy native land; replace the lost
Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
Survey young forests planted by thy hand.
Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
The * Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent,
From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.

O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.
Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!
I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within!
And all-obedient to the ruling God,
The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.

And hence, disdaining low and trivial things;
Why should I tell of him whose obvious art,
To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks
A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, furze or broom,
And surfac'd o'er with earth; in secret streams
Draws its collected moisture from the glebe?
Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,
Too dry to bear the sun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious
springs,

Which led in winding currents through the mead,
Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,
While wither'd plants reviving smile around?
But sing, O muse! the swain, the happy swain,
Whom taste and nature leading o'er his fields,
Conduct to every rural beauty. See!
Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently rising, there descending flow
Through the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
And weeping willows bend, to kiss the stream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink,
Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.

Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening
fruits

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet, in 1588,
called the Invincible Armada, had it in their or-
ders, if they could not subdue the island, at least
to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neigh-
bourhood of the river Severn.

Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
Or from the gay espalier: while below,
His various esculents, from glowing beds,
Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.

There from his forming hand new scenes arise,
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,
Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves;
The mansion seeming of some rural god,
Whom nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.
From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
Their downward shadows in the grassy wave,
What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye!
Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,
And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
To prop the canopy of Heav'n. Now lost
Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,
The golden orange, arbutus ever green,
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
Fair * opulus, to spring, to autumn dear,
And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
From soft Acacia's gently-waving branch,
Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents
Of sweet-briar, roses, honeysuckles wild,
Regale the smell; and to th' enchanted eye
Mezereon's purple, laurustinus' white,
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers display
Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn
grais

His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,
In meditation deep:—When, hark! the sound
Of distant water steals upon his ear;
And sudden opens to his pausing eye
The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock
Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:
Then glides away, meandering o'er the lawn,
A liquid surface; shining seen afar,
At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees;
Till lost and bury'd in the distant grove.
Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
Beneath the covert of embowering shades;
And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.

Genius of gardens! nature's fairest child!
Thou who, inspir'd by the directing mind
Of Heaven, did'st plan the scenes of Paradise!
Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: O where hast thou been hid?
For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown?
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore
Of Britain's beauteous isle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join,
To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,
And give thy varying landscapes every charm.
Drive then † Batavia's monsters from our shades;

* The gelder rose.

† The taste for strait lines, regular platforms,
and cleft trees, was imported from Holland at the
Revolution.

Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.

Banish the regular deformity
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorr'd
In nature's free plantations; and restore
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
The calm serene recess of thoughtful man,
In meditation's silent sacred hour.

And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land,
Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade
To nature introduc'd, the goddess woo'd,
And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
The calm retreat, where weary'd majesty,
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,
Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
On Oatland's brow, where grandeur sits en-
thron'd,

Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
Of Esher, where the Mole glides lingering, loth
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.
In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay
Variety, where mingled lights and shades,
Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects
break,

With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye.
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
Where through romantic scenes of hanging woods,
And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
Its master, who, inspir'd with all thy art,
Adds beauties to what nature plann'd so fair.

Hail sweet retirement! Wisdom's peaceful seat!
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
Th' † Athenian sage his happy followers taught,
That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious Hea-
ven!

How worthy thy divine beneficence,
This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,
Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
O might I hear, through time's long tract con-
vey'd,

The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!
And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
Such the divine enchantment of the muse,
I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.

"The end of life is happiness; the means
"That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
"From the vain phantoms or delusive fear,
"Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes
"Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons,
"From error's darkening clouds, from groundless
"fear

"Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,
"Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
"Establish in your breasts her stedfast throne;
"So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:
"Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,

* Mr. Southcote's.

† Epicurus, who, on account of teaching in his gar-
den, was called the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples
the Philosophers of the Garden.

"Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
"Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.
"The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,
"To rein th' impetuous sallies of desire.
"He who the kindling sparks of anger checks,
"Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
"Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
"Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
"Safe from the blast which shakes the towering
"pile,
"Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
"When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns
"From lewd temptation smiling in the eye
"Of wantonness hath burst the golden bands
"Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
"From early feebleness, and dire disease.
"Who let the griping hand of avarice pinch
"To narrow selfishness the social heart;
"Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,
"From their divine exertions in his breast.
"And see, my friends, this garden's little bound,
"So small the wants of nature, well supplies
"Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome
"pulse, [stream
"Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the
"The hand of moderation fills a cup,
"To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,
"Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
"With turbid violence, the veins distends.
"Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words,
"Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,
"Enjoy the * heavenly Venus of these shades,
"Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,
"From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from
being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest,
and the harvest-home. The praises of England
with regard to its various products. Apples.
Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth.
Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's herbs. Ef-
ficients. Medicinals. Transitions from the cul-
tivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle,
and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their dis-
eases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the
breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of
horses. The draught-horse—road-horse—hun-
ter—race-horse—and war-horse. Concluding
with an address to the Prince to prefer the arts
of peace to those of war.

WHILE thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds In slanting rows,
With still-approaching step, and levell'd stroke
The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of time.
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.
Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,

* He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus
Celestis, which probably he might intend should be sym-
bolical of his doctrine.

They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of zephyr; whose soft gale,
Now while th' ascending sun's bright beam exhales
The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,
Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.
And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Resound with merriment. The simple jest,
The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts
Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,
Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the sun,
The plain repast and wholesome bev'rage cheer
Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,
To social labour: soon the ponderous wain
Moves slowly onwards with its fragrant load,
And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of plenty, to ensure
From winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.

But do the threat'ning clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?
Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd
With sudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,
Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,
In flames resistless, thy collected store.

This dire disaster to avoid, prepare
A hollow basket, or the concave round
Of some capacious vessel; to its sides
Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtrusive barrier; raising still
As they advance, by its united bands,
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst
An empty space the cooling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offensive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.

And now the ruler of the golden day,
From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense;
While Ceres in the ripening field looks down
In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! at-

tend
His fervent prayer: restrain the tempest's rage,
The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast
The products of the labouring year destroy!
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,
Arm'd with the scythe or sickle;—echoes shrill
Of winding horns, the shouts and hallowings loud
Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frighted sense with dread. Near and more near
Th' unwelcome sounds approach; and sudden o'er
His fence the tall stag bounds: in close pursuit
The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack
Burst unresisted through the yielding hedge.
In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims:
The ruin of his crop in vain laments:
Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field

In cruel exultation; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy insults, thy injustice to the poor?
When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
The sweet sensations of humanity?

Yet all are not destroyers: some unspoil'd
By fortune, still preserve a feeling heart.
And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
Relinquish their treasures to the reaper's hand.
Here stands in comely order on the plain,
And cluster'd sheafs, the king of golden corn,
Unbearded wheat, support of human life:
There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
Grain which the reaper's care solicits best
By tempting promises of potent beer,
The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil:
The poor man's * clammy fare the sickle reaps;
The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
The mid-day sun; the laughing hinds rejoice:
Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye
Looks with indulgence on the gleanings poor,
At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands
gay,

Nods the last load along the shouting field.
Now to the God of harvest in a song
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear
The gratulations of assisting swains,
Are music. His exulting soul expands:
He presses every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree,
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
A free libation to th' immortal gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.

Hail, favour'd island! happy region, hail!
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe; blessing thy sons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendant clusters; which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught. Thine to the plant,
To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets
Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,
Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's† tribe,
T' enfold in softness beauty's lovely limbs,
Present their woven texture: and from whence,
A second birth, grows the papyrean‡ leaf,
A tablet firm, on which the painter bard

* Rye, of which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapness.

† Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

‡ The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is derived the present name of our material called Paper.

Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.

With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
Thy fossil treasures rise. Thy blazing hearths,
From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
Of fuel boast. The oil-imbibing * earth,
The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;
With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,
The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,
In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,
In safety clothe. Devona's ancient mines,
Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
Thine honour'd † name deriv'st. Nor want'st thou
Of that all-useful metal, the support [store
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise
In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat
Melts the hard mass; which flows an iron stream,
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,
A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

But the glad muse, from subterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products still remain unfung.
With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
The cloven-footed race, in various herds,
Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
The yellow-staining weed, ‡ luteola;
The § glastum brown, with which thy naked sons
In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
Nor the rich § rubia does thine hand withhold.

* Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and
as it is of so great a use in the manufacturing of cloth,
the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward
says this fossil is of more value to England than
the mines of Peru would be.

† The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion,
that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island
of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is,
the Land or country of Tin; which being softened
by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the
Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by
the Grecians calling the isles of Sicily, Cassiterides,
which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac
in Phœnician. RAPIN.

‡ Weld, commonly called Dyer's Wood.

§ Woad.

¶ Madder, which is used by the dyers for making
the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer ob-
serves, was thought so valuable in King Charles the
First's time, that it was made a patent commodity.
But the cultivation of it hath since been so strange-
ly neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch
the greatest part of what we use, to the amount

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening
buds,

And flowers and seeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.

Nor hath the god of physic and of day
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's seid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative. In every brake
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid digestion's sickly powers, refine.
The smooth * althæa its balsamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons.
† Hypericum, beneath each sheltering bush,
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.
Lo, from the baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black melancholy, flies;
And burning febris, with its lenient flood
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow [boast
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st
The ‡ blessed thistle, whose rejective power
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee
The rose, the violet their emolient leaves
On every bush, on every bank, display.

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
The copious blessings, which thy envy'd sons
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war;
Nor black contagion's pestilential breath;
Nor rending earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks,
towns,

Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,

as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says,
he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand
pounds a-year.

* Marsh-mallows.

† St. John's-wort.

‡ Carduus, called by physical writers, Carduus
Benedictus.

Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous, unresisted gripe.

But further now in vegetation's paths, [crops,
Through cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving
The weary'd muse forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.

Lo! on the other side yon slanting hill,
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he shelters from the rising sun,
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest
food

Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,
T' enrich th' exhausted soil: defending safe [fox,
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling
Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off
In smothered crowds. Diseases numerous
Assault the harmless race: but the chief fiend
Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches lost; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
Deny their aid: he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mix'd,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, stops the dangerous malady.

Refulgent summer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the sun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,
The woolly people in full clothing sweat:
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frightened innocents, their whitening robes
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline

Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dew
Perspiring soft, again through all the fleece
Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain
Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down
The patient creature lays; divesting soon
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.

O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
More precious, more important is the fleece!
This, this the solid base on which the sons
Of commerce build, exalted to the sky, [power!
The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and
Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
To earth descending in a radiant cloud,
Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.
To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair commerce rode
Sublime, the goddess of the wat'ry world,
On every coast, and every clime ador'd.
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
What mighty honours to her name should rise,
She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
The muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
Which here commenc'd, to time's remotest age,
Shall bear the glory of the British sail.

Cautious and fearful, some in early spring
Recruit their flocks; as then the wint'ry storms
The tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
In fruitful autumn stocks the bleating field
With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
Yet not too early in the genial sport
Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast
Commemorate the deed; lest the cold hand
Of winter pinch too hard the new-year'd lamb.

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
When fixing on the sire to raise his flock!
His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys!
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
Give indication of internal strength;
Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;
So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,
And less the hazard of the teeming ewe!
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
Thick, shining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, it horns
You choose, not strait, but curving round and
round

On either side his head. These the sole arms
His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and
pours
Into his heart new courage, these he aims,
With meditated fury at his foe.

In glowing colours, here the tempted muse
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
The rival rams, opposing front to front,
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight

But as deterr'd by the superior bard,
Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
My feeble combatants appall'd retreat.

At leisure now, O let me once again,
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
The lowing kine, see, at their 'custom'd hour,
Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
Exhaust the swelling udder. Vessels large
And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd.
Meanwhile, in decent order rang'd appear,
The milky treasure, strain'd through filtering
lawn,

Intended to receive. At early day,
Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
There from the surface of expanded bowls
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,
Though soft her hand, though delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
Continu'd agitation separates soon

The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes,
And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,
She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
Which in the cleansing wave well wrought, and
press'd

To one consistent golden mass, receives
The sprinkled seasoning, and of parts, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.

Is cheese her care? Warm from the teat she
pours

The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
From the dry'd stomach drawn of suckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
Her spreading hands bear down the gathering
curd,
Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and
thin,

The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,
The size and fashion which her taste approves,
She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;
And the strong press establishes its form.

But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
The jelly'd cream, or custard, daintiest food,
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,
For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak:
Down to their frugal board contentment sits,
And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie
The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
Variety, which idlers to their aid
Call in, to make the length of lazy life

Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
Her children and her dairy, well divide
Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives
Each busy season of the rolling year,
To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse,
And fit for various use his strength of speed.

Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
The burden'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.
Yet, straining in th' enormous cars which crowd
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every sinew, every nerve
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains!—but the
muse

Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye,
Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,
And cool though spritely, to the travell'd road
He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.

But not alone to these inferior tribes
Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.
Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs:
Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
And all impatient for the well-known sport,
Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
Pursues with voluntary speed the chase.
See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
Nor headlong steep deter the vigorous steed:
Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.

Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
He the fleet courser too, exulting shows,
And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
With ease the ambient air. His body firm
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, though slender, brac'd with sinewy
strength,

Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips;
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.
But, lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow

Courage enthroned sits, and animates
His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest,
His mane loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Clothing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Disdainful seems to tread the sordid earth.
Yet hears he and obeys his master's voice,
All gentleness: and feels, with conscious pride,
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand.
But when the battle's martial sounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire
Bursts thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all inspir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems
Impatient to express his swelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he stands,
And mocks at fear. Then springing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies
Before his dreadful front; and in his rear
Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,
Such was the steed thou, Cumberland, bestrodest,
When black rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the
throne

Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd.
And such, O prince! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er insidious France again presume
On Europe's freedom, such, though all averse
To slaughtering war, thy country shall present
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause
Ne'er shall ambition's sophistry persuade
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace;
Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws;
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the British lion's rage.

But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd fail
Fair commerce spreading to remotest climes;
And plenty rising from th' encourag'd plough;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.

MELPOMENE:

OR THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,
Young Shakspeare, fancy's child, was taught his
various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:

So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror shake us, or compassion warm,
As different strains controul
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents
play;
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's muse, that breathes her melt-
ing lay,
This ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul
forsook.

Ah! whither goddess! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic shore?
These panics whence? and why my bosom
torn
With sudden terrors never felt before?
Darkness enwraps me round,
While from the vast profound
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the
gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring
frame.
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choke:
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dis-
may'd:
Ah see! besmear'd with gore
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And fees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frightened soul to realms of endless
woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms
dance, [brain—
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes afaunce,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage con-
spire, [fire.
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks.
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews these vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled
sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murder's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow
sound? [hair?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghost slow-rising steals on air.
To where a mangled corse
Expos'd without remorse
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the
way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

"Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shower
"Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd?
"For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
"And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
"O kindness ill repay'd!
"To bare the murdering blade
"Against my life!—may Heav'n his guilt ex-
"plore, [restore."
"And to my suffering race their splendid rights
He said, and stalk'd away.—Ah goddess! cease
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of
peace,
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest
woes.

The fervent prayer was heard:—With hideous
sound,
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terror vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise;
New scenes salute my eyes,
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace
the plain; [plain.
And turtles coo around, and nightingales com-
And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There, with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows
flow.

VOL. XI.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.

Her bosom heaves with sighs;
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship? yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy
crown'd,
Of two, the formost in her sacred class,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!
What could such fury move!
Ah what, but ill-star'd love?
The same fair object each fond heart enthalls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim
falls.

Can ought so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then, what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints
remove?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence;
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's
heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form so graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown,
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head con-
ceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight,
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my
fear;
And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear.
"Aspiring son of art,
"Know, though thy feeling heart
"Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;
"Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils dis-
"own.

"A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
"May swell thy breast with sympathetic
"woes;
"A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
"As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
"Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
"Whence Otway's melting tears—
"That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
"The types of every theme that suits the tragic
"strain.

" But dost thou worship nature night and morn,
 " And all due honour to her precepts pay?
 " Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn.
 " Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to
 " stray?
 " Hast thou the graces fair
 " Invok'd with ardent prayer?
 " 'Tis they attire, as nature must impart,
 " The sentiment sublime, the language of the
 " heart.
 " Then, if creative genius pour his ray,
 " Warm with inspiring influence on thy
 " breast;
 " Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
 " And the deep source of passion stand con-
 " fess:
 " Then may the listening train,
 " Affected, feel thy strain;
 " Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
 " Change with the varying scenes, and every
 " scene approve."
 Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
 I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
 But fear upon my lip her seal impress.
 While awe-struck thus I stood,
 The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
 The form celestial, fading on my sight,
 Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

SHOULD some strange poet in his piece affect
 Pope's nervous style, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd,
 Prink Milton's true sublime with Cowley's wit,
 And garnish Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit,
 Would you not laugh? Trust me, that priest's as
 bad.

Who in a style now grave, now raving mad,
 Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,
 Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.
 Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,
 And by bold strokes have often rose to fame: 10
 But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
 Serve only to make fools and children stare;
 And in religion's name, if priests dispense
 Flat contradictions to all common sense,
 Though gaping bigots wonder and believe,
 The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive. [sense,
 Some take a text sublime, and fraught with
 But quickly fall into impertinence.

Ver. 1.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
 Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
 Persim lem—

Ver. 9.

Pictoribus atque poëtis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas—
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia—

Ver. 17.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna profeſſis—

On trifles eloquent, with great delight
 They flourish out on some strange mystic rite; 20
 Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
 Or make some crabbed passage more perplex'd:
 But to subdue the passions, or direct,
 And all life's moral duties they neglect.

Most preachers err (except the wiser few),
 Thinking establish'd doctrines therefore true:
 Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
 Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:
 Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
 Are rocks where bigots, or freethinkers split. 30
 The very meanest dabbler at Whitehall
 Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;
 But when of some great truth he aims to preach,
 Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach. [and
 Young deacons try your strength, and strive to
 A subject suited to your turn of mind;
 Method and words are easily your own,
 Or, should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.

Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,
 Depends on rightly timing a discourse. 40
 Before the L—ds or C—mm—ns—far from
 nice,

Say boldly—Bribery is a dirty vice—
 But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—
 Of which this honourable house is clear.

Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
 To bring forth hidden truths, and make them
 known.

Yet in all new opinions have a care,
 Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:
 And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
 Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd. 50

Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
 For innovations, yet approve the same
 In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are these
 Call'd wise reformers, those mad sectaries?

Ver. 25.

Maxima pars vatum—
 Decipimur specie recti—

Ver. 27.

Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
 Delphinum filvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

Ver. 29.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Ver. 31.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungue
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet—

Ver. 35.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus—

Ver. 39.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
 Fleraque differat; et præsens in tempus omittat—

Ver. 45.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis—

Ver. 49.

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.

Ver. 51.

Quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
 Virgilio Varioque?—

'Tis most unjust: Men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write
Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be
The public peace, as private liberty.

Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear. 60
Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes;
Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,
There's not a prince in Christendom will kneel.
Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and sickening error droop:
She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
Kind Heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.

States to embroil, and faction to display
In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way. 70

The fun'ral sermon, when it first began,
Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;
Now any wretch, for one small piece of gold,
Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:
But whence this custom rose, who can decide?
From priestly av'rice, or from human pride?

Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd. 80
Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,
And greatest made, unworthy to be least?
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,
Power his great god, and interest his sole guide.

To touch the passions, let your style be plain;
The praise of virtue asks a higher strain:
Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive
The utmost force that eloquence can give;
As sometimes, in eulogiums, 'tis the art,
With plain simplicity to win the heart. 90

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make us feel it, you must feel it too: [part
Show yourself warm'd, and that will warmth im-
To every hearer's sympathizing heart.

Ver. 55.

— Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsentem nota procudere nomen.

Ver. 59.

Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos—

Ver. 69.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Ver. 71.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

Ver. 77.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum—
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

Ver. 81.

Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire—quam discere malo?

Ver. 85.

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—
Interdum tamen et vocem comædia tollit;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

Ver. 91.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata—
— male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Does generous Foster virtue's laws enforce?

All give attention to the warm discourse:
But who a cold, dull, lifeless, drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.

In censuring vice, be earnest and severe,
In stating dubious points, concise and clear; 100
Anger requires stern looks and threat'ning style;
But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.
These different changes common sense will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach;
For should your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different subjects be the same,
Despis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,
And hide such talents in some country town.

It much concerns a preacher first to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn. 110
Amongst the citizens be grave and slow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple Church asks Sherlock's sense and skill;
Beyond the Tow'r—no matter—what you will.

In facts or notions drawn from sacred writ,
Be orthodox, nor caval to show wit:
Let Adam lose a rib to gain a wife;
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life;
Let Moses work strange wonders with his rod,
And let the sun stand still at Joshua's nod, 120
Let Solomon be wise, and Samson strong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's ass a tongue.

But if your daring genius is so bold
To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,
With care proceed; you tread a dangerous path;
Error establish'd, grows establish'd faith.
'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule,
To teach in pulpit what you learn'd at school;
With zeal defend whatever the church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn sleeves. 130

Some loudly bluster, and consign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or syllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without use or ends:
Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
To enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine:
Insist alone on useful points, or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.

If you expect or hope that we should stay 139
Your whole discourse, nor strive to slink away,

Ver. 99.

— Tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum:—

Ver. 109.

Intererit multum Davusne loquator an beros—

Ver. 115.

Famam sequere—

Ver. 123.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ commitis, et audes
Personam formare novam;—
—taque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus—

Ver. 131.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim—

Ver. 135.

Quanto rectius hic—

Ver. 149.

Tu, quid ego et populis mecum desideret, audi.

Some common faults there are you must avoid,
To every age and circumstance ally'd.

A pert young student just from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,
Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ;
Or, deep immers'd in politic debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.

These trifles with maturer age forgot, 149
Now some good benefice employs his thought;
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline
To all his notions, civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day, [pray.
And, as that Scripture guides, must preach and
Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right reverently inclin'd.
Power and preferment still so sweetly call,
The voice of Heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting bishoprick in view,
He's strictly orthodox, and loyal too; 160
With equal zeal defends the church and state,
And infidels and rebels share his hate.

Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand,
Some still obscure, though thousands have explain'd:
Those influence more which reason can conceive,
Than such as we through faith alone believe; }
In those we judge, in these you may deceive:
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
The wisest preachers choose to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all human kind; 170
How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd;
How certain prescience checks not future will;
And why Almighty goodness suffers ill:
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.

Never presume the name of God to bring
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.

Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise 180
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.

*Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, et usque.
Suffuri donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores—*

Ver. 143.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer—

Ver. 149.

*Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes et amicitias—*

Ver. 155.

Multa senem circumveniunt—

Ver. 163.

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. — [em;*

*— in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in angu-
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

Ver. 176.

*Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula. —*

Ver. 178.

*Neg deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit:*

Ver. 180.

*Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Desinat. —*

In songs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame:
Or thence descending view this globe below,
And praise the source of every bliss we know.

In ancient times, when Heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd,
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd: 185
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd;
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a rareeshow:
Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.
Mysterious turnpikes block up heaven's highway,
And, for a ticket, we our reason pay.

These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion and its priests, by every fool 200
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the * coat, but tore the fringe away.

Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind:
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint, 210
His country's love in every breast to plant;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content:
When such the man, how amiable the priest;
Of all mankind the worthiest and the best.

Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various tempers of mankind. 215
Some love you should the crabbed points ex-
plain,

Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten path,
Morals please some, and others points of faith;
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whose discourses truth and virtue join:

Ver. 186.

*Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco vineta, tubæque
Æmula; sed tenuis simplexque. —
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem.
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impune diebus;
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*

Ver. 198.

*Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit —*

Ver. 204.

*Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis.*

Ver. 218.

*Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celli prætereunt austerâ poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque mœnendo. —*

* *Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.*

These are the sermons which will ever live,
By these our Tonsons and our Knaptons thrive;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they fell,
Let Barrow's Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.

Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your rules are useful, short, and plain, 232
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain?
But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.

But priests are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none should be severe:
All are not masters of the same good sense,
Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errors with an honest mind, 240
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind;
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride.

Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force;
With equal pleasure some attentive sit,
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.
What then? because your audience most are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place, 250
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to see
One word of sense, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
I grieve to see it; but 'tis no surprise,
The greatest men are not at all times wise.

Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,
But never will a serious reading bear; 261
Some in the closet edify enough,
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill-preaching spoil
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style;
Whilst others by the force of eloquence,
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common sense.

In every science, they that hope to rise,
Set great examples still before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden; 271
But all will preach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.

Ver. 230.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ—

Ver. 236.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus—

Ver. 244.

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.—

Ver. 254.

Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, sit Coerilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ver. 260.

Ut picture, poësis erit: quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes.

Ver. 268.

Ludere qui nescit, compestribus abstinet armis—
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?

Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
A priest may grow right-reverend without.

Preachers and preaching were at first design'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their
line 282

Were honour'd with the title of divine.
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith:
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were
damn'd.

Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask's a jest:
We daily see dull loads of reverend fat, 290
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who like Herring or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.

He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in style, and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good
sense. 299

But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,
And never preach one sermon of their own;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.

As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,
Where empty boasts of much superior sense,
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great H—nley hires for half-a-crown,
A quack advertisement to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on: 310
Where all who love the science of debate,
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.

When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They first of his capacities inquire.

Ver. 276.

—Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis iecernere, sacra profanis:
Concubitu probibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligne—

—Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit—

—Post hos—

—Animos in tristia bella
Versibus exacuit.

Ver. 288.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est.

Ver. 294.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit facitque puer; sudavit et alfit—

Ver. 304.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas—

Ver. 313.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus,—

If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,
If not too nice to hear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jest,
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

If bards to Pope indifferent verses show,
He is too honest not to tell them so. 320

This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,
These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.
How useful every word from such a friend!
But parsons are too proud, their works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too sacred to be criticis'd,
And rather choose to let them be despis'd.

He that is wise will not presume to laugh
At priests, or church-affairs; it is not safe. 329
Think there exists, and let it check your sport,
That dreadful monster call'd a spiritual court.
Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call;
Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the useful friend:---

'Twas thus the muse her eager flight began,
Ardent to sing the poet and the man.
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,
And you, at least, would think it flattery;
Hating the thought, I check my forward strain,
I change my style, and thus begin again.

As when some student first with curious eye,
Through nature's wond'rous frame attempts to
pry;

His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if this be just? if that be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts op-
press:

Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees;
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged
plight,

And vice's triumph, all are just and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.

Ver. 319.

Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes---
---ambitiosa recidet

Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget.

Ver. 323.

Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Vesani tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt:---

Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura autem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

This false, that ill-express'd, this thought not good
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.

But reading more attentive, soon I found,
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.

Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,

"Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Saw in the scale of things his middle state,

And all his pow'rs adapted just to that.

Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,

How all to good, to happiness conduce;

Saw my own weakness, thy superior power,

And still the more I read, admire the more.

This simile drawn out, I now began

To think of forming some design or plan,

To aid my muse, and guide her wand'ring lay,

When sudden to my mind came honest Gay,

For form or method I no more contend,

But strive to copy that ingenious friend *:

Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose---

And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.

Where are ye now---ye critics, shall I say?

Or owls who sicken at this god of day?

What! mighty scribblers, will you let him go?

Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?

Step forth, some great distinguish'd daring dunce,

Write but one page, you silence him at once:

Write without fear; you will, you must succeed;

He cannot answer---for he will not read.

Here paus'd the muse---alas! the jade is bit,

She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.

She paus'd, indeed---broke off as he had done,

Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.

Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and saints,

Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.

First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,

Can censure and direct th' Eternal Mind,

Ingenious wits, who modestly pretend

This bungling frame, the universe, to mend;

How can you bear, in your great reason's spight,

To hear him prove, "Whatever is, is right?"

Alas! how easy to confute the song!

If all is right, how came your heads so wrong?

And come, ye solemn fools, a numerous band,

Who read, and read, but never understand,

Pronounce it nonsense---Can't you prove it too?

Good faith, my friends, it may be so---to you.

Come too, ye libertines, who lust for power,

Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore;

All who true sensual happiness adhere to,

And laugh him out of this old-fashion'd virtue;

Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd

Your only bliss---How odd is some mens taste!

And come, ye rigid saints, with looks demure,

Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure;

Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,

Which give your proud hypocrisy the lie:

Which own the best have failings, not a few;

And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as you.

What! shall he taint such perfect souls with ill?

Shall fots not place their bliss in what they will?

Nor fools be fools? nor wits sublime descend

In charity to heaven its works to mend?

Laughs he at these?---'tis monstrous. To be plain,

I'd have ye write---he can but laugh again.

Here lifting up my head, surpris'd I see

Close at my elbow, flattering vanity.

* In his first epistle.

From her soft whispers soon I found it came,
That I suppos'd myself not one of them.
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!
I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.

For vanity abash'd, up to my ear
Steps honest truth, and these sharp words I hear;
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
"Alike to Pope such censure and such praise,
"Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,
"Who owes to virtue and himself his fame."

ON GOOD AND ILL-NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

In virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,
And boldly censure the degenerate crew.
To scorn, with equal justice, to deride
The poor man's worth, or sooth the great one's
pride;

All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste,
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,
For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.
To such extent good-nature now is spread,
To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred:
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good—'tis gloriously true,
The most ill-natur'd man alive is you.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

When dark oblivion, in her sable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the muse that distant day can see)
On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grott to see,
Thy sacred grott shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin shall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring sage,
Pointing the place, shall cry, The bard liv'd there,

Whose song was music to the listening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame;
Easy his manners, but his life severe;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
Beneath this silent roof the muse he found;
'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or fat and writ,
Here with his friends the social glass went round.

With awful veneration shall they trace
The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining oar,
Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
To please their friends, on every distant shore,
Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Come, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,
Friends to the muse, and judges of her song;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along; [art
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod, [law?
Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the
Who now, high soaring to the throne of God,
In nature's moral cause his pen shall draw?
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

Vice now secure her blushless front shall raise,
And all her triumph be through Britain borne;
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase
praise,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn;
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

Ye tuneless bards now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence;
Ye tasteless peers, now build and plant your fill,
Though splendour borrows not one ray from
sense;
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

But come, ye chosen, ye selected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendship, join'd,
The social virtues of his heart who knew,
And stated all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to charm the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

And, O great shade! permit thy humblest friend
His sigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condescend [lay,
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak, yet well-meant
Lamenting thus: he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

Whence comes it, L——, that ev'ry fool,
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world disdains
Himself the only person blest with sight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?
'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,
That want of sense should make us think we're
wise;

Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul,
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims con-
troul;

With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;
Hears every reason, every passion hides,
Debates with calmness, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth, his sole pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he
Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!
Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,
Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;
Through reason's paths in search of truth proceed,
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;
Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.

How far from this the furious noisy crew,
Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And strength of argument from strength of lungs,
Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,
And drives his argument through both your ears;
And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—
tongue.

In all disputes he bravely wins the day,
No wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But though to tire the ear's sufficient curse,
To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
Plato, a formal sage, debates with care,
A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.
If he asserts, though what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.
This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so; [know,
And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you
Circles no angles have; a square has four:
A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.
The sum of Plato's wond'rous wisdom is,
This is not that, and, therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The first for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.

In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;
The man's impos'd on by his very nose;
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird,
He cannot tell, upon his honest word.
'Tis strange so plain a point's so hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.

Another class of disputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
These are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.

Vagarious, and confute him if you can,
Will hold debate with any mortal man.
He roves from Genesis to Revelations,
And quite confounds you with divine quotations.
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;
He contradicts you, and, in half an hour,
Most plainly proves—Pope Joan, the scarlet whore,
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;
Most of them true, but so together tost
Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But, leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
Another clan alarms us; face about:
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,
And with great names and numbers strike us dumb.
With these an error ven'erable appears,
For having been believ'd three thousand years.
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,
And strength of argument's no strength at all.
But on, my muse, though multitudes oppose us,
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:
Nor fear, though ancient sages are subjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, though told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
Plato and Aristotle were but men.

I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
And therefore no sufficient guides for me.
An error, though by half the world espous'd,
Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, though much from mortal eyes con-
ceal'd,

Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
How foolish then will look your mighty wife,
Should half their *ipse dixit* prove plain lies!

But on, my muse, another tribe demands
Thy censure yet: nor should they 'scape thy hands.
These are the passionate, who in dispute
Demand submission, monarchs absolute.
Sole judges in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all those for fools that won't submit.
Sir Testy (thwart Sir Testy if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every star.
If you presume to say this mayn't be true,
You lie, Sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.
What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's
clear;

But men are so perverse they will not hear.
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;
Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page;
And Thomson's liberty corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare presume,
Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy, fill the room.
Hillariq, who full well this humour knows,
Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,
Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roast sirloin:
Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,
And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
The rest begin—Sir Testy, pray fall to—
You love roast beef, Sir, come—I know you do.
“Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat.”
How, Sir! not love roast beef! the king of meat.
“'Tis true indeed.” Indeed it is not true;
I love it, Sir, and you must love it too.

"I can't, upon my word." Then you're a fool,
And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.
Not love roast beef!—come, come, firs, fill his
plate,
I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d—ye, eat.
Sir Telly finding what it was they meant,
Rose in a passion, and away he went.

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'm often drawn to make a stop,
And gaze upon a picture-shop.
There have I seen (as who that carries
Has not the same)? a head that varies;
And as in diff'rent views expos'd,
A diff'rent figure is disclos'd.
This way a fool's head is express'd,
Whose very count'nance is a jest;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiser people sport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculously grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the position,
You're frighted with the apparition:
A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead.
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accosts the sight;
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true religion fares. For when
By silly, or designing men,
In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,
'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.
Here, by a set of men, 'tis thought
A scheme, by politicians wrought,
To strengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:
And these, to show sublimer parts,
Cast all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of priests, and politician's fools.

Some view it in another light,
Less wicked, but as foolish quite:
And these are such as blindly place it
In superstitions that disgrace it;
And think the essence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries;
In points of faith and speculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With these it is a heinous crime
To cough or spit in sermon time:
'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday:
To dine without first saying grace, is
Enough to lose in heaven their places;
But goodness, honesty, and virtue,
Are what they've not the least regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view:
Think it consists in strange severities;
In fastings, weepings, and austerities.
False notions their weak minds possess,
Of faith, and grace, and holiness:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities;

They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
All their endeavours will be bootless;
And dreadful furies in *eternum*,
In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.

But O, how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To these it shines divinely bright,
No clouds obscure its native light;
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

PAIN AND PATIENCE:

AN ODE.

To scourge the riot and intemperate lust,
Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,
Offended Heaven sent forth, in vengeance just,
The dire inexorable fury, pain;
Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails,
The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning
fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,
Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men
Sends out the ministers of dire distress:
Repentance, shame, despair, each acts her part,
Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the
smart.

He, whose luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to supply his board;
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd
The wholesome gifts of nature's bounteous
lord;
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd stomach lothe the daintiest
food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorse ensues, and agony of soul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain:
Gout, fever, stone, to madness heighten grief;
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no
relief.

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to seek the lewd em-
brace,
Startled at length, shall in his face descry
The mark indelible of foul disgrace:
Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs
and groans.

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless hand,
With lavish tasteless pride, commits ex-
pence,
Ruin'd, perceives his waning age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies past,
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high presuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him
down;
Who slights the care and caution of the wise,
Nor fears hot summer's rage, nor winter's
frown;

Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man;
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve
with pain.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by physical prevent:
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,
Ev'n in those very groans our chastisements shall
raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;
Lest fell despair, in league with cruel pain,
Should drive him desperate in their wild
excess;
Kind hope her daughter patience sent from high,
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trick-
ling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm
breath,
And strong persuasive eloquence prevail
Against the rage of pain, the fear of death:
Come, lenient beauty, spread thy healing wing,
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises
sing.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,
Where dullness teazes, or pert noise assails;
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
And money purchases where merit fails;
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,
If patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

No state of life but must to patience bow:
The tradesman must have patience for his bill;
He must have patience who to law will go;
And should he lose his right, more patience
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a strife, [still;
How oft, how long must man have patience with
his wife?

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched
wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and bolusses assail!
Which he must swallow down with all his
might; [rits fail.
Ev'n then, when health, and strength, and spi-
Dear doctors, find some gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of
bill.

When the dull, prating loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her
theme,
Till lost and puzzled, she all theme forgets;
Yet still talks on with unabating speed;
Good gods! who hears her out, must patience
have indeed.

So when some grave, deep-learned, sound divine
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:
Dark and more dark grows what he would
define,

And every sentence more and more perplex'd;
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?
Then, with a whisper'd promise in his ear,
Wait its accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet through the bounds of patience if he burst,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd
first.

O patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,
Against the insolence of pride and power;
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring, [sing.
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I

KITTY.

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool shade, by the side of a stream,
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his Kitty his
theme:

Thy beauties comparing, my dearest, said he,
There's nothing in nature so lovely as thee.

Though distance divides us, I view thy dear face
And wander in transport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O gods! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty!

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me arise,
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine
eyes.

Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn;
But look on my Kitty!—there sweetly does blow,
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And proud of its colour, would vie with her
blush.

Vain boaster! thy beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteness unrivall'd, now droop and look pale;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in submission to you.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—
my dear.

I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,
How sweet are her notes! how delightful her
voice!

Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
I have music enough while my Kitty's below.

With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree:
Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the
doves

Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each other's bosom we lie.

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,
Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,
And as some fade and die, others bud and look
green;

The charms of my Kitty are constant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so
bright;

And darkness approaches to hinder my sight:
To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

COLIN'S KISSES.

SONG I.

THE TUTOR.

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush and downcast eye?

Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:

Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face,
Kiss me, press me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.

Every tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
Every ecstasy sincere.

SONG II.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I saw as she tipt o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind:
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
And warmth with modesty join'd:
Transported with sudden amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die,
O Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!

Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Soft transport my senses invade, [fled,
Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

SONG III.

THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely ruby lips to mine;
To the bee the flow'ry field
Such a banquet does not yield;
Not the dewy morning rose
So much sweetness does enclose;
Not the gods such nectar sip,
As Colin from thy balmy lip:
Kiss me then, with rapture kiss,
We'll surpass the gods in bliss.

SONG IV.

THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
O'er her breast each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing;
Tempted with the swelling charms,
Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
Softly stole into her arms,
Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he prest,
In the ecstasy of loving:
Chloe, waken'd with his kiss,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cry'd, true lovers share the bliss?
Why then, Colin, would you steal it?

SONG V.

THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms:
Let me taste again thy charms;
Kiss me, press me to thy breast,
In raptures not to be express.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist;
Throw thy arms around my neck;
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladness flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts shall show,
Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

SONG VI.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,

Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here.
 All my soul, and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you;
 One kind kiss then e'er we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.

SONG VII.

THE BORROWED KISS.

SEE I languish, see I faint,
 I must borrow, beg, or steal;
 Can you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel?
 Give, or lend, or let me take
 One sweet kiss, I ask no more;
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate, and sweet,
 Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
 And for me to give's not meet:
 But I'll lend a kiss or twain,
 To poor Colin in distress;
 Not that I'd be paid again,
 Colin, I mean nothing less.

SONG VIII.

THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
 I, alas! am quite undone;
 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
 Thousands will not pay that one.
 Left the debt should break your heart,
 Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
 Come, a hundred then in part,
 For the present shall suffice.

SONG IX.

THE SECRET KISS.

AT the silent evening hour,
 Two fond lovers in a bower
 Sought their mutual bliss;
 Though her heart was just relenting,
 Though her eyes seem'd just consenting,
 Yet she fear'd to kiss.
 Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
 Will those rosy blushes hide,
 Why will you resist?
 When no tell-tale spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,
 Who would not be kiss'd?
 Molly hearing what he said,
 Blushing lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill;
 Since, she cry'd no spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,
 Kiss—or what you will.

SONG X.

THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Cælia, who can speak my bliss?

Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish!
 Feel my heart with rapture beat!
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet.
 Look not so divinely on me,
 Cælia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a death like this?

SONG XI.

THE RECONCILING KISS.

WHY that sadness on thy brow?
 Why that starting crystal tear?
 Dearest Polly, let me know,
 For thy grief I cannot bear.
 Polly with a sigh reply'd,
 What need I the cause impart?
 Did you not this moment chide?
 And you know it breaks my heart.
 Colin, melting as she spoke,
 Caught the fair one in his arms:
 O my dear! that tender look,
 Every passion quite disarms:
 By this dear relenting kiss,
 I'd no anger in my thought;
 Come, my love, by this, and this,
 Let our quarrel be forgot.
 As when sudden stormy rain,
 Every drooping flowret spoils;
 When the sun shines out again,
 All the face of nature smiles:
 Polly, so reviv'd and cheer'd
 By her Colin's kind embrace,
 Her declining head uprear'd,
 Sweetly smiling in his face.

SONG XII.

THE MUTUAL KISS.

CÆLIA, by those smiling graces,
 Which my panting bosom warm;
 By the heaven of thy embraces,
 By thy wond'rous power to charm;
 By those soft bewitching glances,
 Which my inmost bosom move;
 By those lips, whose kiss entrances,
 Thee, and thee alone I love.
 By thy godlike art of loving,
 Cælia, with a blush, replies;
 By thy heavenly power of moving,
 All my soul to sympathize!
 By thy eager fond careffes,
 By those arms around me thrown;
 By that look, which truth expresses,
 My found heart is all thy own.
 Thus with glowing inclination,
 They indulge the tender bliss;
 And to bind the lasting passion,
 Seal it with a mutual kiss.

Close, in fond embraces, lying,
They together seem to grow;
Such supreme delight enjoying,
As true lovers only know.

THE WIFE: A FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife;
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.

Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous hea-
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given! [ven,
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
Alternative, joyless nights and lonesome days:
No tender transports wake his fullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given:
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art,
Will sooth our woes, or bear a willing part.
"But are all women of the soothing kind?
"In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?
"Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate mo-
"And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?" [lest?
Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife;
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.

Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting
brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers a-
mong,
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen Summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

ROME'S PARDON: A TALE.

"If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold;
"And if those pardons may be bought and sold,
"It were no sin t' adore and worship gold."

ROCHESTER.

It happen'd on a certain time,
Two seigniors, who had spent the prime

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Of youth in every wickedness,
Came to his Holiness to confess;
Of which, the one had riches store,
The other (wicked wretch)! was poor.
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven a nearer way
Than those who all their life-time pray:
Which may effected be they hope,
By buying pardon of the Pope.
So calling fresh to mind their sins,
The rich offender thus begins.

"Most holy father, I have been,
"I must confess, in many a sin.
"All laws divine I've thought a joke;
"All human laws for interest broke.
"And to increase my ill-got store,
"Thought it no crime t' oppress the poor;
"To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
"Or any thing to gain my ends.
"But now grown old, and near to die,
"I do repent me heartily
"Of all my vile offences past,
"And in particular the last,
"By which I wickedly beguil'd
"A dead friend's son, my guardian child;
"Of all his dear paternal store,
"Which was ten thousand pounds or more;
"Who since is starv'd to death by want,
"And now sincerely I repent:
"Which that your Holiness may see,
"One half the sum I've brought with me,
"And thus I cast it at your feet,
"Dispose of it as you think meet,
"To pious uses, or your own,
"I hope 'twill all my faults atone.
"Friend," quoth the Pope, "I'm glad to
"see
"Such true repentance wrought in thee;
"But as your sins are very great,
"You have but half repented yet:
"Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
"Unless the whole which thus you've gain'd,
"To pious uses be ordain'd.
"All!" cry'd the man, "I thought that half
"Had been a pretty price enough."
"Nay," quoth the Pope, "sir, if you hum
"And haw at parting with the sum,
"Go, keep it, do; and damn your soul;
"I tell you, I must have the whole.
"'Tis not a little thing procures
"A pardon for such sins as yours."
Well---rather than be doom'd to go,
To dwell with everlasting woe,
One would give any thing, you know:
So th' other half was thrown down to't,
And then he soon obtain'd his suit;
A pardon for his sins was given,
And home he went assur'd of heaven.
And now the poor man bends his knee;
"Most holy father, pardon me,
"A poor and humble penitent
"Who all my substance vilely spent,
"In every wanton, youthful pleasure;
"But now I suffer out of measure;
"With dire diseases being fraught
"And eke so poor not worth a groat."

" Poor ! quoth the Pope, then cease your suit,
 " Indeed you may as well be mute ;
 " Forbear your now too late contrition,
 " You're in a reprobate condition.
 " What ! spend your wealth, and from the whole
 " Not save one soule to save your soul ?
 " O, you're a sinner, and a hard one,
 " I wonder you can ask a pardon :
 " Friend, they're not had, unless you buy 'em,
 " You're therefore damn'd, as sure as I am—
 " Vicegerent to the king of heaven :
 " No, no, such sins can't be forgiven.
 " I cannot save you if I would,
 " Nor would I do it if I could."

Home goes the man in deep despair,
 And died soon after he came there ;
 And went, 'tis said, to hell : but sure
 He was not damn'd for being poor !
 But long he had not been below,
 Before he saw his friend come too ;
 At this he was in great surprise,
 And scarcely could believe his eyes :
 " What, friend, said he, are you come too ?
 " I thought the Pope had pardon'd you.
 " Yes, quoth the man, I thought so too ;
 " But I was by the Pope trepann'd—
 " The devil could not read his hand."

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK,

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

FORGIVE me, Duck, that such a muse as mine,
 Brings her weak aid to the support of thine ;
 In lines, which if the world should chance to see,
 They'd find I pleaded for myself—in thee.
 Yet some indulgence sure they ought to show
 An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you ;
 Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing ;
 I've just but tasted the Pierian spring :
 But though my stock of learning yet is low ;
 Though yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
 I fain would hope it won't be always so.
 The morning sun emits a stronger ray,
 Still as he rises tow'rd's meridian day :
 Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,
 And dark'ning shadows shoot along the gleam ;
 Impending mists yet hover in the air,
 And distant objects undistinct appear.
 But as he rises in the eastern sky,
 The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly ;
 Objects their proper forms and colours gain ;
 In all her various beauties shines th' enlighten'd
 plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
 Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain ?
 A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
 Which brightens and increases with his years ;
 And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
 Dark mists of error melt and brighten into truth.

Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow ;
 Conceited fools alone continue so.
 On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
 Our tender muses, learning how to climb,
 May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime.
 The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay ;
 Virgil wrote not his Æneid in a day :
 Nor is't impossible a time might be,
 When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.

'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
 They wrote not from a pantry nor a barn :
 Yet they, as well as we, by slow degrees
 Must reach perfection, and to write with ease.
 Have you not seen? Yes, oft you must have seen
 When vernal fens adorn the woods with green,
 And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
 Fills with a various progeny the grove,
 The tim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest,
 First in low bushes hop, and often rest ;
 From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
 Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.
 But as their strength and feathers more increase,
 Short flights they take, and fly with greater ease :
 Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,
 Forsake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire ;
 Transported thence, with strong and steady wing
 They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.

So you and I, just naked from the shell,
 In chirping notes our future singing tell ;
 Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
 Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill :
 Our flights are low, and want of art and strength,
 Forbids to carry us to the wish'd-for length.
 But fledge'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,
 We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of Caroline,
 Queen consort of Great Britain,
 Whose virtues

Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd ;
 Now dead, her foes confess and admire.

Her ambition aspired to wisdom,

And attain'd it ;

To knowledge,

And it fill'd her mind.

Patroness of the wise,

And a friend of the good,

She look'd, and modest merit rais'd its head ;

She smil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.

Religion, plain and simple,

Dignify'd her mind,

Despising forms and useless pageantry.

Morals, clear and refin'd,

Dwelt in her heart,

And guided all her actions.

Virtue she lov'd, beneath her smile it flourish'd ;

She frown'd on vice, and it was put to shame.

In fine,

Her life was a public blessing ;

Her death is an universal loss.

O reader ! if thou doubtest of these things,

Ask the cries of the fatherless, they shall tell thee,

And the tears of the widow shall confirm their
 truth :

The sons of wisdom shall testify of her,

And the daughters of virtue bear her witness ;

The voice of the nation shall applaud her,

And the heart of the king shall sigh her praise.

TO RICHES.

Humbly Inscribed to the Right Hon. —

To succour all whom grief or care oppresses,
 To raise neglected merit from distress,

The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative.
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
And thousands feel, and bless their power in you.

But stay, my muse, nor rashly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verse is praise. Consider—very few
Can justly say one single line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
An honest line prefer to a polite,
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.

But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H—r;
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;
But finish'd well, there's nothing charms so much.
A shining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart.

Mecænas first the noble list shall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the first place.
O dear to every muse! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! supporter of desert!
Is there a man, though poor, despis'd, oppress'd,
Yet whose superior genius shines confess'd;
Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,
Or the politer muse's sacred fire,
Learning and artst' encourage and extend?
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.

Wealth thus bestow'd, returns in lasting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.

Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though blest with plenty, ease, and health,
His every want supply'd from boundless wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows
To see, or hear, or think on others' woes.

Is there a wretch with pinching want oppress'd?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast.

Does any languish under dire disease?
Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And some expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.

To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:

O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to sympathize, and give relief.

Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at interest in the bank of heaven.

But where's th' advantage then, will Corvus
say,

If wealth is only lent to give away?

Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,

How great, how godlike is the power to give!

Thou canst not feel it: True, 'tis too divine

For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.

Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,

To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;

His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,

Inviting plenty smiles upon his board:

Easy and free, his friends his fortune share,

Ev'n travelling strangers find a welcome there;

Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,

He in return possesses all their hearts.

Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?

Is then the noble privilege to give,

The sole advantage we from wealth receive!

Whilst others wants or merits we supply,

Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?

Doubtless you have, A thousand different ways

Wealth may be self-enjoy'd, and all with praise.

Whom truth and reason guides, or genius fires,

Never need fear indulging his desires:

But shou'd pretending coxcombs, from this rule,

Plead equal privilege to play the fool?

The muse forbids. She only gives to sense

The dangerous province to contrive expence.

Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes delight,

His house, his gardens charm the ravish'd sight:

With beauty use, with grandeur neatness joins,

And order with magnificence combines.

'Tis costly: True, but who can blame th' ex-

pence [sense?]

"Where splendour borrows all her rays from

Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal floods,

Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant

woods

Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,

With rapture fills his soul, and charms his ear.

In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,

Plann'd by himself, he spends the peaceful hours:

Here serious thought pursues her thread serene,

No interrupting follies intervene;

Propitious silence aids th' attentive mind,

The God of nature in his works to find.

If this t' enjoy affords him most delight,

Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?

Publius in curious paintings wealth consumes,

The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;

Various designs, from each enliven'd wall, [all.

Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms in

Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind convey

A smiling country, or a stormy sea;

Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,

And ships in danger fright us from the main.

There the past actions of illustrious men,

In strong description charm the world agen:

Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are wrought,

All its just passions animates the draught.

But see new charms break in a flood of day,

See loves and graces on the canvass play;

Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,

And light and shade retains the power to charm.

Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,

Must wish the noble art of painting lost.

Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shows,

Critus admires her sister art, the muse.

Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau

Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.

From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,

Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.

Poets before him lay the work of years,

And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.

Hail, judge impartial! noble critic hail!

In this thy day, good writing must prevail:

Our bards from you will hence be what they

shou'd,

Please and improve us, make us wise and good.

Thus blest'd with wealth, his genius each pur-

In building, planting, painting, or the muse. [sues,

O envy'd power!—But you'll object and say,
How few employ it in this envy'd way?
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: But they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
It is for gold the lawless villain spoils!
'Tis for the same the honest lab'rer toils.
Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:
Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heaven reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE PETITION.

THE various suppliants which address
Their pray'rs to Heaven on bended knees,
All hope alike for happiness,
Yet each petition disagrees.
Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss;
The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And sent for us t' admire below
I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,
And hope you'll therefore think my title best.

I ask not heaps of shining gold,
No, if the gods vouchsafe
My longing arms may her unfold,
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at best can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I ask not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all th' world t' outbrave;
The title I wou'd wish to gain,
Is,—Her most fav'rite slave:
To bow to her, a greater bliss wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power supreme,
Let meaner souls aspire;
To gain the sov'reignty from them
I stoop not to desire:
Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast,
Let petty princes for the world contest.

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and excess,
Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,
Whilst I to joys sublimer press:
Clasp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove,
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In short, I ask you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleasure give,
When health and strength decays:
Let but what time I have be spent with her's;
Each moment will be worth a thousand years:

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jars,
Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy,
Shall their powers employ,
To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride:
Anger shall ne'er presume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, shall never the union divide.
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters!
Love commencing,
Joys dispensing;
Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying:
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures!

THE ADVICE.

Dost thou, my friend, desire to rise
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,
With constant steps do thou pursue.
For as the coward-soul admires
That courage which the brave inspires;
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes such a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infest,
How is an honest man carefs'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue safe rely.

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

Ye fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case.
Nor think that I am joking;
When she wou'd, he cannot comply,
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly-folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns;
And fair, wou'd fain be doing:
But Chloe now, asleep or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disastrous case,
When in the critical embrace

That only one is burning!
Dear Doctors, set this matter right,
Give Strephon spirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene; welcome, thou-lov'd retreat,

From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.

My soul while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene?

Come then ye shades, beneath your bending arms

Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then ye bowers receive your joyful guest,
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,
And O descend to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue dress;
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show farewell.

And see! O see! the heav'n-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

A SONG.

BENEATH the myrtle's secret shade,
When Delia blest my eyes;
At first I view'd the lovely maid
In silent soft surprise.
With trembling voice, and anxious mind,
I softly whisper'd love;
She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.
Her lovely yielding form I prest,
Sweet maddening kisses stole;
And soon her swimming eyes confess'd
The wishes of her soul:
In wild tumultuous bliss, I cry,
O Delia, now be kind!
She press'd me close, and with a sigh,
To melting joys resign'd.

S O N G.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies:
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who wou'd trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wond'rous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences
Lost in error, lives and dies.

VOL. XI.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occasioned by the word "one Prior," in the second volume of Bishop Burnet's History.

ONE Prior! and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim!
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

AN EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

There are no women, he reply'd:
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

VERSES

*On the Author's first arrival at the Leasowes,
1754.*

"How shall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
"The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
"O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
"Some favouring power directs the happy lines
"That sketch these beauties; swells the rising
"hills,
"And scoops the dales, to nature's finest forms,
"Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
"By line or compass, yet supremely fair."
So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm: From distant plains
He sought his friend's abode; nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he pursu'd his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
"With hues more bright than fancy paints the
"flowers
"Of Paradise? What Naiad's guiding hand
"Leads through the broider'd vale, these lucid
"rills,
"That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
"Along their banks; and through the vocal
"shades,
"Improve the music of the woodland choir?
"What pensive dryad rais'd yon solemn grove,
"Where minds contemplative, at close of day
"Retiring, muse, o'er nature's various works,

H

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Containing

ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
HOP-GARDEN,
HILLIAD,
JUDGMENT OF MIDAS,
ODES,

FABLES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— I dare to raise the sounding string,
The Poet of my God. —

ON THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann 1795.

POETICAL WORKS

CHRISTOPHER SMART

CLIPPING

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OF
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PRINTED BY ROYAL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

1794

THE LIFE OF SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, April 11. 1722. The family of which he was descended had been long established in the county of Durham. His grandfather married a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, "the Apostle of the North." His father was steward of the estates in Kent, of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, and was possessed of an estate of 300 l. a-year, in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne. Having been intended for holy orders, he had a better taste for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taste which he transmitted to his son.

In the beginning of his life he was of a very delicate constitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childish amusements, his mind had leisure to exercise and expand its powers.

He discovered a very early taste for poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extemporary effusion, that even then he had a relish for verse, and an ear for numbers.

He received the rudiments of his education at Maidstone school, from which he was removed when he was eleven years old, on the death of his father, which happened at that time, and sent by his mother to Durham, that he might have the advantages of a good school, change of air, to strengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his father's relations.

He did not continue without distinction at Durham school, the master of which, at that time, was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and a man of eminent learning and abilities. His addiction to metre was then such, that several of his school-fellows have confessed their obligations to him for their first successful essays in Latin versification.

The *Ode to Ethelinda*, was written at the age of thirteen; and the Latin translation of the ballad, when *Fanny Blooming Fair*, at sixteen.

As his father had been steward to Lord Barnard, he was very cordially received at Raby Castle, when absent, during the holidays, from school. In this noble family he was introduced to the acquaintance of the late Duchess of Cleveland, who discerned and patronized his talents. She allowed him forty pounds a-year, till her death. In the *Ode to Lord Barnard*, he alludes beautifully to his literary habits, and to the splendour of his connections at this early period of his life.

Can I forget fair Raby's towers,
How awful and how great!—
Where me, even me, an infant bard,
Cleveland and Hope indulgent heard, &c.

He was removed from Durham school to the university of Cambridge, when he was seventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30. 1739.

Though the favourite studies of this seat of learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his classical attainments, and poetical powers were so eminent, as to attract the notice of persons not very strongly prejudiced in favour of such accomplishments. Such was the fame of his genius, and such the vivacity of his disposition, that his company was very earnestly solicited; and to suppress or withhold our talents, when the display of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence.

While he was the pride of Cambridge, and the chief poetical ornament of that university, he ruined himself by returning the tavern-treats of strangers, who had invited him as a wit, and an extraordinary personage, in order to boast of his acquaintance.

This social spirit of retaliation quickly involved him in habits and expences, of which he felt the consequences during the rest of his life.

His allowance from home was scanty; for as his father had died suddenly, and in embarrassed circumstances, his mother had been compelled to sell the largest part of the family estate at considerable loss.

His chief dependence was the assistance he derived from his college, and from the Dukes of Cleveland's bounty. Many distinguished characters now living, were, notwithstanding of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears by the Latin invitation of his friend Mr. Saunders, of King's College, to supper, that he knew how to relish the "feast of reason."

At this early period of his life he was not more remarkable for his learning than his humour, of which many examples, like the following, are still remembered by his academical acquaintance. The three beadles of the university being men of unusual bulk, he is said to have characterised them in this extemporary spondiac.

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

In 1740-1, he wrote his first *Tripes Poem*, *Datur Mundorum Pluralitas*, which was succeeded in the following years by *Materies Gaudet vi Inertiae*, and *Mutua Oscitationum Propagatio solvi potest Mechanice*. These verses have more system and design than is generally found in the compositions of young academics; and it is some argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a translation into English by Fawkes, the ingenious translator of "Theocritus," "Anacreon," "Bion," "Moschus," "Musæus," and "Apollonius Rhodius."

He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends to offer himself a candidate for an university scholarship. The yearly value of these appointments is barely 20 l.; but the election is open to the whole university, under the degree of Master of Arts; and as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the strictest scrutiny, the honour of obtaining a scholarship is considerable.

It has been said, that upon this occasion, he translated Pope's "*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*;" but the conjecture is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the composition. But that a scholar equal to such a work, in an impartial classical examination, should surpass his competitors, is no matter of surprise.

His extraordinary success in this ode, induced him to turn his mind to the translation of the "*Essay on Man*;" and he seems to have written to Pope for his approbation; who, in his answer, advises him to undertake the "*Essay on Criticism*."

"I would not," Pope writes him, "give you the trouble of translating the whole "*Essay*"; the two first epistles are already well done; and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. I believe the "*Essay on Criticism*" will, in general, be more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the generality of readers. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my ode, which you sent me, and in which, I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry."

It does not appear that he bestowed any farther notice on his translator, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his house at Twickenham; and Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion, to undertake and finish the *Latin Translation of the Essay on Criticism*; with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity.

In 1743, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, July 3. 1745; and took the degree of Master of Arts, 1747.

In 1747, he wrote a comedy, called *A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair*, which was acted by the students of the university, in Pembroke College Hall; the parlour of which made the green-room. Of this mock-play, no remains have yet been found, but a few of the songs, and the *Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle*, containing his well-known simile of the Collier, the Barber, and the Brickdust-man, preserved in the *Old Woman's Magazine*. The prologue is printed in the fourth volume of the "*Poetical Calendar*."

About this time, he wrote several *Fables* and *Essays*, for *The Student, or, Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*, a periodical work of considerable reputation, in which many of the wits of both the universities displayed their talents. The papers were published in 2 vols, 8vo, 1748.

In 1750, he became candidate for Mr. Seaton's reward, arising from the rent of his Kissingbury estate, left by him to the University of Cambridge, to be annually adjudged by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, to the author, being a Master of Arts, of the best poem on "one or other of the attributes of the Supreme Being, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards on death, judgment, heaven, hell, purity of heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by them to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue."

Mr. Seaton's will, dated Oct. 8. 1738, having been disputed by his relations, a law suit commenced between them and the university; which terminating in favour of the latter, the first subject given out was *The Eternity of the Supreme Being*, in which Smart had the preference; and for five years, four of which were in succession, the prize was disposed in his favour, for his poetical essays *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being*, 1750; *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being*, 1751; *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being*, 1752; *On the Power of the Supreme Being*, 1753; *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being*, 1755. The value of the prize was then about 30 l.

In these poems on the Divine Attributes, confessedly the most finished of his works, confidence in genius, and aversion to the labour of correction, sometimes prevailed over better considerations. The poem *On the Divine Goodness*, which was written in London, he so long delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to send it to Cambridge, by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the compositions.

The decisions of the Cambridge judges were, almost in every instance, confirmed by the approbation of the periodical critics; they admired the vein of pious poetry, which ran through his prize poems: they were diffuse in the praise of his genius, though they freely censured his carelessness and inaccuracy; and they continued their approbation of his compositions, till fanaticism (always fatal to just thinking), distorted his ideas, and confined their applause to the talents of his better day.

While he was advancing his reputation as a poet, his extravagance involving him in debt with vintners, and college cooks, occasioned his fellowship to be sequestered, and obliged him to leave the university.

In 1752, he quitted college, and soon after relinquished his fellowship, on his marriage with Miss Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former husband of Mary, the wife of the late Mr. John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller, in St. Paul's church-yard."

As he had relinquished his fellowship without engaging in any of the professions, he seems to have trusted for his future maintenance to his powers as an author. But he had either over-rated his own abilities and perseverance, or the favour of the public.

Though Mr. Newbery, to whom he was now allied, was himself a man of genius, and a liberal patron of genius in others, yet the difficulties that had perplexed him at Cambridge, pursued him to London; to which the expence of a family was superadded. Such was his thoughtlessness, that he has often invited company to dinner, where no means appeared of providing a meal for his family.

Subsisting in London as a writer for bread, his manner of life neither augmented his personal importance, nor that of his productions. Never nice in his person, in his taste, nor in his acquaintance; he lost his dignity, his time, and his peace of mind. The profits of the publications in which he engaged, were dissipated by a total neglect of economy. While the works of his more prudent contemporaries, Gray, and Mason, always polished at leisure, with critical care, and solicitude, were received as favours, and read with reverence; his compositions appeared good, bad, and indifferent, before the dread tribunal of the public, "with all their imperfections on their head."

He enjoyed, while thus engaged in the metropolis, the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. James, Dr. Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, and Garrick, and indeed of most who were then celebrated for genius, or for learning.

In 1752, he published a collection of *Poems on Several Occasions*, in one volume, 4to; which he dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, "not as a writer, or a scholar," but as "a man of Kent." *The Hop-Garden*, and *Judgment of Midas*, first appeared in this collection.

Having received some provocation from Dr. Hill, afterwards Sir John Hill, in "The Inspector," and in a paper called "The Impertinent," he took a severe revenge in another "Dunciad," which he called after the name of his hero, *The Hilliad*. The *First Book* of this mock-epic, with *notes variorum*, was published in 1753, 4to; and was followed by an anonymous performance, called "The Smartiad, a satire occasioned by the Hilliad," folio, 1753.

In his quarrel with Dr. Hill, he could obtain no fame, though he greatly augmented the ridicule of that extraordinary personage; but time settles the disputes of authors and men of talents, in the most upright manner. Dr. Hill seems to have been insensible to the learning and genius of Smart; and Smart only saw Dr. Hill in the light of a quack, and a coxcomb: but posterity not only allows the originality, the invention, and the poetical talents of Smart, but also regards Dr. Hill as an able botanist; and though his nostrums and panaceas are now exploded, his voluminous works in natural history have advanced towards fame, with nearly as much rapidity as his empirical productions have descended towards oblivion.

To the *Old Woman's Magazine*, published about this time, Mr. Newbery and himself were the chief, if not the only contributors. He translated also for Mr. Newbery, *The Works of Horace into English Prose*, in 2 vols, 12mo, 1756; a task which he has very ably executed, but of that kind which will never be praised in proportion to the labour. By few and apposite terms, he has expressed the sentiments of Horace, in an idiom, not placed very near the Roman, in the table of grammatical affinities. Of an author not among the least difficult, he is at once an accurate, and an elegant translator. He shows the humblest attention to the language of the original, and an absolute command over his own.

In 1756, he entered into an engagement with Gardener the bookseller, to furnish papers monthly, in conjunction with Mr. Rolt, a town writer, for *The Universal Visitor*. Smart and his coadjutor were to divide one-third of the profits of the work; they, on their part, signing an agreement, "not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication." Never, surely, did rapacious avarice dictate a more unreasonable bargain, or submissive poverty place itself in a more humiliating situation.

"I wrote for some months in *The Visitor*," says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "for poor Smart, while he was mad; not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in *The Visitor* no longer."

All the essays in *The Universal Visitor*, marked with two asterisks, have been ascribed to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Boswell is confident, from internal evidence, that of these, neither "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," nor an "Essay on Architecture," were written by him.

He was likewise engaged with Mr. Rolt, in a theatrical enterprise at the Hay-Market theatre, called *Mother Midnight's Entertainment*. This was first undertaken at the expence of Mr. Newbery, and was afterwards carried on with some degree of success.

In 1756, he published *A Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness*, which he dedicated to Dr. James. "If it be meritorious," says the dedication, "to have invented medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man who wrote the "Medicinal Dictionary," and invented the "Fever Powder."

Though his fortune, as well as constitution, required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both; and his various and repeated embarrassments, acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued, as to render confinement necessary.

"My poor friend Smart," says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other un-

usual place." Talking of his confinement to Dr. Burney, "it seems," he observed, "as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it." Upon Dr. Burney suggesting, "that, perhaps, it may be from want of exercise," he added, "he has partly as much exercise as he used to have; for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit. Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

In this melancholy state, his family (for he had now two children), must have been much embarrassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery.

Many other of his friends were likewise forward in their services; particularly Dr. Johnson and Sir John Huxley Delaval, Bart. the present Lord Delaval, to whom he was private tutor in college; and who showed him, upon various occasions, particular instances of his regard.

It was at the request of Sir John, that he wrote a *Prologue and Epilogue to the Tragedy of Othello*, acted at Drury-Lane, by several persons of quality, 1751; the parts of Iago and Othello being filled by Sir John, and his brother Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Mrs. Smart seems to have made an attempt at this period, to settle in Dublin, with a view to provide for her family, by engaging in business; probably without success. "I wish," Dr. Johnson writes her, "it was in my power to make Ireland please you better; and whatever is in my power, you may always command. I shall be glad to hear from you the history of your management, whether you have a house or a shop, and what companions you have found."

After an interval of little more than two years, he appeared to be pretty well restored; and was accordingly set at liberty; but his mind had received a shock, from which it never entirely recovered. He took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park; conducting his affairs, for some time, with sufficient prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary compositions, and partly by the generosity of his friends, receiving, among other benefactions, fifty pounds a-year from the Treasury.

Of the state of his mind, and of his modes of life at this period, Dr. Hawkesworth gives the following account, in a letter to Mrs. Hunter, one of his sisters.

"I have, since my being in town, called on my old friend, and seen him. He received me with an ardour of kindness natural to the sensibility of his temper; and all were soon seated together by his fire-side. I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer-book, and a Horace. After the first compliments, I said I had been at Margate, had seen his mother and his sister, who expressed great kindness for him, and made me promise to come and see him. To this he made no reply; nor did he make any inquiry after those I mentioned. He did not even mention the place, nor ask me any question about it, or what carried me thither. After some pause, and some indifferent chat, I returned to the subject, and said, that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to see him in Kent. To this he replied very quick, "I cannot afford to be idle." I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town; at which he only shook his head, and I entirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the *Psalms*, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a translation of *Pbædrus*, in verse, for Doddsley, at a certain price; and that he is now busy in translating all *Horace* into verse; which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account, and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller. I advised him to the latter; and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain. He told me, his principal motive for translating *Horace* into verse, was to supersede the prose translation, which he did for Newbery; which, he said, would hurt his memory. He intends, however, to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version; which he proposes to print in quarto, with the Latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page. He told me he once had thoughts of publishing it by subscription; but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again; and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers; which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind. He read me some of it: it is very clever; and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently; yet, upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's;

and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which, perhaps, may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle; and, snatching up the book, "what," says he, "do you think I had for this?" I said I could not tell. "Why," says he with great indignation, "thirteen pounds." I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should increase, by adding—"but I gave a receipt for a hundred." My astonishment was now over; and I found that he received only thirteen pounds, because the rest had been advanced for his family. This was a tender point; and I found means immediately to divert him from it. He is with very decent people, in a house most delightfully situated, with a terrace that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's Library; and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and it is by no means considered in any light, that his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius, is less desirable."

In 1759, Garrick made him an offer of a free benefit at Drury-Lane theatre, which his friends did not permit him to refuse. Upon this occasion, Garrick's farce of "The Guardian" was acted for the first time, in which he himself performed the principal character.

In 1763, he published *A Song to David*, written during his confinement; when he was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot."

The same year he published two small quarto pamphlets, intituled, *Poems*, and *Poems on Several Occasions*; and, the year following, *Hannab, an Oratorio*, 4to; and an *Ode to the Earl of Northumberland, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other pieces*, 4to.

In 1765, he published *A New version of the Psalms*, 4to, and *A Poetical Translation of the Fables of Phædrus*, 12mo, which were followed by *The Parables, in familiar verse*, 12mo. 1768.

In the course of a few years, his economy forsook him, and he was confined for debt in the King's-Bench prison; the rules of which he afterwards obtained, by the kindness of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Carnan. He appears to have been in extreme distress, by a letter of his to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, not long before his death. "Being upon the recovery from a fit of illness, and having nothing to eat, I beg you to lend me two or three shillings, which (God willing) I will return, with many thanks, in two or three days."

At length, after suffering the accumulated miseries of poverty, disease, and insanity, he died of a disorder in his liver, May 21. 1771, in the 49th year of his age; leaving behind him two daughters, who, with his widow, are settled at Reading, in Berkshire; and by their prudent management of a business transferred to them by Mr. Newbery, are in good circumstances.

A select collection of his *Poems, consisting of his Prize Poems, Odes, Sonnets, and Fables, Latin and English Translations, together with many original Compositions, not included in the Quarto Edition, to which is prefixed an Account of his Life, &c.* was printed at Reading, by Smart and Cowslade, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1791. Besides the *Poetical Translations*, which he published in his life-time, and the *Works of Horace in English Metre*, which "he proposed to print in 4to.;" the pieces omitted in this edition of his works, are chiefly the *Song to David*, and some pieces in the two small 4to. pamphlets, which were written after his confinement, and bear, for the most part, melancholy proofs of the recent estrangement of his mind.

Among the pieces not included in the 4to. edition, or published separately, are, *An Ode on a Young Lady's Birth-day*; *Imitation of Horace on taking a Bachelor's Degree*; *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; *Reason and Imagination, a Fable*; *New Version of the 148th Psalm*; *Ode to Lord Barnard*; *Ode to Lady Harriot*; *the Sweets of Evening*; *Ode to a Virginia Nightingale*; *Epigram from Martial*; *On a Lady throwing Snow Balls at her Lover*, from Petronius Arcanus; and *Sixteen Fables*, chiefly written for *The Student*, and the *Old Woman's Magazine*.

It is not easy to account for the works of Smart not being included in the collection of the "Works of the English Poets," whose lives were written by Dr. Johnson, who had a friendship for him. Dr. Johnson, however, frequently declared, that the choice of poets, for whose works he had agreed to write biographical prefaces, was not his own; and yet, as he condescended to ask a place for Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts, poor Smart had an equal claim to his notice, from piety, and from genius; but, perhaps the copy-right of his scattered productions could not be easily

settled. Even his best pieces, though admirable, have not often been honoured with a place in favourite *Collections of Poems*. He was too poor an author to bestow, and perhaps he had no ambition to share in the triumph of those who, for the most part, write pieces more for their own diversion, than for that of the public. His way of living, from hand to mouth, depending always on the product of his desultory pen, appropriated to no regular nor profitable purpose, and on the liberality of his friends, was not likely to procure for him that public respect from his contemporaries, which sweetens a man's life, however useless it may be to his works after his death.

The works of Smart, reprinted from the edition 1791, with some additions and corrections, are now received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry. The *Song to David* is highly worthy of republication; and was recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this edition; but a copy could not be obtained for that purpose. The slight defects, and singularities of this neglected performance, are amply compensated, by a grandeur, a majesty of thought, and a happiness of expression, in several of the stanzas.

The character of this unfortunate poet, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. Of his domestic manners, and petty habits, a few peculiarities remain to be mentioned.

Though he was a very diligent student while he was at Cambridge, he was also extremely fond of exercise, and of walking in particular; at which times it was his custom to pursue his meditations. A fellow student remembers a path worn by his constant treading on the pavement, under the cloisters of his college. Like Milton and Gray, he had his moments propitious to invention; and has been frequently known to rise suddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing those delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the visions of the night.

His piety was exemplary, and fervent. In composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed with the sentiments of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself. He was also particularly engaging in conversation, when his first shyness was worn away, which he had in common with literary men; but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to Lord Darlington, he had no sooner mentioned her name to his Lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confusion.

During the far greater part of his life, he was wholly inattentive to economy; and by this negligence lost his fortune, and then his credit. The civilities shown him by persons greatly his superiors in rank and character, either induced him to expect mines of wealth from the exertion of his talents, or encouraged him to think himself exempted from attention to common obligations.

But his chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was his deviations from the rules of sobriety; of which the early use of cordials, in the infirm state of his childhood and his youth, might, perhaps, be one cause, and is the only extenuation.

As a poet, his genius has never been questioned by those who censured his carelessness, and commiserated the unhappy vacillation of his mind. He is sometimes not only greatly irregular, but irregularly great. His errors are those of a bold and daring spirit, which bravely hazards what a vulgar mind could never suggest. Shakspeare and Milton are sometimes wild and irregular; and it seems as if originality alone could try experiments. Accuracy is timid, and seeks for authority. Fowls of feeble wing seldom quit the ground, though at full liberty; while the eagle, unrestrained, soars into unknown regions.

He is a various, an original, but unequal writer. Every species of poetry, not even excepting the epic, has been attempted by him, and most of them with eminent success.

His *fine poems* on the Divine Attributes, are written with the sublimest energies of religion, and the true enthusiasm of poetry; and if he had written nothing else, these compositions alone would have given him a very distinguished rank among the writers of verse. Their faults, though numerous, are amply compensated by their beauties. Some of their defects may be fairly ascribed to redundancy of genius, and impatience of labour; others to fanaticism, generated, perhaps, by the grandeur of the subject; on which he strained his faculties, in trying to penetrate "beyond the reach of

human ken,"—but he never could mount "to the height of his great argument." Dr. Johnson, in speaking of sacred poetry, in his life of Waller, has admirably said, that "whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved." Upon the whole, however, his prize poems are more accurate than the generality of his performances; which may be attributed to the deference he might feel from those persons who were to adjudge the prizes which he obtained.

Of his *Odes* it may be said, in general, that they are spirited and poetical. It will be difficult to find any other quality equally applicable to compositions very different from each other; and in many of which opposite characters occasionally predominate. He has followed the example of Horace, rather than that of the Grecian models; and of him he is, for the most part, a judicious imitator. Some of the shorter pieces are beautiful, and nearly perfect; but instances of an improper association of the grave and the ludicrous, sometimes occur; and he debases, by an impure admixture, what otherwise would have been gold of the standard value. The *Ode to Idleness* possesses the elegance of *Sappho*; and that to *Ethelinda*, the sprightliness of *Anacreon*. The *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, inferior only to the great model by Dryden, is dignified throughout, and breathes the true spirit of poetry. The *Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from Sickness*, is pious, animated, and pathetic. The *Ode on Good-Nature* is full of elegance, and that on *Ill-Nature* full of force. The *Morning Piece* is uniformly beautiful; the description of *Labour* is eminently happy.

Strong Labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale, &c.

The lines were misprinted in the 4th edition.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly, &c.

The correction was advertised immediately after the publication of the first edition; but the blunder has been retained in the edition 1791. The poet did not mean to insinuate, that *Labour* had slept with his pipe in his mouth, which must have been the case, if he got up with it in that situation. In the *Night-Piece*, the images of *Night*, and her attendants, *Stillness* and *Silence*, are highly painted. The *Noon-Piece* is beautifully descriptive. The imitation of Horace, *On taking a Bachelor's Degree*, is spirited and pleasant. The *Ode on the Birth-Day of a Beautiful Young Lady*, is highly poetical: its chief blemish is the too frequent and affected use of alliteration. It was written on Miss Harriot Pratt of Durham, in Norfolk, a lady for whom Smart had entertained a long and unsuccessful passion; who was the subject also of the *crambo ballad*, and other verses among his poems. Of the rest, the odes *On an Eagle confined in a Cage*; *To Lord Barnard*; *To Lady Harriot*; *To the Earl of Northumberland*; *To a Virginia Nightingale*; *The Sweets of Evening*; *New Version of the CXLVIIIth Psalm*, deserve particular commendation.

On the *Hop-Garden* much commendation cannot justly be conferred; and the praise which is withheld from the poetry, will not be very cheerfully lavished on the instructions. But the roughness and the want of dignity in the blank verse, and the want of previous information on the art of which he treats, are to be ascribed, not to want of genius, but to want of diligence and care; for he never had patience nor application sufficient to bring a long work to any degree of perfection. There are, however, a great many truly poetical strokes in this Georgic, and whole pages that abound with beauty.

His mock heroic poem, the *Hilliad*, may afford entertainment to those who care little about the hero of the poem, or the subject of the quarrel. Compositions of this class, as they gratify malignity, are usually read with avidity on their first appearance; but, without uncommon merit, they quickly sink into oblivion. The spirit and loftiness of some of the lines, the happy imitations of the "Dunciad," and the wit and humour of the notes, deserve great praise; but the abuse is coarse, and the scurrility is a disgrace to the republic of letters.

His *Judgment of Midas*, a masque, or dramatic pastoral, is a classical and elegant performance. It is executed throughout in a masterly manner. It has none of those glaring inaccuracies which disgrace some of his other pieces. The description of *Midas* following *Pan*, is full of poetry, as well as spirit. The address of *Timolus* to the inanimate things about him, on the approach of the gods,

has great dignity and propriety, as well as beauty. The first stanza of the song to *Pan* has great softness and great elegance. But dramatic pastorals, even if the generally interesting topic of love be superadded, will not greatly entertain without their proper embellishments, acting and music.

His *Fables* rank with the most agreeable metrical compositions of that kind in our language. His versification is less polished, and his apologues, in general, are perhaps less correct than those of Gay or Moore; but in originality, in wit, and in humour, the preference seems due to Smart. They unite the grace and ease of Prior with the humour of Swift; and to these is superadded a very considerable portion of poetical spirit. The introductory lines of almost all the fables are singularly ingenious and happy; and in the course of each, the second line of most couplets generally presents us with an independent new idea. The best and most serious of these playful compositions is, doubtless, *Care and Generosity*. It is one of the most beautiful allegories that has ever been imagined. *The Bag-Wig and the Tobacco Pipe*, *Madam and the Magpie*, *Reason and Imagination*, *The Herald and the Husbandman*, deserve particular commendation. *The Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford*, may be thought to transgress the limits of mythological probability; but a dialogue between a man and a painted board, may be forgiven for its humour. *The Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag*, contains liberal praises of his poetical contemporaries, Akenfide, Collins, Gray, and Mason. *The Pig* is a very exact and beautiful translation of the same story in Phædrus. If in any instances the modern is surpassed by the most charming fabulist of antiquity, for which, perhaps, the Roman is not a little indebted to the superior force and conciseness of the language in which he wrote, in others the original is undoubtedly rivalled, if not excelled, and obtains at last a doubtful victory.

His *Ballads*, and *Epigrams*, &c. like his other productions, bear the stamp of originality, of wit, and of pleasantry. *The Force of Innocence* is more serious, and is an elegant application of the *Integer Vitæ* of Horace, to female virtue. *Sweet William*, *The Lass with the Golden Locks*, *The Decision*, *Lovely Harriot*, a crambo ballad, *Jenny Gray*, are generally known and admired. The epigrams of *The Physician and the Monkey*, *Apollo and Daphne*, are sprightly and elegant, and the imitations of *Martial* and *Petronius Ascanius* have considerable merit. In the *Horatian Canons of Friendship*, the sentiments of Horace, Lib. I. Sat. 3. are successfully accommodated to recent facts and familiar images.

Though Smart, if placed like his friend Garrick in the picture, between Tragedy and Comedy, would more incline to the laughter-loving dame than the goddess of tears; some of his serious pieces, besides those on religious subjects, manifest and excite feeling in an eminent degree. The little poem *On the Death of Mr. Newbery, after a lingering illness*, must touch every reader of sensibility. In the *Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet*, the thoughts and the words in which they are clothed seem to breathe the true spirit of poetical pathos.

In the first rank of the elegant writers of Latin, among our English poets, Jonson, May, Crashaw, Cowley, Milton, Marvell, Addison, Gray, Warton, &c. Smart stands very high. His translation of Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, is at once elegant and appropriate. He equals his original in the sublimest passages, except only the third stanza; and to the ballad and epigrammatic stanzas gives dignity and grace. The vulgar lines which describe the power of *Styx* over the enthralled *Eurydice*, and the superior power of music and of love, are translated with truth and beauty. It has been objected, and with some reason, to Smart's translation, that it exhibits a variety of metres unauthorised by any single example among the Latin poets. But had he, too timid to pursue the rapid flights and wild genius of his original, confined himself to the regular recurrence of the Roman stanza, his imitation would not have been exact, and probably would not have been interesting. The opinion of the public has fully justified the choice of Smart.

In his version of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, he is a very diligent imitator of the epistolary style of Horace; and we shall find him carefully following the footsteps of his master, where we might otherwise have been disposed to suspect the purity of his language. To the labours of Smart those persons chiefly are indebted, who, being unacquainted with the English tongue, wish to see Pope's just rules of taste, embellished indeed with his powers of poetry, though appearing with less gloss and lustre through the medium of translation. In the famous lines intended as an echo to the sense, he has laboured through a very painful task, with considerable dexterity; and in the beautiful picture of the reign of *Leo*, of *Vida*, and of the *Arts*, no foreigner need regret that he is unacquainted with Pope.

His version of Milton's *L' Allegro*, exhibits the exquisite poetry and brilliant imagery of one of the first descriptive poems in the English language, in appropriate diction, and legitimate verse. The title of the poem, perhaps, might have been more happily expressed in Greek, than by 'Ο Παιρυσιαδης.

His translation of *Fanny Blooming Fair*, is a professed imitation of the manner of Vincent Bourne, and is not without a considerable portion of the perspicuity of contexture, facility, fluency, delicacy, simplicity, and elegance, which characterise the compositions of that amiable and ingenious poet; but it is inferior to his admirable version of Mallet's "William and Margaret."

His *Tripos-poems* may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions. They are the production of a mind deeply tinged with the excellencies of ancient literature, and attentive both to the substantial parts, and to the decorations of poetry. In boldness of invention, felicity of description, and strength and elegance of diction, they are not surpassed by the hexametric poetry of Milton and Gray. The *Temple of Dullness*, in particular, exhibits such beauties of personification, as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. His personifications of *Stupid*, *Sophistic*, *Masthead*, *Microphile*, and *Atbeia*, abound with the most poetical imagery, delivered in language that will abide the test of criticism.

THE WORKS OF SMART.

ODES.

ODE I.

IDLENESS.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh! sweet insensibility!

Sister of peace and indolence,
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and flow,
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread,
A sofa of her softest flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee.

ODE II.

TO ETHELINDA,

*On her doing my Verses the honour of wearing them in
her bosom—Written at thirteen.*

HAPPY verses that were prest
In fair Ethelinda's breast!
Happy muse, that didst embrace
The sweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
Tell me, is the omen true,
Shall the bard arrive there too?

Oft through my eyes my soul has flown,
And wanton'd on that iv'ry throne:
There with ecstatic transport burn'd,
And thought it was to heav'n return'd.
Tell me is the omen true,
Shall the body follow too?

When first at nature's early birth,
Heav'n sent a man upon the earth,
Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
When Adam came to till the ground:
Shall then those breasts be fair in vain,
And only rise to fall again?

No, no, fair nymph—for no such end
Did Heav'n to thee its bounty lend;
That breast was ne'er design'd by fate,
For verse, or things inanimate;
Then throw them from that downy bed,
And take the poet in their stead.

ODE III.

On an Eagle confined in a College Court.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud;—
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole!—

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
Where discipline and dulness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

Though dim'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing
So grov'ling! once so great!
The grief-inspired muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastic pride
Takes his precise pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks, and stagnates there,

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
 Hold the reflecting glass,—
 That not untutor'd at thy wrong
 The passenger may pass!
 Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
 Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
 Who study downward on the ground;
 Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
 While more than mathematic gloom,
 Envelopes all around.

ODE IV.

On the sudden Death of a Clergyman.

If, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm,
 And light to life the ashes in the urn,
 Fate of his iron dart I would disarm,
 Sudden as thy decease should'st thou return,
 Recall'd with mandates of despotic sounds,
 And arbitrary grief that will not hear of bounds.
 But, ah! such wishes, artless muse, forbear;
 'Tis impotence of frantic love,
 Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,
 To hope the Thracian's magic power to
 prove.
 Alas! thy slender vein,
 Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,
 Impatient of a rein,
 Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling mea-
 sures keep,
 —But thou alas! canst weep—
 Thou canst—and o'er the melancholy bier
 Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.
 Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,
 And hail the peaceful shade, loos'd from its irk-
 some hold.
 Now let me say thou'rt free,
 For sure thou paid'st an heavy tax for life,
 While combating for thee,
 Nature and mortality
 Maintain a daily strife.
 High on a slender thread thy vital lamp was plac'd,
 Upon the mountain's bleakest brow,
 To give a noble light superior was it rais'd,
 But more expos'd by eminence it blaz'd;
 For not a whistling wind that blew,
 Nor the drop descending dew,
 But half extinguish'd its fair flame—but now
 See—hear the storm's tempestuous sweep—
 Precipitate it falls—it falls—falls lifeless in the
 deep.
 Cease, cease, ye weeping youth,
 Sincerity's soft sighs, and all the tears of truth.
 And you, his kindred throng forbear
 Marble memorials to prepare,
 And sculptur'd in your breasts his busto wear.
 'Twas thus when Israel's legislator dy'd,
 No fragile mortal honours were supply'd,
 But even a grave denied.
 Better than what the pencil's daub can give,
 Better than all that Phidias ever wrought,
 Is this—that what he taught shall live,
 And what he liv'd for ever shall be taught.

ODE V.

GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL cherub of the highest heav'n,
 Of look divine, and temper o'n,

Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mein,
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
 Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
 That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
 And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's vip'rous tongue,
 That daily dares thy merit wrong;
 Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
 Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
 Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
 Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
 That it should steal thy name and take thy
 place?

No—thou art active—spirit all—
 Swifter than lightning, at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
 (As reason's luminary guides)
 Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
 'Tis only for thy neighbours weal;
 Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
 And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
 Averse to envy, slow to blame,
 Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
 From flatt'ry's fawning tongue, and bending
 knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
 Thy love descends from man to beast,
 Nought is excluded little, or infirm,
 Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a
 worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
 For oh! I love thee, to my arms—
 All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
 So shall existence then be life indeed.

ODE VI.

ON ILL-NATURE.

OFFSPRING of folly and of pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
 Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
 By pedant affectation taught and bred:
 Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly
 light.

Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
 'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
 What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
 And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:
 When to exist is but to love and sing,
 And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.
Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the
den,
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their
thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall
join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with
thine,
Th' ear-piercing horn, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit æstrum shall
supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band
An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And proud to listen at her neighbours latch.
Next scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame;
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands and plods upon her
book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling avarice,
Then vanity and affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, ill-nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

ODE VII.

TO THE REV. AND LEARNED DR. WEBSTER,
Occasioned by his Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveness.

'Twas when th' omniscient creative pow'r
Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
Great Moses led away his chosen band;
When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past through the ruby tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land.
Then persecution rag'd in heav'n's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of nature's law's,
Vol. XI.

The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody
way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their
[hate.
But when the King of Righteousness arose,
And on the illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
He bade war's hellish clangor cease,
In pastoral simplicity and peace,
And show'd to man that face, which Moses could
not see.

Well hast thou Webster, pictur'd Christian love,
And copied our great Master's fair design,
But livid envy would the light remove,
Or crowd thy portrait in a nook malign—
The muse shall hold it up to popular view—
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they see,
The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

Oh hadst thou liv'd in better days than these
E'er to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
And to deserve is all thy empty claim.
Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
There, where thy dignify'd inferiors sit—
Oh they are in their generations wise,
Each path of interest they have sagely trod—
To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

Behold where poor unmanly'd merit stands,
All cold and cramp'd with penury and pain;
Speechless through want, she rears th' imploring
hands,

And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While bribery and dullness, passing by,
Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die.
“Away (they cry) we never saw thy name;
“Or in preferment's list, or that of fame;
“Away—not here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
“Who can'st not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for
“sale.”

Oh indignation, wherefore wert thou given,
If drowsy patience deaden all thy rage?—
Yet we must bear—such is the will of Heaven:
And, Webster, so prescribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach seraphic love,
Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
(Unmindful of low mortals mean employ)
Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
And strongly hope for every future joy.

ODE VIII.

EPITHALAMIUM.

DESCEND, descend, ye sweet Aonian maids,
Leave the Parnassian shades,
The joyful Hymeneal sing,
And to a lovelier fair
Than fiction can devise, or eloquence declare,
Your vocal tributes bring.

And you, ye winged choristers, that fly
In all the pensile gardens of the sky,
Chant through the enamell'd grove,
Stretch from the trembling leaves your little
throats,

With all the wild variety of artless notes,
But let each note be love.

Fragrant Flora, queen of May,
All bedight with garlands gay,
Where in the smooth-shaven green
The spangled cowslips variegate the
scene,

And the rivulet between,
Whispers, murmurs, sings,
As it stoops, or falls, or springs;

There spread a sofa of thy softest flowers,
There let the bridegroom stay,
There let him hate the light and curse the day,
And blame the tardy hours.

But see the bride she comes with silent pace,
Full of majesty and love;
Not with a nobler grace
Look'd the imperial wife of Jove,

When erst ineffably she shone
In Venus' irresistible, enchanting zone.
Phœbus, great god of verse, the nymph ob-
serve,

Observe her well;
Then touch each sweetly trem'ulous nerve
Of thy resounding shell:

Her like huntress-Dian paint,
Modest, but without restraint;
From Pallas take her decent pace,
With Venus sweeten all her face,
From the zephyrs steal her sighs,
From thyself her sun-bright eyes;
Then baffled thou shalt see,
That as did Daphne thee,

Her charms description's force shall fly,
And by no soft persuasive sounds be brib'd
To come within invention's narrow eye;
But all indignant shun its grasp, and scorn to be de-
scrib'd.

Now see the bridegroom rise,
Oh, how impatient are his joys!
Bring zephyrs to depaint his voice,
Bring lightning for his eyes.

He leaps, he springs, he flies into her arms,
With joy intense
Feeds ev'ry sense,
And fultanates o'er all her charms.

Oh! had I Virgil's comprehensive strain,
Or sung like Pope, without a word in vain,
Then should I hope my numbers might contain,
Engaging nymph, thy boundless happiness,
How arduous to express!

Such may it last to all eternity:
And may thy lord with thee,
Like two coëval pines in Ida's grove,
That interweave their verdant arms in love,
Each mutual office cheerfully perform,
And share alike the sunshine and the storm;
And ever, as you flourish hand in hand,
Both shade the shepherd and adorn the land,
Together with each growing year arise,
Indissolubly link'd, and climb at last the skies.

ODE IX.

*The Author apologizes to a Lady, for his being a little
Man.*

"Natura nusquam magis, quam in minimis
tota est." PLIN.

Ολίγον τε φίλον τε, HOM.

Yes, contumelious fair, you scorn
The amorous dwarf that courts you to his arms,
But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
And to some youth gigantic yield your charms,
Hear him—oh hear him! if you will not try,
And let your judgment check th' ambition of your
eye.

Say, is it carnage makes the man?
Is to be monstrous really to be great?

Say, is it wise or just to scan
Your lover's worth by quantity, or weight?

Ask your mamma and nurse, if it be so;
Nurse and mamma, I ween, shall jointly answer, no.

The less the body to the view,
The soul (like springs in closer durance pent)

Is all exertion, ever new,
Unceasing, unextinguish'd, and unspent;

Still pouring forth executive desire,
As bright, as brisk, and lasting, as the vestal fire.

Does thy young bosom pant for fame?
Would'st thou be of posterity the toast?

The poets shall ensure thy name,
Who magnitude of mind not body boast.

Laurels on bulky bards as rarely grow,
As on the sturdy oak the virtuous mistletoe.

Look in the glass, survey that cheek—
Where Flora has with all her roses blush'd;

The shape so tender—looks so meek—
The breasts made to be press'd, not to be crush'd;

Then turn to me—turn with obliging eyes,
Nor longer nature's works, in miniature, despise.

Young Ammon did the world subdue,
Yet had not more external man than I;

Ah, charmer! should I conquer you,
With him in fame, as well as size, I'll vie.

Then scornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
Where I defy and challenge, all thy utmost love.

ODE X.

*On the 26th of January, being the Birth-Day of a
Young Lady.*

ALL hail, and welcome joyous morn,

Welcome to the infant year;

Whether smooth calms thy face adorn,

Or low'ring clouds appear;

Though billows lash the sounding shore,

And tempests through the forests roar,

Sweet Nancy's voice shall sooth the sound;

Though darkness should invest the skies;

New day shall beam from Nancy's eyes,

And bless all nature round.

Let but those lips their sweets disclose,

And rich perfumes exhale,

We shall not want the fragrant rose

Nor miss the southern gale.

Then loosely to the winds unfold

Those radiant locks of burnish'd gold.

Or on thy bosom let them rove;
His treasure-house there Cupid keeps,
And hoards up, in two snowy heaps,
His stores of choicest love.

This day each warmest wish be paid
To thee the muse's pride;
I long to see the blooming maid
Chang'd to the blushing bride.
So shall thy pleasure and thy praise
Increase with the increasing days,
And present joys exceed the past;
To give and to receive delight,
Shall be thy task both day and night,
While day and night shall last.

ODE XI.

ON TAKING A BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

In Allusion to Horace. Book III. Ode 30.

"Exegi monumentum æra perennius, &c.

'Tis done:—I tow'r to that degree,
And catch such heav'nly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rant like me,
Nor is (a) King's Chapel higher.
My name in sure recording page
(b) Shall time itself o'erpow'r,
If no rude mice with envious rage
The buttery books devour.
A title too with added grace
My name shall now attend,
(c) Till to the church with silent pace
A nymph and priest ascend.
Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
Where late I shook with fear,
Nor heed the (d) moderator's voice
Loud thund'ring in my ear.
Then with (e) Æolian flute I blow
A soft Italian lay,
Or where (f) Cam's scanty waters flow,
Releas'd from lectures, stray.
Meanwhile, friend † Banks, my merits claim
Their just reward from you,
For Horace bids us (g) challenge fame,
When once that fame's our due.
Invest me with a graduate's gown,
'Midst shouts of all beholders,
(b) My head with ample square cap crown,
And deck with hood my shoulders.

Cambridge.

B. A.

- (a) Regali situ pyramidum altius.—
(b) Quod non innumerabilis
Annorum series, &c.
(c) —Dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacite virgine pontifex.
(d) —Qua violens
Obstrepat Aufidus.—
(e) —Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos.
(f) —Qua pauper aquæ Daunus, &c.
(g) —Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.—
(b) —Mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens—comam.

* Bachelor.

† A celebrated taylor.

ODE XII.

A MORNING PIECE;

OR, AN HYMN FOR THE HAY-MAKERS.

"Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
"Aurorum clarâ consuetum voce vocare."

LUCRET.

BRISK Chaunticleer his mattins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous
light; [run.
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
Strong labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail,
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung reclining on his rake.
Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon mapple tree;
First the vestal virtue, known
By her adamant zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet society the bride;
Last honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.
The abbey bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heav'n.
All nature wakes—the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise—and all is day—
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake;
Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

ODE XIII.

A NOON-PIECE;

OR, THE MOWERS AT DINNER.

"Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
"Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
"Dumeta Sylvani, caretque
"Ripa vagis taciturna ventis."

HOR.

THE sun is now radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;
No cloud appears through all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct and clear,

To the wanton whistling air
 The mimic shadows dance.
 Fat mirth and gallantry the gay,
 And romping ecstacy 'gin play.
 Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
 And open all their joy-bright eyes,
 Filling with infant prate the grove,
 And lisp in sweetly fault'ring love.
 In the middle of the ring,
 Mad with May, and wild of wing,
 Fire-ey'd wantonness shall sing.
 By the rivulet on the rushes,
 Beneath a canopy of bushes,
 Where the ever-faithful Tray
 Guards the dumplings and the whey,
 Colin Clout and Yorkshire Will,
 From the leathern bottle swill.
 Their scythes upon the adverse bank
 Glitter 'mongst th' entangled trees,
 Where the hazles form a rank,
 And curtsy to the courting breeze.
 Ah Harriot! sovereign mistress of my heart,
 Could I thee to these meads decoy,
 New grace to each fair object should impart,
 And heighten ev'ry scene to perfect joy.
 On a bank of fragrant thyme,
 Beneath yon stately shadowy pine,
 We'll with the well-disguised hook
 Cheat the tenants of the brook;
 Or where my Daphne's thickest shade
 Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
 There read Sydney's high-wrought stories
 Of ladies charms and heroes glories;
 Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
 And kiss the fiction into fact.
 Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
 Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
 Where taste and elegance command
 Art to lend her dædal hand,
 Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
 To discipline are reconcil'd,
 And laws and order cultivate,
 Quite civiliz'd into a state.
 From the sun and from the show'r,
 Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
 Secluded from the teasing pry
 Of Argus' curiosity:
 There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
 The gay meridian is seen.
 Ere decays the lamp of light,
 And length'ning shades stretch out to night—
 Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve
 (This is morality in love)
 Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
 Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue!
 Then—then thy lips, the coral cell
 Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell!
 Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
 In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

ODE XIV.

A NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nœniâ." HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
 Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,

Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
 And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host
 Had led,
 Night, with all her negro train,
 Took possession of the plain;
 In an herse she rode reclin'd,
 Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
 Close to her, with printless feet,
 Crept Stillness in a winding-sheet.
 Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
 Treading on tiptoes over the green;
 Softly, lightly, gently, she trips,
 Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips,
 You could not see a sight,
 You could not hear a sound,
 But what confess'd the night,
 And horror deepen'd round.
 Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
 Sophron the wife was laid:
 And to the answ'ring wood these sounds convey'd
 While others toil within the town,
 And to fortune smile or frown,
 Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
 And married to that woman, Noise;
 Sacred wisdom be my care,
 And fairest virtue, wisdom's heir.
 His speculations thus the sage begun,
 When, lo! the neighbouring bell
 In solemn sound struck one:—
 He starts, and recollects, he was engag'd to Nell,
 Then up he sprang, nimble and light,
 And rapp'd at fair Ele'nor's door,
 He laid aside virtue that night,
 And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

ODE XV.

ON MISS ****.

LONG, with undistinguish'd flame,
 I lov'd each fair, each witty dame.
 My heart the belle-assembly gain'd,
 And all an equal sway maintain'd.
 But when you came, you stood confess'd
 Sole sultana of my breast;
 For you eclips'd, supremely fair,
 All the whole seraglio there.
 In this her mien, in that her grace,
 In a third I lov'd a face;
 But you in ev'ry feature shine
 Universally divine.
 What can those tumid paps excel?
 Do they sink, or do they swell?
 While those lovely wanton eyes
 Sparkling meet them as they rise.
 Thus is silver Cynthia seen,
 Glistening o'er the glassy green,
 While attracted swell the waves,
 Emerging from their inmost caves.
 When to sweet sounds your steps you suit,
 And weave the minuet to the lute,
 Heav'ns! how you glide!--her neck--her chest--
 Does she move, or does she rest?
 As those roguish eyes advance,
 Let me catch their side-long glance,

Soon—or they'll elude my sight,
Quick as light'ning, and as bright.

Thus the bashful pleiad cheats
The gazer's eye, and still retreats;
Then peeps again—then skulks unseen,
Veil'd behind the azure screen.

Like the evening-toying dove,
Smile immensity of love;
Be Venus in each outward part,
And wear the vestal in your heart.

When I ask a kiss, or so—
Grant it with a begging no,
And let each rose that decks your face
Blush assent to my embrace.

ODE XVI.

*On the 5th of December, being the Birth-Day of a
Beautiful Young Lady.*

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year.
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
Smile gladly on this blest of days.
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And Phoebus shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

Though jocund June may justly boast
Long days and happy hours,
Though August be Pamona's hoist,
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June, his fire and crimson dyes,
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:
Tell August, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A sweeter flow'r than May.

ODE FOR MUSIC,

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

" Hanc Vos, Pierides festis cantate calendis,
" Et testudincâ, Phœbe superbe, lyrâ
" Hoc solenne sacrum multos celebretur in annos,
" Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro."

TIBULLUS.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following piece has been told, that the writing an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, after Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, would be great presumption; which is the reason he detains the reader in this place to make an apology, much against his will; he having all due contempt for the impertinence of prefaces. In the first place, then, it will be a little hard (he thinks) if he should be particularly marked out for censure, many others having written on the same subject without any such imputations; but they (it may be) did not live long enough to be laughed at; or, by some lucky means or other, escaped those unrewd remarks, which, it seems, are referred for him. In

the second place, this subject was not his choice; but imposed upon him by a gentleman very eminent in the science of music, for whom he has a great friendship; and who is, by his good sense and humanity, as much elevated above the generality of mankind, as by his exquisite art he is above most of his profession. The request of a friend, undoubtedly, will be sneered at by some as a stale and antiquated apology: it is a very good one notwithstanding, which is manifest even from its triteness; for it can never be imagined, that so many excellent authors, as well as bad ones, would have made use of it, had they not been convinced of its cogency. As for the writer of this piece, he will rejoice in being derided, not only for obliging his friends, but any honest man whatsoever, so far as may be in the power of a person of his mean abilities. He does not pretend to equal the very worst parts of the two celebrated performers already extant on the subject; which acknowledgment alone will, with the good-natured and judicious, acquit him of presumption; because these pieces, however excellent upon the whole, are not without their blemishes. There is in them both an exact unity of design, which though in compositions of another nature a beauty, is an impropriety in the Pindaric; which should consist in the vehemence of sudden and unlooked-for transitions: hence chiefly it derives that enthusiastic fire and wildness, which greatly distinguish it from other species of poetry. In the first stanza of * Dryden, and in the fifth of † Pope, there is an air, which is so far from being adapted to the majesty of an ode, that it would make no considerable figure in a ballad. And, lastly, they both conclude with a turn which has something too epigrammatical in it. Bating these trifles, they are incomparably beautiful and great; neither is there to be found two moral finished pieces of lyric poetry in our language, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso of Milton excepted, which are the finest in any. Dryden's is the more sublime and magnificent; but Pope's is the more elegant and correct; Dryden has the fire and spirit of Pindar, and Pope has the terseness and purity of Horace. Dryden's is certainly the more elevated performance of the two, but by no means so much so as people in general will have it. There are few that will allow any sort of comparison to be made between them. This is in some measure owing to that prevailing, but absurd custom which has obtained from ‡ Horace's

* Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

† Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

‡ It seems to have been otherwise in Homer's time.

Τὴν γὰρ αὐδὴν πολλὸν ἐπικλείουσ' ἀνθρώποι
ἔτις ἀκροῦται πᾶσι τῇ ἀμφιπλήθει. Hom. Od. 8. 485.

time even to this day, viz. of preferring authors to the bays by seniority. Had Mr. Pope written first, the mob, that judge by this rule, would have given him the preference; and the rather, because in this piece he does not deserve it.

It would not be right to conclude, without taking notice of a fine subject for an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, which was suggested to the author by his friend the learned and ingenious Mr. Comber, late of Jesus' College in this university; that is, David's playing to King Saul when he was troubled with the evil spirit. He was much pleased with the hint at first, but at length was deterred from improving it by the greatness of the subject; and, he thinks, not without reason. The choosing too high subjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable genius. There is a good rule which Fresnoy prescribes to the painters; which is likewise applicable to the poets,

Supremam in tabulis lucem capture diei
Infanus labor artificum; cum attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream sed Vespere lucem;

Seu modicum mane albentem; five ætheris actam
Post hyemen nimbis transiit sole caducam; [tem.
Seu nebulis fultam accipient, tonitruque ruben-

ARGUMENT.

Stanza 1, 2. Invocation of men and angels to join in the praise of St. Cecilia. The divine origin of music. Stanza 3. Art of music, or its miraculous power over the brute and inanimate creation, exemplified in Waller; and stanza 4, 5. in Arion. Stanza 6. The nature of music, or its power over the passions. Instances of this in its exciting pity. Stanza 7. In promoting courage and military virtue. Stanza 8. Excellency of church-music. Air to the memory of Mr. Purcell.—Praise of the organ and its inventress St. Cecilia.

From your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
Ye musically mystic pow'rs,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether swims,
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns;
Hither Paradise remove,
Spirits of harmony and love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign t' appear,
And with thy sweetly-solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

CHORUS.

Disdainful, &c. &c.

And Pindar would have it otherwise in his,

— αἶνε γὰρ Ἡαλαίων

Μιν εἶνον, ἀνθ' αὖ ὕμνων

Νεωτέρων—

Olymp. 9.

And you, ye sons of harmony below,
How little less than angels when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety shall bring.
Shall echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise,
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid—
She did— and other rites to greater pow'rs are due.
Higher swell the sound, and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heav'n of heav'ns aspire,
Solemn, sacred, and sublime:
From heav'n music took its rise,
Return it to its native skies.

CHORUS.

Higher swell the sound, &c. &c.

Music's a celestial art;
Cease to wonder at its pow'r,
Though lifeless rocks to motion start,
Though trees dance lightly from the
bow'r,
Though rolling floods in sweet suspense
Are held, and listen into sense.

In Penhurst's plains when Waller, sick with
love,

Has found some solitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
Of trem'lous light athwart th' unhaven wood,
Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
And strikes, impetuous strikes each quer'lous nerve
Of his resounding shell.

In all the woods, in all the plains
Around, a lively stillness reigns;
The deer approach the secret scene,
And weave their way through labyrinths
green;

While Philomela learns the lay,
And answers from the neighbouring bay.

But Medway, melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguish pines:

The crystal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the sea:
Neptune in the boisterous seas
Spreads the placid bed of peace,

While each blast,
Or breathes its last,
Or just does sigh a symphony, and cease.

CHORUS.

Neptune, &c. &c.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands,
Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute strings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre:
While in a tender Orphic strain
He thus accosts the mistress of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Through which your waves attracted rise,

And actuate the hoary deep;
 By the secret coral cell,
 Where love, and joy, and Neptune dwell,
 And peaceful floods in silence sleep:
 By the sea-flowers that immerge
 Their heads around the grotto's verge,
 Dependant from the stooping stem;
 By each roof-suspended drop,
 That lightly lingers on the top,
 And hesitates into a gem;
 By thy kindred wat'ry gods,
 The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
 And all the pow'rs that live unseen
 Underneath the liquid green;
 Great Amphitrite (for thou canst bind
 The storm and regulate the wind)
 Hence waft me, fair goddess, oh waft me away,
 Secure from the men and the monsters of prey!

CHORUS.

Great Amphitrite, &c. &c.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
 Soft stillness steals along the deep,
 The tritons and the nereids sigh
 In soul-reflecting sympathy,
 And all the audience of waters weep.
 But Amphitrite her dolphin sends—* the same,
 Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd
 dame—

Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
 And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams
 play,

Ten thousand variegated dyes
 In copious streams of lustre rise,
 Rise o'er the level main and signify his way—
 And now the joyous bard, in triumph bore,
 Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd-
 for shore.

Come, ye festive, social throng,
 Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
 Your noblest melody employ,
 Such as becomes the mouth of joy,
 Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
 With bright expression richly wrought,
 And hail the muse ascending on her throne,
 The main at length subdued, and all the world
 her own.

CHORUS.

Come, ye festive, &c. &c.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
 Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away;
 And, as attractive sounds move high or low,
 Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow,
 Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
 And in the visions of the night,
 And all the day dreams of the light,
 In sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—
 From her cheeks the roses die,
 The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
 And her breast the throne of love,
 Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
 To send th' ambrosial sigh.

* *Fabulantur Græci hanc perpetuam Deis vir-
 ginitatem vovisse: sed cum a Neptuno sollicitaretur
 ad Atlantem confugisse, ubi a Delphini persuasa
 Neptuno assensit. Lilius Gyraldus.*

But let the skilful bard appear,
 And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear;
 Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
 Steept in tears that endless flow,
 Melancholy notes of pity,
 Notes that mean a world of woe?
 She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
 And pitying others sorrows sigh away her own.

CHORUS.

Sing some sad, some, &c. &c.

Wake, wake, the kettle-drum prolong
 The swelling trumpet's silver song,
 And let the kindred accents pass
 Through the horn's meandering brass.
 Arise—The patriot muse invites to war,
 And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
 While harmony, terrific maid!
 Appears in martial pomp array'd:
 The sword, the target, and the lance
 She weilds, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic
 dance.

Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
 Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies
 With thunder in her voice and lightning in her
 eyes.

The gallant warriors engage
 With inextinguishable rage,
 And hearts unchill'd with fear;
 Fame numbers all the chosen bands
 Full in the front fair vict'ry stands,
 And triumph crowns the rear.

CHORUS.

The gallant warriors, &c. &c.

But hark, the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
 And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds—
 Mellifluous, yet manly too,
 He pours his strains along,
 As from the lion Samson slew,
 Comes sweetness from the strong.
 Not like the soft Italian swains,
 He trills the weak enervate strains,
 Where sense and music are at strife;
 His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
 With fire, with force explain the theme,
 And sings the subject into life.

Attend—he sings Cæcilia—matchless dame!
 'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame.

On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,
 And sweetly swell into a long delay,
 And dwell delighted on her name.
 Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,
 In tones magnificently slow;
 Such is the music, such the lays,
 Which suit your fair inventress' praise:
 While round religious silence reigns.
 And loitering winds expect the strains.
 Hail majestic mournful measure,
 Source of many a pensive pleasure!
 Blest pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
 As pattern of the rest of heav'n!
 And thou chief honour of the veil,
 Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!
 When death shall blot out every name,
 And time shall break the trump of fame.

I iiij

Angels may listen to thy lute :
Thy pow'r shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

GRAND CHORUS.

When death shall blot out every name, &c.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

On Recovery from a Dangerous Fit of Illness.

TO DOCTOR JAMES.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING made an humble offering to him, without whose blessing your skill, admirable as it is, would have been to no purpose, I think myself bound by all the ties of gratitude, to render my next acknowledgments to you, who, under God, restored me to health from as violent and dangerous a disorder, as perhaps ever man survived. And my thanks become more particularly your just tribute, since this was the third time, that your judgment and medicines rescued me from the grave, permit me to say, in a manner almost miraculous.

If it be meritorious to have investigated medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man, who wrote the Medicinal Dictionary, and invented the Fever Powder.

Let such considerations as these, arm you with constancy against the impotent attacks of those whose interests interfere with that of mankind; and let it not displease you to have those for your particular enemies, who are foes to the public in general.

It is no wonder, indeed, that some of the retailers of medicines should zealously oppose whatever might endanger their trade; but it is amazing that there should be any physicians mercenary and mean enough to pay their court to, and ingratiate themselves with, such persons, by the strongest efforts to prejudice the inventor of the Fever Powder, at the expence of honour, dignity, and conscience. Believe me, however, and let this be a part of your consolation, that there are very few physicians in Britain, who were born gentlemen, and whose fortunes place them above such sordid dependencies, who do not think and speak of you as I do.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most humble servant,

C. SMART.

When * Israel's ruler on the royal bed

In anguish and in perturbation lay,

The down reliev'd not his anointed head,

And rest gave place to horror and dismay.

Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh,

When God's own prophet thunder'd—Monarch,

* *Hezekiah vi. Isaiah xxxviii.*

And must I go, th' illustrious mourner cry'd,
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has dy'd

From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word
The sovereign of myself and servant of the Lord.

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had soar'd;

The * sun retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! What had I to plead
When death stood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,

When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was left in terror or in trance,
My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd, and maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise,
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the † raven to the ark, she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

But who are they that bid affliction cease!—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress—
She ‡ struggles with the angel, conquers, and is blest.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder and adore.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic fight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;
I come, ye sportive sweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain,

All glory to th' Eternal, to the Immense,
All glory to th' Omniscient and Good,
Whose power's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's intense;
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.

* *Isaiah, chap. xxxviii.*

† *Gen. viii. 7.*

‡ *Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.*

Except through him—through him, who stands
alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind
t' atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
And to the blind gave or restor'd the day,—
Nay more,—far more unequall'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his lost fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd, shook, fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a second birth bestow
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and
woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quickened, ye new-strung nerves, th' enraptur'd
lyre;
Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates
break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou canst new joys e'en to the blest impart;
The list'ning angels lay their harps aside
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heav'n itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me, 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sov'reign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of
air,
And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway;
For all was made for him—to serve and to o-
bey.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion, hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by th' Almighty's throne,
In him she shines confest, who came to make her
known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast giv'n to know,
That I may live for thee and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heav'n,
“That he shall love thee most † to whom thou'lt
“most forgiven.

* *Pind. Olymp. I.*

† *Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.*

ON THE
ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

A CLAUSE OF MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8. 1738 *.

I GIVE my Kissingbury estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either death, judgment, heaven, hell, purity of heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-Hall, and Greek professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

We the underwritten, do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M. A. for his poem on *The Eternity of the Supreme Being*, and directed the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

EDM. KEENE, Vice-chancellor.

J. WILCOX, Master of Clare-hall.

March 25. 1750.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in pow'r supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,
The air, the earth, or azure main contains,
In undecyph'ed characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (though wild of wing they
rove

Through the vast concave of th' ethereal round)
If to the heav'n of heavens they'd win their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.

May then the youthful, uninspired bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal; may he soar

* This clause of Mr. Seaton's Will is inserted at the beginning of each of the five following Poems, in the edition of Smart's Works, but is afterwards omitted in this collection, to avoid repetition.

Where seraph, and where cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may, if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift the unpinion'd muse, and deign t' assist,
Great Poet of the universe, his song.

Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round light's perennial fountain, before light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
Before "the morning stars together sang"
And hail'd thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art---all-glorious, all beneficent,
All wisdom and omnipotence thou art.

But is the era of creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could ought retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing
ever,

Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action---
No---in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense
Th' eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
'This were enough to fill the boundless All,
'This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of sp'rits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and redemption---and a while
Pause---with the grand presentments of glory.

Perhaps---but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity---
O thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can,---
And all we may---) be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come when all this earth shall
perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage
To make perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.---
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the unextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
cedars

Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heav'n
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where:
Where Tenerif's thy stateliness to-day?
What, *Ætna*, are thy flames to these:---No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country; thou must join,
In vain dissolv'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illusrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Though million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day: Ye must submit
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But though the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; though the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; though the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Thou the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet thou, great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see; he comes! th' archangel from above.

"Arise ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible and arise;
"From east to west, from the antarctic pole
"To regions hyperborean, all ye sons,
"Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heav'n---
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible and arise."

'Tis then, nor looner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds, and waves, and rocks, and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of heav'n:

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give
Praises more worthy the eternal ear.

Yet what we can, we ought;---and, therefore, thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, with gifts

Offend, and not propitiate the ador'd.
Though gratitude were bless'd with all the pow'rs
Her bursting heart could long for, though the
swift,

The fiery-wing'd imagination soar'd
Beyond ambition's wish---yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let reason through the eye of faith
View him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With heav'n-directed hands confess his reign.

And let th' angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of heav'n, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For thou art holy,
"For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON THE
IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.
A POETICAL ESSAY.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God—Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your mattins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Preferr'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's might exclude.

What though th' Almighty's regal throne be
rais'd

High o'er yon azure heav'n's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blust'ring north has breath to blow;
Albeit he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest:
Yet know that nor in presence or in pow'r
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, fitidious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
recting

Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun;
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of
fire)

Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
Or where in heav'n above the heav'n of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.

Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' implanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flow'rs gay, [bottom
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd

Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence through the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
For weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-entrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
Of leaping hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thund'ring down
In desperate cascade, with flow'rs and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Paussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with th' ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence he stands.
So simple! and so great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, and God himself is there
Ev'n in the bush (though not as when to Moses)
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded
prospect

Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon tow'rs,
The work of lab'ring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and steadfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot that assert'st there is no God,

View, and be dumb for ever—
 Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio yield
 The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
 To call Correggio, or let Titian come
 To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
 cherry
 'To blush with just vermilion—hence away—
 Hence ye profane! for God himself is here.
 Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
 Through all his works th' Artificer divine—
 And though nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
 Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
 'Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
 Were extant on the surface of this ball,
 Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
 Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
 Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
 Yet man at home, within himself, might find
 The Deity immense, and in that frame
 So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
 See and adore his providence and pow'r—
 I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
 O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
 The knee that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to thee,
 The tongue which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt
 thy praise,
 And thy own image, the immortal soul,
 Shall consecrate herself to thee for ever.

ON THE
 OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

*Addressed to the Most Reverend his Grace the Lord
 Archbishop of Canterbury.*

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
 To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal fame,
 Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump.
 All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
 And pow'r, and domination in the height!
 And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
 To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
 Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
 And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
 Thou too, my heart, when he, and he alone,
 Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
 plete,
 Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
 A living sacrifice before his throne:
 And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
 That in the centre of the arched heav'ns
 Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some
 branch
 Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
 When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
 A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
 Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
 And every faint idea yet unform'd.
 When up the imperceptible ascent
 Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
 Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
 Insensibly to-day, thou didst vouchsafe
 And teach me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
 That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
 Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wond'rous,

Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
 And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret pow'r, that guides the
 brutes,

Which ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from thee,
 It is the operation of thine hands,
 Immediate instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
 That glorious shines transparent through thy
 works.

Who taught the pie, or who forewarn'd the jay
 To shun the deadly nightshade? though the cherry
 Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plumb
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
 They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
 Swift on the winnowing winds they work their
 way.

Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic man,
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
 —No.

Full many a race has fall'n into the share
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface,
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
 For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
 Of slow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims
 The learned lamp, to investigate the pow'rs
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,
 Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
 Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
 And baseless fabric from conjecture builds.
 While the domestic animal, that guards
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
 By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
 Begs not that aid his services might claim,
 But is his own physician, knows the case,
 And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
 Hark from afar the * feather'd matron screams,
 And all her brood alarms, the docile crew
 Accept the signal one and all, expert
 In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit;
 Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
 Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd
 That the rapacious adversary's near.
 But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger,
 Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
 Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
 Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
 And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
 Of trippled winter gins t' advance, prepares
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
 Who points her passage through the pathless void
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
 Her science is the science of her God.
 Not the magnetic index to the north
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon;
 She, heav'n-taught voyager, that sails in air,

* The Hen Turkey.

Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows
What * Newton, or not sought, or sought in vain.

Illustrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heav'n's
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme; who was himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When knowledge at her father's dread command

Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
Oh to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes!
Oh how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare!
How did he rouse the pamper'd filken sons
Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field!
Though she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conscious that December's on the march
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm proof cells, with management most meet

And unexampled housewifery, she forms,
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home.
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, left from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way,
Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But, if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from discordant flow'rs
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

* *The Longitude.*

Avaunt conceit, ambition take thy flight
Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh 'tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to
force

Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who first from heav'n, from gracious God himself,
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know by
brutes

Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascends,
And trac'd Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for though we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression, though no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the earth
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd
Still is their scope for wonder and for love.
Ev'n to their last exertion—show'rs of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to
chant

All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with the choicest stores the altar crown.

ON THE POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

" TREMBLE, thou earth! the anointed poet said,
" At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye moun-

tains,

" And all ye hillocks on the surface bound."

Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll,
The muse with transport hears ye, once again

Convulse the solid continent, and shake,

Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles.

'Tis thy terrific voice; thou God of power,

'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it

Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force,

In every spring she feels it, every wheel,

And every movement of her vast machine.

Behold! quakes Appenine, behold! recoils

Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps

Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.

But what is this, celestial though the note,

And proclamation of the reign supreme,

Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear

Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?

Shou'd ocean to his congregated waves

Call in each river, cataract, and lake,

And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock

Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,

'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,

When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last ling'ring undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aerial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet.—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heav'n-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, though many a bastion jut
Forth from the ramparts elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human heart,
And mortal strength how vain! while under-

neath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable upturn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous py-
rites

Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. 'Twice have we
felt,

Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation, but ev'n thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, are gracious ever:
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction: we confess
That thou art he, th' Almighty: we believe,
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And forests are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The west encounters east, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.

The lordly lions shudd'ring seek their dens,
And fly like tim'rous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while he supreme
Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
wombs

Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand, that dealt it!—baffled here
By his omnipotence, philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,

And stands, with all his circling wonders round
her,

Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in ev'ry place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention! who? O who shall tell
His acts miraculous, when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharoah and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'er-

throw
Idolrous Philistia? shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?

—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequal'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
tion

That crowns thy glory, and thy pow'r con-
firms,

Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.

When from the virgin's unpolluted womb,

Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd

And on benighted reason pour'd the day;

Let there be peace (he said) and all was calm

Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,

When peace: be still, ye boisterous winds, he

cry'd,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur

heard.

His was a life of miracles and might,

And charity and love, ere yet he taste

The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise

Victorious o'er the universal foe,

And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.

His by the right of conquest is mankind,

And in sweet servitude and golden bonds

Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy

Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens

'Tis ecstasy to bear! him blessed Shepherd

His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,

And shades that tend to day-spring from on

high;

And as the radiant roses, ever fading,

In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath

Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare

With those that love him—for sweet is their fa-
vour,

And all eternity shall be their spring.

Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,

At which the King of glory enters in,

Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where

pleasure

Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope

Is certainty, and grief-attended love

Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate

With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,

And in immortal prowess King of kings

Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE
GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

*Addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of
Darlington.*

ORPHEUS, for * so the Gentiles call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful billocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew:
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!---greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:---in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,[¶]
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;---so shall the muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the tim'rous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving?---The thought-kindling
light,

Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip, and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice illustrious! were it not for thee
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate, pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians,---nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And through their throats coarse rattling hurt
the ear,

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Dela-
ny, in his *Life of David*.

They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;---
But not to all,---for hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles of the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song:
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;---the solemn scene
The sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub gratitude;---behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to him she sings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O he is good, he is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
man;

Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:---raise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To him, who made the mite; though Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tow'r-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less-striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, fable Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load,
T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursu'd the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious, furly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and
flow'rs,

Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
crown

And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own,
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory,---compass'd helm

With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breastplate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious pray'r.

"O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
"Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
"Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
"Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
"Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
"Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
"Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
"But quell tyrannic pride with peerless pow'r,
"Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak.
"O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
"Thou God of goodness, and of glory, hear!
"Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
"To heav'n, to immortality, and thee!"

THE HOP-GARDEN:

A GEORGIC. IN TWO BOOKS.

"Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat
"Laudis amor: studium sequor insanabile vatis,
"Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
"Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne pro-
"caci
"Monstratum dignito."—*Van. Præd. Rusi.*

BOOK I.

THE land that answers best the farmer's care,
And silvers to maturity the hop;
When to inhume the plants, to turn the glebe,
And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles;
Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how
To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,
I teach in verse Miltonian. Smile the muse,
And meditate an honour to that land
Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life,
Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy son.

Oh! could I emulate skill'd Sydney's muse,
Thy Sydney, Cantium—he, from court retir'd,
In Penshurst's sweet Elysium sung delight;
Sung transport to the soft-responding streams
Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves
While ever near him, goddess of the green,
Fair * Pembroke sat, and smil'd immense applause.
With vocal fascination charm'd the † hours,
Unguarded left heav'n's adamant gate,
And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds
That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
Had I such pow'r, no peasant's humble toil
Should e'er debase my day; far nobler themes,
The high achievements of thy warrior kings
Should raise my thoughts, and dignify my song:
But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
For so enlarg'd a sphere—ah! muse beware,
Left the loud 'larums of the braving trump;
Left the deep drum should drown thy tender reed,
And mar its puny joints: me, lowly swain,
Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,
Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,
‡ Content inglorious, and the hopland shades!

* Sister to Philip Sydney.

† — Πύλαι μύκρον κραναῖς ἔχον Ωρεαί. HOM. E.

‡ Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius! *Virg. Georg. 2.*

Yeomen and countrymen, attend my song:
Whether you shiver in the marshy * Weald,
Eg'regious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck
All Europe's kings; or in fair † Maidum's vale
Imparadis'd, blest denizens! ye dwell;
Or ‡ Dorovernia's awful tow'rs ye love;
Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills
Industrious, and with draught chalybeate heal'd,
Confess divine Hygeia's blissful seat;
The muse demands your presence, ere she tune
Her monitory voice; observe her well,
And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.

'Midst thy paternal acres, farmer, say,
Has gracious Heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks
Its loamy bosom in the mid-day sun?
Emerging gently from the abject vale,
Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, secure
There shalt thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,
Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so:
But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best
Meanly supports her vot'ry; enough for her
If ill-persuading hunger she repel,
And keep the soul from fainting: to enlarge,
To glad the heart, to sublimiate the mind,
And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,
Require th' united influence and aid
Of Bacchus, god of hops, with Ceres join'd:
'Tis he shall generate the buxom beer.

Then on one pedestal, and hand in hand,
Sculptor'd in Parian stone (so gratitude
Indites), let the divine co-partners rise.
Stands eastward in thy field a wood? 'tis well,
Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
And cherish all its branches; though we'll grant,
Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
The morning rays, and envy some shall share
Of Sol's beneficence to th' infant germ.
Yet grudge not that: when whistling Eurus comes,
With all his worlds of insects in thy lands,
To hyemate, and monarchise o'er all
Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood
Shall ope its arms expulsive, and embrace
The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.
Armies of animalcules urge their way
In vain: the ventilating trees oppose
Their airy march. They blacken distant plains.

This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,
Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil
(As sung before), be loamy; this the hop
Loves above others; this is rich, is deep,
Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole.
Yet maugre all its native worth, it may
Be meliorated with warmth compost. See,
|| Yon craggy mountain, whose fastidious head
Divides the star-set hemisphere above,
And Cantium's plains beneath; the Apennine
Of a free Italy, whose chalky sides,
With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,
Still captivate the eye, while at his feet
The silver Medway glides, and in her breast
Views the reflected landscape, charm'd the views,

* Commonly, but improperly, called the Wild.

† Maidstone.

‡ Canterbury.

|| Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.

And murmurs louder ecstasy below,
Here let us rest a while, pleas'd to behold
Th' all-beautiful horizon's wide expanse,
Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires
First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n.
The lofty elms in humble majesty
Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn grove,
And spread an holy darkness; Ceres there
Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads,
Enrich'd by Flora's dedal hand, with pride
Expose their spotted verdure. Now are you,
Pomona, absent; you, 'midst hoary leaves,
Swell the vermilion cherry; and on you trees
Suspend the pippin's palatable gold.
There old Sylvanus, in that moss-grown grot,
Dwells with his wood-nymphs: they, with chap-
lets green,

And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft
From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom fair,
Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly pearch,
That swiftly through their floating forests glide.
Yet not even these—these ever-varied scenes
Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied
lays,

Which Phœbus' self vaulting from yonder cloud
Refulgent, with enliv'ning rays inspires.
But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
Nor orchards, nor the russet-mantled nymphs,
Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance,
Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those
charms

Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close;
Joint work of art and nature, which reminds
The muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.

Here, then, with pond'rous vehicles and teams
Thy rustics send, and from the caverns deep
Command them bring the chalk: thence to the kiln
Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
O'er all thy lands disseminate; thy lands
Which first have felt the soft'ning spade, and drank
The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.

This done, select the choicest hop, t' insert
Fresh in the opening glebe. Say then, my muse,
Its various kinds, and from th' effete and vile,
The eligible separate with care.

The noblest species is by Kentish wights
The master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has giv'n a flouter stalk, patient of cold,
Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood
In brisk saltation circulates and flows
Indefinitely vigorous: the next

Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross,
Significantly styl'd the Fryar: the last
Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood,
And ev'ry hedge, un introduc'd, intrudes.

When such the merit of the candidates,
Easy is the election; but, my friend,
Wouldst thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,
Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks
Ought that is great or good. * Hail, Cantium,
hail!

* Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum; tibi res antique laudis et artis
Vol. XI.

Illustrious parent of the finest fruits!
Illustrious parent of the best of men!
For thee antiquity's thrice sacred springs
Placidly stagnant at their fountain-head,
I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence
I ought, for thy utility can drain),
And in thy towns adopt th' Ascræan muse.
Hail heroes! hail invaluable gems!
Fav'rites of Heav'n! to whom the general doom
Is all remitted, who alone possess
Of Adam's sons fair Eden—rest ye here
Nor seek an earthly good above the hop;
A good, untasted by your ancient kings,
And to your very fires almost unknown.

In those blest days, when great Eliza reign'd
O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
O'erspread an unstain'd olive round the land,
Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
To lord it o'er the world; when our brave fires
Drank valour from uncauponated beer;
The hop (before an interdicted plant,
Shun'd like fell aconite), began to hang
Its folded floscles from the golden vine,
And bloom'd a shade to Cantium's sunny shores
Delightful, and in cheerful goblets laugh'd
Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impend'd
To kill the dullsome day—potent to quench
The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills
To heal with mild potations; sweeter far
Than those which erst the subtle * Hengist mix'd
T' intral voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
Emasculate and wine, the toils of war
Neglected; and to dalliance vile and sloth
Emancipated, saw th' encroaching Saxons
With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought
T' have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth,
Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre:
This Hengist mark'd, and (for curs'd insolence
Soon fattens on impunity, and rises
Briareus from a dwarf)! fair Thanet gain'd.
Nor stopt he here: but to immense attempts
Ambition, sky aspiring, led him on
Advent'rous. He an only daughter rear'd,
Roxena, matchless maid! nor rear'd in vain.
Her eagle-ey'd callidity, deceit,
And fairy-fiction, rais'd above her sex,
And furnish'd with a thousand various wiles
Preposterous more than female; wondrous fair
She was, and docile, which her pious nurse
Observ'd, and early in each female fraud
Her 'gan initiate: well she knew to smile,
Whene'er vexation gall'd her—did she weep?
'Twas not sincere, the fountains of her eyes
Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd,
They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her
Was nat'ral, and contrarities
Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.
Such was she, when brisk Vortigern beheld,
(Ill-fated prince)! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd,
Soon she perceiv'd her conquest; soon she told,
With hasty joy transported, her old sire.
The Saxon only smil'd, and to his ill

Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Virg. Georg. 2.

* See the following story, told at large in *Lincoln's*
Perambulation of Kent.

K

The willing prince invited : but first bade
 The nymph prepare the potions; such as fire
 The blood's meand'ring rivalets, and depress
 To love the soul. Lo! at the noon of night,
 Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid---and thrice
 The goddess stoop'd assent; forth from a cloud
 She stoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm.
 These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold
 The lovely forcerefs mix'd, and to the prince
 Health, peace, and joy, propin'd, but to herself
 Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect
 To the love-creating draught; lowly she bow'd
 Fawning insinuation bland, that might
 Deceive Laertes' son; her lucid orbs
 Shed copiously the oblique rays; her face
 Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,
 And with no borrow'd lustre; on her brow
 Smil'd fallacy, while summoning each grace,
 Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince (for who,
 Who could have spurn'd a suppliant so divine)?
 Drank eager, and in ecstasy devour'd
 Th' ambrosial perturbation; mad with love
 He clasp'd her, and in Hymeneal bands
 At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
 Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,
 Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince
 Exterminated, and usurp'd his seat.
 Long did he reign; but all-devouring time
 Has raz'd his palace walls---perchance on them
 Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled bust,
 In spiral twines, ascends the scantile pole.—
 But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed;
 Tasks humble, but important, ask the muse.

Come, fair magician, sportive fancy, come,
 With wildest imagery: thou child of thought,
 From thy aerial citadel descend,
 And (for thou canst) assist me. Bring with thee
 Thy all-creative talisman; with thee
 The active spirits ideal, tow'ring flights,
 That hover o'er the muse-resounding groves,
 And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.
 Thou, too, be here, experience, so shall I
 My rules, nor in low prose jejune say,
 Nor in smooth numbers musically err:
 But vain is fancy, and experience vain,
 If thou, O Hesiod! Virgil of our land,
 * Or hear'st thou rather, Milton, bard divine,
 Whose greatness who shalt imitate, save thee?
 If thou, O † Philips! fav'ring dost not hear
 Me, inexpert of verse; with gentle hand
 Uprear the unpinion'd muse, high on the top
 Of that immeasurable mount, that far
 Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'st
 With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn
 Th' unwieldy subject with thy graceful ease,
 Extol its baseness with thy art; but chief
 Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire.

When Phœbus' looks through Arics on the
 spring,
 And vernal flow'rs teem with the dulcet fruit,
 Autumnal pride! delay not then thy sets
 In Tellus' facile bosom to depose
 Timely; if thou art wise the bulkiest choose;
 To every root three joints indulge, and form

* At ipse

Subtilis Veterum iudex et callidus audis. HORAT.

† Mr. John Philips, author of *Cyder*, a poem.

The quincunx with well-regulated hills.
 Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
 Thy young plants will uplift their virgin arms,
 They'll stretch, and, marriageable, claim the pole.
 Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st
 Expect an hopeful issue, jolly mirth,
 Sister of taleful Momus, tuneful song,
 And fat good-nature with her honest face.
 But yet in the novitiate of their love,
 And tenderness of youth suffice small shoots
 Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
 Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then
 When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
 Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand,
 They've felt; 'tis then we fell sublimer props.
 'Tis then the sturdy woodman's ax from far
 Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow
 groans

Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll
 O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave
 Forlorn, dejected, 'midst the weeping Dryads
 Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
 The ash or willow for thy use select,
 Or storm enduring chestnut; but the oak
 Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends
 Reserve untouch'd; she when by time matur'd,
 Capacious of some British demigod,
 Vernon, or Warren, shall with rapid wing
 Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
 Fly on thy foes; they, like the parted waves,
 Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
 Amaz'd and roaring from the sight recede.—
 In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains
 Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot
 With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage
 meet

The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,
 Else soon, too soon their meretricious arms
 Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
 Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard
 Where there's no mutual tie, no strong con-
 nection

Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride
 Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,
 While the infatuated lord admires
 * Fresh-butting sprouts, and issue not his own.
 Now turn the glebe: soon with correcting hand
 When smiling June in jocund dance leads on
 Long days and happy hours, from every vine
 Dock the redundant branches, and once more
 With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.
 The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge
 The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.
 This in that month its title which derives
 From great Augustus' ever sacred name!
 Sovereign of science! master of the muse!
 Neglected genius' firm ally! of worth
 Best judge, and best rewarder, whose applause
 To bards was fame and fortune! O! 'twas well,
 Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes!
 Ye Romans!—on time's wing you've stamp'd his
 praise,
 And time shall bear it to eternity.

Now are our labours crown'd with their reward,
 Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream

* Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

VIRG.

Shine in their floating silver, while above
 T' embow'ring branches culminate, and form
 A walk impervious to the sun; the poles
 In comely order stand; and while you cleave
 With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
 In comely order still their ranks preserve,
 And seem to march along th' extensive plain.
 In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,
 With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
 Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries
 Of dying freedom, and Astræa's voice,
 Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
 Of tyranny, and William; like a god,
 Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
 He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
 But on his foes frown'd agony, and death,
 On his left side in bright emblazonry
 His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold
 shield

A basilisk shot adamant; his bow [crown'd
 Wore clouds of fury!--on that with plumage
 Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:

Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,
 Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,
 * Northern Aurora; she through th' azure air
 Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
 Continual, while waving to the wind
 O'er night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.

The trav'ller views th' unseasonable day
 Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.
 But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
 Of Cantium's matchless sons! on they proceed,
 All innocent of fear; each face express'd
 Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
 The well fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
 That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
 With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
 Whistled with rustic notes; but such as show'd
 A heart magnanimous: the men of Kent
 Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
 The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs
 bend. [lyre

'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning
 The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
 Enchanted dancing Hæmus, to the tune,
 The lute's soft tune! the flutt'ring branches wave,
 The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,
 The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
 And all the mighty mountain nods applause.
 The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
 The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
 That from th' oblivious streams of Lethe's pool
 Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
 His host an universal panic seiz'd
 Prodigious, inopine; their armour shook,
 And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;
 Some to the walking wilderness 'gan run
 Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
 For shelter sought.--Wretches! they shelter find,
 Eternal shelter in the arms of death!
 Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
 Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller

* *Aurora Borealis*, or lights in the air; a phenomenon which of late years has been very frequent here, and in all the more northern countries.

That wanders o'er the wintry waste accepts
 The invitation of some spreading beech
 Joyous; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
 Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
 Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.

And now no longer in disguise the men
 Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs,
 And shine in brazen panoply divine.
 Enough--Great William (for full well he knew
 How vain would be the contest) to the sons
 Of glorious Cantium gave their lives, and laws,
 And liberties secure, and to the prove's
 Of Cantium's sons, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield,
 Cæsar and William! hail immortal worthies,
 Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them,
 Posterity with all her chiefs unborn,
 Ought similar, ought second has to boast.
 Once more (so prophecies the muse) thy sons
 Shall triumph, emulous of their fires--till then
 With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,
 O'er all thy land reign plenty, reign fair peace.

BOOK II.

"Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisa repones,
 "Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris."
 VIRG. *Geor. lib. 2.*

At length the muse her destin'd task resumes
 With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves
 She seeks t' expatiate free of wing! Long while
 For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
 Sorrowing in silence o'er th' untimely urn.
 Hush then, effeminate sobs; and thou, my heart,
 Rebel to grief no more--and yet a while,
 A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
 O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain
 I seek the olive peace, around me wide
 See! see! the wat'ry waste--in vain forlorn
 I call the Phoenix fair sincerity;
 Alas!--extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
 And left no heir behind her. Where is now
 Th' eternal smile of goodness? where is now
 That all-extensive charity of soul,
 So rich in sweetness, that the classic sounds
 In elegance Augustan cloth'd, the wit
 That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
 Or, if observ'd, set off that brighter gem.
 How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!
 Have I enjoy'd his converse! when we met,
 The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till
 Agen I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!
 † Theophilus, thou dear departed soul, [hail
 What flattering tales thou told'st me? how thou'dst
 My muse, and took'st imaginary walks
 All in my hopland groves; stay yet, oh stay!
 Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half--
 He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise
 Fame has not for me, though she prove most kind.
 Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,
 These tears, the last sad duty of a friend.
 Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain
 Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks
 I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
 Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow

† *Mr. Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ Church, Cambridge.*

In sullen silence silverly along
 The weeping shores---or else accordant with
 My loud laments, shall ever and anon
 Make melancholy music to the shades,
 The hopland shades, that on her banks expose
 Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.
 Ye smiling nymphs, th' inseparable train
 Of saffron Ceres; ye, that gamesome dance,
 And sing to jolly Autumn, while he stands
 With his right hand poizing the scales of heav'n,
 And while his left grasps Amalthea's horn:
 Young chorus of fair bacchanals, descend,
 And leave awhile the sickle; yonder hill, [care.
 Where stand the loaded hop-poles, claims your
 There mighty Bacchus seated crossthe bin,
 Waits your attendance---there he glad reviews
 His paunch approaching to immensity
 Still nearer, and with pride of heart surveys
 Obedient mortals, and the world his own.
 See! from the great metropolis they rush,
 Th' industrious vulgar. They, like prudent bees,
 In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop
 The flow'ry hop, and provident to work,
 Er winter numb their sunburnt hands, and winds
 Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.
 From these, such as appear the rest t' excel
 In strength and young agility, select.
 These shall support with vigour and address
 The bin-man's weighty office; now extract
 From the sequacious earth the pole, and now
 Unmerry from the closely clinging vine.
 O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend
 To bin-man's sway; unless thy ears can bear
 The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes
 Behold unmov'd the hurrying peasant tear
 Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankless ground.
 But first the careful planter will consult
 His quantity of acres, and his crop,
 How many and how large his kilns; and then
 Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.
 But yet of greater consequence and cost,
 One thing remains unsung, a man of faith
 And long experience, in whose thund'ring voice
 Lives hoarse authority, potent to quell
 The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.
 He shall preside o'er all thy hop-land store,
 Severe dictator! his unerring hand,
 And eye inquisitive, in heedful guise,
 Shall to the brink the measure fill, and fair
 On the twin registers the work record.
 And yet I've known them own a female reign,
 And gentle * Marianne's soft Orphean voice
 Has hymn'd sweet lessons of humanity
 To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command
 Has sav'd the pillars of the hop-land state,
 The lofty poles, from ruin, and sustain'd,
 Like Anna, or Eliza, her domain,
 With more than manly dignity. Oft I've seen,
 Ev'n at her frown the boist'rous uproar cease,
 And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,
 Cull from the bin the sprawling sprigs, and leaves
 That stain the sample, and its worth debase.
 All things thus settled and prepar'd, what now
 Can stop the planters purposes? unless
 The heavens frown dissent, and ominous winds

* The author's youngest sister.

Howl through the concave of the troubled sky.
 And oft, alas! the long experienc'd wights
 (Oh! could they too prevent them) storms foresee.
 * For, as the storm rides on the rising clouds,
 Fly the fleet wild-geese far away or else
 The heifer towards the zenith rears her head,
 And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air:
 The swallows too their airy circuits weave,
 And screaming skim the brook; and ten bred frogs
 Forth from their hoarse throats their old grudge
 Or from her earthly coverlets the ant [recite:
 Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way:
 Or bends † Thaumantia's variegated bow
 Athwart the cope of heav'n: or sable crows
 Obstreperous of wing, in clouds combine:
 Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
 And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds
 Of flow'ry edg'd Cayster wont to prey,
 Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,
 And lust to lave in vain, their unctious plumes
 Repulsive baffle their efforts: hearken next
 How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
 Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,
 Struts on some spacious solitary shore.
 Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home
 Signs to preface the snow'r; for in the hall
 Sheds Niobe her prescient tears, and warns
 Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vase,
 And catch the falling dew-drops, which supply
 Soft water and salubrious, far the best
 To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.
 But though bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies
 The purple-rob'd serenity appear;
 Though every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
 Of Boreas, or the blasting east prevail,
 The planter has enough to check his hopes,
 And in due bounds confine his joys; for see
 The ruffian winds in their abrupt career,
 Leave not a hope behind, or at the best
 Mangle the circling vine, and intercept
 The juice nutritious: fatal means, alas!
 Their colour and condition to destroy.
 Haste then, ye peasants; pull the poles, the hops:
 Where are the bins? run, run, ye nimble maids,
 Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,
 To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.

* Nunquam imprudentibus imber
 Obsuit. Aut illum surgentem villibus imis
 Aëriz fugere grænes! aut bucula cœlum
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
 Et veterem in limbo ranæ cecinere querelam.
 Sæpius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Augustum formica terens iter, et bibit ingens
 Arcus, et e pascu decedens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
 Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quæ Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur pratra Caystri,
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
 Et studio incastrum videas gestire lavandi.
 Tum cornix plena pluvium vocat improba voce,
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena,
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
 Nescivere hyemem.

VIRG. Georg. I.

† Iris.

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born
day,

The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray
Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune
To temper for the labours of the day.
Wisely the several stations of the bins
By lot determine. Justice this, and this
Fair prudence does demand; for not without
A certain method couldst thou rule the mob
Irrational, nor every where alike
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.

Now see the crew mechanic might and main
Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd
By appetite of gain and lust of praise:
What mind so petty, servile, so debas'd,
As not to know ambition? her great sway
From Colin Clout to emperors she exerts.
To err is human, human to be vain.
'Tis vanity, and mock desire of fame,
That prompts the rustic, on the steeple top
Sublime, to mark the area of his shoe,
And in the outline to engrave his name.
With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys,
High o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His story wrote in capitals: "'twas I
"That bought the font; and I repair'd the pews."

With pride like this the emulating mob
Strive for the mastery---who first may fill
The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops,
Nor ought retards, unless invited out
By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
Leander leads Lætitia to the scene
Of shade and fragrance---then th' exulting band
Of prickers male and female, seize the fair
Reluctant, and with boist'rous force and brute,
By cries unmov'd, they bury her i' th' bin.
Nor does the youth escape---him too they seize,
And in such posture place as best may serve
To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts
They rend the echoing air, and from them both
(So custom has ordain'd), a large claim.

Thus much be sung of picking---next succeeds
Th' important care of curing---quit the field,
And at the kiln th' instructive muse attend.

On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,
Let the green hops lie lightly; next expand
The smoothest surface with the toothy rake.
Thus far is just above; but more it boots
That charcoal flames burn equally below;
The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,
The fable priests of Vulcan shall prepare.
Constant and moderate let the heat ascend;
Which to affect there are, who with success
Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.
Hail, learned, useful * man! whose head and heart
Conspire to make us happy, deign t' accept
One honest verse; and if thy industry
Has serv'd the hop-land cause, the muse forebodes
This sole invention, both in use and fame,
The † mystic fan of Bacchus shall exceed.

When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand
The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time
Has well exhausted twice two glasses more,

They'll leap and crackle with their bursting seeds,
For use domestic, or for sale mature.

There are, who in the choice of cloth t' enfold
Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarser sort,
With prodigal economy prefer:
All that is good is cheap, all dear that's base.
Besides, the planter should a bait prepare,
T' entrap the chapman's notice, and divert
Shrewd observation from her busy pry.

When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,
Let him wear heelsless sandal; nor presume
Their fragrant barefooted to defile:
Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga
Leave we to practise---whence I've often seen,
When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands
Has built the pastry-fabric (food divine
For Christmas gambols, and the hour of mirth),
As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye,
She culls suspicious---lo! she starts, she frowns
With indignation at a negro's nail.

Shouldst thou thy harvest for the mart design,
Be thine own factor; nor employ those drones
Who've stings, but make no honey, selfish slaves!
That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.

What then remains unsung? unless the care
To stock thy poles oblique in comely cones,
Lest rot or rain destroy them---'tis a sight
Most seemly to behold, and gives, O winter!
A landscape not displeasing even to thee.

And now, ye rivals of the hop-land state,
Madam and Dorovernia now rejoice,
How great amidst such rivals to excel!
Let * Grenovicum boast (for boast she may)
The birth of great Eliza---Hail, my queen!
And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name;
My countrywoman, hail! thy worth alone
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glo-
rious!

Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hospitable seat
Of † Knoll most ancient; awfully, my muse,
These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
Of love and veneration, let me tread.
How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior
Awaken'd echo with sweet Chloe's name!
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,
Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
Alas! is number'd with th' illustrious dead,
And orphan merit has no guardian now!

Next Shipbourne, though her precincts are con-
fin'd
To narrow limits, yet can show a train
Of village beauties, pastorally sweet,
And rurally magnificent. ‡ Fairlawn
Opes her delightful prospect; dear Fairlawn
There, where at once at variance and agreed,
Nature and art hold dalliance. There, where rills
Kiss the green drooping herbage; there, where
trees,

The tall trees tremble at th' approach of heav'n,
And bow their salutation to the sun,
Who fosters all their foliage---these are thine;
Yes, little Shipbourne, boast that these are thine---
And if---but oh!--and if 'tis no disgrace,
The birth of him who now records thy praise.

* Dr. Hales.

† Mystica Vannus Iacchi. Virg. Cærg. I.

* Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was born.

† The seat of the Duke of Dorset.

‡ The seat of Lord Vane.

Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain unsung,
Where noble Westmoreland, his country's friend,
Bids British greatness love the silent shade,
Where piles superb, in classic elegance,
Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.

Nor Chatham, though it is not thine to show
The lofty forest, or the verdant lawns,
Yet niggard silence shall not grudge thee praise.
The lofty forests, by thy sons prepar'd,
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,
And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.
Oh that Britannia, in the day of war,
Would not alone Minerva's valour trust,
But also hear her wisdom! Then her oaks,
Shap'd by her own mechanics, would alone
Her island fortify, and fix her fame;
Nor would she weep, like Rachael, for her sons,
Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,
In foreign lands is shed---and shed in vain.

THE HILLIAD:

AN EPIC POEM.

— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pernam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

VIRG.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAM-
BRIDGE.

DEAR *****,

I AM now to acknowledge several letters, which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I must beg you will not only be kind enough to overlook my past omission, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As soon as I am master of sufficient leisure, I will give you my sentiments without reserve, concerning the affair, about which you have thought proper to consult me; for the present, I desire you will consider this is a receipt for your many favours, or a promissory note to discharge any debt of friendship as soon as possible.

The design and colouring of a poem, such as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with slow and careful touches; which will give that finishing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could wish the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occasions. I long to see you take a new flight to the regions of fame; not upon unequal wings, that sometimes rise to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenor, like the bird in Virgil:

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet
alas.

I have been now for about three weeks in this scene of smoke and dust, and I think the republic of letters seems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis. Attornies' clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at present. With a supercilious look, and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themselves, these

striplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language, and sentiment.

Nescis, heu nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ;
Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.

With regard to writers, the town swarms with them; and the aim of them all is pretty much the same, viz. to elevate and surprise, as Mr. Bays says. At the head of these still continues the Inspector. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer, when you were last in town, I need not here give you a description of his parts and genius. I remember you expressed great amazement at the reception his essays seemed to meet with in all our coffee-houses; but you must consider, that there are artifices to gain success, as well as merit to deserve it. The former of these his Inspectorship is eminently possessed of; and, sooner than fail, he will not hesitate, in order to make himself talked of at any rate, to become most glaringly ridiculous. This answers the purpose of the bookfellers, as well, perhaps, as Attic wit; and hence it results, that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet which I have sent to you by the stage-coach, you will find a paper, called the Impertinent, written by himself. In this curious piece he has not stopped at abusing his own dear person; which is the only subject he has not handled with his usual malice; and the rest of it is made a vehicle for invective against Mr. Fielding and me. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued; but no second number was ever published: and, to show you a farther instance of his fallacy, he thence took occasion to triumph over a pretender to essay writing; which, he would fain insinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himself.

This unfair dealing, so unworthy a man, who aspires to be a member of the serene republic of letters, induced me to wave, for a time, the design you know I was engaged in, in order to bestow a few lines upon this scribbler, who, in my eyes, is a disgrace to literature. In the first heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another Dunciad, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, The Hilliad. The first book of it you will receive, among other things, by the coach; and I shall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I shall have gained my end; for though I have received such provocation from this man, I believe I shall never carry it any further. I really find some involuntary sensations of compassion for him; and I cannot help thinking, that, if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good manners, he would be a rare instance of what may be done by a fluency of periods, without genius, sense, or meaning. Though I am persuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am still reluctant to publish that piece; for I would rather be commended to posterity by the elegant and amiable muses, than by the satiric sister, politely called by an eminent author---the least engaging of the nine.

On this account I shall proceed no further till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will absolutely determine myself. I hope,

therefore, you will peruse it as soon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the stage. You may show it to Jack *****, and to Mr. ****.

I am, with great sincerity,

Dear ****,

Your most obedient humble servant,

London, 15th December 1752.

C. SMART.

DEAR SMART,

THE perusal of your poem has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot postpone thanking you for it, by the first opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the persons you desired I should; and they approve the design in the highest manner. I cannot conceive what should make you hesitate a moment about the publication; and, to be free with you, you must not by any means suppress it. When I say this, I must observe, that I should be glad to see you better employed, than in the dissection of an insect; but since the work should be done by somebody, and since you have made such a progress, I must take the liberty to insist, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To speak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indispensably incumbent on you to bring the miscreant to poetic justice: it is what you owe to the cause of learning in general, to your *alma mater*, this university, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourself. The world will absolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is considered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave, upon this occasion, to quote a passage from the Spectator, which I think pertinent to the present subject: "Every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them, wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others."

This thought the polite Mr. Addison, in a case where he was not immediately concerned: and can you doubt what to do, when personally attacked? As soon as the hissing of the snake is heard, some means should be devised to crush him. The advice of Virgil is—"Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor."

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you; and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned university, and to whom the prize, for displaying with a masterly hand the attributes of his Maker, has been adjudged for three years successively, should not, on any account, suffer himself to be trifled with by so frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect, that you launched into the world with many circumstances, that raised a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of such a genius as Mr. Pope, for your elegant version of his ode, made you considered as one, who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the profane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is observed already, you owe to yourself, and to that university which has distinguished you with honour.

Besides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot

help considering this matter in a moral light, and I must avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the mask from an impostor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itself.

In my opinion, the cause of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, should this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without straining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taste diffusing itself throughout the cities of London and Westminster. For a clear vein of thinking, easy natural expression, and an intelligible style, this pretender has substituted brisk question and answer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical construction, unnatural metaphors, with a profusion of epithets, inconsistent, for the most part, with the real or figurative meaning of his words; and, in short, all the masculine beauties of style, are likely to be banished from among us, by the continuation of his papers for almost two years together.

Now, Sir, I submit it to you, whether this may not lead on to a total depravity of sense and taste. Should the more sober at our coffee-houses be dazzled with false embellishments? Should boys admire this unnatural flourishing? I do not in the least question, but the rising generation will be totally infected with this strange motley style; and thus antithesis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

It is to prevent a contagion of this sort, that Horace took the pen in hand; for this Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have always attended to this point. Truth, they insisted, is the very foundation of fine writing, and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not just, was their constant lesson. To enforce this and preserve a manly way of thinking, Boileau lashed the scribblers of his time, and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find exposed, with the most delicate traits of satire, all false figures in writing; and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr. Pope.

These instances, dear Smart, are sufficient to justify your proceeding, and let me tell you, that a cultivation of taste is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at first sight. In the course of my reading, I have observed that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. Pope seems to be sensible, and, hence we find in the conclusion of his Dunciad, the general progress of dullness over the land is the final coup de grace to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant, and polite.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public fame, nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

I am aware that you may answer to what has been premised, that the man is not of consequence.

Enough for all this, and you may observe to me, that at first setting out, I myself called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an insect. But if an insect gets into the sunshine, and there blazes, shines, and buzzes to the annoyance of those, who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the muses wing to brush the thing away. In plain English, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progress, was so astonishing, that I really looked upon him to be reserved for the great instrument of dullness in the completion of her work, which certainly must be accomplished, unless a speedy stop be put to that inundation of nonsense and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciously attacked the reputations of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandish his goose-quill for any length of time, before he discharged a torrent of abuse upon the Reverend Mr. Francis, whose amiable character, and valuable translation of Horace, have endeared him both to those, who are, and those who are not acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no safeguards against his calumny, and the soft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to shed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the *Covent-Garden Journal*, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war against this writer, which was intended to be carried with an amicable pleasantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every body's memory, how the Inspector behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. Pope: "and if he lies not, must at least betray." Through all Mr. Fielding's inimitable comic romances, we perceive no such thing as personal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every stroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every scene of life is by him represented in its natural colours, and every species of folly or humour is ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more useful to mankind, than any class of writers; he serves to dispel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay sensations excited by a well-directed pleasantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the most useful and pleasing science we can apply to. And yet so deserving an author has been most grossly treated by this wild essayist, and, not to multiply instances, has he not attempted to raise tumults and divisions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common sense, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers, whose chief aim has ever been to cherish harmony and good manners, and to diffuse through all ranks of people a just refinement of taste in all our public entertainments?

These considerations, dear Sir, prompt you to the blow, and will justify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet so inviting a subject for satire; Pope himself had not so good

an hero for his *Dunciad*. The first worthy who sat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himself in matters of some utility, and, upon being dethroned, the person who succeeded, was one, who formerly had some scattered rays of light; and in most of his comedies, though whimsical and extravagant, there are many strokes of drollery; not to mention that the *Careless Husband* is a finished piece.

But in the hero of the *Hilliad* all the requisites seem to be united, without one single exception. You remember, no doubt, that in the dissertation prefixed to the *Dunciad* the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence, and debauchery. These accomplishments, I apprehend, are glaring in the person you have fixed upon. As a single and notable instance of the two first, has he not upon all occasions joined himself to some celebrated name, such as the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, or some other such exalted character? I have frequently diverted myself by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who used to tie a living person to a dead carcase; and as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleasant instances of it.

Add to these several subordinate qualifications; such as foppery, a surprising alacrity to get into scrapes, with a notable facility of extricating himself, an amazing turn for politics, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals, and plants, and to crown all, a comfortable share of gentle dullness. This gentle dullness is not that impenetrable stupidity, which is remarkable in some men, but it is known by that countenance, which Dr. Garth calls "demurely meek, insipidly serene." It is known by a brisk volubility of speech, a lively manner of saying nothing through an entire paper, and upon all occasions by a conscious simper, short insertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the self-applauding chit-chat, and the pleasant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions deserve. I shall be in town in less than a fortnight, when I shall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to some notes, which I think will illustrate many passages.

—"Satyrum ego (ni pudet illas),
Adjutor," &c. Juv.

I am, dear Smart,

Yours very sincerely,

Cambridge, Dec. 21. 1752.

BOOK I.

Thou god of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial bowl,
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole;
And thou, fair justice, of immortal line,
Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,
Who aims at triumph by no common ways,
But on the stem of dullness grafts the bays.

O thou whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp? poet! puffer! 'pothecary! player!
Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,
Like the huge earth, self-center'd in the void, 10

Accept one partner thy own worth t' explore,
And in thy praise be singular no more.

Say, muse, what demon, foe to ease and truth,
First from the mortar dragg'd th' advent'rous youth,

And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of men,
Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen?

'Twas on a day (O may that day appear
No more, but lose its station in the year,
In the new style be not its name enroll'd,
But share annihilation in the old)! 20

A tawny Sybil, whose alluring song
Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,
First from the counter young Hillario charm'd,
And first his unambitious soul alarm'd---

An old strip'd curtain cross her arms was flung,
And tatter'd tap'stry e'er her shoulders hung;
Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
That more than spoke diversity of dirt;

With age her back was double and awry,
Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye, 30
Cold palsy shook her head---she seem'd at most
A living corpse, or an untimely ghost,

With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,
And more than mortal was th' infernal sound.

"Sweet boy, who seem'st for glorious deeds
"design'd,

"O come and leave that clyster pipe behind;

"Cross this prophetic hand with silver coin,

"And all the wealth and fame I have is thine---

She said---he (for what stripling could withstand)?

Straight with his only sixpence grac'd her hand.

And now the precious fury all her breast 41

At once invaded, and at once possess'd;

Her eye was fix'd in an ecstatic stare,

And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair:

No more her colour or her looks the same,

But moonshine madness quite convuls'd her frame,

While, big with fate, again she silence broke,

And in few words voluminously spoke.

"In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,

"Either a tripod, or a triple-tree, 50

"For, Oh! I ken by mysteries profound,

"Too light to sink, thou never canst be drown'd---

"Whate'er thy end, the fates are now at strife,

"Yet strange variety shall check thy life---

"Thou grand dictator of each public show,

"Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,

"Survey man's vice, self-prais'd, and self-pre-

"ferr'd,

"And be th' inspector of th' infected herd;

"By any means aspire at any ends,

"Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends, 60

"The chequer'd world's before thee---go---fare-

"well,

"Beware of Irishmen---and learn to spell."

Here from her breast th' inspiring fury flew:

She ceas'd---and instant from his sight withdrew.

Fir'd with his fate, and conscious of his worth,

The beardless wight prepar'd to fall forth.

But first ('twas just, 'twas natural to grieve)

He sigh'd, and took a soft pathetic leave.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my drugs,

"My labell'd vials, and my letter'd jugs; 70

"And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge,

"Where all my Latin stands inscrib'd at large:

"Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw'rs adieu,

"Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,

"And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe,

"Th' ear-lifting syringe, and back-piercing pipe,

"Farewell---my day of glory's on the dawn,

"And now---Hillario's occupation's gone."

Quick with the word his way the hero made,

Conducted by a glorious cavalcade; 80

Pert petulance the first attracts his eye,

And drowsy dullness slowly saunters by,

With malice old, and scandal ever knew,

And neutral nonsense, neither false nor true.

Infernal falsehood next approach'd the band,

With *** and the Koran in her hand.

Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,

Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.

Next spiteful enmity, gangren'd at heart,

Presents a dagger, and conceals a dart. 90

On th' earth crawls flattery, with her bosom bare,

And vanity sails over him in air.

Such was the group---they bow'd, and they

ador'd,

And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.

Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies,

Th' exulting hero thus triumphant cries:

"Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,

"Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,

"While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,

"Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire;

"No foreign aid my daring pen shall choose, 101

"But boldly versify without a muse.

"I'll teach Minerva, I'll inspire the nine,

"Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,

"And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel

"twine."

He said---and clamour, of commotion born,

Rear'd to the skies her ear-afflicting horn,

While jargon grav'd her titles on a block,

And styl'd him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

But now the harbingers of fate and fame, 110

Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came.

Lo! (through mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl

Ey'd the bright sun, and hail'd him with a howl;

Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas (a numerous

crew)!

And gnats and grubworms crowded on his view,

Insects! without the microscopic aid,

Gigantic by the eye of dullness made!

And stranger still---and never heard before!

A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar. 119

But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,

Heighten'd each hope, and every fear disarm'd),

On a high dome a damsel took her stand,

With a well-freighted jordan in her hand,

Where curious mixtures strove on every side,

And solids sound with laxer fluids vied---

Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large

She foused---and gave at once a full discharge.

Not Archimedes, when, with conscious pride,

I've found it out! I've found it out! he cried;

Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat;

Not grave grimalkin, when she smells a rat; 131

Not the shrewd statesman, when he scents a plot;

Not coy Prudelia, when she knows what's what;

Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck)!

His keen discernment found another Duck;

With such ecstatic transports did abound,

As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found,

" Ye gods, I thank ye to profusion free,
 " Thus to adorn, and thus distinguish me;
 " And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I serve 140
 " (If a desire to please is to deserve),
 " To you I'll consecrate my future lays,
 " And on the smoothest paper print my soft ef-
 " says."

No more he spoke, but slightly slid along,
 Escorted by the miscellaneous throng.

And now, thou goddess, whose fire-darting eyes
 Defy all distance, and transpierce the skies,
 To men the councils of the gods relate,
 And faithfully describe the grand debate.

The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call
 The gods assembled in th' ethereal hall, 151
 From his bright throne the deities address:

" What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,
 " With din profane assaults immortal ears,
 " And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres?"

" Nature, my handmaid, yet without a stain,
 " Has never once productive prov'd in vain,
 " Till now---luxuriant and regardless quite
 " Of her divine, eternal rule of right,

" On mere privation she's bestow'd a frame, 160
 " And dignify'd a nothing with a name;

" A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace,
 " Th' insolvent tenant of encumber'd space.

" Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,"
 Replies the god of theft and eloquence.

" A hand mercurial, ready to convey,
 " Ev'n in the presence of the garish day;
 " The work an English classic late has writ,
 " And by adoption be the fire of wit---

" Sure to be, this is to be something---sure, 170
 " Next to perform, 'tis glorious to procure.

" Small was th' exertion of my godlike soul,
 " When privately Apollo's herd I stole;
 " Compar'd to him, who braves th' all-seeing sun,
 " And boldly bids th' astonish'd world look on."

Her approbation Venus next oppress'd,
 And on Hillario's part the throne address'd.

" If there be any praise the nails to pare,
 " And in soft ringlets wreath th' elastic hair,
 " In talk and tea to trifle time away, 180

" The mien so easy, and the dress so gay!
 " Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown,

" With whom my Sylvia trusts herself alone?

" With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,

" The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife.

" What though he ne'er assume the post of Mars,

" By me disbanded from all amorous wars;

" His fancy (if not person) he employs,

" And oft ideal countesses enjoys;

" Though hard his heart, yet beauty shall controul,

" And sweeten all the rancour of his soul; 191

" While his black self, Florinda ever near,

" Shows like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear."

When Pallas, thus: " Cease, ye immortals,
 " cease,

" Nor rob serene stupidity of peace.

" Should Jove himself, in calculation mad,

" Still negatives to blank negations add,

" How could the barren cyphers ever breed?

" But nothing still from nothing would proceed;

" Raise, or depress, or magnify, or blame, 200
 " Inanity will ever be the same."

" Not so (says Phœbus) my celestial friend,

" Ev'n blank privation has its use and end;

" How sweetly shadows recommend the light,

" And darkness renders my own beams more
 " bright!

" How rise from filth the violet and rose!

" From emptiness how softest music flows!

" How absence to possession adds a grace,

" And modest vacancy to all gives place!

" Contrasted when fair nature's works we spy,

" More they allure the mind, and more they
 " charm the eye. 211

" So from Hillario some effect may spring,

" Ev'n him, that slight penumbra of a thing."

Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,

And drowsily a few dull words he spoke---

Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,

And had a soporific pow'r to please;

Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,

But at the very sound was lull'd to sleep again.

Momus, the last of all, in merry mood, 220

As moderator in th' assembly stood,

" Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye gods of mirth,

" What! not regard my deputy on earth?

" Whose chemic skill turns brass to gold with ease,

" And out of Cibber forges Soerates;

" Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,

" And forms an union betwixt wrong and right;

" Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)

" Repents, and is religious at the last;

" A paltry pray'r, that in no parts succeeds, 230

" A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.

" The trumpet of a base deserted cause,

" Damn'd to the scandal of his own applause.

" While thus he stands a general wit confest,

" With all these titles, all these talents blest,

" Be he by Jove's authority assign'd

" The universal butt of all mankind."

So spake, and ceas'd the joy-exciting god,

And Jove immediate gave th' assenting nod,

When fame her adamant trumpet uprear'd, 240

And thus th' irrevocable doom declar'd,

" While in the vale perennial fountains flow,

" And fragrant zephyrs musically blow;

" While the majestic sea, from pole to pole,

" In horrible magnificence shall roll;

" While yonder glorious canopy on high

" Shall overhang the curtains of the sky;

" While the gay seasons their due course shall run,

" Rul'd by the brilliant stars and golden sun;

" While wit and fool antagonists shall be, 250

" And sense, and taste, and nature, shall agree;

" While love shall live, and rapture shall rejoice,

" Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne, and Boyce;

" While with joint force o'er humour's droll do-

" main,

" Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift, shall reign;

" While thinking figures from the canvass start,

" And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art;

" So long in gross stupidity's extreme

" Shall H---ll, th' arch-dunce, remain o'er eve

" ry dunce supreme."

NOTES ON THE HILLIAD.

Ver. 1. As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renowned worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that in the present case, it cannot be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum*; which may serve to show our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the sallies of fancy and humurous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict poetic justice.

Ver. 2. Several cavils have been raised against this passage. Quinbus Flestrin, the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critic as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict: and, though Horace lays it down as a rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says in his excellent tracts, that "the deity is a joyous being."

Martinus Macularius,

M. D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. Soc.

Ver. 6. Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. Hill's Natural History of Trees and Plants, vol. 52. page 336. saith it has been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dullness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. Erasmus, in his encomium on folly, shows how it may be accomplished; in our own times Pope and Garth found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but

the stem here mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in Virgil,

Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.

Ver. 8. *Pimp.*] An old English word for a mean fellow. See Chaucer and Spencer.

Ibid. Poet.] Quinbus Flestrin saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's who it seems is not a little proud of the "words by Dr. Hill, and the music by" "Lewis Granon, Esq." This opinion is further confirmed by Major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty, and Kate, and Catharine and Katy, but from these venerable authorities, judicious reader, you may boldly dissent *Meo periculo*.

Mart. Mac.

Ibid. Puffer.] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered "many of the beauties of the ancients; they are "obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were "they alive they would thank you; we who "are alive do thank you." His constant custom of running on in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;
An insect vile and mean,
Must first, he knows, be magnify'd
Before it can be seen.

Ibid. 'Potbecary, Play'r.] For both these, vide Woodward's letter, *passim*.

Ver. 10. The allusion here seems to be taken from Ovid, who describes the earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertia*:—

Pendebat in aere tellus,
Ponderibus librata suis.—

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and then the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns, Philomath.

Ver. 13. Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consummate vanity, to his own perverse

inclination; but with greater candour insinuates that some demon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in Pope:

Some demon whisper'd—Visto have a taste.

Hence, then, arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the demon above mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at misrepresenting circumstances, for which *vide* all the Inspectors.

Ver. 17. This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem:

Ye gods annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

The request is extremely modest, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said, in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is still more reasonable in his demand; and it appears by the alteration in the style, that his scheme may be reduced to practice, though the other is mighty fine in theory. The Inspector is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.

Ver. 26. Our author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetic imagery. Homer has described the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; Virgil has followed him in this point; and, indeed, both he and Ovid, seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe, or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impressed upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here mentioned. In one part, our hero was administering to a patient, "and the fresh vomit runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair, made a conspicuous figure in the piece; the pit seemed to rise in an uproar; the gallery opened its rude throats; and apples, oranges, and halfpence, flew about our hero's ears. The Mall in St. James's Park was displayed in a beautiful vista; and you might perceive Hillario, with his janty air, waddling along in Mary-le-Bone Fields, he was dancing round a glow-worm; and, finally, the Rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence; and, in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow, holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear; "the very worsted still looked black and blue." There were many other curious figures; but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them. *Polymetus Cantabrigienfis.*

Ver. 44. This passage seems to be an imitation of the Sibyl, in the sixth book of Virgil.

Subito non vultus, non color unus
Nec comæ manere comæ—

and is admirably expressive of the witch's prophetic fury, and ushers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with proper solemnity.

This note is by one of the Æolists, mentioned with honour in the tale of a tub.

Ver. 53. When the distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a

certain officer to superintend the beasts, and to direct that such as were found to be infected, should be knocked in the head. This officer was called the Inspector; and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

Bentley, junior,

Ver. 62. It is extremely probable, that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics; he seems frequently to have them in his eye; and such an air of enthusiasm runs through his whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in Homer and Virgil. The whole is delivered in breaks and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Irish, is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in Virgil:

Bella, horrida bella,
Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

And again,

Alius Latio jam partus Achilles.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles; so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

Ver. 69. The ingenious Mr. L——der says, that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription; and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called, "Mr. Smart's Use and Abuse of the Moderns." But, with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from Cardinal Wolsey's speech, and from Othello.

Ver. 84. The train here described is worthy of Hillario; pertness, dullness, scandal, malice, &c. being the very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic: and it is not without propriety, that nonsense is introduced with the epithet neutral; nonsense being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram.

Word-valiant wight, thou great he-shrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Ver. 85. This lady is described with two books in her hand; but our author choosing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please, insert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, should falsehood be given to Hillario? Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talents that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he called a gentleman, whom he called by the name of Mario: what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag, who shall be nameless.

To beat one man great Hill was fated;
What man? a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here:

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lie: [ed;
Dear Doctor—this candour from you is not want-
For why should you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Ver. 91. Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has taken a dislike; but from the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram:

An author's writings oft reveal,
Where now and then he takes a meal.
Invite him once a week to dinner,
He'll faint you though the vilest sinner,
Have you a smiling, vacant face,
He gives you soul, expression, grace.
Swears what you will, unswears it too;
What will not beef and pudding do?

Ver. 102. No, the devil a bit! I am the only person that can do that! My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any muse; and, better than all Smart's poetry. The muses are strumpets; they frequently give an intellectual gonorrhoea; court debt not paid; I'll never be poet laureat; coup de grace unanswerable; our foes shall knuckle; five pounds to any bishop that will equal this; Cum guaiacum for Latin lignum vitæ; Adam the first Dutchman; victorious stroke for Old England; tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel, Saturday 13th January, and old style for ever.

Ver. 108. Jargon is here properly introduced gravely on our hero's titles, which are admirably brought into verse; but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator H—ley, takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect: "Jargon is meant for me." There is more music in a peal of marrow bones and cleavers, than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals, a rationalist lover of mankind, Glastonberry thorn—huzza, boys!—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain. See Oratory Tracts, &c. 10,036.

Patience, good Mr. Orator! We are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe, that Jargon has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bordeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to Martinus Macularius, by a fellow of that society:

J'ai bien reçu la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrôlé dans notre société, et son nom est parfaitement inconnu ici. J'attends de vous nouvelles, &c.

Ver. 114. The important objects of his future speculations! O would the sons of men once think their eyes And reason given 'em but to study flies!

M. Macularius.

Ver. 117. This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism.

As things seem large which we through mists de-
Dullness is very apt to magnify. [cry,

Ver. 119. Not the black lion in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, where the New Craftsman is published, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford, who may truly be said to have been alive, when animated by Addison and Steele, though now reduced to the state of block-headism, which is so conspicuous in his master. *Feculus, inutile lignum.* Bentley, junior.

Ver. 127. Reader, do not turn up your nose at this passage. It is much more decent than Pope's. Recollect what Swift says, that a nice man has filthy ideas; and let it be considered, this discharge may have the same effect upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a person of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises from th' effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along.

Pope's Dunciad.

Ver. 128. As soon as the philosopher, here mentioned, discovered the modern save-all, and the new invented patent blackball, he threw down his pipe, and ran all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, *υγεια! υγεια!* which, in modern English, is, the job is done! the job is done! *Vetus Schol.*

Ver. 135. Hillario, having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the world, compares him to Stephen Duck; and, at the close of a late Inspector, cries out, "I have found another Duck, but who shall find a Caroline?"

Ver. 145. Our hero, for once, has spoke truth of himself, for which we could produce the testimonies of several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells have, upon many occasions, testified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of singular use with the waters of those places. To this effect also, speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody—on busy, curious, thirsty fly, &c.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,
Write of me, and write your fill.
Freely welcome to abuse,
Couldst thou tire thy railing muse.
Make the most of this you can;
Strife is short, and life's a span.

Both alike your works and pay,
Hasten quick to their decay;
This a trifle, those no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore volumes, when they're writ,
Will appear at last b—t.

Ver. 146. This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the heavens an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the councils of the gods. Virgil, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Byes has it, has offered up his prayers a second time to the muse; and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out:

Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.
This is the case at present with the writer of the Hilliad; and this piece of machinery will evince the absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts, that the gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are:

Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Senota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longè.

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius, to make use of this instance to the contrary, in the next publication of this work.

M. Macularius.

Ver. 163. Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finely closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus, in his Treatise on the Sublime. The passage is admirable, translated by the author of The Pleasures of Imagination. "The godlike geniuses of Greece were well assured that nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life, and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Hence, by the very propensity of nature, we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and much more than all the ocean." Instead of acting upon this plan, Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Kensington gardens; and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an insolvent tenant.

Ver. 169. Our hero has taken an entire letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne, and, with imitable effrontery, published it in his Inspector, No. 239, as a production of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed with this affair, he declares, with a great deal of art, that it was given him by another person, to which all we have to say is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

M. Macularius.

Ver. 171. If our author could be thought capable of punning, I should imagine that the word *procure*, in this place, is made use of in preference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, *viz.* a pimp; but the reader will please to recollect, that the term pimp is not in that passage used in its modern acceptation.

Ver. 172. Not so fast, good poet, cries out in this place M. Macularius. We do not find that Hillario, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo's quiver; and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of

Mercury it is recorded by Horace, that he really did deceive the god of wit in this manner:

Te bovis olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret viduus pharetra. *Risit Apollo.*

Ver. 176. Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in Virgil, that she is all mildness, and, at every word, breathes ambrosia:

—At non Venus aurea contra,
Pauca refert.—

She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the *Æneid*, in favour of a much loved son; though, indeed, we cannot say that she has been quite so kind to Hillario, as formerly she was to *Æneas*, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan:

—Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

On the contrary, Venus here talks of his black self; which makes it suspected, that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit: and, perhaps, it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith's forge. One thing is not a little surprising, that, while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love, by his experience as an apothecary; of which he himself has told us, several have profited; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congress. It is, moreover, notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he was ready to plunge in again; and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus became a fortune-hunter with his pen; and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation, without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*. But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and showed it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions. *Quibus Flestrin.*

Ver. 193. There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem. The author of it is Smart. I hope to see a Smartead published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul's Churchyard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will also pick a pocket. *John Dennis, junior.*

Ver. 201. Our author does not here mean to list himself among the disputants concerning pure space, but the doctrine he would advance is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received; but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find it in *Rumgar*,

us, vol. xvi. pagina 1001. "De hac re multum et turpiter hallucinantur scriptores tam exerti quam domestici. Spatium enim absolutum et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantiâ inanitatis, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est." This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society at Bourdeaux. "Selon la distinction entre les choses, qui n'ont pas de difference, il nous faut absolument agréer, que les idées, qui ont frappé l'imagination, peuvent bien être effacées, pourvu qu'on ne s'avise pas d'oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des étoiles." Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled this subject so well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his Essay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the first volume of his Miscellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critic's head; and we are apt to believe that there is a something like nothing in most critics heads to this day; and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Gravesend describes it in his Experimental Philosophy, does subsist nowhere so properly at present as in the *pericranium* of our hero. *Mart. Macularius.*

Ver. 207. "Persons of most genius," says the Inspector, Friday, Jan. 26. Number 537, "have, in general, been the fondest of music. Sir Isaac Newton was remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but was seldom seen at the end of it." And, indeed, of this opinion is M. Macularius: and he further adds, that if Sir Isaac was still living, it is probable he would be at the beginning of the Inspector's next song at Cuper's, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself, and though he so frequently exclaims—very fine! O fine! vastly fine!—Since the lucubration of Friday, Jan. 26. has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here, that his Inspectorship has the most notable talent at a motto—*Quinbus Flestrin* saith, "he is a tartar for that;" and of this, learned reader, take a specimen along with you. How aptly, upon the subject of music, does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas. Ovid.

The above-mentioned *Quinbus Flestrin* peremptorily says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics, because "the grapes are sour;" and, indeed, of that way of thinking is *Macularius*, who hath been greatly astonished at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from *Valerius Flaccus*. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from *Wellshead* and *Dennis* are selected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper signs

of what entertainment is to be furnished up to his customers.

Ver. 213. Whatever mean opinion *Dr. Phœbus* may entertain of his terrestrial brother, physician and poet, on earth Hillario is talked of in a different manner; as will appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. Dryden to Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Three wise great men in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn:
Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John H—ll;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Quinbus Flestrin.

Ver. 219. The hypnotic, or soporiferous quality of Hillario's pen, is manifest from the following asseveration, which was published in the *New Craftsman*, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.

"SIR,

"From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those of my fellow-creatures, who may unhappily be afflicted! as I have been for some time past, I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to communicate the disorder I have laboured under, and the extraordinary cure I have lately met with. I have had for many months successively a slow nervous fever, with a constant flutter on my spirits, attended with pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves, and other grievous symptoms, which reduced me to a mere shadow. At length, by the interposition of Divine Providence, a friend who had himself experienced it, advised me to have recourse to the reading of the Inspectors. I accordingly took one of them, and the effect it had upon me was such, that I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted near six and thirty hours. By this I have attained a more composed habit of body; and I now doze away almost all my time; but, for fear of a lethargy, am ordered to take them in smaller quantities. A paragraph at a time now answers my purpose; and under Heaven I owe my sleeping powers to the above-mentioned Inspectors. I look upon them to be a grand soporificum mirabile, very proper to be had in all families. He makes great allowance to those who buy them to sell again, or to send abroad to the plantations; and the above fact I am ready to attest whenever called upon. Given under my hand this 4th day of January, 1753."

Humphrey Roberts, weaver in Crispin-street, Spitalfields, opposite the White Horse.

Ver. 225. Socrates was the father of the truest philosophy that ever appeared in the world; and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the gospel, he has at least given the shadow, which together with his exemplary life, induces Erasmus to cry out, *Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis*; of Mr. Cibber we shall say nothing, as he has said abundantly enough of himself; but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to

observe, that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the Inspector did not hesitate to prefer him to the godlike ancient philosopher. *O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.*

M. Macularius.

Ver. 226. Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

Ver. 229. On every Saturday the florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a lay preacher; but his flimsy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of Christianity, against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer; and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

On grace, free-will, and myst'ries high,

Two wits harangu'd the table;

J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,

Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree;

Tom, kiss thy empty brother;

Religion laughs at foes like thee,

But dreads a friend like t' other.

Ver. 230. It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil of literature, was to excel in pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Constant in the Provok'd Wife—he was damned.—He represented the Botanist in Romeo and Juliet, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market, under the direction of Mr. The. Cibber—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in May-Fair—he was damned there too. Mr. Cross, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a fifteenth part of his own benefit. See the Gentleman's Magazine for last December, and also Woodward's letter, *palsim*.

Ver. 231. Notwithstanding this assertion of Momus, our hero *pro cā quā est, verecundia*, compareth himself to Addison and Steele, which occasioned the following epigram by the Right Hon. the Earl **, address'd to the Right Hon. G---e D---n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,

To hear that flimsy author, the Inspector,

Of cant, of puff, that daily vain inditer,

Call Addison, or Steele, his brother writer?

So a pert H---ll (in Æsop's fabling days)

Sworn up with vanity, and self-giv'n praise,

To his huge neighbour mountain might have said,

"See (brother); how We Mountains lift the head!"

"How great we show! how awful, and how high,

"Amidst these pauntry mounts, that here around us lie!"

And now, reader, please to observe, that, since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his Inspectorship, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him. *M. Macularius.*

Ver. 232. In a very pleasing account of the riots in Drury-Lane play-house, by Henry Fielding, Esq. we find the following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. "They all run away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breach, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he said the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monsters by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman to employ a man's own subjects against him. That Rich was lawful sovereign over all the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain, turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased." Hillario has since trumpeted in the cause of pantomime; the gaudy scenery of which, with great judgment, he dismisses from the Opera-house, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, Macularius cannot help exclaiming, "O Shakspeare! O Johnson! rest, rest perturbed spirits."

Ver. 253. The first of these gentlemen may be justly looked upon as the Milton of music, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

Ver. 257. The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be guessed at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-street, in which Hillario's critic upon the Royal Society is put into a basket, directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul's Church-yard. I shall not only observe that the compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most exquisite humour.

And now, candid reader, Martinus Macularius hath attended thee throughout the first book of this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the press, *Memoirs of Martinus Macularius*, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the Hilliad, of which we will say, *speciosa miracula promet*. And so as Terence says, *Vos, valetis et plaudite*.

THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

A MASQUE.

"Aurículas Afini Midas Rex habet." Juv.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APOLLO.

PAN.

TIMOLUS, *God of the Mountain.*

MIDAS.

CALLIOPE.

MELPOMENE.

AGNO.

MELINOE. } *two Wood-Nymphs.*

SATYRS, &c.

TIMOLUS, MELINOE, and AGNO, *Two Wood-Nymphs.*

Timolus.

AGNO, to-day we wear our acorn crown,
The parsley wreath be thine: it is most meet
We grace the presence of these rival gods
With all the honours of our woodland weeds.
Thine was the task, Melinoe, to prepare
The turf-built theatre, the boxen bow'r,
And all the sylvan scenery.

Melinoe.

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays,
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,
We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
For art was not the mistress of our revels,
'Twas gentle nature whom we jointly woo'd;
She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught
her,

Yet still remain'd herself—Simplicity,
Fair nature's genuine daughters, too was there,
So soft, yet so magnificent of mien,
She shone all ornament without a gem.
The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
Offer'd her various store: we cull'd a few
To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
But shunn'd to be luxuriant—

Timolus.

It was well.

AGNO, thy looks are pensive: What dejects
Thy pleasure-painted aspect? sweetest nymph,
That ever trod the turf, or sought the shade,
Speak, nor conceal a thought.

Agno.

King of the woods,

I tremble for the royal arbiter.
'Tis hard to judge, whene'er the great contend,
Sure to displease the vanquish'd: When such
pow'rs

Contend the laurel with such ardent strife,
'Tis not the sentence of fair equity,
But 'tis their pleasure that is right or wrong.

VOL. XI.

Timolus.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
I do remember that my sister Ida
(When as on her own shadowy mount we met,
To celebrate the birth-day of the spring,
And th' orgies of the May) would oft recount
The rage of the indignant goddesses,
When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
Heaven's queen, the sister and the wife of Jove,
Rag'd like a feeble mortal; fall'n she seem'd,
Her deity in human passions lost;
Ev'n wisdom's goddess, jealous of her form,
Deem'd her own attribute her second virtue,
Both vow'd and sought revenge.

Agno.

If such the fate

Of him who judg'd aright, what must be his
Who shall mistake the cause? for much I doubt
The skill of Midas, since his fatal wish,
Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the
gift,

Yet grant him wise, to err is human still,
And mortal is the consequence.

Melinoe.

Most true.

Besides, I fear him partial; for with Pan
He tends the sheep-walks all the live-long day,
And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
In awkward gambols he affects to dance,
Or tumbles to the tabor—'tis not likely
That such an umpire should be equitable,
Unless he guesses at justice.

Timolus.

Soft—no more—

'Tis ours to wish for Pan, and fear from Phœbus,
Whose near approach I hear. 'Ye stately cedars
Forth from your summits bow your awful heads,
And reverence the gods. Let my whole mountain
tremble,

Not with a fearful, but religious awe,
And holiness of horror. You, ye winds,
That make soft solemn music 'mongst the leaves,
Be all to stillness hush'd; and thou, their echo,
Listen, and hold thy peace; for see they come.

SCENE opens, and discovers APOLLO, attended by
CLIO and MELPOMENE, on the right hand of
MIDAS and PAN on the left, whom TIMOLUS,
with ARGO and MELINOE, join.

Midas.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest: I, meanwhile,
With headful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

Apollo.

From Jove begin the rapturous song,
To him our earliest lays belong,
We are his offspring all:
'Twas he, whose looks supremely bright,
Smil'd darksome chaos into light,
And fram'd this glorious ball.

Pan.

Sylvanus, in his shadowy grove,
The seat of rural peace and love,
Attends my Doric lays;

L

By th' altar on the myrtle mount,
Where plays the wood-nymphs fav'rite fount,
I'll celebrate his praise.

Clio.

Parnassus, where's thy boasted height,
Where, Pegasus, thy fire and flight,
Where all your thoughts so bold and free,
Ye daughters of Mnemosyne?
If Pan o'er Phœbus can prevail,
And the great god of verse should fail?

Agno.

From nature's works, and nature's laws,
We find delight, and seek applause;
The prattling streams and zephyrs bland,
And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,
The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
Speak nature and her works are ours.

Melpomene.

What were all your fragrant bow'rs,
Splendid days, and happy hours,
Spring's verdant robe, fair Flora's blush,
And all the poets of the bush?
What the paintings of the grove,
Rural music, mirth, and love?
Life and ev'ry joy would pall,
If Phœbus shone not on them all.

Melinoe.

We chant to Phœbus, king of day,
The morning and the evening lay.
But Pan, each satyr, nymph, and fawn,
Adore as laureat of the lawn;
From peevish March to joyous June,
He keeps our restless souls in tune,
Without his oaten reed and song,
Phœbus, thy days would seem too long.

Apollo.

Am I not he, who prescient from on high,
Send a long look through all futurity?
Am I not he, to whom alone belong
The pow'rs of med'cine, melody, and song?
Diffusely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
Eye of the universe and fire of light.

Pan.

O'er cots and vales, and every shepherd swain,
In peaceable pre-eminence I reign;
With pipe on plain, and nymph in secret grove,
The day is music, and the night is love.
I, blest with these, nor envy nor desire
Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

Clio.

Soon as the dawn dispels the dark,
Illustrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
Proclaimed by the herald lark,
And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
The Persian pays his morning vow,
And all the turban'd easterns bow.

Agno.

Soon as the evening shades advance,
And the gilt glow-worm glitters fair,
For rustic gambol, gibe, and dance,
Fawns, nymphs, and dryads all prepare,
Pan shall his swains from toil relieve,
And rule the revels of the eve.

Melpomene.

In numbers smooth as Callirhoe's stream,
Glide the silver-ton'd verse when Apollo's the
theme;

While on his own mount Cyparissus is seen,
And Daphne preserves her immutable green,
We'll hail Hyperion with transports so long,
Th' inventor, the patron, and subject of song.

Melinoe.

While on the calm ocean the Halcyon shall breed,
And Syrinx shall sigh with her musical reed,
While fairies, and satyrs, and fawns shall approve,
The music, the mirth, and the life of the grove,
So long shall our Pan be than thou more divine,
For he shall be rising when thou shalt decline.

Midas.

No more---To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
I do adjudge the prize, as is most due.

*Enter two Satyrs, and crown MIDAS with a pair
of ass's ears.*

Apollo.

Such rural honours all the gods decree,
To those who sing like Pan, and judge like thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

A FABLE.

IMAGINATION, in the flight
Of young desire and gay delight,
Began to think upon a mate;
As weary of a single state;
For sick of change, as left at will,
And cloy'd with entertainment still,
She thought it better to be grave,
To settle, to take up, and save.
She therefore to her chamber sped,
And thus at first attir'd her head.
Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
Her tow'r of beamy gold she plac'd;
Her ears with pendant jewels glow'd
Of various water, curious mode,
As nature sports the wint'ry ice,
In many a whimsical device.
Her eye-brows arch'd upon the stream
Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;
Her cheeks in matchless colour high,
She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye:
Her paps, as white as fancy draws,
She cover'd with a crimson gauze;
And on her wings she threw perfume
From buds of everlasting bloom.
Her zone, ungirded from her vest,
She wore across her swelling breast;
On which, in gems, this verse was wrought,
"I make and shift the scenes of thought."
In her right hand a wand she held,
Which magic's utmost pow'r excell'd;
And in her left retains a chart,
With figures far surpassing art,
Of other natures, suns and moons,
Of other moves to higher tunes.
The sylphs and sylphids, fleet as light,
The fairies of the gamesome night,
The muses, graces, all attend
Her service to her journey's end:
And fortune, sometimes at her hand
Is now the fav'rite of her band,
Dispatch'd before the news to bear,
And all th' adventure to prepare.

Beneath an holm-tree's friendly shade,
 Was reason's little cottage made;
 Before, a river deep and still;
 Behind, a rocky soaring hill.
 Himself, adorn'd in seemly plight,
 Was reading to the eastern light;
 And ever, as he meekly knelt,
 Upon the book of Wisdom dwelt.
 The spirit of the shifting wheel,
 Thus first essay'd his pulse to feel.—
 "The nymph supreme o'er works of wit,
 "O'er labour'd plan and lucky hit,
 "Is coming to your homely cot,
 "To call you to a nobler lot;
 "I, Fortune, promise wealth and pow'r,
 "By way of matrimonial dow'r:
 "Preferment crowns the golden day,
 "When fair occasion leads the way."
 Thus spake the frail capricious dame,
 When she that sent the message came.—
 "From first invention's highest sphere,
 "I, queen of imag'ry appear;
 "And throw myself at reason's feet,
 "Upon a weighty point to treat,
 "You dwell alone, and are too grave;
 "You make yourself too much a slave;
 "Your shrewd deductions run a length,
 "Till all your spirits waste their strength:
 "Your fav'rite logic is full close;
 "Your morals are too much a dose;
 "You ply your studies till you risk
 "Your senses—you should be more brisk—
 "The doctors soon will find a flaw,
 "And lock you up in chains and straw.
 "But, if you are inclin'd to take
 "The gen'rous offer which I make,
 "I'll lead you from this hole and ditch,
 "To gay conception's topmost pitch;
 "To those bright plains, where crowd in swarms
 "The spirits of fantastic forms:
 "To planets populous with elves;
 "To nature still above themselves,
 "By soaring to the wond'rous height
 "Of notions which they still create;
 "I'll bring you to the pearly cars,
 "By dragons drawn, above the stars;
 "To colours of Arabian glow;
 "And to the heart-dilating show
 "Of paintings which surmount the life:
 "At once your tut'rels and your wife."—
 "—Soft, soft," says Reason, "lovely friend;
 "Though to a parley I attend,
 "I cannot take thee for a mate:
 "I'm lost if e'er I change my state.
 "But whensoever your raptures rise,
 "I'll try to come with my supplies;
 "To muster up my sober aid,
 "What time your lively pow'rs invade;
 "To act conjointly in the war
 "Of dullness, whom we both abhor;
 "And ev'ry fally that you make,
 "I must be there for conduct's sake;
 "Thy correspondent, thine ally:
 "Or any thing but bind and tie—
 "But, ere this treaty be agreed,
 "Give me thy wand and winged steed:

"Take thou this compass and this rule,
 "That wit may cease to play the fool;
 "And that thy vot'ries who are born
 "For praise, may never sink to scorn,"

NEW VERSION OF PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! kneel and sing
 Praises to the Heav'nly King;
 To the God supremely great,
 Hallelujah in the height.

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
 Ye that in his presence stand;
 Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
 Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, sun at each extreme,
 Orient streak and western beam;
 Moon and stars of mystic dance,
 Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar
 Heav'n and heav'n for evermore;
 And ye streams of living rill
 Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
 From whose fruitful word they came;
 And they first began to be
 As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds
 For duration without bounds;
 And their covenant has seal'd,
 Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains;
 Praise, ye mutes, that sea contains;
 They that on the surface leap,
 And the dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
 Streaming vapours, plummy snow;
 Wind and storm, his wrath incurr'd
 Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
 Every hill and every vale;
 Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
 Cedars that perfume the skies!

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
 Nibbling flocks and droves that gaze;
 Reptiles of amphibious breed,
 Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
 Peopled regions far and wide;
 Heroes of their country's cause,
 Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
 To his name your praise be paid;
 For his word is worth alone
 Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
 Of his people, rais'd and blest;
 While we serve with praise and pray'rs,
 All in Christ his saints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THAT TITLE.

"Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis
 "Et memor nostri." HOR.

MELPOMENE, who charm'st the skies,
 Queen of the lyre and lute,
 Say, shall my noble patron rise,
 And thou, sweet muse, be mute?
 Shall fame, to celebrate his praise,
 Her loudest, loftiest accents raise,
 And all her silver trumps employ,
 And thou restrain thy tuneful hand,
 And thou an idle list'ner stand
 Amidst the general joy?

Forbid it, all ye powers above,
 That human hearts can try,
 Forbid it, gratitude and love,
 And every tender tie:
 Was it not he, whose pious cares
 Upheld me in my earliest years,
 And cheer'd me from his ample store,
 Who animated my designs,
 In Roman and Athenian mines,
 To search for learning's ore?

The royal hand my lord shall raise
 To nobler heights thy name,
 Who praises thee, shall meet with praise
 Ennobled in thy fame.
 A disposition form'd to please,
 With dignity endear'd by ease,
 And grandeur in good-nature lost,
 Have more of genuine desert,
 Have more the merit of the heart,
 Than arts and arms can boast.

Can I forget fair Raby's * towers,
 How awful and how great!
 Can I forget such blissful bowers,
 Such splendour in retreat!
 Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
 Cleveland † and Hope ‡ indulgent heard.
 (Then fame I felt thy first alarms)
 Ah, much lov'd pair!—though one is fled,
 Still one compensates for the dead,
 In merit and in charms.

O more than compensation, sure!
 O blessings on thy life!
 Long may the threefold bliss endure,
 In daughters, sons, and wife!
 Hope, copyist of her mother's mind,
 Is loveliest, liveliest of her kind,
 Her soul with every virtue teems,
 By none in wit or worth outdone,
 With eyes, that, shining on the sun,
 Defy his brightest beams.

Hark! charity's cherubic voice
 Calls to her numerous poor,
 And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
 And points to Raby's door;

* His Lordship's seat in the county of Durham.

† Her late Grace of Cleveland.

‡ The Honourable Mrs. Hope.

With open heart, and open hands,
 There Hospitality—she stands,
 A nymph, whom men and gods admire;
 Daughter of heavenly goodness she,
 Her sister's Generosity,
 And Honour is her fire.

What though my lord betwixt us lie
 Full many an envious league,
 Such vast extent of sea and sky
 As even the eye fatigue;
 Though interposing ocean raves,
 And heaves his heaven-assaulting waves,
 While on the shores the billows beat,
 Yet still my grateful muse is free
 To tune her warmest strains to thee,
 And lay them at thy feet.

Goodness is ever kindly prone
 To feign what fate denies,
 And others want of worth t' atone,
 Finds in herself supplies:
 Thus dignity itself restrains,
 By condescension's filken reins,
 While you the lowly muse upraise:
 When such the theme, so mean the bard,
 Not to reject is to reward,
 To pardon is to praise.

ODE TO LADY HARRIOT.

To Harriot, all-accomplish'd fair,
 Begin, ye nine, a grateful air;
 Ye graces join her worth to tell,
 And blazon what you can't excel.

Let Flora rife all her bow'rs,
 For fragrant shrubs, and painted flow'rs,
 And, in her vernal robes array'd,
 Present them to the noble maid.

Her breath shall give them new perfume,
 Her blushes shall their dyes outbloom;
 The lily now no more shall boast
 Its whiteness, in her bosom lost.

See yon delicious woodbines rise
 By oaks exalted to the skies,
 So view in Harriot's matchless mind
 Humility and greatness join'd.

To paint her dignity and ease,
 Form'd to command, and form'd to please,
 In wreaths expressive be there wove
 The birds of Venus and of Jove.

There, where th' immortal laurel grows,
 And there, where blooms the crimson rose,
 Be with this line the chaplet bound,
 That beauty is with virtue crown'd.

ODE

TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

On his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
 presented on the Birth-day of Lord Warkworth.

WHATE'ER distinguish'd patriots rise
 The times and manners to revise,
 And drooping merit raise,
 The song of triumph still pursues
 Their footsteps, and the moral muse
 Dwells sweetly on their praise.

It is a task of true delight
 The ways of goodness to recite,
 And all her works refin'd;
 Though modest greatness under-rate
 Its lustre, 'tis as fix'd as fate,
 Says truth with music join'd.
 All hail to this auspicious morn,
 When we, for gallant Warkworth born,
 Our gratulations pay:
 Though virtue all the live-long year
 Refuse her eulogy to hear,
 She must attend to-day.
 All hail to that transcendent fair,
 That crown'd thy wishes with an heir,
 And blest'd her native land:
 Still shoots thy undegenerate line,
 Like oak from oak, and pine from pine,
 As goodly and as grand.
 O how illustrious and divine
 Were all the heroes of thy line,
 'Gainst Rome's ambitious cheat!
 Born all these base insidious arts,
 Which work the most in weakest hearts,
 To dare and to defeat!
 Live then in triumph o'er deceit,
 That with new honours we may greet
 The house of arms and arts,
 Till blest experience shall evince
 How fairly you present that prince,
 Who's sovereign of our hearts.
 In pity to our sister isle,
 With sighs we lend thee for a while;
 O be thou soon restor'd;
 Though Stanhope, Hallifax, were there,
 We never had a man to spare
 Our love could less afford.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

THE sweets of evening charm the mind
 Sick of the sultry day;
 The body then no more confin'd,
 But exercise with freedom join'd,
 When Phœbus sheathes his ray.
 While all serene the summer moon
 Sends glances through the trees,
 And Philomel begins her tune,
 Asteria too shall help her soon
 With voice of skilful ease.
 A nosegay, every thing that grows,
 And music, every sound
 To lull the sun to his repose;
 The skies are coloured like the rose
 With lively streaks around.
 Of all the changes rung by time,
 None half so sweet appear
 As those when thoughts themselves sublime,
 And with superior natures chime
 In fancy's highest sphere.

ODE

TO A VIRGINIA NIGHTINGALE.

*Which was cured of a Fit in the Bosom of a young
 Lady, who afterwards nursed the Author in a dan-
 gerous Illness.*

SWEET bird! whose fate and mine agree,
 As far as proud humanity

The parallel will own;
 O let our voice and hearts combine,
 O let us fellow-warblers join,
 Our patroness to crown.

When heavy hung thy flagging wing,
 When thou couldst neither move nor sing,
 Of spirits void and rest,
 A lovely nymph her aid apply'd,
 She gave the bliss to heaven ally'd,
 And cur'd thee on her breast.

Me too the kind indulgent maid,
 With gen'rous care and timely aid,
 Restor'd to mirth and health;
 Then join'd to her, O may I prove,
 By friendship, gratitude, and love,
 The poverty of wealth.

MARTIAL. BOOK I. EP. XXVI.

WHEN Brutus' fall wing'd fame to Porcia brought,
 Those arms her friends conceal'd, her passion sought.
 She soon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
 Approves their zeal, but at their folly smiles.
 What Cato taught, Heaven sure cannot deny,
 Bereav'd of all, we still have pow'r to die.
 Then down her throat the burning coal convey'd,
 Go now, ye fools, and hide your swords, she said.

ON A LADY THROWING SNOW-BALLS
AT HER LOVER.

FROM THE LATIN OF PETRONIUS ASCANIUS.

WHEN, wanton fair, the snowy orb you throw,
 I feel a fire before unknown in snow.
 Ev'n coldest snow I find has pow'r to warm
 My breast, when flung by Julia's lovely arm.
 T'clude love's powerful arts I strive in vain,
 If ice and snow can latent fires contain.
 These frolics leave; the force of beauty prove;
 With equal passion cool my ardent love.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE WHOLESALE CRITIC AND THE HOP-
MERCHANT.

HAIL to each ancient sacred shade
 Of those who gave the muses aid,
 Skill'd verse mysterious to unfold,
 And set each brilliant thought in gold.
 Hail Aristotle's honour'd shrine,
 And great Longinus hail to thine;
 Ye too, whose judgment ne'er could fail,
 Hail Horace, and Quintilian hail;
 And, dread of every Goth and Hun,
 Hail Pope, and peerless Addison.

Alas! by different steps and ways,
 Our modern critics aim at praise,
 And rashly in the learned arts,
 They judge by prejudice and parts;
 For, cramp'd by a contracted soul,
 How should they comprehend the whole?

I know of many a deep-learn'd brother,
 Who weighs one science by another,
 And makes 'mongst bards poetic schism,
 Because he understands the prism;

Thinks in acuteness he surpasses,
From knowledge of the optic glasses.
There are some critics in the nation,
Profoundly vers'd in gravitation,
Who like the bulky and the great,
And judge by quantity and weight.
Some who're extremely skill'd in building,
Judge by proportion, form, and gilding,
And praise with a sagacious look
The architecture of a book.

Soon as the hops arriv'd from Kent,
Forth to the quay the merchant went,
Went critically to explore
The merit of the hops on shore.
Close to a bag he took his standing,
And at a venture thrust his hand in;
Then, with the face of a physician,
Their colour scann'd, and their condition;
He trusts his touch, his smell, his eyes,
The goods at once approves and buys.

Catchup, so dextrous, droll, and dry,
It happen'd Catchup there was by,
Who, like * Iago, arch on all,
Is nothing, if not critical.
He with a sneer, and with a shrug,
With eye of hawk, and face of pug,
Cry'd, "Fellow, I admire thy fun,
"Thou most judiciously hast done,
"Who from one handful buy'st ten ton.
"Does it not enter in thy crown
"Some may be mouldy, some be brown,
"The vacancies with leaves supply'd,
"And some half pick'd, and some half dry'd?"
The merchant, who Tom Catchup knew,
(A merchant and a scholar too)
Said, "What I've done is not absurd,
"I know my chap, and take his word.—
"On thee, thou caviller at large,
"I here retort thy random charge;
"Who, in an hypercritic rage,
"Judgest ten volumes by a page;
"Whose wond'rous comprehensive view
"Grasps more than Solomon e'er knew;
"With every thing you claim alliance,
"Art, trade, profession, calling, science;
"You mete out all things by one rule,
"And are an universal fool.
"Though swoln with vanity and pride,
"You're but one driv'ler multiplied,
"A prig—that proves himself by starts,
"As many dolts—as there are arts."

FABLE II.

THE ENGLISH BULL-DOG, DUTCH MASTIFF,
AND QUAIL.

ARE we not all of race divine,
Alike of an immortal line?
Shall man to man afford derision,
But for some casual division?
To malice and to mischief prone,
From climate, canton, or from zone,
Are all to idle discord bent,
These Kentish men—those men of Kent;

* "O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
"For I am nothing, if not critical."

OTHELLO, Act 2. scene 5.

And parties and distinction make,
For parties and distinction's sake.
Souls sprung from an ethereal flame,
However clad, are still the same;
Nor should we judge the heart or head,
By air we breathe, or earth we tread.
Dame nature, who, all meritorious,
In a true Englishman is glorious,
Is lively, honest, brave, and bonny,
In Monsieur, Taffy, Teague, and Sawney.
Give prejudices to the wind,
And let's be patriots of mankind.
Bigots, avaunt! sense can't endure ye,
But fabulists should try to cure ye.

A snub-nos'd dog, to fat inclin'd,
Of the true hogan-mogan kind,
The favourite of an English dame,
Mynheer Van Trampo was his name.
One morning as he chanc'd to range,
Met honest Towzer on the 'Change;
And whom have we got here, I beg,
Quoth he, and lifted up his leg;
An English dog can't take an airing,
But foreign scoundrels must be staring.
I'd have your French dogs, and your Spanish,
And all your Dutch, and all your Danish,
By which our species is confounded,
Be hang'd, be poison'd, or be drowned;
No mercy on the race suspected,
Greyhounds from Italy excepted:
By them my dames ne'er prove big bellied,
For they poor toads are Farrinellied.
Well, of all dogs it stands confess'd
Your English bull-dogs are the best;
I say it, and will set my hand to't;
Camden records it, and I'll stand to't.
'Tis true we have too much urbanity,
Somewhat o'ercharg'd with soft humanity;
The best things must find food for railing,
And every creature has its failing.

And who are you? reply'd Van Trump,
(Curling his tail upon his rump)
Vaunting the regions of distraction,
The land of party and of faction.
In all fair Europe, who but we
For national economy;
For wealth and peace, that have more charms,
Than learned arts, or noisy arms.
You envy us our dancing bogs,
With all the music of the frogs;
Join'd to the Fretschscutz's bonny loon,
Who on the cymbal grinds the tune.
For poets, and the muses nine,
Beyond comparison we shine;
O how we warble in our gizzards,
With X X's, H H's, and with Z Z's.
For fighting—now you think I'm joking;
We love it better far than smoking.
Ask but our troops, from man to boy,
Who all surviv'd at Fontenoy,
'Tis true, as friends, and as allies,
We're ever ready to devise;
Our loves, or any kind assistance,
That may be granted at a distance;
But if you go to brag, good bye t' ye,
Nor dare to brave the high and mighty.
Wrong are you both, rejoins a quail,
Confin'd within its wiry jail:

Frequent from realm to realm I've rang'd,
 And with the seasons, climates chang'd.
 Mankind is not so void of grace,
 But good I've found in every place:
 I've seen sincerity in France,
 Amongst the Germans complaisance;
 In foggy Holland wit may reign,
 I've known humility in Spain;
 Free'd was I by a turban'd Turk,
 Whose life was one entire good work;
 And in this land, fair freedom's boast,
 Behold my liberty is lost.
 Despis'd Hibernia have I seen,
 Dejected like a widow'd queen;
 Her robe with dignity long worn,
 And cap of liberty were torn;
 Her broken lute, and harp unstrung,
 On the uncultur'd ground were flung;
 Down lay her spear, defil'd with rust,
 And book of learning in the dust;
 Her loyalty still blameless found,
 And hospitality renown'd:
 No more the voice of fame engross'd,
 In discontent and clamour lost.---
 Ah! dire corruption, art thou spread,
 Where never viper rear'd its head?
 And didst thy baleful influence sow,
 Where hemlock nor the nightshade grow.
 Hapless, disconsolate, and brave,
 Hibernia! who'll Hibernia save?
 Who shall assist thee in thy woe,
 Who ward from thee the fatal blow?
 'Tis done, the glorious work is done,
 All thanks to Heav'n and Hartington.

FABLE III.

FASHION AND NIGHT.

"Quam multa prava atque injusta sunt moribus."
 TERENT.

FASHION, a motely nymph of yore,
 The Cyprian queen to Proteus bore:
 Various herself in various climes,
 She moulds the manners of the times;
 And turns in every age or nation,
 The chequer'd wheel of variegation;
 True female that ne'er knew her will,
 Still changing, though immortal still.
 One day as the inconstant maid
 Was careless on her sofa laid,
 Sick of the sun, and tir'd with light,
 She thus invok'd the gloomy night:
 "Come---these malignant rays destroy,
 "Thou screen of shame, and rise of joy;
 "Come from thy western ambushade,
 "Queen of the rout and masquerade:
 "Nymph, without thee no cards advance,
 "Without thee halts the loit'ring dance;
 "Till thou approach, all, all's restraint,
 "Nor is it safe to game or paint;
 "The belles and beaux thy influence ask,
 "Put on the universal mask.
 "Let us invert, in thy disguise,
 "That odious nature, we despise."
 She ceas'd---the sable-mantled dame
 With slow approach, and awful, came:

And frowning with farcastic sneer,
 Reproach'd the female rioter:
 "That nature you abuse, my fair,
 "Was I created to repair;
 "And contrast with a friendly shade,
 "The pictures Heaven's rich pencil made;
 "And with my sleep-alluring dose,
 "To give laborious art repose;
 "To make both noise and action cease,
 "The queen of secrecy and peace.
 "But thou a rebel, vile and vain,
 "Usurp'st my lawful old domain;
 "My sceptre thou affect'st to sway,
 "And all the various hours are day;
 "With clamours of unreal joy,
 "My sister silence you destroy;
 "The blazing lamps unnatural light
 "My eyeballs weary and affright;
 "But if I am allow'd one shade,
 "Which no intrusive eyes invade,
 "There all th' atrocious imps of hell,
 "Theft, murder, and pollution dwell:
 "Thinks then how much, thou toy of chance,
 "Thy praise is likely worth t' inhance;
 "Blind thing that runn'st without a guide,
 "Thou whirlpool in a-rushing tide,
 "No more my fame with praise pollute,
 "But damn me into some repute."

FABLE IV.

WHERE'S THE POKER?

THE poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
 And all the rites of rage perform'd;
 As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
 Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting.
 "Nothing but villany, and thieving;
 "Good heavens! what a world we live in!
 "If I don't find it in the morning,
 "I'll surely give my master warning.
 "He'd better far shut up his doors,
 "Than keep such good for nothing whores;
 "For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,
 "We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive."
 Well may poor Susan grunt and groan;
 Misfortunes never came alone,
 But tread each other's heels in throngs,
 For the next day she lost the tongs:
 The salt box, cullender, and pot,
 Soon shar'd the same untimely lot.
 In vain she vails and wages spent
 On new ones---for the new ones went.
 There'd been (she swore), some dev'l or witch in,
 To rob or plunder all the kitchen.
 One night she to her chamber crept,
 (Where for a month she had not slept;
 Her master being, to her seeming,
 A better play-fellow than dreaming.)
 Curse on the author of these wrongs,
 In her own bed she found the tongs,
 (Hang Thomas for an idle joker):
 In her own bed she found the poker;
 With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
 With all the culinary metal.---
 Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;
 For if young girls delight in kissing,
 No wonder that the poker's missing.

FABLE V.

THE TEA-POT AND SCRUBBING-BRUSH.

A TAWDRY tea-pot, *a-la-mode*,
 Where art her utmost skill bestow'd,
 Was much esteem'd for being old,
 And on its sides with red and gold
 Strange beasts were drawn, in taste Chinese,
 And frightful fish, and hump-back trees.
 High in an elegant beaufet,
 This pompous utensil was set,
 And near it, on a marble slab,
 Forsaken by some careless drab,
 A veteran scrubbing-brush was plac'd,
 And the rich furniture disgrac'd.
 The tea-pot soon began to flout,
 And thus its venom spouted out:
 "Who from the scullery or yard,
 "Brought in this low, this vile blackguard,
 "And laid in insolent position,
 "Among us people of condition?
 "Back to the helper in the stable,
 "Scour the close-stool, or wash-house table;
 "Or cleanse some horfing block, or plank,
 "Nor dare approach us folks of rank.
 "Turn---brother coffee-pot, your spout,
 "Observe the nasty stinking lout,
 "Who seems to scorn my indignation,
 "Nor pays due homage to my fashion;
 "Take, silver sugar dish, a view,
 "And cousin cream pot, pray do you.
 "Pox on you all," replies old Scrub,
 "Of coxcombs ye confederate club;
 "Full of impertinence, and prate,
 "Ye hate all things that are sedate.
 "None but such ignorant infernals,
 "Judge by appearance, and externals:
 "Train'd up in toil and useful knowledge,
 "I'm fellow of the kitchen college,
 "And with the mop, my old associate,
 "The family affairs negotiate.---
 "Am foe to filth, and things obscene,
 "Dirty by making others clean.---
 "Not shining, yet I cause to shine,
 "My roughness makes my neighbours fine;
 "You're fair without, but foul within,
 "With shame impregnated, and sin;
 "To you each impious scandal's owing,
 "You set each gossip's clack a going.---
 "How Parson Tythe in secret sins,
 "And how Miss Dainty brought forth twins:
 "How dear delicious Polly Bloom,
 "Owes all her sweetness to perfume;
 "Though grave at church, at cards can bet,
 "At once a prude and a coquette.---
 "'Twas better for each British virgin,
 "When on roast beef, strong beer, and sturgeon,
 "Joyous to breakfast they set round,
 "Nor were ashamed to eat a pound.
 "These were the manners, these the ways,
 "In good Queen Bess's golden days;
 "Each damsel ow'd her bloom and glee,
 "To wholesome elbow-grease, and me,
 "But now they centre all their joys
 "In empty rattle traps and noise.
 "Thus where the fates send you, they send
 "Flagitious times, which ne'er will mend,

"Till some philosopher can find
 "A scrubbing-brush to scour the mind.

FABLE VI.

THE DUELLIST.

WHAT'S honour, did your lordship say?
 My lord, I humbly crave a day.---
 'Tis difficult, and in my mind,
 Like substance, cannot be defin'd.
 It deals in numerous externals,
 And is a legion of infernals;
 Sometimes in riot and in play,
 'Tis breaking of the Sabbath day;
 When 'tis consider'd as a passion,
 I deem it lust and fornication.
 We pay our debts in honour's cause,
 Lost in the breaking of the laws,
 'Tis for some selfish impious end,
 To murder the sincerest friend;
 But would you alter all the clan,
 Turn out an honourable man.
 Why take a pistol from the shelf,
 And fight a duel with yourself.---
 'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,
 In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
 A frog and mouse had long disputes,
 Held in the language of the brutes,
 Who of a certain pool and pasture,
 Should be the sovereign and master.
 Sir, says the frog, and d---n'd his blood,
 I hold that my pretension's good;
 Nor can a brute of reason doubt it,
 For all that you can squeak about it.
 The mouse averse to be o'erpower'd,
 Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
 Too hard for any frog's digestion,
 To have his froghood call'd in question!
 A bargain instantly was made,
 No mouse of honour could evade.
 On the next morn, as soon as light,
 With desperate bullrushes to fight;
 The morning came,---and man to man,
 The grand monomachy began;
 Need I recount how each bravado
 Shone in motant and in passado;
 To what a height their ire they carry'd,
 How oft they thrust'd and they parry'd;
 But as these champions kept dispensing,
 Finesses in the art of fencing,
 A furious vulture took upon her,
 Quick to decide this point of honour,
 And, lawyer like, to make an end on't,
 Devoir'd both plaintiff and defendant.
 Thus, often in our British nation
 (I speak by way of application),
 A lie direct to some hot youth,
 The giving which perhaps was truth,
 The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
 Or dealing impudence a blow,
 Disputes in politics and law,
 About a feather and a straw;
 A thousand trifles not worth naming,
 In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
 Shall cause a challenge's inditing,
 And set two loggerheads a fighting;
 Meanwhile the father of despair,
 The prince of vanity and air,

His quarry, like an hawk discovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition,
These volunteers for black perdition.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE MANDRAKE.

THE sun had rais'd above the mead,
His glorious horizontal head;
Sad Philomela left her thorn;
The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
And nature, like a waking bride,
Her blushes spread on ev'ry side;
The cock as usual crow'd up Tray,
Who nightly with his master lay;
The faithful spaniel gave the word,
Trelooby at the signal stirr'd,
And with his gun, from wood to wood,
The man of prey his course pursu'd;
The dew and herbage all around,
Like pearls and emeralds on the ground;
Th' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,
Where smiling freedom art defies;
The lark, in transport, tow'ring high,
The crimson curtains of the sky,
Affected not Trelooby's mind—
For what is beauty to the blind?
Th' amorous voice of sylvan love,
Form'd charming concerts in the grove;
Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,
And drew the blackbird from his nest;
Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf;
But what is music to the deaf?

At length, while poring on the ground,
With monumental look profound,
A curious vegetable caught
His—something similar to thought:
Wond'ring, he ponder'd, stooping low,
(Trelooby always lov'd a show)
And on the mandrake's vernal station,
Star'd with prodigious observation.
Th' affronted mandrake with a frown,
Address'd in rage the wealthy clown.

"Proud member of the rambling race,
"That vegetate from place to place,
"Pursue the leveret at large,
"Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge.
"Disdainful though thou look'st on me,
"What art thou or what can'st thou be?
"Nature, that mark'd thee as a fool,
"Gave no materials for the school.
"In what consists thy work and fame?
"The preservation of the game.—
"For what? thou avaricious elf,
"But to destroy it all thyself;
"To lead a life of drink and feast,
"To oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
"Or triumph in a virgin lost,
"Is all the manhood thou canst boast.—
"Pretty, in nature's various plan,
"To see a weed that's like a man;
"But 'tis a grievous thing indeed,
"To see a man so like a weed."

FABLE VIII.

THE BROCADED GOWN AND LINEN RAG.

FROM a fine lady to her maid,
A gown descended of brocade.

French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,
That wou'd give dignity to stuff.
By accident or by design,
Or from some cause, I can't divine;
A linen rag (sad source of wrangling)!
On a contiguous peg was dangling,
Vilely besmear'd—for late his master,
It serv'd in quality of plaister.

The gown, contemptuous beholder,
Gave a French shrug from either shoulder,
And rustling with emotions furious,
Bespoke the rag in terms injurious.

"Unfit for tinder, lint or fodder,
"Thou thing of filth (and what is odder),
"Discarded from thy owner's back,
"Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack?

"Instant away—or in this place,
"Begar me give you *coup de grace*."

To this reply'd the honest rag,
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag:
"Though thy glib tongue without a halt run,
"Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,

"At once so ancient and so easy,
"At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
"I value not thy gasconading,
"Nor all thy alamode parading;

"But to abstain from words imperious,
"And to be sober, grave, and serious.

"Though says friend Horace, 'tis no treason,
"At once to giggle, and to reason,

"When me you lessen, friend, you dream,
"For know I am not what I seem;

"Soon by the mill's refining motion,
"The sweetest daughter of the ocean,

"Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,
"My virgin purity renew,

"And give me reinform'd existence,
"A good retention and subsistence.

"Then shall the sons of genius join,
"To make my second life divine.

"O Murray, let me then dispense,
"Some portion of thy eloquence;

"For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine,
"United and improv'd in thine.

"The spirit stirring * sage alarms,
"And Ciceronian sweetness charms.

"Th' Athenian Akenfide may deign
"To stamp me deathless with his pen.

"While flows approv'd by all the nine
"Th' immortal soul of every line.

"Collins, perhaps, his aid may lend,
"Melpomene's selected friend.

"Perhaps our great Augustan Gray
"May grace me with a Doric lay;

"With sweet, with manly words of woe,
"That nervously pathetic flow,

"What, Mason, may I owe to you?
"Learning's first pride, and nature's too;

"On thee she cast her sweetest smile,
"And gave thee art's correcting file;

"That file, which with assiduous pain,
"The viper envy bites in vain.—

"Such glories my mean lot betide,
"Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride.—

"Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,
"(If haply thou escape a burning)

" From gown to petticoat descending,
 " And in a beggar's mantle ending,
 " Shalt in a dunghill or a sty,
 " 'Midst filth and vermin rot and die."

FABLE IX.

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

YE thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
 And wake the rough resounding shore;
 Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,
 And shake the ramparts with your rage;
 Boreas distend your chops and blow;
 Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow;
 Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
 Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs;
 Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye bats,
 Encore, encore, ye amorous cats:
 In vain poor things ye squeak a squall,
 Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all:
 But here she comes---there's no relief,
 She comes, and blessed are the deaf.
 " A magpie! why, you're mad, my dear,
 " To bring a chattering magpie here.
 " A prating play-thing, fit for boys---
 " You know I can't endure a noise---
 " You brought this precious present sure,
 " My headach and my cough to cure.
 " Pray hand him in and let him stain
 " Each curtain, and each counterpane;
 " Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,
 " Or on my pillow---he can't spoil it:
 " He'll only make me catch my death---
 " O heavens! for a little breath!--
 " Thank God, I never knew resentment,
 " But am all patience and contentment,
 " Or else, you paltry knave, I should
 " (As any other woman would)
 " Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
 " Cram it by way of chick or pullet---
 " Well, I must lock up all my rings,
 " My jewels, and my curious things:
 " My Chinese toys must go to pot;
 " My dear, my pinchbecks---and what not?
 " For all your magpies are, like lawyers,
 " At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers---
 " You for a wife have search'd the globe,
 " You've got a very female Job,
 " Pattern of love, and peace and unity,
 " Or how could you expect impunity?
 " O Lord! this nasty thing will bite,
 " And scratch and clapper, claw and fight.
 " O monstrous wretch, thus to devise,
 " To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.
 " You're a fine Popish plot pursuing,
 " By presents to affect my ruin;
 " And thus for good are ill retorting!
 " To me, who brought you such a fortune;
 " To me, you low-liv'd clown, to me,
 " Who came of such a family;
 " Me, who for age to age possess'd
 " A lion rampant on my crest;
 " Me, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
 " Me, who'd so many better offers;
 " And is my merit thus regarded,
 " Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded.
 " O 'tis past sufferance---Mary---Mary,
 " I faint---the citeron, or the clary.

The poor man, who had bought the creature,
 Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
 Stood at this violent attack,
 Like statues made by Roubilliac,
 Though form'd beyond all skill antique,
 They can't their marble silence break;
 They only breathe, and think, and start,
 Astonish'd at their maker's art.

" Quoth Mag, fair Grizzle, I must grant,
 " Your spouse a magpie cannot want:
 " For troth (to give the dev'l his due)
 " He keeps a rookery in you.
 " Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,
 " Where there is din enough already,
 " We never should agree together,
 " Although we're so much of a feather;
 " You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
 " Who make such wond'rous noise about it,
 " And your tongue of immortal mould
 " Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.
 " Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,
 " And, like the king, can do no wrong;
 " Justly your spouse restrains his voice,
 " Nor vainly answers words with noise;
 " This storm, which no soul can endure,
 " Requires a very different cure;
 " For such four verjuice dispositions,
 " Your crabsticks are the best physicians."

FABLE X.

THE BLOCKHEAD AND BEEHIVE.

THE fragrance of the new-mown hay
 Paid incense to the god of day;
 Who issuing from his eastern gate,
 Resplendent rode in all his state,
 Rous'd by the light from soft repose,
 Big with the muse, a bard arose,
 And the fresh garden's still retreat
 He measur'd with poetic feet.
 The cooling, high, o'er-arching shade,
 By the embracing branches made,
 The smooth shorn sod, whose verdant gloss
 Was check'd with intermingled moss,
 Cowslips, like topazes that shine,
 Close by the silver serpentine,
 Rude rustics which assert the bow'rs,
 Amidst the educated flow'rs,
 The lime tree and sweet-scented hay,
 (The sole reward of many a lay)
 And all the poets of the wing,
 Who sweetly without salary sing,
 Attract at once his observation,
 Peopling thy wilds, imagination!
 " Sweet nature, who this turf bedews,
 " Sweet nature, who's the thrush's muse!
 " How she each anxious thought beguiles,
 " And meets me with ten thousand smiles!
 " O infinite benignity!
 " She smiles, but not alone on me;
 " On hill, on dale, on lake, on lawn,
 " Like Celia when her picture's drawn;
 " Assuming countless charms and airs,
 " 'Till Hayman's matchless art despairs,
 " Pausing like me he dreads to fall
 " From the divine original."
 More had he said---but in there came
 A lout---Squire Booby was his name---

The bard, who at a distant view,
The busy prattling blockhead knew,
Retir'd into a secret nook,
And thence his observations took.
Vex'd he could find no man to tease,
The 'squire 'gan chattering to the bees,
And pertly with officious mien,
He thus address'd their humming queen:
" Madam, be not in any terrors,
" I only come t' amend your errors;
" My friendship briefly to display,
" And put you in a better way.
" Cease, Madam, (if I may advise)
" To carry honey on your thighs,
" Employ ('tis better, I aver)
" Old Grub the fairies coach-maker;
" For he who has sufficient art
" To make a coach, may make a cart.
" To these you'll yoke some sixteen bees,
" Who will dispatch your work with ease;
" And come and go, and go and come,
" To bring your honey harvest home.---
" Ma'm, architecture you're not skill'd in,
" I don't approve your way of building;
" In this there's nothing like design,
" Pray learn the use of Gunter's line.
" I'll serve your highness at a pinch,
" I am a scholar every inch,
" And know each author I lay fist on,
" From Archimedes down to Whiston.---
" Though honey making be your trade,
" In chemistry you want some aid.---
" Pleas'd with your work, although you sing,
" You're not quite right---'tis not the thing.
" Myself would gladly be an actor,
" To help the honey manufacture.---
" I hear for war you are preparing,
" Which I should like to have a share in;
" Yet though the enemy be landing,
" 'Tis wrong to keep an army standing.---
" If you'll ensure me from the laws
" I'll write a pamphlet in your cause.---
" I vow I am concern'd to see
" Your want of state---economy.
" Of nothing living I pronounce ill,
" But I don't like your privy-council."
" There is, I know, a certain bee,
" (Would he was from the ministry)
" Which certain bee, if rightly known,
" Would prove no better than a drone;
" There are (but I shall name no names,
" I never love to kindle flames)
" A pack of rogues with crimes grown callous,
" Who greatly would adorn the gallows;
" That with the wasps, for paltry gold,
" A secret correspondence hold,
" Yet you'll be great---your subjects free,
" If the whole thing be left to me."---
Thus, like the waters of the ocean,
His tongue had run in ceaseless motion,
Had not the queen ta'en p in wrath,
This thing of folly and of froth.
" Impertinent and witlefs meddler,
" Thou smattering, empty, noisy pedlar!
" By vanity, thou bladder blown,
" To be the football of the town.
" O happy England, land of freedom,
" Replete with statesmen, if she need 'em,

" Where war is wag'd by Sue or Nell,
" And Jobson is a Machiavel!---
" Tell Hardwick that his judgment fails,
" Show Justice how to hold her scales.---
" To fire the soul at once, and please,
" Teach Murray and Demosthenes;
" Say Vane is not by goodness grac'd,
" And wants humanity and taste.---
" Though Pelham with Mæcenæ vies,
" Tell fame she's false, and truth she lies;
" And then return, thou verbal Hector,
" And give the bees another lecture."
This said, the portal she unbarr'd,
Calling the bees upon their guard,
And set at once about his ears
Ten thousand of her granadiers.---
Some on his lips and palate hung,
And the offending member stung.
" Just (says the bard from out the grot)
" Just, though severe, is your sad lot,
" Who think, and talk, and live in vain,
" Of sweet society the bane.
" Business misplac'd is a mere jest,
" And active idleness at best."

FABLE XI.

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

I LOVE my friend---but love my ease,
And claim a right myself to please;
To company however prone,
At times all men would be alone.
Free from each interruption rude,
Or what is meant by solitude.
My villa lies within the bills,
So---like a theatre it fills:
To me my kind acquaintance stray,
And Sunday proves no Sabbath day;
Yet many a friend and near relation,
Make up a glorious congregation;
They crowd by dozens and by dozens,
And bring me all their country cousins.
Though cringing landlords on the road,
Who find for man and horse abode;
Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
Invite them to be entertain'd,
And straddling cross his kilderkin,
Though jolly Bacchus calls them in;
Nay---though my landlady would trust 'em,
Pilgarlick's sure of all the custom;
And his whole house is like a fair,
Unless he only treats with air.
What! shall each pert half witted wit,
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,
Prey on my time, or on my table?
No---but let's hasten to the fable.
The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,
Ball to the booby-hutch was join'd,
A wealthy cockney drove away,
To celebrate Saint Saturday;
Wife, daughter, pug, all crowded in,
To meet at country house their kin.
Through Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,
The ungaeased grumbling axle scow'rs,
To pass in rural sweets a day,
But there's a lion in the way:

The lion a most furious elf,
 Hung up to represent himself,
 Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,
 And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again.
 Wond'rous, though painted on a board,
 He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
 " Fool! (says the majesty of beasts)
 " At whose expence a legion feasts,
 " Foe to yourself, you those pursue,
 " Who're eating up your cakes and you;
 " Walk in, walk in, so prudence votes,
 " And give poor Ball a feed of oats,
 " Look to yourself, and as for Ma'm,
 " Coax her to take a little dram;
 " Let Mifs and pug with cakes be fed
 " Then honest man go back to bed;
 " You're better, and you're cheaper there,
 " Where are no hangers on to fear.
 " Go buy friend Newberry's new Pantheon
 " And con the tale of poor Acteon,
 " Horn'd by Diana, and o'erpower'd,
 " And by the dogs he fed devour'd.
 " What he receiv'd from charity,
 " Lewdness perhaps may give to thee;
 " And though your spouse my lecture scorns,
 " Beware his fate, beware his horns."
 " Sir," says the cit, (who made a stand,
 And strok'd his forehead with his hand)
 " By your grim gravity and grace,
 " You greatly would become the mace.
 " This kind advice I gladly take,---
 " Draw'r, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
 " With good brown beer that's brisk and hum-
 " ming.
 " A coming, Sir! a coming, coming!"
 The cit then took a hearty draught,
 And shook his jolly sides and laugh'd.
 Then to the king of beasts he bow'd,
 And thus his gratitude avow'd.---
 " Sir, for your sapient oration,
 " I owe the greatest obligation.
 " You stand expos'd to sun and show'r,
 " I know Jack Ellis of the tow'r;
 " By him you soon may gain renown,
 " He'll show your highness to the town;
 " Or, if you choose your station here,
 " To call forth Britons to their beer,
 " As painter of distinguish'd note,
 " He'll send his man to clean your coat."
 The lion thank'd him for his proffer,
 And if a vacancy should offer,
 Declar'd he had too just a notion,
 To be averse to such promotion.
 The citizen drove off with joy,
 " For London---ball---for London---hoy."
 Content to bed, he went his way,
 And is no bankrupt to this day.

FABLE XII.

THE HERALD AND HUSBANDMAN.

---Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

JUVENAL.

I WITH friend Juvenal agree,
 Virtue's the true nobility;
 Has of herself sufficient charms,
 Although without a coat of arms,

Honestus does not know the rules,
 Concerning Or, and Fez, and Gules,
 Yet sets the wond'ring eye to gaze on,
 Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.
 Tawdry achievements out of place,
 Do but augment a fool's disgrace;
 A coward is a double jest,
 Who has a lion for his crest;
 And things are come to such a pass,
 Two horses may support an ass;
 And on a gamester or buffoon,
 A moral motto's a lampoon.
 An honest rustic having done
 His master's work 'twixt sun and sun,
 Retir'd to dress a little spot,
 Adjoining to his homely cot,
 Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
 His landlord's culinary ground,
 Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,
 The winter's medicine or meal.
 The sage, which in his garden seen,
 No man need ever die * I ween;
 The marjorum comely to behold,
 With thyme, and ruddiest marygold,
 And mint and pennyroyal sweet,
 To deck the cottage windows meet;
 And balm, that yields a finer juice
 Than all that China can produce;
 With carrots red, and turnips white,
 And leeks Cadwallader's delight;
 And all the savory crop that vie
 To please the palate and the eye.
 Thus, as intent, he did survey
 His plot, a herald came that way,
 A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge,
 And member of the motley college.
 Heedless the peasant pass'd he by,
 Indulging this soliloquy;
 " Ye gods! what an enormous space,
 " 'Twixt man and man does nature place;
 " While some by deeds of honour rise,
 " To such a height, as far outvies
 " The visible diurnal sphere;
 " While others, like this rustic here,
 " Grope in the grovelling ground content,
 " Without or lineage or descent.
 " Hail, heraldry! mysterious art,
 " Bright patroness of all desert,
 " Mankind would on a level lie,
 " And undistinguish'd live and die;
 " Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,
 " Such! so momentous is our trade.
 " Sir," says the clown, " why sure you joke,
 " (And kept on digging as he spoke)
 " And prate not to extort conviction,
 " But merrily by way of fiction,
 " Say, do your manuscripts attest,
 " What was old father Adam's crest;
 " Did he a nobler coat receive
 " In right of marrying Mrs. Eve;
 " Or had supporters when he kiss'd her,
 " On dexter side, and side sinister;
 " Or was his motto, prithee speak,
 " English, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek?"

* "Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in
 " horto?"

" Or was he not, without a lie,
 " Just such a nobleman as I?
 " Virtue, which great defects can stifle,
 " May beam distinction on a trifle;
 " And honour, with her native charms,
 " May beautify a coat of arms;
 " Realities sometimes will thrive,
 " E'en by appearance kept alive;
 " But by themselves, Gules, Or, and Fez,
 " Are cyphers, neither more or less;
 " Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
 " Be honest in the worst of times:
 " Health's on my countenance impress'd,
 " And sweet content's my daily guest,
 " My fame alone I build on this,
 " And Garter King at arms may kiss."—

FABLE XIII.

A STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

YES—we excel in arts and arms,
 In learning's lore, and beauty's charms.
 The seas wide empire we engross,
 All nations hail the British cross;
 The land of liberty we tread,
 And woe to his devoted head,
 Who dares the contrary advance,
 One Englishman's worth ten of France.
 These these are truths what man won't write for,
 Won't swear, won't bully, or won't fight for;
 Yet (though perhaps I speak through vanity)
 Would we'd a little more humanity;
 Too far, I fear, I've drove the jest,
 So leave to cock and bull the rest.

A bull who'd listen'd to the vows
 Of above fifteen hundred cows;
 And serv'd his master fresh and fresh,
 With hecatombs of special flesh,
 Like to an hermit or a dervise,
 (Grown old and feeble in the service)
 Now left the meadow's green parade,
 And sought a solitary shade.
 The cows proclaim'd in mournful lowing,
 The bull's deficiency in wooing,
 And to their disappointed master,
 All told the terrible disaster.

" Is this the case (quoth Hodge) O rare!
 " But hold, to-morrow is the fair.
 " Thou to thy doom, old boy, are fated,
 " To-morrow—and thou shalt be baited."
 The deed was done—curse on the wrong!
 Bloody description, hold thy tongue—
 Victorious yet the Bull return'd,
 And with stern silence inly mourn'd.

A vet'ran, brave, majestic cock,
 Who serv'd for hour glass, guard and clock,
 Who crow'd the mansion's first relief,
 Alike from goblin and from thief;
 Whose youth escap'd the Christmas skillet,
 Whose vigour brav'd the Shrovetide billet,
 Had just return'd in wounds and pain,
 Triumphant from the barbarous train.—
 By riv'lets brink, with trees o'ergrown,
 He heard his fellow sufferer's moan;
 And greatly scorning wounds and smart,
 Gave him three cheers with all his heart.

" Rise, neighbour, from that pensive attitude,
 " Brave witness of vile man's ingratitude;

" And let us both with spur and horn,
 " The cruel reasoning monster scorn.—
 " Methinks at every dawn of day,
 " When first I chant my blithsome lay,
 " Methinks I hear from out the sky,
 " All will be better by and by;
 " When bloody, base, degenerate man,
 " Who deviates from his Maker's plan;
 " Who nature and her works abuses,
 " And thus his fellow servants uses,
 " Shall greatly, and yet justly want,
 " The mercy he refus'd to grant;
 " And (while his heart his conscience purges)
 " Shall wish to be the brute he scourges."

FABLE XIV.

THE SNAKE, THE GOOSE, AND NIGHTINGALE.

*Humbly addressed to the Hissers and Gatecallers attending
 both Houses.*

WHEN rul'd by truth and nature's ways,
 When just to blame, yet fix'd to praise,
 As votary of the Delphic god,
 I reverence the critic's rod;
 But when inflam'd with spite alone,
 I hold all critics but as one;
 For though they class themselves with art,
 And each man takes a different part;
 Yet whatfo'er they praise and blame;
 They in their motives are the same.

Forth as she waddled in the brake,
 A grey goose stumbled on a snake,
 And took th' occasion to abuse her,
 And of rank plagiarism accuse her.
 " 'Twas I," quoth she, " in every vale,
 " First hiss'd the noisy nightingale;
 " And boldly cavill'd at each note,
 " That twitter'd in the woodlark's throat:
 " I who sublime and more than mortal,
 " Must stoop to enter at the portal,
 " Have ever been the first to show
 " My hate to every thing that's low,
 " While thou mean mimic of my manner,
 " (Without enlisting to my banner)
 " Darst, in thy grov'ling situation,
 " To counterfeit my libilation."

The snake enrag'd reply'd, " Know, Madam,
 " I date my charter down from Adam;
 " Nor can I, since I bear the bell,
 " E'er imitate where I excel.
 " Had any other creature dar'd
 " Once to aver what you've averr'd,
 " I might have been more fierce and fervent,
 " But you're a goose,—and so your servant."
 " Truce with your folly and your pride,"
 The warbling Philomela cry'd;
 " Since no more animals we find
 " In nature, of the hissing kind,
 " You should be friends with one another,
 " Nay, kind as brother is to brother.
 " For know, thou pattern of abuse,
 " Thou snake are but a crawling goose;
 " And thou dull dabb'ler in each lake,
 " Art nothing but a feather'd snake."

FABLE XV.

MRS. ABIGAIL AND THE DUMB WAITER.

WITH frowning brow and aspect low'ring,
 As Abigail one day was scow'ring

From chair to chair she past along,
 Without soliloquy or song;
 Content in humdrum mood t' adjust
 Her matters to disperse the dust—
 Thus ploded on the fullen fair,
 Till a dumb waiter claim'd her care;
 She then in rage, with shrill salute,
 Bespoke the inoffensive mute:—
 "Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,
 "With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses;
 "Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
 "Us honest folks must quit the room;
 "And, like young misses at a christ'ning,
 "Are forc'd to be content with list'ning;
 "Though thou'rt a fav'rite of my master's,
 "I'll set thee gadding on thy castors."
 This said—with many a rough attack,
 She scrub'd him till she made him crack;
 Insulted stronger still and stronger,
 The poor dumb thing could hold no longer.—
 "Thou drab, born mops and brooms to dandle,
 "Thou haberdasher of small scandal,
 "Factor of family abuse,
 "Retailer of domestic news;
 "My lord, as soon as I appear,
 "Confinest thee in thy proper sphere;
 "Or else, at ev'ry place of call,
 "The chandler's shop, or cobbler's stall,
 "Or ale-house, where (for petty tales,
 "Gin, beer, and ale, are constant vails)
 "Each word at table that was spoke
 "Would soon become the public joke,
 "And cheerful innocent converse
 "To scandal warp'd—or something worse.—
 "Whene'er my master I attend,
 "Freely his mind he can unbend;
 "But when such praters fill my place,
 "Then nothing should be said—but grace."

FABLE XVI.

THE BAG-WIG AND THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

A BAG-WIG of a jauntier air,
 Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
 Loaded with powder and perfume,
 Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room:
 Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
 A black tobacco-pipe was laid;
 And with its vapours far and near,
 Outstunk the essence of Monsieur;
 At which its rage, the thing of hair,
 Thus bristling up, began declare.
 "Bak'd dirt! that with intrusion rude
 "Break'st in upon my solitude,
 "And whose offensive breath defiles
 "The air for forty thousand miles—
 "Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
 "O barb'rous English! horrid Dutch!
 "I cannot bear it—Here, Sue, Nan,
 "Go call the maid to call the man,
 "And bid him come without delay
 "To take this odious pipe away.
 "Hideous! sure some one smok'd thee, friend,
 "Reversely, at his t'other end.
 "Oh! what mix'd odours! what a throng
 "Of salt and sour, of stale and strong!
 "A most unnatural combination,
 "Enough to mar all perspiration—

"Monstrous! again—'twould vex a saint!
 "Susan, the drops—or else I faint!"
 The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of soul)
 Raising himself upon his bole,
 In smoke, like oracle of old,
 Did thus his sentiments unfold:
 "Why, what's the matter, Goodman Swagger,
 "Thou flaunting French, fantastic bragger?
 "Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
 "Ridiculous and heterodox.
 "'Twas better for the English nation
 "Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
 "When none sought hair in realms unknown,
 "But every blockhead bore his own.
 "Know, puppy, I'm an English pipe,
 "Deem'd worthy of each Briton's gripe,
 "Who, with my cloud-compelling aid
 "Help our plantations and our trade,
 "And am, when sober and when mellow,
 "An upright, downright, honest fellow.
 "Though fools like you may think me rough,
 "And scorn me, 'cause I am in buff,
 "Yet your contempt I glad receive,
 "'Tis all the fame that you can give:
 "None finery or fopp'ry prize,
 "But they who've something to disguise;
 "For simple nature hates abuse,
 "And plainness is the dress of use."

FABLE XVII.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

OLD Care with Industry and Art
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That Av'rice could not sigh for more:
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded granaries groan.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain:
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.
 Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd;
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
 Her name was Generosity.
 'Twas hers the largesse to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide:
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
 There Sickness laid her aching head,
 And there Distress could find a bed.
 Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
 And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before:
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When, lo! to comfort her came Care;

And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came---great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They christen'd her Economy;
And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from care.

FABLE XVIII.

THE PIG.

IN every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession;
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.—
A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foote, Maffey, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious stage,
For the choice spirits of the age;
But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius, who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.
Through all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectation, all suspense,
And silence gagg'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with such truth took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke;
For doubtless underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.
A search was made, no pig was found---
With thund'ring claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—O rare! bravo! and encore!
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and bunter,
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.
The morrow came---the crowd was greater---
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation.
Again, encore! encore! they cry---
'Twas quite the thing---'twas very high:

Old Grouse conceal'd, amidst the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket---
Then forth he came---and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortur'd pig from out his throat
Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note.
All bellow'd out---'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad!
That like a pig!---each cry'd in scoff,
Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse
Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house.---
"Soft ye, a word before I go,"
Quoth honest Hodge---and stooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid, partial crowd:
"Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
"How much you critics know of nature."

B A L L A D S.

BALLAD I.

SWEET WILLIAM.

By a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jell'mine their boughs
interweave,
Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my harbour repair,
For I must have a chaplet for Sweet William's hair.
She brought me the vi'let that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lily, and gilded jonquill:
But such languid odours how could I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love?
She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying myrtle, and evergreen bay:
But why these to me, who've his constancy known?
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.
The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem:
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood emblems confest,
So I kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em quite close to my
breast.
She brought me a sun-flow'r---this, fair one's
your due;
For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you:
Oh! give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flow'r to the sun.

BALLAD II.

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.
Though o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;
Such painters of old drew the queen of the fair;
'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair:
And though witlings may scoff, and though rail-
lery mocks,
Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.
To live and to love, to converse and be free,
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee:

Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to
my sight,

Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
They are fit for the language or labour of love;
At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my
woe;

She shall ease my fond heart, and shall sooth my
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like
the fox,

While I have the lass with the golden locks.

BALLAD III.

ON MY WIFE'S BIRTH-DAY.

'Tis Nancy's birth-day---raise your strains,
Ye nymphs of the Parnassian plains,
And sing with more than usual glee
To Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell the blithe graces as they bound
Luxuriant in the buxom round;
They're not more elegantly free,
Than Nancy who was born for me.

Tell royal Venus, though she rove,
The queen of the immortal grove;
That she must share her golden fee
With Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell Pallas, though th' Athenian school,
And ev'ry trite pedantic fool,
On her to place the palm agree;
'Tis Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell spotless Dian, though she range,
The regent of the up-land grange,
In chastity she yields to thee,
O Nancy, who wast born for me.

Tell Cupid, Hymen, and tell Jove,
With all the pow'rs of life and love,
That I'd disdain to breathe or be,
If Nancy was not born for me.

BALLAD IV.

THE DECISION.

My Florio, wildest of his sex
(Who sure the veriest saint would vex),

From beauty roves to beauty;
Yet though abroad the wanton roam,
Whene'er he deigns to stay at home,
He always minds his duty.

Something to ev'ry charming she,
In thoughtless prodigality,
He's granting still and granting,
To Phyllis that, to Chloe this,
And every madam, every miss;
Yet I find nothing wanting.

If hap'ly I his will displease,
Tempestuous as th' autumnal seas

He foams and rages ever;
But when he ceases from his ire,
I cry, such spirit and such fire,
Is surely wond'rous clever.

I ne'er want reason to complain;
But sweet is pleasure after pain,
And every joy grows greater.
Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
I should not like him half so well,
If I could make him better.

BALLAD V.

THE TALKATIVE FAIR.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and at every place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
If your own health, or ours you prize,
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
All are distracted while they gaze;
But if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise,
Than all you say, or all I write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush—and be an angel quite.

BALLAD VI.

THE SILENT FAIR.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind,
So different is my Rosalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are the interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I despise,
Which from dependence take their rise;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love-sweet agony my joy.

BALLAD VII.

THE FORCE OF INNOCENCE.

To Miss C.

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for modesty's her friend:
Though her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield;

Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux!
But e'en unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade,
Though all a syren as she talks,
And all a goddess as she walks,
Yet decency each action guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's showery plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns,
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her, defenceless and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye;
But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;
But virtue's path she'd still pursue;
And still, my fair, would copy you.

BALLAD VIII.

THE DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Scarce fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, but unmindful of me;
You can storm a strong fort, or can form a block-
ade,

Yet ye stand by like dastards, and see me a maid.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,
Can do what you please, or with right, or with
wrong,

Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure, or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

Ye fops, I invoke, not list to my song,
Who answer no end—and to no sex belong;
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

BALLAD IX.

THE FAIR RECLUSE.

Ye ancient patriarchs of the wood,
That veil around these awful glooms,
Who many a century have stood
In verdant age that ever blooms.

Ye Gothic tow'rs, by vapours dense,
Obscur'd into severer state,

VOL. XI.

In pastoral magnificence
At once so simple and so great.

Why all your jealous shades on me,
Ye hoary elders, do ye spread?
Fair innocence should still be free,
Nought should be chain'd but what we dread.

Say, must these tears for ever flow?
Can I from patience learn content,
While solitude still nurses woe,
And leaves me leisure to lament.

My guardian, see!—who wards off peace,
Whose cruelty is his employ,
Who bids the tongue of transport cease,
And stops each avenue to joy.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely distant heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

BALLAD X.

TO MISS **** ONE OF THE CHICHESTER GRACES.

Written in Goodwood Gardens, September 1750.

" Ye hills that overlook the plains,
" Where wealth and Gothic greatness reigns;
" Where nature's hand by art is check'd,
" And taste herself is architect;
" Ye fallows gray, ye forests brown,
" And seas that the vast prospect crown,
" Ye fright the soul with fancy's store,
" Nor can she one idea more!"

I said—when dearest of her kind
(Her form the picture of her mind)
Chloris appear'd—The landskip flew!
All nature vanish'd from my view!
She seem'd all nature to comprise,
Her lips! her beauteous breasts! her eyes!
That rous'd, and yet abash'd desire,
With liquid, languid, living fire!

But then—her voice—how fram'd t' endear!
The music of the gods to hear!
Wit that so pierc'd without offence,
So brac'd by the strong nerves of sense!
Pallas with Venus play'd her part,
To rob me of an honest heart;
Prudence and passion jointly strove,
And reason was th' ally of love.

Ah me! thou sweet delicious maid,
From whence shall I solicit aid!
Hope and despair alike destroy,
One kills with grief, and one with joy.
Celestial Chloris! Nymph divine!
To save me the dear task be thine.
Though conquest be the woman's care,
The angel's glory is to spare.

BALLAD XI.

LOVELY HARRIOT.

A Grambo Ballad.

GREAT Phœbus in his vast career,
Who forms the self-succeeding year,
Thron'd in his amber chariot;

M

Sees not an object half so bright,
Nor gives such joy, such life, such light,
As dear delicious Harriot.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic turns,
Whose pulse not beats, whose blood not burns,
Read Malebranche, Boyle, and Marriot;
I scorn their philosophic strife,
And study nature from the life,
(Where most she shines) in Harriot.

When she admits another wooer,
I rave like Shakspeare's jealous Moor,
And am as raging Barry hot.
True, virtuous, lovely, was his dove,
But virtue, beauty, truth, and love,
Are other names for Harriot.

Ye factious members who oppose,
And tire both houses with your prose,
Though never can ye carry ought;
You might command the nation's sense,
And without bribery convince,
Had ye the voice of Harriot.

You of the music commonweal,
Who borrow, beg, compose, or steal,
Cantata, air, or ariet;
You'd burn your cumb'rous works in score,
And sing, compose, and play no more,
If once you heard my Harriot.

Were there a wretch who dar'd essay,
Such wond'rous sweetness to betray,
I'd call him an Iscariot;
But here e'en satire can't annoy,
So strictly chaste, but kindly coy,
Is fair angelic Harriot.

While sultans, emperors, and kings,
(Mean appetite of earthly things)
In all the waste of war riot:
Love's softer duel be my aim,
Praise, honour, glory, conquest, fame,
Are center'd all in Harriot.

I swear by Hymen and the pow'rs
That haunt love's ever blushing bow'rs,
So sweet a nymph to marry ought;
Then may I hug her silken yoke,
And give the last, the final stroke,
T' accomplish lovely Harriot.

BALLAD XII.

TO JENNY GRAY.

Bring, Phœbus, from Parnassian bow'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flow'rs,
That far outbloom the May;
Bring verse so smooth, and thoughts so free,
And all the muses heraldry,
To blazon Jenny Gray.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,
Presenting spring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints how gay!
Thus, foremost of the blushing fair,
With such a blithesome buxom air,
Blooms lovely Jenny Gray.

The merry, chirping, plummy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among
That pipe the sylvan lay,

All hush'd at her delightful voice
In silent ecstasy rejoice,
And study Jenny Gray.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green rob'd vales,
And in each rose-bush play;
I know you all, you're arrant cheats,
And steal your more than natural sweets,
From lovely Jenny Gray.

Pomona and that goddess bright,
The florist's and the maids delight,
In vain their charms display;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness, nor in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Gray.

To the sweet knot of graces three,
Th' immortal band of bards agree,
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovely fourth,
And she is Jenny Gray.

BALLAD XIII.

TO MISS KITTY BENNET AND HER CAT CROPS.

FULL many a heart that now is free,
May shortly, fair one, beat for thee,
And court thy pleasing chain;
Then prudent hear a friend's advice,
And learn to guard, by conduct nice,
The conquests you shall gain.

When Tabby Tom your Crop pursues,
How many a bite and many a bruise
The amorous swain endures?
E'er yet one favourite glance he catch,
What frequent squalls, how many a scratch
His tenderness procures?

Though this, 'tis own'd, be somewhat rude,
And puss by nature be a prude,
Yet hence you may improve;
By decent pride, and dint of scoff,
Keep caterwauling coxcombs off,
And ward th' attacks of love.

Your Crop a moulin when you see,
She teaches you economy,
Which makes the pot to boil:
And when she plays with what she gains,
She shows you pleasure springs from pains,
And mirth's the fruit of toil.

BALLAD XIV.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE.

Written at College, 1741.

"RELAX, sweet girl, your wearied mind,
"And to hear the poet talk,
"Gentlest creature of your kind,
"Lay aside your sponge and chalk;
"Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse
"To hear the jingle of the muse.
"Hear your numerous vot'ries prayers,
"Come, O come, and bring with thee

"Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,
 "And all love's soft artillery;
 "Smiles and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
 "With all the little hopes and fears."

She heard—she came—and, e'er she spoke,
 Not unravish'd you might see
 Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
 Ere her tongue could set it free.
 While a forc'd blush her cheeks inflam'd,
 And seem'd to say she was asham'd.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,
 No tippet from our sight debar
 Her heaving breasts, with moles o'erspread;
 Mark'd, little hemispheres, with stars;
 While on them all our eyes we move,
 Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every gesture, every air,
 Th' imperfect lip, the languid eye,
 In every motion of the fair,
 We awkward imitators vie,
 And, forming our own from her face,
 Strive to look pretty as we gaze.

If e'er she sneer'd, the mimic crowd
 Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down;
 If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
 And sullen, if she 'gan to frown,
 In solemn silence sat profound—
 But did she laugh!—the laugh went round.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
 Each Johnian in responsive airs
 Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
 With all the politesse of bears.
 Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,
 Ev'n stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop.

The sons of culinary Kays
 Smoking from the eternal treat,
 Lost in ecstasie transport gaze,
 As though the fair was good to eat;
 Ev'n gloomiest kings-men, pleas'd a while,
 "Grim horribly a ghastly smile."

But hark, she cries, "my mamma calls,"
 And straight she's vanish'd from our sight;
 'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
 'Twas then we first perceiv'd it night;
 While all, sad synod, silent moan,
 Both that she went—and went alone.

BALLAD XV.

THE WIDOW'S RESOLUTION.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

SYLVIA, the most contented of her kind,
 Remain'd in joyless widowhood resign'd:
 In vain to gain her every shepherd strove,
 Each passion ebb'd, but grief, which drowned love.

AIR.

Away, she cry'd, ye swains, be mute,
 Nor with your odious fruitless suit
 My loyal thoughts controul;
 My grief on resolution's rock
 Is built, nor can temptation shock
 The purpose of my soul.

Though blithe content, with jocund air,
 May balance comfort against care,
 And make me life sustain;
 Yet ev'ry joy has wing'd its flight,
 Except that pensive dear delight
 That takes its rise from pain.

RECITATIVE.

She said:—A youth approach'd, of manly grace,
 A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race:—
 In flow'ry rhetoric he no time employ'd,
 He came—he woo'd—he wedded, and enjoy'd.

AIR.

Dido thus of old protested
 Ne'er to know a second flame;
 But, alas! she found she jested,
 When the stately Trojan came.

Nature a disguise may borrow,
 Yet this maxim true will prove,
 Spite of pride, and spite of sorrow,
 She that has a heart must love.

What on earth is so enchanting
 As beauty weeping on her weeds!
 Through flowing eyes, on bosom panting,
 What a rapturous ray proceeds?

Since from death there's no returning,
 When th' old lover bids adieu,
 All the pomp and farce of mourning
 Are but signals for a new.

EPISTLE TO MRS. TYLER.

It ever was allow'd, dear madam,
 Ev'n from the days of father Adam,
 Of all perfection flesh is heir to,
 Fair patience is the gentlest virtue:
 This is a truth our grandames teach,
 Our poets sing, and parsons preach;
 Yet after all, dear Moll, the fact is
 We seldom put it into practice;
 I'll warrant (if one knew the truth)
 You've call'd me many an idle youth;
 And styl'd me rude ungrateful bear,
 Enough to make a parson swear.
 I shall not make a long oration
 In order for my vindication,
 For what the plague can I say more
 Than lazy dogs have done before;
 Such stuff is naught but mere tautology;
 And so take that for my apology.
 First then for custards, my dear Mary,
 The produce of your dainty dairy,
 For stew'd, for bak'd, for boil'd, for roast,
 And all the teas, and all the toast;
 With thankful tongue, and bowing attitude,
 I here present you with my gratitude:
 Next for your apples, pears, and plumbs,
 Acknowledgment in order comes;
 For wine, for ale, for fowl, for fish—for
 Ev'n all one's appetite can wish for:
 But O ye pens, and O ye pencils,
 And all ye scribbling utensils,
 Say in what words, and in what metre,
 Shall unfeign'd admiration greet her,
 For that rich banquet so refin'd,
 Her conversation gave the mind;

M ij

The solid meal of sense and worth,
Set off by the desert of mirth;
Wit's fruit and pleasure's genial bowl,
And all the joyous flow of soul;
For these, and every kind ingredient,
That form'd your love—your most obedient.

TO THE REV. MR. POWELL.

ON THE NON-PERFORMANCE OF A PROMISE HE
MADE THE AUTHOR OF A HARE.

FRIEND, with regard to this same hare,
Am I to hope, or to despair?
By punctual post the letter came,
With P***ll's hand, and P***ll's name:
Yet there appear'd, for love or money,
Nor hare, nor leveret, nor coney.
Say, my dear Morgan, has my lord,
Like other great ones, kept his word?
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'squire?
Or has your poacher lost his wire?
Or in some unpropitious hole,
Instead of pufs, trepann'd a mole?
Thou valiant son of great Cadwallader,
Hast thou a hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?
But now, methinks, I hear you say
(And shake your head) "Ah, well-a-day!
" Painful pre-em'nence to be wife,
" We wits have such short memories.
" Oh, that the act was not in force!
" A horse!—my kingdom for a horse!
" To love—yet be deny'd the sport!
" Oh! for a friend or two at court!
" God knows, there's scarce a man of quality—
" In all our peerless principality---"
But hold---for on his country joking,
To a warm Welchman's most provoking.
As for poor pufs, upon my honour,
I never set my heart upon her.
But any gift from friend to friend
Is pleasing in its aim and end.
I, like the cock, would spurn a jewel,
Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust, and cruel.
But honest P***ll!—Sure from him
A barley-corn would be a gem.
Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,
And prais'd thy generous heart aloud,
If, 'stead of hare (but do not blab it)
You'd sent me only a Welch rabbit.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

THE SICK MONKEY.

A LADY sent lately for one Doctor Drug,
To come in an instant, and clyster poor Png---
As the fair one commanded, he came at the word,
And did the grand office in tye-wig and sword.
The affair being ended, so sweet and so nice!
He held out his hand with "you know, ma'am,
" my price."

"Your price," says the lady---"Why, Sir, he's
" your brother,
" And doctors must never take fees of each other."

EPIGRAM II.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

WHEN Phæbus was am'rous, and long'd to be
rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd pish! and ran swift to the wood,
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.

The nymph was be sure of a cold constitution,
To be turn'd to a tree was a strange resolution;
For in this she resembled a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

EPIGRAM III. (*From the Greek*).

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

To a Mouse says a Miser, "my dear Mr. Mouse,
" Pray what may you please for to want in my
" house?"
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself
" quiet,
" You are safe in your person, your purse, and
" your diet:
" A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
" But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
" board."

EPIGRAM IV.

*On a Woman who was Singing Ballads for Money
to Bury her Husband.*

For her husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet
lay,
Why, faith, this is singular sorrow;
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man to-
day,
She'll cry for a live one to-morrow.

To the Right Honourable

EARL OF DARLINGTON,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED PAYMASTER OF HIS
MAJESTY'S FORCES.

"The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
" To nobler heights thy name;
" Who praises thee shall meet with praise
" Ennobled in thy fame.

Smart's Ode.

WHAT the prophetic muse foretold is true,
And royal justice gives to worth its due;
The Roman spirit now breathes forth again,
And virtue's temple leads to honour's fane;
But not alone to thee this grant extends,
Nor in thy rise great Brunswick's goodness ends:
Whoe'er has known thy hospitable dome,
Where each glad guest still finds himself at home:
Whoe'er has seen the numerous poor that wait
To bless thy bounty at th' expanded gate;
Whoe'er has seen thee general joy impart,
And smile away chagrin from every heart,

All these are happy—pleasure reigns confest,
And thy prosperity makes thousands blest.

On the Death of Master Newbery, after a lingering Illness.

HENCEFORTH be every tender tear suppress'd,
Or let us weep for joy, that he is blest;
From grief to blest, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd:
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r;
That disposition sickness could not sour;
That sense so oft to riper years denied,
That patience heroes might have own'd with pride.
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And in the eleventh winter died a man.

Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, at St. Peter's in the Isle of Thanet.

WAS rhetoric on the lips of sorrow hung,
Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue,
Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,
Do glorious justice to herself and thee.
But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
Ev'n nature, blessed nature is our foe.
When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
For sad mortality is all our own.
Yet but a word: as lowly as he lies,
He spurns all empires and asserts the skies.
Blush, power! he had no interest here below;
Blush, malice! that he died without a foe;
The universal friend, so form'd to engage,
Was far too precious for this world and age.
Years were denied, for (such his worth and truth)
Kind heaven has call'd him to eternal youth.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. T. B. one of the People called Quakers. Written in his Garden, July 1752.

FREE from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
How simply neat and elegantly plain
Thy rural villa lifts its modest head,
Where fair convenience reigns in fashion'd stead;
Where sober plenty does its bliss impart,
And glads thine hospitable, honest heart.
Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,
And all the decent, all the manly joys!
Beneath a shadowy bow'r, the summer's pride,
Thy darling * Tullia sitting by thy side;
Where light and shade in varied scenes display
A contrast sweet, like friendly Yea and Nay.
My hand the secretary of my mind,
Leaves thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.

On Seeing the Picture of Miss R—— G——n. Drawn by Mr. Varelst, of Threadneedle-street.

SHALL candid † Prior, in immortal lays,
Thy ancestor with generous ardour praise;
Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,
In liveliest dyes immortaliz'd a flow'r,
And shall no just, impartial bard be found,
Thy more exalted merits to resound?

* His Daughter.

† See verses on a flower painted by Varelst.

Who giv'st to beauty a perpetual bloom,
And lively grace, which age shall not consume;
Who mak'st the speaking eyes with meaning roll,
And paint'st at once the body and the soul.

An Invitation to Mrs. Tyler, a Clergyman's Lady, to Dine upon a Couple of Ducks on the Anniversary of the Author's Wedding-Day.

HAD I the pen of Sir John Suckling,
And could find out a rhyme for duckling,
Why dearest madam, in that case,
I would invite you to a brace.
Haste, gentle ‡ shepherdes, away,
To-morrow is the gaudy day,
That day, when to my longing arms,
Nancy resign'd her golden charms,
And let my am'rous inclination
Upon the bus'ness of the nation.
Industrious Moll, || with many a pluck,
Unwings the plumage of each duck;
And as she sits a brooding o'er,
You'd think she'd hatch a couple more.
Come, all ye muses, come and sing—
Shall we then roast them on a string?
Or shall we make our dirty jilt run,
To beg a roast of Mrs. § Bilton?
But to delight you more with these,
We shall provide a dish of pease:
On ducks alone we'll not regale you,
We'll wine, we'll punch you, and we'll ale you.
To-morrow is the gaudy day,
Haste, gentle shepherdes, away.

TO MISS S—— P——E.

FAIR partner of my Nancy's heart,
Who feel'st, like me, love's poignant dart;
Who at a frown canst pant for pain,
And at a smile revive again;
Who doat'st to that severe degree,
You're jealous, e'en of constancy;
Born hopes and fears and doubts to prove,
And each vicissitude of love!
To this my humble suit attend,
And be my advocate and friend.
So may just Heav'n your goodness bless,
Successful ev'n in my success!
Oft at the silent hour of night,
When bold intrusion wings her flight,
My fair, from care and bus'ness free,
Unbosoms all her soul to thee,
Each hope with which her bosom heaves,
Each tender wish her heart receives
To thee are intimately known,
And all her thoughts become thy own:
Then take the blessed blissful hour,
To try love's sweet infectious pow'r;
And let your sister souls conspire
In love's, as friendship's calmer fire.
So may thy transport equal mine,
Nay—every joy be doubly thine!

‡ As every good parson is the shepherd of his flock, his wife is a shepherdes of course.

|| The maid.

§ The landlady of the public-house.

So may the youth, whom you prefer,
Be all I wish to be to her.

EXTEMPORE,

In the King's Bench, on hearing a Raven Croak.

YON raven once an acorn took
From Romney's stoutest tallest tree,
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which Providence keeps still alive,
Bids us with afflictions cope,
And all anxiety survive,

DISSERTISSIME Romuli Nepotum,
Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
Et quot post aliis erunt in annis,
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus,
Agit pessimus ompium Poeta;—
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

Imitated after Dining with Mr. Murray.

O THOU, of British orators the chief
That were, or are in being, or belief;
All eminence and goodness as thou art,
Accept the gratitude of Poet Smart,—
The meanest of the tuneful train as far,
As thou transcend'st the brightest at the bar.

INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

On one End.

PARTEM aliquam, O venti, divum referatis ad
aures.

On one Side.

Salve, quæ singis proprio modulamine carmen,
Salve Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
Dulcè O di divinumque sonas sine pollicis ictu,
Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!
Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

On the other Side.

Hail heav'nly harp, where Memnon's skill is
shown,
That charm'st the ear with music all thine own!
Which though untouch'd, can'st rapturous strains
impart,
O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
Such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,
So simply sweet the untaught virgins song.

On the other End.

Christophorus Smart Henrico Bell, Armigero.

AN EPIGRAM BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

DE TYNDARO.

Non minimo insignem naso dum forte puellum
Basiat, en! voluit Tyndarus esse dicax.
Frustra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,
Nostra procul nasus destinet ora tuus.
Protinus erubuit, tacitaque excaudit ira,
Nempe parum falso tacta puella sale.

Nasus ab ore meus tua si tenet oscula, dixit,
Quà nasus non est, hanc dare parte potes.

THE LONG-NOSED FAIR.

ONCE on a time I fair Dorinda kiss'd,
Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd;
My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
But though your lips say aye—your nose says, no,
Sir.—

The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily-hand behind;
Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely kiss,
Where there's no nose to interrupt thy bliss.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

Translated into Latin, in the manner of Mr. Bourne.

Cum primum ante oculos, viridi lasciva juvena,
Non temere attonitos Fannia pulchra fletit,
Ut mihi se gratus calor insinuavit in ossa
Miranti speciem, virgineumque decus!
Dum partes meditor varias, et amabile—quid non?
Lustrandique acies magna libido capit;
Prodigus et laudum dum formam ad sidera tollo,
Subdulus en! furtim labitur intus omor.

Idalii pueri, Venerisque exercitus omnis
Exornat multo lumina fœta dolo;
Hic currus, hic tela jacent, hic arcus Amoris.
Cypri posthabitis hic manet ipse jugis.
Nativis gena pulchra rosis vestita superbit,
Invalidam artificis spernere nata manum;
Non tantas jactat veneres suavissimus horti
Incola, quando novis spirat amoma comis.

Concinnis membris patet immortalis origo,
Illa Jovis monstrat quid potuere manus;
Reginamque Chidi, formosam Cyprida, reddit,
Quicunque egregio ludit in ore decor!
Quanta mihi nervos, heu, quanta est flamma me-
dullas,
Pectoris ut video luxuriantis ebur—
Pectoris eximie nymphae—jam dulcè tumentis
Jam subsidentis—sed cupit ante premi.

Circumdat mediam cestus (mihi credite) nympham
Insignis cestus, quem dedit ipsa Venus:
Dulce satellitium circa illam ludit amorum,
Atque hilares ducit turba jocosa choros.
Felix ante homines istius cingula zonæ
Qui solvas, felix, quisquis es, ante Deos!
Omnes, tanta omnes, nisi me, contingere posse
Guadia, vosque Dii, tuque puella neges.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Pleas'd with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear,

There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colours all her own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove ;
Her features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise suing to be prest :

Venus round Fanny's waist
Has her own cestus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy must he be,
Who shall her zone unloose !
That bliss to all but me,
May Heav'n and she refuse.

THE PRETTY CHAMBERMAID.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode IV.—Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &c.

COLLIN, oh ! cease thy friend to blame,
Who entertains a servile flame.
Chide not—believe me, 'tis no more
Than great Achilles did before,
Who nobler, prouder far than he is,
Ador'd his chambermaid Briseis.

The thund'ring Ajax Venus lays
In love's inextricable maze.
His slave Tecmessa makes him yield,
Now mistress of the sevenfold shield.
Atrides with his captive play'd,
Who always shar'd the bed she made.

'Twas at the ten years siege, when all
The Trojans fell in Hector's fall,
When Helen rul'd the day and night,
And made them love and made them fight ;
Each hero kiss'd his maid, and why,
Though I'm no hero, may not I ?

Who knows ? Polly perhaps may be
A piece of ruin'd royalty.
She has (I cannot doubt it) been
The daughter of some mighty queen ;
But fate's irrem'able doom
Has chang'd her sceptre for a broom.

Ah ! cease to think it—how can she,
So gen'rous, charming, fond, and free,
So lib'ral of her little store,
So heedless of amassing more,
Have one drop of plebeian blood
In all the circulating flood !

But you, by carping at my fire,
Do but betray your own desire—
Howe'er proceed—made tame by years,
You'll raise in me no jealous fears.
You've not one spark of love alive,
For, thanks to Heav'n, you're forty-five.

CHRISTOPHORUS SMART

SAMUELI SAUNDERS, COL. REGAL, S. P. D.

PHOEBUS et Liber, charitesque mecum
Nocte cœnabunt (ita spondet Hermes)
Nostra sed prorsus, nisi te magistro,
Poc'la recusant.

Attici dives venias leporis,
Non sine assueto venias cachinno, et
Blanda pinguedo explicitâ renidens
Fronte jocetur.

Georgium expecto, Salis architectum
Duplicis vasfrum fatis, æmulosque
Spero vos inter fore nunc, ut olim,
Nobile bellum.

Dumque lucubrata per omne longi
Frigoris sæclum pueros tenellos
Alma nox pictas videt otiosos
Volvere chartas.

Proh pudor ! devota lucro juvenus
(Ut puellarum numerus senumque)
Pallet infomnis repetita duri
Jurgia ludi.

Sperne (nam multæ cerebrum Minervæ
Est tibi) nugas age quæstuosas,
Arduas, vanas, et amara curæ
Elue mecum.

Jam rigit tellus, hyemantque menses,
Vestra sed laurus vireat, tuisque
In genis dulcis rosa sanitatis
Sera moretur.

Aul. Pemb. Cantab. Cal. Jan.

THE FAMOUS GENERAL EPITAPH FROM DEMOSTHENES.

THESE for their country's cause were sheath'd in
arms,
And all base imputations dare despise ;
And nobly struck with glory's dreadful charms,
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.
For never could their mighty spirits yield,
To see themselves and countrymen in chains ;
And earth's kind bosom hides them in the field
Of battle, so the Will Supreme ordains ;
To conquer chance and error's not reveal'd,
For mortals sure mortality remains.

Οἶδε πατέρας ἕνεκα σφετέρως εἰς δῆριν ἔθεντο
Οπλα, καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν ἀπισκέδασαν ;
Μαρνάμενος δ' ἀρετῆς καὶ δειμάτος, οὐκ ἐσάωσαν
Ψυχὰς, ἀλλ' αἶδην κοῖνον ἔθεντο θάλασσαν,
Δουλοσύνης στυγεράν ἀμφὶς ἔχασιν ὕβριν.
Οὐνεκεν Ἑλλήνων, ὡς μὴ ζυλὸν αὐχένι θεῶν,
Γαῖα δὲ πατρίς ἔχει κόλποισι τῶν πληίστα κα-
μυντων

Σώματ' ἐπεὶ θνητοῖς ἐκ Διὸς ἴδε κρίσις
Μηδὲν ἀμαρτεῖν ἴσθι θεῶν καὶ πάντα κατορθοῦν,
Εἴς θιοτὴ μοῖραν δούτι φυγεῖν ἔπορευ.
M iiij

CARMEN IN CÆCILIAM.

A Latin Version of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

DESCENDE cælo, spiritu quæ melleo
 Imples, Camœna, tibia;
 Descende pulsas quæ lyram volucris manu,
 Nervumque sopitum excita:
 Discat fundere suaviter severas
 Testudo numerosa cantilenas:
 Cava classica clangoribus auras
 Repleant, resonent tremebundarum
 Laquaria convulsa demorum:
 Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majestate
 Spirent, augustoque sonore inflata tumescant.
 Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus
 Se furtim bibulis insinuant modi!
 Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs
 Auditum Superis sonum!
 Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent
 Carmina, jam tremulus iractis fluitat furor auris;
 Donec minutatim remota,
 Jam liquefacta,
 Jam moritura,
 Murmura languent,
 Murmura dulci
 Leniter attenuata casu.
 Æquas ut servat moderatrix Musica mentes!
 Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis!
 Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora
 Tumultuosos fluctibus æstuant,
 Tranquillat; urget seu malorum
 Pondus, humo levat Illa voce.
 Gestit bellantes animosâ accendere cantu;
 Blandaue amatori medicamina sufficit ægro:
 Languens ecce! caput Mœstitia erigit,
 Morpheus molliculis proflit e toris,
 Ulnas implicitas pandit inertia,
 Audit diducis Invidia anguibus:
 Intestina animi cessant bella; applicat aures
 Seditio, nec præcipites reminiscitur iras.
 Ast ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,
 O! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulsû!
 Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inausam,
 Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,
 Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum
 Pinus sorores descenderè impigras,
 Et turba circumfusa muto
 Semideûm stupuere plausu:
 Incedit heros, quisquis audit sonum,
 Amore flagrans gloriæ:
 Dum seminudum quisque rapit manu
 Ensem, et coruscat multiplicem ægida:
 Ad arma sylvæ, ad arma montes,
 Terra, mare, astra sonant ad arma!
 Sed, cum per orci limites cavernosi,
 Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans
 Phlegethon, Poetam, Morte non minus pollens,
 Adire jussit pallidos Amor manes,
 Quæ miracula sonorum!
 Quæ feralia monstra videri,
 Diras per oras diffita!
 Horrida fulgura,
 Vox penetrabilis
 Sæva querentium,

Et picei ignis
 Triste crepusculum,
 Diri ululatus,
 Et gemitus gravis
 Mœsta profunditas.
 Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli singultus.
 Sed audin! audin! auream ferit chelyn,
 Miserisque fecit otium:
 En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adest!
 Quiescit ingens Sisyphi saxum, et suæ
 Acclinis Ixion rotæ,
 Atque leves ineunt pallida spectra choros!
 Ferratis sua membra toris collapsa reclinant
 Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, et lurica circum
 Colla auscultantes sese explicuere colubri!
 Per fluentorum vada, quæ pereunni
 Rore delibant sinuoso ripas;
 Per levem, siqua Elyssi vireta
 Ventilat aura;
 Per beatorum Genios colentes
 Arva quæ passim asphodelis renidet
 Gramen auratis, amaranthinæve um-
 bracula frondis;
 Per duces, si quis dubiam per umbram
 Splendidis late loca lustrat armis;
 Myrtæ et quisquis querulus vagatur
 Incola sylvæ;
 Reddite (vos rapuistis enim) mihi reddite sponfam,
 Obtestor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato!
 Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,
 Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,
 Et victa mansuescunt severæ
 Persephones sine more corda.
 Io Triumphe! Mors et Orcus Orpheo
 Lætantur domitore domari,
 Vatemque mirâ insigniunt victoriâ!
 Fata obstant—novies Styx circumfusa coercet—
 Nequicquam—vincit musica, vincit amor.
 Sed nimium, heu! nimium impatiens respexit a-
 mator:
 Ah! cecidit, cecidit, subitoque elapsa refugit!
 Quâ prece jam surdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas?
 At tu, si crimen, crimen amantes habes.
 Nunc pendulis sub antris,
 Jugesve propter undas,
 Ubi callibus reductis
 Temerè vagatur Hebrus
 Heu! solus, neque
 Auditus, neque
 Cognitus ulli,
 Fletus integrat,
 Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,
 Perdita, perdita,
 Heu! omne in ævum perdita!
 Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis
 En! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremunt,
 Ardescens tremunt, insanit, spemque abjicit omnem.
 Ecce! per avia lustra furens fugit ocyoi Euro;
 Evæ! perstrepat, audin', ut Hæmus, et ingemit
 evæ!—
 Ah! perit!—
 Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,
 Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,
 Eurydicen nemus,
 Eurydicen aquæ,
 Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque saxa retor-
 quent.

Luctus musica temperat feroces,
Et fati levat ingruentis ictus :
Dulcis musica moliter dolorem
Mutat lætitia ; sonante plectro
Spes averſa redit, Furor recumbit :
Nobis illa eadem breves adauget
Terræ delicias, opesque cœli
Præſentire docet remotiores.

Hinc ſolum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam
Ceperat harmoniam et modulamina non ſua,
Virgo.

Organa plena choris ubi magnifico conſentū
Miſcentur, aurem æthyrei inclinant incolæ ;
Terreſtres animæ tolluntur in aſtra tument
Carmine, divinoque alitur ſacra flamma furore ;
Dum prona cœlo pendet angelū cohors.
Orpheū jam taceant Pierides ſuum,
Major Cæcilie viſ datur inclytæ.
Ille vix umbram revocavit orco ;
Illa ſublataſ ſuper aſtra mentes
Inſerit cœlo, ſuperiſque miſcet
Carmine Diviſ.

Ο ΠΙΑΝΙΩΔΗΣ.

A Latin Verſion of Milton's L'Allegro.

Χρυſία χαλκίων, ἱκατομχοὶ ἰνιαλοιων. HOM.

PROCVL hinc, O procul eſto informis Ægrimonia,
Quam janitori Obſcuritas nigerrima
Suſcepit olim Cerbero,
Deſertem in caveâ Stygis profundâ,
Horribilis inter formas, viſuſque profanos,
Obſcœnoſque ululatus,
Incultam licet invenire ſedem,
Nox ubi parturiens
Zelotypiſ furtim nido ſuperincubat aliſ
Queriturque triſtis noctua,
Sub denſiſ illic ebeniſ ſcopuliſque cavatiſ,
Veſtri rugoſiſ more ſupercilii,
Æternū maneat Cimmeriâ in domo.

Sed huc propinquet comiſ et pulcherrima,
Quæ nympha diviſ audit Euphroſyne choriſ,
Patiens tamen vocatur a mortaliſ
Medicina cordiſ hilaritaſ, quam candida
Venuſ duabuſ inſuper cum Gratiis
Diaſ Lyæo patri in auras edidit :
Sive ille ventuſ (cæteri ut Myæ canunt)
Jocunduſ aurâ qui ver implet melleâ,
Zephyruſ puellam amplexuſ eſt Tithoniam
Quondam calendiſ feriataſ Maiiſ,
Tunc pallidiſ, genuit ſuper violariſ,
Super et roſarum roſcidâ lanugine,
Alacrem, beatam, vividamque filiam.
Agenduſ puella, quin pari vadant gradu
Jocuſ et Juventaſ, Scommata et Protervitaſ,
Doluſque duplex, nutuſ et niſtatio,
Tenuiſque riſuſ huc et huc contortilliſ ;
Qualiſ venuſt pendet Hebeſ in genâ,
Ainatque jungi lævibuſ gelafiniſ ;
Curæ ſequatur Luduſ infeſtuſ nigræ, et
Laterum Cachinnuſ pinguium fruſtra tenax.
Agite caterva ludat exultim leviſ,
Pedeſque dulciſ ſublevet laſcivia ;
Dextrumque claudat alma Libertas latuſ ;
Oreadum palantiū ſuaviſſima ;
Et ſi tuiſ honoribuſ non deſui,

Me ſcribe veſtræ, læta Virgo, familiæ,
Ut illiſ ſimul et tui conſortio
Liberrimâ juvenemur innocentia ;
Ut cum volatuſ auſpicatur concitoſ ;
Stupidamque alauda voce noctem territat ;
Levata cœleſtem in pharon diluculū,
Priuſque gilvum quam rubet crepuſculum.
Tunc ad ſeneſtraſ (anxi nolint, velint)
Diem precemur proſperam viciniæ,
Caput exerenteſ e roſiſ ſylveſtribuſ,
Seu vite, ſive flexili cynoſbato.
Dum Martiuſ, clamore Galluſ vivido
Tenuem laceſſit in fugâ caliginem,
Graditurve ſarriſ ad ſtruem, vel horrenum,
Domine præeunſ, graduque grandi glorianteſ.
Sæpe audiamuſ ut caneſ et cornua
Sonore læto mane ſopituſ cient,
Dum quâ præalti clivuſ albeſcit jugi,
Dociliſ conora reddit Echo murmura.
Mox, teſte multo, quâ virent coileſ, vager,
Ulmoſque ſepeſ ordinataſ implicat,
Eoa ſtanſ apriçuſ ante limina,
Ubi ſol coruſcuſ magnuſ inſtaurat diem
Veſtituſ igni, lucidoque ſuccino,
Inter micantū mille formaſ nubium.
Vicinuſ agruſ dum coloniſ tranſmeat,
Atque æmulatur ore ſiſtulam rudi,
Mulctramque portat cantitaſ puellula,
Falciqui cotem meſſor uptat ſtridula,
Suamque paſtor quiſque garrit fabulam,
Reclinuſ in convalle, ſubter arbuto,
Mox illecebraſ oculuſ arripuit novaſ,
Dum longuſ undiquaque proſpectuſ patet,
Canuſ novale, et fulca ſaltuſ æquora,
Quâ peccora grameſ demetunt vagantia ;
Sublimiuſ ſterilia terga montium,
Qui ponderoſa ſæpe turquent nubiſ,
Maculoſa verniſ prata paſſim bellibuſ,
Amneſ vadoſi, et latiora flumina.
Pinnaſque muroruſ, atque turreſ cernere eſt
Criſtata circū quāſ coronant robora,
Ubi forte quædam nympha fallit, cui decor
Viciniam (cynoſura tanquam) illuminat.
Juxta duaruſ ſubter umbrâ quercuū,
Culmiſ opertaſ ſumuſ emicat caſa,
Quâ jam vocati Thyriſ et Corydon ſedent,
Fameſque odorū compriment convivio,
Herbiſ, cibiſque ruſticis, nitidiſſimâ
Quæ ſufficit ſuccincta Philliſ dextera :
Mox Theſtyli moreſ gerent jacentia
Aurieſ cateniſ cogit in faſceſ fata :
Veniſve in horiſ, ſole toſtuſ virgineſ
Fænuſ recenti pellicit fragrantia ;
Eſt et ſereniſ quando ſœta gaudiis
Excelſiora perplacent magalia ;
Utcunque juxta flumeſ in numeruſ ſonant
Campanæ, et icſta dulce barbituſ ſtrepit
Dum multa nympha, multa pubeſ duriter
Pellunt Trementeſ ad canorem ceſpiteſ
Dubiaſ per umbraſ : qua labore liberi
Juveneſque ludunt, et ſeneſ promiſcui,
Meliuſ nitente ſole propter ferieſ.
Jam quando veſperuſcit, omneſ allicit
Auro liquenti Bacchuſ hordiaceuſ,
Phylliſque narrat fabuloſa facinora,
Lamia ut parataſ Mabbā conſumpſit dapeſ,
Se vapulaſſe, et eſſe preſſam ab Incubo,

Fatuoque tritâ ab igne seductam viâ ;
 Ut et laborem subiit Idolom gravem,
 Floremque lactis meritis est stipendium ;
 Unius (inquit) ante noctis exitum
 Tot grana frugis fuisse trivit veneficus,
 Quot expedire rustici nequeunt decem,
 Quo jam peracto plumbeum monstrum cubat,
 Focumque totum laterere longo metiens
 Crinita membra fessus igne recreat ;
 Dein, priusquam gallus evocat diem,
 Tandem satur phantasma sese proripit.
 Sic absolutis fabulis ineunt toros,
 Atque ad susurros dormiunt favonii.
 Turrita deinde perplacebunt oppida,
 Et gentis occupatæ mixta murmura,
 Equitumque turba, nobilesque spendidi,
 Qui pacis ipsâ vel triumphant in togâ,
 Nurusque, quarum lumen impetus viris
 Jaculatur acres, præmiumque destinat
 Marti aut Minervæ, quorum uterque nititur
 Nymphæ probari, quæ probatur omnibus :
 Hymenæus illic sæpe prætendat facem
 Clarissimam, croceumque velamen trahat,
 Spectac'la, mimi, pompa, commissatio,
 Veterumque ritu nocte sint convivia,
 Talesque visus, quos videt in somniis
 Juvenes poetæ, dum celebris rivuli
 Securi ad oram vespere æstivo jacent.
 Tunc ad theatra demigrem frequentia
 Johnsonæ, si tu, docte soccum proferas ;
 Sive * Ille musæ filius fundat sonos,
 Quam dulcè, quam feliciter, temerarios !
 Curæque carmen semper antidotos modis
 Mentem relaxet involutam Lydiis ;
 Oh ! sim perenni emancipatus carmini,
 Quod tentet usque ad intimum cor emicans,
 Auresque gratis detinens ambagibus
 Pedibus legatis suaviter nectar moras,
 Dum liquida vox, labyrinthus ut, deflectitur
 Dolo perita et negligenti industriâ,
 Variâque cætos arte nodos explicat,
 Animam latentem qui coercent musices ;
 Adeo ut quiete expergefactus aureâ
 Toros relinquit ipse Thrax amaranthinos,
 Medioque tales captet Elysio sonos,
 Quales avaram suadeant Proserpinam
 Nullâ obligatam lege sponsam reddere.
 His si redundes gaudiis, prudentis est,
 Lætitia tecum velle vitam degere.

DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

UNDE labor novus hic menti? Quæ cura quietam
 Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ,
 Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes?
 Scilicet impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,
 Fontinelle, tuos audax imitariæ ausus
 Gestio est insolitas spirant præcordia flammæ.

Fallor, an ipse venit? Delapsus ab æthere sum-
 mo

Pegason urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat :
 Me vocat ; et duris desiste laboribus, inquit,
 " Me duce, carpe viam facilem, tibi singula clarè
 " Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nōrunt,
 " Indigenas cultusque virūm, mōresque docebo."

* Shakspeare.

Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovanque
 (Quamquam animus secum volvens exempla prio-
 rum

Bellerophontæ pallet dispendia famæ)
 Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëro labor.
 —Mercurium petimus primum : Dux talibus insit ;
 " Aspicias vanæ malesana negotia gentis,
 " Quam mens destituit Titanæ exult propinquo.
 " Stramineis viden' ? Hic velatus tempora fertis
 " Emicat, et solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.
 " Ille suam carbone Chleon depingit amator
 " Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem
 " Carmina demulcent, indoctoque tibia musas.
 " En ! sedet incomptus crines barbataque menta
 " Astrologos, nova venatur sidera, solus
 " Semper in obscuro penetrati ; multaque muros
 " Linea nigrantes, et multa triangula pingunt.
 " Ecce ! sed interea curro flamante propinquat
 " Titan—Clamo, O me ! gelidâ sub rupe, sub
 " umbrâ

" Siste precor : tantos nequeo perferre calores."

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro
 Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ !
 Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascique florum
 Nutrix ; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe
 Vis fera, non Boreæ ; sed blandior aura Favoni,
 Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,
 Usque fovet teneros, quos usque rescuscitat, ignes.
 Hic lætis animata sonis Saltatio vivit :
 Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces
 Musica docta modos : pulchræ longo ordine nym-
 phæ

Festivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juvenus
 Certatim stipant comites : latè halat amomo
 Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris adore :
 Cura procul : circumvolitant risusque jocique :
 Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa
 volentes

Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,
 Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.

Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas
 Multa gemens linquo ; et lugubre rubentia Martis
 Arva, ubi sanguinæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,
 Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque
 Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones,
 Pro choreâ, et dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicis illis
 Saltus, et horribiles placet ære ciere sonores.
 Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu [næos
 Flet noctem, solumque torum sterileque Hyme-
 Deplorans, lacerat crines, et pectora plangit :
 Nequiquam—sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes
 Heu ! brevis, in somnis, et ludicra fallat imago.
 Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem :
 Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique cam-
 pis ;

Atque immortales durant in secula pugnae.
 Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.
 Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus
 Imperia in totidem servus, totidemque rebelles :
 Sed brevis exercet : parat illi fata veneno
 Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.
 Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt :
 Tum demum arma parant : longe lateque cohortes
 Extenduntur agris ; simul æquora tota téguntur
 Classibus, et ficti celebrantur utrinque triumpho.
 Foedera mox ineunt nunquam violanda ; brevique
 Belli iterum simulachra cient : referuntur in altum

Classes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.
Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito,
Servus hero insidias. Has leges scilicet illis
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem
Jupiter ipse suum folio detrufit avito.
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes
Suadet opum sitis, et regnandi dira cupido.

Saturni tandem nos illætabilis ora

Accipit: ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.
Vivitur in specubus: quis enim tam sedulus, arces
Qui struat ingentes, operosaque mænia condat?
Idem omnes stupor altus habet, sub pectore fixus.
Non studio ambitiosa Jovis, variosque labores
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cyprida nörunt.
Post obitum, ut perhibent, sedes glomerantur in
istas.

Qui longam nullas vitam excoluere per artes;
Sed Crerere et Baccho pleni, somnoque sepulti
Cunctarum duxere æterna oblivio rerum.
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquarum,
Mugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris:
Nudos non decorant segetes, non gramina compos,
Sylva, usquam si sylva, latet sub monte nivali,
Et canet viduata comis: hic noctua tantum
Glisque habitat, bufoque et cum testudine, talpa.
Flumina dum tardè subterlabentia terras
Pigram undam volvunt, et sola papavera pascunt:
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos
Suadent perpetuos, circumfulæque tenebræ.
Horrendo visu obstupui: quin Pegasus ipsum
Defecere animi: sensit dux, terque flagello
Insonuit clarum, terque altâ voce morantem
Increpuit: secat ille cito pede lævia campi
Ætherei, terræque secundâ allabitur aurâ.

Cantabr. in Comitibus prioribus, 1740-1.

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANETS.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Farwkes, A. M.

SAY, what uncommon cares disturb my rest,
And kindle raptures foreign to my breast?
From earth's low confines lift my mind on high,
To trace new worlds revolving in the sky?
Yes—I'm impatient of this orb of clay,
And boldly dare to meditate my way,
Where Fontinelle first saw the planets roll,
And all the god tumultuous shakes my soul. [skies
'Tis he! he comes! and through the sun-bright
Drives foaming Pegasus, and thus he cries:
"Cease, cease, dear youth, too studiously employ'd,
"And wing with me the unresisting void;
" 'Tis thine with me round other worlds to soar,
"And visit kingdoms never known before;
"While I succinctly show each various race,
"The manners and the genius of the place."
I (though my mind with lively horror fraught,
Thinks on Bellerophon, and shudders at the
thought),
Mount quick the winged steed; he springs, he flies,
Shoots through the yielding air, and cleaves the
liquid skies!—
First, swift Cyllenius, circling round the sun,
We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun:
"Mark well the genius of this fiery place,
"The wild amusements of the brain-sick race,
"Whose minds the beams of Titan, too intense,
"Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.

"A monarch here gives subject princes law,
"A mighty monarch with a crown of straw.
"There sits a lover, sad in pensive air,
"And like the dismal image of despair,
"With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair.
"In sadly-soothing strain rude notes he sings,
"And strikes harsh numbers from the jarring
"strings.
"Lo! an astrologer, with filth besmear'd,
"Rough and neglected with a length of beard,
"Pores round his cell for undiscover'd stars,
"And decks the walls with triangles and squares.
"Lo!—But the radiant car of Phæbus nigh
"Glow with red ardour, and inflames the sky—
"Oh! waft me, hide me in some cool retreat;
"I faint, I sicken with the fervent heat."

Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,
Where Venus governs with an easy sway.
Soft breathes the air; for Flora paints the ground,
And laughing Ceres deals her gifts around.
This blissful Tempe no rough blasts molest,
Of blust'ring Boreas, or the baleful east;
But gentle zephyrs o'er the woodlands stray,
Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,
Ethereal gales dispensing as they flow,
To fan those passions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay youth in measur'd steps advance,
While sprightly music animates the dance;
There the sweet melody of sounds admire,
Sigh with the song, or languish to the lyre:
Fair nymphs and amorous youths, a lovely band,
Blend in the dance, light bounding hand in hand.
From every grove the bucksome zephyrs bring
The rich ambrosia of eternal spring.
Care dwells not here, their pleasures to destroy,
But laughter, jest, and universal joy:
All, all is love; for Venus reigns confess'd
The sole sultana of each captive breast:
Cold Cynthia here would Cupid's victim prove,
Or the chaste daughter of imperial Jove,
And Cato's virtue be the slave of love,

But now through destin'd fields of air we fly,
And leave those mansions, not without a sigh:
Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains,
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody discord reigns.
The host in arms embattled sternly stands,
The sword, the dart, the dagger, in their hands.
Here no fair nymphs to silver sounds advance,
But buskin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance;
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,
With martial music fire the soul to war;
Here the lone bride bewails her absent lord,
The sterile nuptials, the deserted board,
Sighs the long nights, and, frantic with despair,
Beats her bare breast, and rends her flowing hair:
In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in tears—
In sleep, perhaps, the warrior lord appears,
A fleeting form that glides before her sight,
A momentary vision of the night.
Meanwhile regardless of her anxious pray'r,
The hardy husband sternly stalks to war;
Our ears the clang of ringing armour rends,
And the immortal battle never ends.

Hence through the boundless void we nimbly
move,
And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove,
Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod;
A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.

How short the period of a tyrant's date!
 'The pois'nous phial speeds the work of fate:
 Scarce is the proud imperious tyrant dead,
 But, lo! a second lords it in his stead.
 Here peace a common merchandise, is sold,
 Heav'n's first best blessing for pernicious gold:
 War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand
 Wide o'er the fields, a formidable band: [main
 With num'rous fleets they crowd the groaning
 And triumph for the victories they feign:
 Again in strict alliances unite,
 'Till discord raise again the phantom of a fight;
 Again they fail; again the troops prepare
 Their falchions for the mockery of war.
 The son inhuman seeks his father's life,
 The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.
 With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,
 Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his fire.
 Thence poisons, perjuries, and bribes betray;
 Nor other passions do their souls obey,
 Than thirst of gold, and avarice of sway. }
 At length we land, vast fields of ether crost,
 On Saturn's cold uncomfortable coast;
 Here in the gloom the pamper'd sluggard's lull
 The lazy hours lethargically dull.
 In caves they live; for who was ever known
 So wise, so sedulous to build a town?
 The same stupidity infects the whole,
 Fix'd in the breast, and center'd in the soul:
 These never feel th' ambitious fires of Jove,
 To industry not Mercury can move, }
 Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to
 love.
 Here rove those souls, 'tis said when life departs,
 Who never cultivated useful arts;
 But, stupify'd with plenty and repose,
 Dream'd out long life in one continual dose!
 No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains
 Attune to melting melody the plains,
 No flocks wide past'ring bleat, nor oxen low,
 No fountains musically murmur flow;
 Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,
 No harvest waves luxuriant in the fields.
 Low lie the groves, if groves this land can }
 boast,
 Chain'd in the fetters of eternal frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
 Dull animals inhabit this abode,
 The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad.
 Dull rivers deep within their channels glide,
 And flow roll on their tributary tide:
 Nor ought th' unvegetative waters feed,
 But sleepy poppy and the slimy reed;
 Whose lazy fogs, like Lethe's cups, dispense
 Eternal slumbers of dull indolence.
 Aghast I stood, the drowsy vapours lull
 My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.
 My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,
 Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed;
 Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein
 Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain, }
 Guides me with gentle gale, and lights on earth
 again.

MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

VERVECEUM in patria, quâ latè Hibernia squalent
 Arva inarata, palus horrenda voragine crebrâ

Ante oculos jacet; haud illic impune viator
 Per tenebras iter instituat; tremunt undique tellus
 Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos
 Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba.

Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,
 Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis
 Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,
 Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrale stuporis.
 Plumbea stat turris, plumbum sinuatur in arcus,
 Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.
 Hanc, pia materies, divo ædem extruxit inerti,
 Stultitiæ impulsu—quid enim? Lithargica semper
 Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,
 Et sine vi, nullo gaudet dea languida motu.

Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis
 auras

Materies peperit somno patre, lividus iste
 Zoilus, et Bavio non impar Mævius; audax
 Spinoza, et Pyrrho, cumque Hobbesio Epicurus. }
 Ast omnes valeat quæ musa referre? frequentes
 Usque adeo videas Hebetes properare?—nec ad-
 fert

Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.
 Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bæotica tellus
 Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis,
 Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor
 Felicem ad Lesbion levibus volitaverit alis,
 Indigenæ mellita ferens suspira Floræ.

Porticus illa vides? Gothicis suffulta columnis
 Templi auditus, quàm laxa patet! custodia qualis.
 Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua rollere miris
 Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso
 Personam logicis induta sophistica, denis
 Cincta categoriis, matrem quæ maxima natu [est!
 Filia materiem agnoscit—quantam instar in ipsâ
 Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt
 Fallacem: rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.

Vestis arachneis sordit circumdata telis,
 Queis gaudet labyrinthæos dea callida nodos.
 Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu—
 Quàm lentè cælo Saturni volvitur astrum,
 Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes,
 Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solemnibus pondera cænæ
 Gestant tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

Proxima deinde tenet loca forte infana Mathefis,
 Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta ca-
 pillos.

Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.
 Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam
 Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertexta rotunda
 Shemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum
 Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores
 Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.
 Illam olim, duce Neutono, tum tendit ad astra,
 Ætheriasque domos superum, indignata volentem
 Turba mathematicum retrahit, pœnasque reposcens
 Detenit in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parenis
 Divinæ; produxit enim commixta furenti
 Diva viro physice—muscas et papiliones
 Lustrat inexpletum, collumque et tempora rident
 Floribus, et fungis, totâque propagine veris.
 Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit
 Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seu ludit in undis,
 Seu volitans tremulis liquidum secat aëra pennis.
 O! ubi litoribus nostris felicius aura
 Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa stuporis
 Mugitu concussa trement, reboabit et ingens

Pulsa palus! Plausa excipiet dea blanda secunda
Microphile ante omnes; jam non crocodilon ado-
rat;

[det,
Non bombyx, conchæve juvant: sed Polypon ar-
Solum Polypon ardet,—et ecce! faceta feraci
Falce novos creat assidue, pascitque creatos,
Ah! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

Quartam materies peperit conjuncta stupori,
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademp-
tum,

Atque aures; cui sensus abest; sed mille trifulcæ
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.
Hanc stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos
Horret sylva sonos, neque surda repercutit echo.
Mendacem naturâ redarguit ipsa, demque
Et cælum, et terræ, veraciaque astra fatentur.

Si simul agglomerans surgit chorus omnis aqua-
rum,

Et puro sublimè sonat grave fulmen olympo.

Fonte ortus Lethæo, ipsius ad ostia templi,
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus,
Huc potum stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno:
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stupen-
do.

[aurem
Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens;—sed vellicat
Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.

THE TEMPLE OF DULNESS.

In Ireland's wild, uncultivated plains,
Where torpid sloth, and foggy dulness reigns,
Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,
And many a gulf the melancholy moor.
Let not the stranger in these regions stray,
Dark is the sky and perilous the way;
Beneath his footsteps shakes the trembling
ground,

Dense fogs and exhalations hover round,
And with black clouds the tender turf is crown'd.

Here should'st thou rove, by fate's severe com-
And safely reach the centre of the land; [mand,
Thine eyes shall view, with horror and surprise,
The fane of dulness, of enormous size,
Emerging from the sable cloud arise.

A leaden tow'r upheaves its heavy head,
Vast leaden arches press the slimy bed,
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead.

Old matter here erected his abode,
At folly's impulse, to the slothful god.

And here the drone lethargic loves to stray,
Slumb'ring the dull, inactive hours away;
For still, unless by foreign force impress'd,
The languid goddess holds her state of rest.

Their habitation here those monsters keep,
Whom matter father'd on the god of sleep:

Here Zoilus, with cank'ring envy pale,
Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail;
Spinoza, Epicure, and all those mobs

Of wicked wits, from Pyrrho down to Hobbes.
How can the muse recount the numerous crew

Of frequent fools that crowd upon the view?
Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so clear,

Disperse the dulness that involves them here.
Bæotia thus remain'd, in days of yore

Senseless and stupid, through the neighb'ring
shore,

Afforded salutary hellebore.

No cure exhal'd from zephyr's buxom breeze,
That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,
As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way,
Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play
Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away.

Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!
The pillars Gothic, wrought with barb'rous pride:
Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,
Of horrid aspect, sentry to the gate;

Lo! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,
In logic's dark disguise, stands sophistry;
Her very front would common sense confound,
Encompass'd with ten categories round:

She from old matter, the great mother, came,
By birth the eldest—and how like the dame!
Her shrivell'd skin, small eyes, prodigious pate,
Denote her shrewd, and subtle in debate:

This hand a net, and that sustains a club,
T' entangle her antagonist, or drub.

The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,
Imply the mazy errors of her head.

Behold her marching with funereal pace,
Slow as old Saturn rolls through boundless space,
Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along,
When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attending song:

Or, as at Oxford, on some gaudy day,
Fat beards in magnificent array,

With big round bellies bear the pond'rous treat,
And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat.

The next, mad Mathesis; her feet all bare,
Ungirt untrimm'd, with dissoluted hair:
No foreign objects can her thoughts disjoint;
Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point.

Before her, lo! inscrib'd upon the ground,
Strange diagrams, th' astonish'd sight confound,
Right lines and curves, with figures square and
round.

With these the monster, arrogant and vain,
Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,
And treats the sacred sisters with disdain.

She, when great Newton sought his kindred
skies,

Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise,
In vain—the mathematic mob restrains
Her flight, indignant, and on earth detains;
E'er since the captive wretch her brains employs
On trifling trinkets, and on gewgaw toys.

Microphile is station'd next in place,
The spurious issue of celestial race;

From heav'nly Phyfice she took her birth,
Her sire a madman of the sons of earth;
On flies she pores with keen unvaried sight,
And moths and butterflies, her dear delight:

Mushrooms and flow'rs, collected on a string,
Around her neck, around her temples cling,
With all the strange production of the spring.

With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find
Rare, uncouth animals of every kind;

Whether along the humble ground they stray,
Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,

Or through the light expanse of ether fly,
And with fleet pinions cleave the liquid sky.

Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,
O! let the Polypus be wafted o'er;

How will the hollow dome of dulness ring,
With what loud joy receive the wond'rous thing?

Applause will rend the skies, and all around
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound;

How will Microphile her joy attest,
And glow with warmer raptures than the rest?
This will the curious crocodile excel,
The weaving worm, and silver-shining shell;
No object e'er will wake her wonder thus,
As Polypus, her darling Polypus.
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife
New Polypusses wriggle into life,
Fast as they rise, she feeds with ample store
Of once rare flies, but now esteem'd no more.

The fourth dire shape from mother matter came,
Dulness her fire, and Atheism her name;
In her no glimpse of sacred sense appears,
Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears;
And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,
And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs.
Curs'd by her fire, her very words are wounds,
No grove re-echoes the detested sounds.
Whate'er she speaks, all nature proves a lie,
The earth, the heav'ns, the starry spangled sky
Proclaim the wise eternal Deity:
The congregated waves in mountains driven
Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of heaven.
Through skies serene the glorious thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the god, and shake the sounding
pole.

A river, murmuring from Lethæan source,
Full to the fane directs its sleepy course;
The pow'r of dulness leaning on the brink,
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink.
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull.
With frequent cups contending to be dull.
Me, let me taste the sacred stream, I cry'd,
With out-stretch'd arm—the muse my boon de-
ny'd
And sav'd me from the sense intoxicating tide.

MUTUA OCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO SOLVI POTEST MECHANICE.

MOMUS, scurra, procax superûm, quo tempore
Pallas

Exiit cerebro Jovis, est pro more jocatus
Nescio quid stulium de partu: excanduit irâ
Jupiter, asper, acerba tuens; "et tu quoque, dixit,
"Garrule, concipies, fætumq. ex ore profundes:"
Haud mora, jamque supinus in aulâ extenditur ingens
Derisor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte;
Stertit hians immane;—e naso Gallica clangunt
Classica, Germaniq. simul sermonis amaror:

Edita vix tandem est monstrum Polychasmia,
proles

Tanto digna parente, aviæq. similis nocti.
Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterno
Torpida, et horrendo vultum distorta cachinno.
Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgus
Fecerat infelix, imitariet are Prometheus
Audet—nec flammis opus est cœlestibus: auræ
Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes
Miscet, et innuptæ suspiria longa puellæ!
His adipem suis et guttur conjungit aselli;
Tensaue cum gemitu somnisque sequacibus ora.
Sic etiam in terris dea, quæ mortalibus ægris
Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta, cre-
ata est.

Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida cursu
Rustica plebs, stipatque forum? sublime tribunal
Armigerique equitesque premunt, de more parati
Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æques,

Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacent
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.
At mox fida comes Polychasmia, matutinis
Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis cerealibus, ipsum
Judicis in cerebrum scandit—jamque unus et alter
Cæperunt longas in hiatum ducere voces:
Donec per cunctos dea jam solenne, profundum
Sparserit hum—nutant taciti, tum brachia magno
Extendunt nisu, patulis et faucibus hiscunt.
Interea legum caupones jurgia miscent,
Queis nil rhetorice est, nisi copia major hiandi:
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugæque strophasque
Alternis jaculantur, et irascuntur amicæ,
Donantque accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.

Vox, fanatica turba, nequit pia musa tacere.
Majorem aliunde potest diducere rictum?
Ascendit gravis orator, miserâque loquelâ
Extromit thesin; in partes quam deinde minutas
Distrahit, ut connectat, et explicat obscurando:
Spargitur heu! pigris verborum somnus ab alis,
Grex circum genit, et plausum declarat hiando.

Nec vos, qui falsò matrem jactatis hygeian
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam—Polychasmia,
vestros

Agnosco natos: tumidas sine pondere voces
In vulgum eructant; emuncto quisque bacillum
Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus
Totum se in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens—
Rusticus haurit amara, atque insanabile dormit;
Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,
Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus Abracadabræ.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasmia, cura Sopiæ:
Ille tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem
Sedulus exquirat—quo scilicet impete fatiges
Invitæ disjungantur; quo vortice aquosæ [bres,
Particulæ fluitent, commitesque, ut fulminis im-
Cum strepitu erumpant; ut deinde vaporet ocellos
Materies subtilis; ut in cutis insinuet se
Retia; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.
Sic ubi, Phœbe pater, sumis chelyn, harmoniamque
Abstrusam in chordis simul elicis, altera, siquam
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremat æmula cantus,
Memmoniamque imitata lyrum sine pollicis ictu
Divinum resonat proprio modulamine carmen.

Me quoque, mene tuum tetigisti, ingrata, po-
etam?

Hei mihi! totus hio tibi jam stupefactus; in ipso
Parnasso captus longè longèque remotas
Prospecto musas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter,
Castalias situs inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore
Nectarei fugiunt latices—hos Popius urnâ
Excipit undanti, et fontem sibi vendicat omnem.

Haud aliter socium esuriens Sizator edacem
Dum videt, appositusque cibus frustratur hiantem,
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit
Sedulus officiosa, dapes remove paratus.
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frustra suprema
Devoret, et peritura immani ingurgitet ore:
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci
Ossa sonant, lugubre sonant, allisa catino.

A MECHANICAL SOLUTION OF THE PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.

WHEN Pallas issued from the brain of Jove,
Momus, the mimic of the gods above,

In his mock mood impertinently spoke
About the birth, some low, ridiculous joke:
Jove, sternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire,
And thus indignant said th' almighty fire:
"Loquacious slave, that laugh'st without a cause,
"Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth at thy
"jaws."

He spoke---stretch'd in the hall the mimic lies,
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes:
And as his jaws a horrid chasm disclose,
It seem'd he made a trumpet of his nose;
Though harsh the strain, and horrible to hear,
Like German jargon grating on the ear.

At length was Polychasmia brought to light,
Worthy her fire, a monster of a sight,
Resembling her great grandmother, old night. }
Her eyes to open oft in vain she try'd,
Lock'd were the lids, her mouth distended wide.
Her when Prometheus happen'd to survey
(Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay), }
He form'd without the aid of heav'nly ray.
To three Lethæan cups he learnt to mix
Deep sighs of virgins, with three blasts from Styx,
The bray of asses, with the fat of brawn,
The sleep preceding groan, and hideous yawn.
Thus Polychasmia took her wond'rous birth,
A goddess helpful to the sons of earth.

Lo! how the rustic multitude from far
Haste to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar.
The prest bench groans with many a 'squire and
knight,

Who weigh out justice, and distribute right:
Severe they seem, and formidably big,
With front important, and huge periwig.
The little villains skulk aloof dismay'd,
And panic terrors seize the pregnant maid.
But soon friend Polychasm', who always near, }
Herself had mingled with their morning beer,
Steals to the judges brain, and centres there. }
Then in the court the horrid yawn began,
And hum profound and solemn, went from man to
man:

Silent they nod, and with prodigious strain
Stretch out their arms, then listless yawn again;
For all the flow'rs of rhetoric they can boast
Amidst their wranglings, is to gape the most:
Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,
And give and take the leaden argument.

Ye too, fanatics, never shall escape
The faithful muse; for who so greatly gape?
Mounted on high, with serious care perplex'd,
The miserable preacher takes his text;
Then into parts minute, with wond'rous pain, }
Divides, connects, and then divides again, }
And does with grave obscurity explain:
While from his lips lean periods ling'ring creep,
And not one meaning interrupts their sleep.
The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws
With lamentable groans, and, yawning, gape ap-
plause.

The quacks of physic next provoke my ire,
Who falsely boast Hippocrâtes their fire:
Goddess! thy sons I ken---verbose and loud,
They puff their windy bubble on the crowd;
With look important, critical, and vain,
Each to his nose applies the gilded cane;
And as he nods and ponders o'er the case,
Gravely collects himself into his face,

Explains his med'cines---which the rustic buys,
Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies;
No pills, no potions can to life restore;
Abracadabra, necromantic pow'r }
Can charm, and conjure up from death no more. }

But more than aught that's marvellous and rare,
The studious Soph makes Polychasm' his care;
Explores what secret spring, what hidden cause,
Distends with hideous chasm th' unwilling jaws,
What latent ducts the dewy moisture pour
With sound tremendous, like a thunder-show'r:
How subtle matter, exquisitely thin,
Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,
Affects th' accordant nerve---all eyes are drown'd
In drowsy vapours, and the yawn goes round.
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings
Across the chords, and sweeps the trembling
strings;

If e'er a lyre at unison there be,
It swells with emulating harmony,
Like Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,
Breathing, untouch'd, sweet-modulated sound.

But oh! ungrateful! to thy own true bard,
Oh, Polychasm', is this my just reward?
Thy drowsy dews upon my head distil,
Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill;
Listless I gape, unactive, and supine,
And at vast distance view the sacred nine;
Wistful I view---the streams increase my thirst,
In vain---like Tantalus, with plenty curst;
No draughts nectareous to my portion fall,
These godlike Pope exhausts, and greatly claims
them all.

Thus the lean Sizar views, with gaze aghast,
The hungry tutor at his noon's repast;
In vain he grinds his teeth---his grudging eye,
And visage sharp, keen appetite imply;
Oft he attempts, officious, to convey
The lessening relics of the meal away---
In vain---no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw;
Till at the last, observant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly-murmuring miserably groans.
To see the empty dish, and hear the sounding
bones.

THE

HORATIAN CANONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

(a) Nay, 'tis the same with all th' affected crew
Of singing men, and singing women too:
Do they not set their catcalls up of coarse?
The king himself may ask them till he's hoarse;
But would you crack their windpipes and their
lungs,
The certain way's to bid them hold their tongues.

(a) Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter
amicos

Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati:
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: si collibuisse, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche! modo summa
Voce, [modo hac resonat que chordis quatuor im,

'Twas thus with Minum—Minum one would think,

My lord mayor might have govern'd with a wink.

Yet did the magistrate e'er condescend

To ask a song, as kinsman or as friend,

The urchin coin'd excuses to get off,

'Twas—hem—the devil take this whorson cough.

But wait awhile, and catch him in the glee,

He'd roar the * the lion in the lowest key,

Or strain the † Morning Lark quite up to G.

Act Beard, or Lowe, and show his tuneful art

From the plumb-pudding down to the desert.

(b) Never on earth was such a various elf,

He every day possess'd a different self;

Sometimes he'd scour along the streets like wind,

As if some fifty bailiffs were behind;

At other times he'd sadly, saunt'ring crawl,

As though he led the herse, or held the fable pall.

(c) Now for promotion he was all on flame,

And ev'ry sentence from St. James's came.

He'd brag how Sir John **** met him in the Strand,

And how his Grace of ***** took him by the

How the prince saw him at the last review,

And ask'd who was that pretty youth in blue?

Now would he praise the peaceful sylvan scene,

The healthful cottage, and the golden mean.

Now would he cry, contented let me dwell

Safe in the harbour of my college cell;

No foreign cooks, nor livry'd servants nigh,

Let me with comfort eat my mutton-pye;

While my pint-bottle, op'd by help of fork,

With wine enough to navigate a cork,

My sober solitary meal shall crown,

To study edge the mind, and drive the vapours

Yet, strange to tell, this wond'rous student lay

Snoring in bed for all the livelong day;

Night was his time for labour—in a word,

Never was man so cleverly absurd.

(d) But here a friend of mine turns up his nose,

And you (he cries) are perfect, I suppose:

(b) Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui

Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: modo reges, atque tetrarchas.

(c) Omnia magna loquens. Modo, sit mihi men-
sa tripes, et

Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,

Quamvis crassa, queat, decies centena dedisses

Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus

Nil erat in oculis, noctes vigilabat ad ipsum

Mane: diem totum stertebat, nil fuit unquam

Sic impar sibi, nunc aliquis dicat mihi: quid tu?

(d) Nullane habes vita? immo alia, et fortasse
minora.

Mænius absentem novium cum carperet: heus tu,

Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis

Verba putas? egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.

Stultus, et improbus hic amor est, dignosque notari.

Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,

Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum.

* The Lion's Song, in *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

† A song in one of Mr. Handel's oratorios.

Perfect! not I (pray, gentle Sir, forbear)

In this good age, when vices are so rare,

I plead humanity, and claim my share.

Who has not faults? great Marlborough had one,

Nor Chesterfield is spotless, nor the sun.

Grubworm was railing at his friend Tom Queer,

When Witwoud thus reproach'd him with a sneer,

Have you no flaws, who are so prone to snub,

I have—but I forgive myself, quoth Grub.

This is a servile selfishness, a fault

Which justice scarce can punish, as she ought.

Blind as a poking, dirt-compelling mole,

To all that stains thy own polluted soul,

Yet each small failing spy'it in other men,

Spy'it with the quickness of an eagle's ken.

Though strong resentment rarely lag behind,

And all thy virulence be paid in kind.

(c) Philander's temper's violent, nor fits

The wond'rous waggishness of modern wits;

His cap's awry, all ragged is his gown,

And (wicked rogue)! he wears his stockings down;

But he's a soul ingenious as his face,

To you a friend, and all the human race;

Genius, that all the depths of learning sounds,

And generosity, that knows no bounds.

In fruits like these if the good youth excel,

Let them compensate for the awkward shell.

Sift then yourself, I say, and sift again,

Glean the pernicious tares from out the grain;

And ask thy heart if custom, nature's heir,

Hath sown no undiscover'd fern-seed there.

This be our standard then, on this we rest,

Nor search the casuists for another test.

(f) Let's be like lover's gloriously deceiv'd,

And each good man a better still believ'd;

Quam aut aquila, aut serpens epidaurius? at tibi
contra

Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.

(e) Iracundior est paullo? minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum? rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret, at est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium
ingens

Inculto latet hoc sub corpore, denique teipsum

Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inteverit olim

Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala, namque

Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.

(f) Illuc prævertamur: amatorem quod amicæ

Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc

Delectant: veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ:

Vellem in amicitia sic erarimus; et isti

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

At, pater ut nati, sic nos debemus amici,

Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire, strabonem

Appellat pætum pater: et pullum, male parvum

Si cui filius est: ut abortivus fuit olim

Sisyphus, hunc varum, distortis cruribus, illum

Balbutit scaurum, pravis sultum male talis.

Parcius hic vivit? frugi dicatur ineptus,

Et jactantior hic paullo est? concinnus amicis

Postulat ut videatur. at est tunculentior, atque

Plus æquo liber? simplex, fortisque habeatur,

Caldior est? acres inter numeretur. opinor,

Hæc res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos.

E'en Celia's wart Strephon will not neglect,
But praises, kisses, loves the dear defect.
Oh! that in friendship we were thus to blame,
And ermin'd candour, tender of our fame,
Would clothe the honest error with an honest
name!

Be we then still to those we hold most dear,
Fatherly fond, and tenderly severe.
The fire, whose son squints forty thousand ways,
Finds in his features mighty room for praise:
Ah! born (he cries) to make the ladies sigh,
Jacky, thou hast an am'rous cast o' the eye.
Another's child's abortive—he believes
Nature most perfect in diminutives;
And men of ev'ry rank, with one accord
Salute each crooked rascal with my lord.
(For bandy legs, hump-back, and knocking knee,
Are all excessive signs of Q—ty.)
Thus let us judge our friends—if Scrub subsist
Too meanly, Scrub is an economist;
And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,
He aims at wit, and does it to divert.
Largus is apt to bluster, but you'll find
'Tis owing to his magnitude of mind;
Lollius is passionate, and loves a whore,
Spirit and constitution!—nothing more—
Ned to a bullying peer is ty'd for life,
And in commendam holds a scolding wife;
Slave to a fool's caprice, and woman's will;
But patience, patience is a virtue still!
Ask of Chamont a kingdom for a fish,
He'll give you three rather than spoil a dish;
Nor pride nor luxury is in the case,
But hospitality—an't please your grace.
Should a great gen'ral give a drab a pension—
Meanness!—the devil—'tis perfect condescension,
Such ways make many friends, and make friends long
Or else my good friend Horace reasons wrong,
(g) But we alas! e'en virtuous deeds invert,
And into vice misconstrue all desert.
See we a man of modesty and merit,
Sober and meek—we swear he has no spirit;
We call him stupid, who with caution breaks
His silence, and will think before he speaks.
Fidelio treads the path of life with care,
And eyes his footsteps; for he fears a snare.
His wary way still scandal misapplies,
And calls him subtle, who's no more than wise.
If any man is unconstrain'd and free,
As oft, my Lælius, I have been to thee,
When rudely to thy room I chance to scour,
And interrupt thee in the studious hour;
From Coke and Lyttleton thy mind unbend,
With more familiar nonsense of a friend;
Talk of my friendship, and of thy desert,
Show thee my works, and candidly impart
At once the product of my head and heart,

(g) At vos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
Nobiscum vivit? multum est demissus homo. illi
Tardo, cognomen pingui damus, hic fugit omnes
Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum?
(Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimini) pro bene fano,
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior, quis, qualem me sæpe libenter
Obtulerem tibi, Mæcenas, ut forte legentem

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Nasutus calls me fool, and clownish bear,
Nor (but for perfect candour) stops he there.
(b) Ah! what unthinking heedless things are men,
T' enact such laws as must themselves condemn?
In every human soul some vices spring
(For fair perfection is no mortal thing);
Whoe'er is with the fewest faults endu'd,
Is but the best of what cannot be good.
Then view me, friend, in an impartial light,
Survey the good and bad, the black and white;
And if ye find me, Sir, upon the whole,
To be an honest and ingenious soul,
By the same rule I'll measure you again,
And give you your allowance to a grain.
'Tis friendly and 'tis fair on either hand,
To grant th' indulgence we ourselves demand.
If on your hump we cast a fav'ring eye,
You must excuse all those who are awry.
In short, since vice or folly, great or small,
Is more or less inherent in us all,
Who'er offends, our censure let us guide,
With a strong bias to the candid side;
Nor (as the Stoics did in ancient times)
Rank little foibles with enormous crimes.
(i) If, when your butler, e'er he brings a dish,
Should lick his fingers, or should drop a fish,
Or from the side-board filch a cup of ale,
Enrag'd you send the puny thief to goal;
You'd be (methink) as infamous an oaf,
As that immense portentous scoundrel ———*.
Yet worse by far (if worse at all can be)
In folly and iniquity is he;
Who, for some trivial, social, well-meant joke,
Which candour should forget as soon as spoke,
Would shun his friend, neglectful and unkind,
As if old Parson Packthread was behind;
Who drags up all his visitors by force,
And, without mercy, reads them his discourse.

Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone? molestus?
Communi sensu plane caret, inquit. (b) Eheu,
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam?
Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce
Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet; amari
Si volet hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendant amicum
Postulat: ignoscat verrucis illius. æquum est,
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt stultus hærentia; cur non.
Ponderibus, modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac res
Ut quæque est, ita supplitiis delicta coeret?

(i) Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jus-
sus,
Semefos pisces, tipidumque ligurierit jus,
In cruce suffigat; Labeone infanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furiosius atque
Majus peccatum est? paullum delinquit amicus,
(Quod nisi concedas, habere infuavis, aceribus);
Odisti et fugis, ut Drosionem debitor æris?
Qui nisi cum tristes misero venere calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.

* An infamous attorney,

N

(*k*) If sick at heart, and heavy at the head,
 My drunken friend shall reel betimes to bed;
 And in the morn with affluent discharge,
 Should sign and seal his residence at large;
 Or should he in some passionate debate,
 By way of instance, break an earthen plate;
 Would I forsake him for a piece of delph?
 No—not for China's wide domain itself.
 If toys like these were cause of real grief,
 What should I do, or whither seek relief,
 Suppose him perjur'd, faithless, pimp, or thief?
 Away—a foolish knavish tribe you are,
 Who falsely put all vices on a par.
 From this fair reason her assent withdraws,
 E'en sordid interest gives up the cause,
 That mother of our customs and our laws.
 When first yon golden sun array'd the east,
 Small was the difference 'twixt man and beast;
 With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs
 they fought, [wrought
 Till malice was improv'd, and deadlier weapons
 Language, at length, and words experience found,
 And sense obtain'd a vehicle in sound.
 Then wholesome laws were fram'd, and towns
 were built,
 And justice seiz'd the lawless vagrants guilt;
 And theft, adultery, and fornication [fashion:
 Were punish'd much, forsooth, though much in
 (*l*) For long before fair Helen's fatal charms
 Had many a -----

 ----- *Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis* -----

 ----- set the world in arms.
 But kindly kept by no historians care,
 They all goodluck, have perish'd to an hair.
 But be that as it may, yet in all climes,
 There's different punishment for different crimes.
 Hold, blockhead hold—this sure is not the way,
 For all alike I'd lash, and all I'd slay,
 Cries W*****n, if I'd sovereign sway.

(*k*) Commixit lectum potus, mensave catillum
 Evandri manibus tritum deiecit: ob hanc rem,
 Aut positam ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
 Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jocundus amicus
 Sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit? aut si
 Prodiderit commissa fide? sponsumve negarit?
 Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,
 Cum ventum ad verum est; sensus, moresque re-
 pugnant
 Atque ipsa utilitas justis prope mater, et æqui.
 Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris, [ter,
 Murum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia prop-
 Unguibus, et pugnis, dien fustibus, atque ita porro
 Pugnant armis, quæ post fabricave at usus:
 Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
 Nominaque invenere; dehinc absistere bello,
 Oppida cæperunt munire, et ponere leges;
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latra, neu quis adulter.

(*l*) Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima
 belli
 Causa: sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.

Have sov'reign sway, and an imperial robe,
 With fury * *sultunate* o'er half the globe.
 Meanwhile, if I from each indulgent friend,
 Obtain remission, when I chance t' offend,
 Why, in return, I'll make the balance even,
 And, for forgiving, they shall be forgiven.
 (*m*) With zeal I'll love, be courteous e'en to strife,
 More blest than emperors in private life.

PROLOGUE

TO A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL
 FAIR.

*A Mock Play, acted at Pembroke College Hall,
 Cambridge, 1747.*

IN ancient days, as jovial Horace sings,
 When laurell'd bards were lawgivers and kings,
 Bold was the comic muse, without restraint,
 To name the vicious and the vice to paint;
 Th' enliven'd picture from the canvass flew,
 And the strong likeness crowded in the view.
 Our author practises more general rules,
 He is no niggard of his knaves and fools:
 Both small and great, both pert and dull his muse,
 Displays, that every one may pick and choose.
 The rules dramatic, though he scarcely knows,
 Of time and place, and all the piteous prose,
 That pedant Frenchmen snuffle through their
 nose. [done,
 Fools, who personate what Homer should have
 Like tattling watches they correct the sun.
 Critics, like posts, undoubtedly may show
 The way to Pindus, but they cannot go.
 Whene'er immortal Shakspeare's works are read,
 He wins the heart before he strikes the head.
 Swift to the soul the piercing image flies,
 Swifter than *Harriot's* wit, or *Harriot's* eyes;
 Swifter than some romantic traveller's thought;
 Swifter than British fire when *William* fought.
 Fancy precedes, and conquers all the mind;
 Deliberating judgment slowly comes behind;
 Comes to the field with blunderbuss and gun,
 Like heavy *Falstaff*, when the work is done. [pain,
 Fights, when the battle's o'er, with wondrous
 By *Shrewsbury's* clock, and nobly slays the slain.
 The critic's censures are beneath our care,
 We strive to please the generous and the fair;
 To their decision we submit our claim,
 We write not, speak not, breath not, but for them.

SOLILOQUY OF THE PRINCESS PERRI-
WINKLE,

*In the Mock Play of "A Trip to Cambridge, or the
 Grateful Fair."*

[*The Princess PERRIWINKLE sola, attended by four-
 teen maids of great honour.*]

SURE such a wretch as I was never born,
 By all the world deserted and forlorn:

----- dum tu quadrante lavatum
 Rex ibis, neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur: et mihi dulces
 Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus, amici.

(*m*) Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
 Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

* A word coined in the manner of Mr. W—M.

This bitter sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
 And all the oil and vinegar of love;
Pride, love, and reason, will not let me rest,
 But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
 'To wed with Fizgig pride, *pride, pride*, denies,
 Put on a Spanish padlock, reason cries; [plies.
 But tender, gentle *love*, with every wish com-
Pride, love, and reason, fight till they are cloy'd,
 And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
 Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
 The barber beats the luckless collier---white;
 The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
 And, big with vengeance, beats the barber---black.
 Incomes the brick-dust man, with grime o'er-spread,
 And beats the collier and the barber---red;
 Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

AN OCCASIONAL
 PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
 OTHELLO,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on Thursday the 7th of March 1751, by Persons of Distinction, for their Diversion.

WHILE mercenary actors tread the stage,
 And hireling scribblers lash or lull the age,
 Our's be the task t' instruct and entertain,
 Without one thought of glory or of gain.
 Virtue's her own---from no external cause---
 She gives, and she demands the self-applause:
 Home to her breast she brings the heart-felt bays,
 Heedless alike of profit and of praise.
 This now perhaps is wrong---yet this we know,
 'Twas sense and truth a century ago:
 When Britain with transcendent glory crown'd,
 For high achievements, as for wit renown'd;
 Cull'd from each growing grace the purest part,
 And cropt the flowers from every blooming art,
 Our noblest youth would then embrace the task
 Of comic humour, or the mystic masque. [bards
 'Twas their's t' encourage worth, and give to
 What now is spent in boxing and in cards.
 Good sense their pleasure---virtue still their guide,
 And English magnanimity---their pride.
 Methinks I see with fancy's magic eye,
 The shade of Shakspeare, in yon azure sky,
 On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,
 Piercing all nature with a single glance:
 In various attitudes around him stand
 The passions, waiting for his dread command.
 First kneeling love before his feet appears,
 And, musically sighing, melts in tears.
 Near him fell jealousy with fury burns,
 And into storms the amorous breathings turns;
 Then hope, with heavenward look, and joy drawn
 near,

While palsied terror trembles in the rear.
 Such Shakspeare's train of horror and delight,
 And such we hope to introduce to-night.
 But if, though just in thought, we fail in fact,
 And good intention ripens not to act,
 Weigh our design, your censure still defer,
 When truth's in view, 'tis glorious e'en to err.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY DESDEMONA.

TRUE woman to the last---my peroration
 I come to speak, in spite of suffocation;

To show the present and the age to come,
 We may be chok'd, but never can be dumb.
 Well, now methinks I see you all run out,
 And haste away to Lady Bragwell's rout;
 Each modish sentiment to hear and weigh,
 Of those who nothing think, and all things say.
 Prudella first in parody begins
 (For nonsense and buffoonery are twins).
 "Can beaux the court for theatres exchange!"
 "I swear by Heaven 'tis strange, 'tis passing
 'strange;"
 "And very whimsical, and mighty dull,"
 "And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful:
 "I wish I had not heard it"---blest dame!
 Whene'er she speaks, her audience with the same.
 Next Neddy Nicely---"Fie, O fie, good lack,
 "A nasty man, to make his face all black."
 Then Lady Stiffneck shows her pious rage,
 And wonders we should act---upon a stage.
 "Why, ma'am, says Coquetilla, a disgrace?
 "Merit in any form may show her face:
 "In this dull age the male things ought to play,
 "To teach them what to do, and what to say."
 In short, they all with different cavils cram us,
 And only are unanimous to damn us.
 But still there are a fair judicious few,
 Who judge unbiass'd, and with candour view;
 Who value honesty, though clad in buff,
 And wit, though dress'd in an old English ruff.
 Behold them here---I beaming sense decry,
 Shot from the living lustre of each eye.
 Such meaning smiles each blooming face adorn,
 As deck the pleasure-painted brow of morn;
 And show the person of each matchless fair,
 Though rich to rapture, and above compare,
 Is, ev'n with all the skill of Heav'n design'd,
 But an imperfect image of their mind;
 While chastity, unblemish'd and unbrib'd,
 Adds a majestic mien, that scorns to be describ'd:
 Such we will vaunt, and only such as these,
 'Tis our ambition and our fame to please.

EPILOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

(Enters reading a Play-Bill.)

A VERY pretty bill---as I'm alive!
 The part of---nobody---by Mrs. Clive!
 A paltry scribbling fool---to leave me out---
 He'll say, perhaps---he thought I could not spout.
 Malice and envy to the last degree!
 And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he,
 And fairly ventur'd it---without the aid
 Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in mas-
 querade;
 Oh! pit---have pity---see how I'm dismay'd!
 Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
 Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
 But granting that from these same obsequies,
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
 Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
 As Pallas turns to feast---Lardella's bier;
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme by half,
 T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with
 me to laugh,
 I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
 A spouting junto of the female kind.
 There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
 Well dress'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for show;
 Nij

Who, when in rage, she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
 'Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!'—thinks she more
 than Zara?

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
 And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy Chase,
 And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
 And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,
 Presumes on something—touching the Lord
 'Hamlet.

A cousin too she has with squinting eyes,
 With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
 Who for the stage too short by half a story,
 Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory.
 And while she's traversing her scanty room,
 Cries—'Lord! my lord, what can I do at home?'
 In short, we've girls enough for all the fellows,
 The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
 The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
 Oh! little do those silly people know,
 What dreadful trials—actors undergo.
 Myself—who most in harmony delight,
 Am scolding here from morning until night.
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
 Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
 Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
 Study arithmetic, and shun our plays;
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
 Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
 Be timely wise, for oh! be sure of this,
 A shop with virtue, is the height of bliss.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. SHUTER,

*At Covent-Garden, after the Play of the "Con-
 scious Lovers," acted for the Benefit of the Mid-
 dlesex Hospital for Lying-in Women, 1755, in
 the Character of a Man-Midwife.*

(Enters with a Child.)

WHOE'ER begat thee has no cause to blush;
 Thou'rt a brave chopping boy (*child cries*), nay,
 hush, hush, hush!

A workman faith! a man of rare discretion,
 A friend to Britain, and to our profession:
 With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
 O rare roast beef of England!--here's a lad!
 (*Shows him to the company.*)

(Child makes a noise again.)

Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
 Go to the nurse. Within!--here, take him off.
 Well, Heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
 Thanks to the bar, the pulpit, and the stage;
 But not to th' army--that's not worth a farthing,
 The captains go too much to Covent-Garden,
 Spoil many a girl--but seldom make a mother;
 They foil us one way--but we have them t'
 other. (*Shakes a box of pills.*)

The nation prospers by such joyous souls,
 Hence smokes my table, hence my chariot rolls.
 Though some snug jobs, from surgery may spring,
 Man-midwifery, man-midwifery's the thing!
 Lean should I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
 By mere cathartics and by plain phlebotomy.
 Well, besides gain, besides the power to please,
 Besides the music of such birds as these,

(Shakes a purse.)

It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
 To hear the praises of the grateful poor.
 This day comes honest Taffy to my house,
 "Cot pleis her, her has sav'd her poy and spouse,
 "Her sav'd her Gwinnifrid, or death had swal-
 "low'd her,
 "Though creat crand, creat crand crand child of
 "Cadwallader."

Cries Patrick Toulz'em, "I am bound to pray,
 "You've sav'd my Sue in your same phyfic way,
 "And further shall I thank you yesterday."
 Then Sawney came, and thank'd me for my love
 (I very readily excus'd his glove).
 He blest'd the mon, e'en by St. Andrew's cross,
 "Who cur'd his bonny bairn, and blithsome lafs."
 But merriment and mimicry apart,
 Thanks to each bounteous hand and gen'rous
 heart,
 Of those, who tenderly take pity's part;
 Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,
 Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.
 Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heaven,
 Who raise and beautify the bounty given;
 But chief to * him in whom distress confides,
 Who o'er this noble plan so gloriously presides.

DE ARTE CRITICA.

A Latin Version of Pope's Essay on Criticism.

"Nec me animi fallit—

Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse
 (Multa novis verbis præsertim cum sit agendum)
 Propter egestatem linguæ, et rerum novitatem."

LUCRET.

Dictu difficile est, an sit dementia major
 Egisse invitâ vatem criticumne Minervâ;
 Ille tamen certe venia tibi dignior errat
 Qui lassat, quam qui seducit in avia sensus.
 Sunt, qui absurda cavunt; sed enim stultissima
 stultos:

Quam longe exuperat criticorum natio vates;
 Se solum exhibuit quondam, melioribus annis
 Natus hebes, ridendum; ac nunc musa improba
 prolemo

Innumeram gignit, quæ mox sermone soluto
 Equipater stolidos versus, certetque stupendo.
 Nobis judicium, veluti quæ dividit horas
 Machina, construitur, motus non omnibus idem,
 Non pretium, regit usque tamen sua quemque,
 Poetas;

Divite perpaucos venâ donavit Apollo,
 Et criticis recte sapere est rarissima virtus;
 Arte in utraque nitent felices indole soli,
 Musaque quos placido nascentes lumine vedit.
 Ille † alios melius, qui inclaruit ipse, docebit,
 Jureque quam meruit, poterit tribuisse coronam.
 Scriptores (fateor) fidunt propriæ nimis arti,
 Nonne autem criticos pravus favor urget ibidem?
 At vero proprius sistemus, cuique fatendum est,
 Judicium ‡ quoddam natura inseverit olim:

* The Earl, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

† "Qui scribit artificiose, ab abliis commode
 scripta facile intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad Herenn.*
b. 4.

‡ "Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ultâ arte,
 aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta
 ac prava dijudicant." *Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.*

Illam diem certe dubiam diffundere callet
Et, strictim descripta licet, sibi linea constet.
Sed minimum ut Specimen, quod pictor doctus
adumbrat,

Deterius tibi fiat eo mage, quo mage vilem
Inducat isti fucum, sic mentis honestæ
Doctrina effigiem maculabit prava decoram.
His inter cæcas mens illaqueata scholarum
Ambages errat, stolidisque supervenit illis
(Diis aliter visum est) petulantia. Perdere sensum
Communem hi sudant, dum frustra ascendere Pin-
dum

Conantur, mox, ut se defensoribus ipsis
Utantur, critici quoque fiunt: omnibus idem
Ardor scribendi, studio hi rivalis aguntur,
Illis invalida eunuchi violentia gliscit.
Ridendi proprium est satius cacoethes, amantque
Turbæ perpetuo sese immiscere jocosa.
Mævius invito dum sudat Apolline, multi
Pingue opus exuperant (si diis placet) emendando.

Sunt qui belli homines primo, tum deinde poetæ,
Mox critici evasere, meri tum denique stulti.
Est, qui nec criticum nec vatem reddit, inersque
Ut mulus, medium quoddam est asinum inter e-
quumque

Bellula semi-hominum vix pæne elementa scientem
Primula gens horum est, premitur quibus Anglia,
quantum

Imperfecta scatent ripis animalcula nili,
Futile, abortivum genus, et prope nominis experts,
Usque adeo æquivoca est, e qua generantur, origo.
Hos centum nequeunt linguæ numerare, nec una
Unius ex ipsis, quæ centum sola fatiget.

At tu qui famam simul exigis atque redonas
Pro meritis, criticique affectas nobile nomen.
Metitor te ipsum, prudensque expendito quæ sit
Judicii, ingenii tibi, doctrinæque facultas;
Si qua profunda nimis, cauto vitentor, et ista
Linea, quæ coeunt stupor ingeniumque, notator.
Qui finem imposuit rebus Deus omnibus aptum,
Humani vanum ingenii restrinxit acumen.
Qualis ubi oceani vis nostra irrumpit in arva,
Tunc desolatas alibi denudat arenas;
Sic animæ reminiscendi dum copia restat,
Consilii gravioris abest plerumque potestas;
Ast ubi Phantasiæ fulgent radiantia tela,
Mnemosyne teneris cum formis victa liquefcit.
Ingenio tantum mæsa uni sufficit una,
Tanta ars est, tantilla scientia nostra videtur:
Non solum ad certas artes astricta sequendas,
Sæpe has non nisi quâdam in simplice parte sequa-
tur.

Deperdas partos utcunque labore triumphos,
Dum plures, regum instar, aves acquirere lauros;
Sed sua tractat facilis provincia cuique est,
Si non, quæ pulchre sciat, ut vulgaria, temnat.

Naturam sequere imprimis, atque illius æquâ
Judicium ex normâ fingas, quæ nescia flecti:
Illa etenim, sine labe micans, ab origine divâ,
Clarâ, constanti, lustrantique omnia luce,
Vitamque, speciemque, et vires omnibus addat,
Et fons, et finis simul, atque criterion artis.
Quærit opes ex hoc thesauro ars, et sine pompâ
Præsidet, et nullas turbas facit inter agendum.
Talis, vivida vis formoso in corpore mentis,
Lætium toti inspirans et robore massæ,
Ordinat et motus, et nervos sustinet omnes,
Inter opus varium tamen ipsa abscondita fallit.

Sæpe is, cui magnum ingenium Deus addidit, idem
Indigus est majoris, ut hoc benè calleat uti;
Ingenium nam judicio velut uxor habendum est
Atque viro, cui fas ut pareat, usque repugnat.
Musæ quadrupedum labor est inhibere capistro,
Præcipientes regere, at non irritare volatus
Pegasus, instar equi generosi, grandior ardet
Cum sentit retinacula, nobiliorque tuetur.

Regula quæque vetus tantum observata peritis
Non inventa fuit criticis, debetque profecto
Naturæ ascribi, sed enim quam lima polivit;
Nullas naturæ divina monarchia leges,
Exceptis solum quas sanxerit ipsa, veretur.

Qualibus, audistin' resonat celeberrima normis
Græcia, seu doctum premit, indulgetve furorem?
Illa suos sistit Parnassi in vertice natos,
Et, quibus ascendere docet, salebrosa viarum,
Sublimique manu dona immortalia monstrat,
Atque æquis reliquos procedere passibus urget.
Sic magnis doctrina * ex exemplaribus hausta,
Sumit ab hisce, quod hæc duxerunt ab Jove summo.
Ingenius judex musarum ventilat ignes,
Et fretus ratione docet præcepta placendi.
Ars critica officiosa Camœnæ servit, et ornat
Egregias veneres, pluresque irretit amantes.
Nunc vero docti longè diversa sequentes,
Contempti dominæ, vilem petiere ministrum;
Propriaque in miseros veterunt tela poetas,
Discipulique suos pro more odere magistros.
Haud aliter sanè nostrates pharmacopolæ
Ex medicum crevit quibus ars plagiaria chartis,
Audaces errorum adhibent sine mente medelas,
Et veræ Hippocratis jactant convicia proli.
Hi veterum authorum scriptis vescuntur, et ipsos
Vermiculos, et tempus edax vicere vorando.
Stultitiâ simplex ille, et sine divite venâ,
Carmina quo fiant pacto miserabile narrat.
Doctrinam ostentans, mentem alter perdidit om-
nem

Atque alter nodis vaser implicat enodando.

Tu quicumque cupis judex procedere rectè,
Fac veteris cujusque stylus discatur ad unguem;
Fabula, materies, quo tendat pagina quævis;
Patria, religio quæ sint, quæ moribus ævum:
Si non intuitu cuncta hæc complecteris uno,
Scurra, cavilator—criticus mihi non eris unquam.
Ilias esto tibi studium, tibi sola voluptas,
Perque diem lege, per noctes meditare serenas;
Hinc tibi iudicium, hinc ortum sententia ducat;
Musarumque undas fontem bibe lætus ad ipsum.
Ipse suorum operum sit commentator, et author,
Mæonidisve legas interprete scripta Marone.

† Cum caneret primum parvus Maro bella vi-
rosque,
Nec monitor Phœbus tremulas jam velleret aures,
Legibus immunem criticis se fortè putabat,
Nil nisi naturam archetypam dignatus adire:
Sed simul ac caute mentem per singula volvit,
Naturam invenit, quacunque invenit Homerum.
Victus, et attonitus, malefani desinit ausi,
Jamque laboratum in numerum vigil omnia cogit,

* "Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argu-
menta invenirentur, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam
preciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata et col-
lecta ediderunt.

† "Cum canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthiaus
aurem—Vellit."

QUINTIL.
VIRE. Ecl. 6.

Cultaque Aristotelis metitur carmina normâ.
Hinc veterum discas præcepta veterier, illos
Sectator sic naturam sectaberis ipsam.

At vero virtus restat jam plurima, nullo
Describenda modo, nullâque parabilis arte,
Nam felix tam fortuna est, quam cura canendi.
Muscam in hoc reddit divina poesis, utramque
Multæ orant veneres quas verbis pingere non est,
Quasque attingere nil nisi summa peritia possit.

* Regula quâcunque minus diffusa videtur,
(Quum tantum ad propriam collinet singula me-
tam)

Si modo consiliis inserviat ulla juvandis
Apta licentia, lex enim ista licentia fiat.
Atque ita quo citius procedat, calle relicto
Communi musæ sonipes bene devius erret.
Accidit interdum, ut scriptores ingenium ingens
Evehat ad culpam egregiam, maculasque micantes
Quas nemo criticorum audet detergere figat;
Accidit ut linquat vulgaria claustra furore
Magnanimo, rapiatque solutum lege decorem,
Qui, quum judicium non intercedat, ad ipsum
Cor properat, finesque illic simul obtinet omnes.
Haud aliter si forte jugo speculamur aprico,
Luminibus res arident, quas Dædella tellus
Parcior ostentare solet, velut ardua montis
Asperitas, scopulive excelsi pendulus horror.
Cura tamen semper magna est adhibenda poesi,
Atque hic cum ratione insanit author, oportet:
Et, quamvis veteres pro tempore jura refigunt,
Et leges violare suas regaliter audent,
Tu caveas, moneo, quisquis nunc scribis, et ipsam
Si legem frangas, memor ejus respice finem.
Hoc semper tamen evites, nisi te gravis urget
Nodus, præmonstrantque authorum exempla prio-
rum.

Ni facias, criticus totam implacabilis iram
Exercet, turpique notâ tibi nomen inurit.

Sed non me latuere, quibus sua liberiores
Has veterum veneres vitio dementia vertit.
Et quædam tibi signa quidem monstrosa videntur,
Si per se vel perpendas, propiorave lustres,
Quæ rectâ cum constituas in luce loquere,
Formam conciliat distantia justa venustam.
Non aciem semper belli dux callidus artis
Instruit æquali serie ordinibusque decoris,
Sed se temporibusque loquere accommodat, agmen
Celandò jam, jamque fugæ simulachra ciendo.
Mentitur speciem erroris sæpe astus, et ipse
Somniat emunctus iudex, non dormit Homerus.

Aspice, laurus adhuc antiquis vernat in aris,
Quas rabidæ violare manus non amplius audent;
Flammarum a rabie tutas, Stygiæque veneno
Invidiæ, martisque minis et moribus ævi.
Docta caterva, viden! fert ut fragrantia thura;
Audin ut omnigenis resonant præconia linguis!
Laudes usque adeo meritis vox quæque rependat,
Humanique simul generis chorus omnis adesto.
Salvere, O vates! nati melioribus annis,
Munus et immortale æternæ laudis adepti!
Queis juvenescit honos longo maturior ævo,

* "Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed
hoc quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit; non negabo
autem, sic utile est plerumque; verum si eadem
illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis ma-
gistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.

QUINT. lib. 2. cap. 13.

Ditior ut diffundit aquas, dum defluit amnis!
Vos populi mundique canent, sacra nomina, quos
jam

Inventrix (sic diis visum est) non contigit ætas!
Pars aliqua, o utinam! sacro scintillet ab igne
Illi, qui vestra est extrema et humillima proles!
(Qui longe sequitur vos debilioribus alis
Lector magnanimus, sed enim, sed scriptor inau-
dax)

Sic critici vani, me præcipiente, priores
Mirari, arbitrioque suo dissidere discant.

Omnibus ex causis, quæ animum corrumpere
junctis

Viribus, humanumque solent obtundere acumen,
Pingue caput solita est momento impellere summo
Stultitiæ semper cognata superbia; quantum
Mentis nascenti fata invidere, profuso
Tantum subsidio fastus superaddere gaudent;
Nam veluti in membris, sic sæpe animabus, inanes
Exundant vice * spirituum, vice sanguinis auræ
Suppetias inopi venit alma superbia menti,
Atque per immensum capitis se extendit inane!
Quod si recta valent ratio hanc dispergere nubem
Naturæ verique dies sincera refulget.

Cuicunque est animus penitus cognoscere culpas,
Nec sibi, nec sociis credat, verum omnibus aurem
Commodet, apponatque inimica opprobria lucro.

Ne musæ invigiles mediocriter, aut fuge fon-
tem

Castalium omnino, aut haustu te prolue pleno:
Istius laticis tibi mens abstemia torpet
Ebria, sobrietasque redit revocata bibendo.
Intuitu musæ primo novitateque capta
Aspirat doctrinæ ad culmina summa juvenus
Intrepida, et quoniam tunc mens est arcta, suoque
Omnia, metiur modulo, malè lippa labores
Ponè secuturos oculis non aspicit æquis:
Mox autem attonitæ jam jamque scientia menti
Crebrescit variata modis sine limite miris!
Sic ubi desertis conscendere vallibus Alpes
Aggredimur, nubesque humiles calcare videmur,
Protinus æternas superasse nives, et in ipso
Invenisse viæ lætamur limine finem:

His vero exactis tacito errore stupemus
Durum crescentem magis et magis usque laborem,
Jam longus tandem prospectus læsa fagitat
Lumina, dum colles assurgunt undique sæti
Collibus, impositæque emergunt Alpibus Alpes.

† Ingeniosa leget iudex perfectus eadem
Quâ vates scripsit studiosus opuscula curâ,
Totum perpendet, censorque est parcus, ubi ardor
Exagitat naturæ animos et concitat æstrum;
Nec tam servili generosa libidine mutet
Gaudia, quæ bibulæ menti catus ingerit author.
Verum stagnantis mediocria carmina musæ,
Quæ reptant sub limâ et certâ lege stupefcunt,
Quæ torpent uno erroris securâ tenore,
Hæc equidem nequeo culpæ---et dormio tantum.
Ingenii, veluti naturæ, non tibi constant
Illecebræ formâ quæ certis partibus insit;
Nam te non reddit labiumve oculusve venustum,
Sed charitum cumulus, collectæque tela decoris.

* Animalium scilicet.

† "Diligenter legendum est, ac pene ad scriben-
di sollicitudinem; nec per partes modo scrutanda
sunt omnia; sed perfectus liber utique ex integro
resumendus."

QUINTIL.

Sic ubi lastramus perfectam insigniter ædem,
(Quæ Romam splendore, ipsumque ita perculit orbem)

Læta diu non ullâ in simplici parte morantur
Lumina, sed sese per totum errantia pascunt;
Nil longum latumve nimis, nil altius æquo
Cernitur, illustris nitor omnibus, omnibus ordo.

Quod consummatum est opus omni ex parte, nec
ulquam

Nunc exstat, nec erat, nec erit labentibus annis.
Quas sibi proponat metas adverte, poeta
Ultra aliquid sperare, illas si absolvat, iniquum est;
Si recta ratione utatur, consilioque
Perfecto, missis maculis, vos plaudite clamo.
Accidit, ut vates, veluti vaser Aulicus, erret
Scæpius errorem, ut vitet graviora, minorem.
Neglige, quas criticus, verborum fatilis anceps,
Leges edicit: nugas nescire decorum est.
Artis cuiusdam tantum auxiliaris amantes
Partem aliquam plerique colunt vice totius; illi
Multa crepant de iudicio, nihilominus istam
Stultitiam, sua quam sententia laudat, adorant.

Quixotus quondam, si vera est fabula, cuidam
Occurrens vati, criticum certamen inivit
Docta citans, graviterque tuens, tanquam arbiter
alter

Dennisius, Graii moderatus fræna theatri;
Acriter id dein asseruit, stultum esse hebetemque,
Quisquis Aristotelis pollet contemnere leges.
Quid?—talem comitem nactus feliciter author,
Mox tragicum, quod composuit, proferre poema
Incipit, et critici scitari oracula tanti.

Jam *μολον, τα παθη, τ' αληθινος* *προβλημα* *αυτων* et
Cætera de genere hoc equi describat hianti
Quæ cuncta ad normam quadrarent, inter agendum
Si tantum prudens certamen omitteret author.

"Quid vero certamen omittes? excipit heros;
Sic venerando Sophi suadent documenta. "Quid
ergo, [oportet,"

Armigerumque equitumque cohors scenam intret,
Forfan, at ipsa capax non tantæ scena catervæ est:
"Ædificave aliam—vel apertes utere campis."

Sic ubi supposito morosa superbia regnat
Iudicio, criticæque tenent fastidia curæ
Vana locum, curto modulo æstimat omnia censor,
Atque modo perversus in artibus errat eodem,
Moribus ac multi, dum parte laborat in unâ.

Sunt, qui nil sapiant, salibus nisi quæque redun-
det

Pagina, perpetuoque nitet distincta lepore,
Nil aptum soliti iustumve requirere, latè
Si micet ingenii chaos, indiscretaque moles.
Nudas naturæ veneres, vivumque decorem
Fingere, qui nequeunt, quorundam exempla secuti
Pictorum, haud gemmis parcent, haud sumptibus
auri,

Ut sese abscondat rutilis in scititia velis.
Vis veri ingenii * natura est cultior, id quod
Senserunt multi, sed jam scite exprimit unus,
Quod primo pulchrum intuitu, rectumque videtur
Et mentis menti simulachra repercutit ipsi.
Haud secus ac lucem commendant suaviter umbræ,
Ingenio sic simplicitas superaddit honorem:

* "Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id
facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt."

QUINTIL. lib. 8. cap. 3.

Nam fieri possit musa ingeniosior æquo,
Et pereant tumidæ nimio tibi sanguine venæ.

Nonnulli vero verborum in cortice ludunt,
Ornatusque libri solos muliebriter ardent. [lis
Egregium ecce! stylum clamant! sed semper ocel-
Prætereunt malè, si quid inest rationis, inunctis.
Verba, velut frondes, nimio cum tegmine opacant
Ramos, torpescunt mentis sine germine. Prava
Rhetoricæ, vitri latè radiantis ad instar
Præmatici, rutilos diffundit ubique colores;
Non tibi naturæ licet amplius ora tueri,
At malè discretis scintillant omnia flammis
Sed contra veluti jubar immutabile solis,
Quicquid contractat facundia, lustrat et auget,
Nil variat, sed cuncta oculo splendoris inaurat.
Elòquium mentis nostræ quasi vestis habenda est,
Quæ si sit satis apta, decentior inde videtur;
Scommata magnificis ornata procacia verbis
Indutos referunt regalia symmata faunos;
Diversis etenim diversa vocabula rebus
Appingi fas est, aulæ velut aulica vestis,
Alteraque agricolis, atque altera congruit urbi.
Quidam scriptores * antiquas vocibus usi,
Gloriolam affectant, veterum æmula turba sono-
rum,

Si mentem spectes juvenentur more recentum.
Tantula nugamenta styloque operosa vetusto,
Docti derident soli placitura popello.
Hi nihilo magè felices quam comicus iste
Fungoso †, ostentat absurdo pepla tumore,
Qualia nescio quis gestavit nobilis olim;
Atque modo veteres doctos imitantur eodem,
Ac hominem veteri in tunicâ dum simia ludit.
Verba, velut mores, a justis legibus errant,
Si nimium antiquæ fuerint, nimiumve novatæ;
Tu cave ne tentes infueta vocabula primus,
Nec vetera abjicias postremus nomina rerum.

† Lævis an asper eat versus plerique requirunt
Censores, solosque sonos damnantve probantve;
Mille licet veneres formosam Pierin orment,
Stultitiâ vox argutâ celebrabitur una:
Qui juga Parnassii non ut mala corda repurgent,
Auribus ut placeant, visunt: sic sæpe profanos
Impulit ad resonum pietas aurita facelium.
His solum criticis semper par syllaba cordi est,
Vasto etsi usque omnis || pateat vocalis hiatus;

* "Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentia cu-
jusdam est, et frivola in parvis jactantia."

QUINTIL. lib. 1. cap. 6.

"Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque
crebra sint, neque manifesta; quia nil est odiosius
affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita tem-
poribus. Oratio, cujus summa virtus est perspi-
cuitas; quam si vitiosa, si egear interprete? Ergo
ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ira ve-
terum maxime nova." IBID.

† Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

‡ "Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi
carmine molli

Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos
Effugit junctura unguis; scit tendere versum,
Nec secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno."

PERSIUS, sat. 1.

|| "Fugemus crebras vocalium concurfiones,
quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt."

CIC. AD HERENN. lib. 4.

N iiij

Expletivaque sæpe suas quoque suppetias dent,
Ac versum unum oneret levium heu! decas en!
pigra vocum;

Dum non mutato resonant malè cymbala planctu,
Atque augur miser usque scio, quid deinde sequatur.

Quacunque aspirat clementior aura Fanovî,
Mox (nullus dubito) graciles vibrantur aristæ,
Rivulus ut molli serpit per lævia lapsu, [nos.
Lector, non temerè expectes, post murmura, som-
Tum demum qua latè extremum ad distichon, ipsa
Magnificum sine mente nihil, Sententia splendet.
Segnis Hypermeter, audin? adest, et claudicat,
instar

Anguis faucia terga trahentis, prorepentisque.
Hi proprias stupeant nugas, tu discere tentes,
Quæ tereti properant venâ, vel amabilè languent
Istaque sac laudes, ubi vivida Denhamii vis
Walleriæ condita fluit dulcedine musæ.

Scribendi numerosa facultas provenit arte,
Ut soli incessu faciles fluitare videntur,
Plectro morigeros qui callet fingere gressus.

Non solum asperitas teneras cave verberet aures,
Sed vox quæque expressa tuæ sit mentis imago.

Lenè edat Zephyrus suspiria blanda, politis
Lævius in numeris labatur læve fluentum;

At reboat, furit, estuat æmula musa sonoris
Littoribus cum rauca horrendum impingitur unda.

Quando est saxum Ajax vastâ vi volvere adortus,
Tardè incedat versus, multum perque laborem.

Non ita sive Camilla cito salis æquora rasit,
Sive levis levitèrque terit, neque flectit aristas.

Audin! Timothei * cœlestia carmina, menti
Dulcibus alloquiis varios suadentia motus!

Audin! ut alternis Lybici Juvis inclyta proles
Nunc ardet famam, solos nunc spirat amores,

Lumina nunc vivis radiantia volvere flammis,
Mox furtim suspiria, mox effundere fletum!

Dum Persæ, Græcique pares sentire tumultus
Discunt, victricemque lyram rex orbis adorat.

Musica quid poterit corda ipsa fatentur, et audit
Timotheus nostras merita cum laude Drydenus.

Tu servare modum studeas benè cautus, et istos
Queis aut nil placuisse potest, aut omnia, vites.

Exiguas naso maculas suspendere noli,
Namque patent nullo stupor, atque superbia mentis

Clarius indicio; neque mens est optima certè,
Non secus ac stomachus, quæcunque recusat et odit

Omnia, difficilisque nihil tibi concoquit unquam.
Non tamen idcirco vegeti vis ulla leporis

Te tibi surripiat; mirari mentis ineptæ est,
Prudentis vero tantum optima quæque probare.

Majores res apparent per nubila visæ,
Atque ita luminibus stupor ampliat omnia densis.

His Galli minus arrident, illisque poetæ
Nostrates, hodierni aliis, aliisque vetusti.

Sic † fidei simile, ingenium sectæ arrogat uni
Quisque suæ; solis patet illis janua cœli

Scilicet, inque malam rem cætera turba jubentur.
Frustra autem immensis cupiunt imponere metam

Muneribus Diviûm, atque illius tela coarctant
Solis hyperboreas etiam qui temperat auras,

Non solum australes genios fœcundat et auget.

* Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an
ode by Mr. Dryden.

† Christianæ scilicet.

Qui primis latè sua lumina sparsit ab annis,
Illustrat præsens, summumque accenderet ævum.
(Cuique vices variæ tamen: et jam secula sæclis
Succedunt pejora, et jam meliora peractis)

Pro meritis musam laudare memento, nec unquam
Neglige quod novitas distinguit, quodve vetustas.

Sunt qui nil proprium in medium proferre su-
runt,

Judiciumque suum credunt popularibus auris;
Tum vulgi quò exempla trahunt retrahuntque se-
quuntur,

Tolluntque expositas latè per compita nugas.
Turba alia authorum titulos et nomina discit

Scriptoresque ipsos, non scripta examinat. Horum
Pessimus iste cluet, si quem servilitèr ipsos

Visere magnates stupor ambitiosus adegit.

Qui critice ad mensum domino ancillatur inepto,
Futiles ardelio, semper referensque ferensque

Nuntia nugarum. Quam pinguis, quam male nata
Carmina censentur, quæcunque ego fortè vel ullus

Pangere Apollinæ tentat faber improbus artis!
At si quis vero, si quis vir magnus adopter

Felicem musam, quantus nitor ecce! venusque
Ingenio accidunt! quam prodigialitèr acer

Fit subito stylus! omnigenam venerabile nomen
Prætexit sacris culpam radiis, et ubique

Carmina culta nitent, et pagina parturit omnis.
Stultula plebs doctos studiosa imitatur errat,

Ut docti nullos imitando sæpius ipsi;
Qui, si forte unquam plebs rectum viderit, (illis

Tanto turba odio est) consultò lumina claudunt.
Talis schismaticus Christi, grege sæpe relicto,

Cœlos ingenii pro laude pasciscitur ipsos.

Non desunt quibus incertum mutatur in horas
Judicium, sed semper eos sententia ducit

Ultima palantes. Illis miseranda camæna
More meretricis tractatur, nunc Dea certè,

Nunc audit vilis lupa: dum præpingue cerebrum,
Debilis et male munitæ stationis ad instar,

Jam recti, jam stultitiæ pro partibus astat.
Si causam rogites, aliquis tibi dicat eundo

Quisque dies teneræ præbet nova pabula menti,
Et sapimus magis atque magis. Nos docta pro-
pago

Scilicet et sapiens proavos contemnimus omnes,
Heu! pariter nostris temnenda nepotibus olim.

Quondam per nostros dum turba scholastica fines
Regnavit, si cui quam plurima clausula semper

In promptu, ille inter doctissimus audiit omnes;
Religiosa fides simul ac sacra omnia nasci

Sunt visa in litem; sapuit sat nemo refelli
Ut se sit passus. Jam gens insulsa Scotistæ,

Intactique abaci Thomistæ pace fruenter
Inter araneolos pandunt sua retia fratres.

Ipsa fides igitur cum sit variata, quid ergo,
Quid mirum ingenium quoque sevaria induat ora?

Naturæ verique relictis finibus amens
Sæpius insanire parat popularitèr author,

Expectatque sibi vitalem hoc nomine famam,
Suppetit usque suas plebi quia risus ineptæ.

Hic solitus propriâ metitur omnia normâ,
Solos, qui secum sunt mente et partibus iisdem

Approbat, ac vanos virtuti reddit honores,
Cui tantum sibi larvata superbia plaudit,

Partium in ingenio studium quoque regnat aut
aulâ,

Seditioque auget privatas publica rixas.

Drydeno obstabant odium atque superbia nuper
Et stupor omnigenæ latitans sub imagine formæ,
Nunc criticus, nunc bellus homo, mox deinde sacerdos:

Attamen ingenium, joca cum filuere, superstes
Vivit adhuc, namque olim utcumque sepulta profundis

Pulchrior emerget tenebris tamen inclyta virtus.
Milbourni, rursus si fas foret ora tueri,
Blackmorique novi reducem insequeruntur; Homerus

Ipse etiam erigeret vultus si forte verendos
Zoilus ex orco gressus revocaret. Ubique
Virtuti malus, umbra velut nigra livor adhæret,
Sed verum ex vanâ corpus cognoscitur umbrâ.
Ingenium, solis jam deficient ad instar
Invisum, oppositi tenebras tantum arguit orbis,
Dum claro intemerata manent sua lumina divo.
Sol prodit cum primum, atque intolerabile fulget
Attrahit obscuros flammâ magnetæ vapores;
Mox vero pingunt etiam invida nubila callem
Multa coloratum, et crescentia nubila spargunt
Uberius, geminoque die viridaria donant.

Tu primus meritis plaudas, a nihil ipse meretur
Qui serus laudator adest. Brevis heu! brevis ævi
Participes nostri vates celebrantur, et æquum est
Angustam quam primum assuescant degere vitam.
Aurea nimirum jamdudum evanuit ætas,
Cum vates patriarchæ extabant mille per annos:
Jam spes deperiit nobis vita altera, famæ,
Nostraque marcescit sexagenaria laurus!
Aspicimus nati patriæ dispendia linguæ,
Et vestris Chaucer, olim gestanda Drydena est.
Sic ubi parturuit mens dives imagine multâ
Pictori, calamoque interprete cœpit acuti
Concilium cerebri narrare coloribus aptis,
Protinus ad nutum novus emicat orbis, et ipsa
Evolvit manui sese natura disertæ;
Dulcia cum molles cocunt in fœdera fuci
Tandem maturi, liquidamque decenter obumbrant

Admissis lucem tenebris, et euntibus annis
Quando opus ad summum perductum est culmen,
et audent

Et vivâ formæ extantes spirare tabellâ:
Perfidus heu! pulchram color ævo prodidit artem,
Egregiusque decor jam nunc fuit omnis, et urbes,
Et fluvii, pictique homines, terræque fuerunt!

Heu! dos ingenii, veluti quodcumque furore
Cæco prosequimur, nihil unquam muneris adfert,
Quod redimat comitem invidiam! juvenilibus
annis

Nil nisi inane sophos jactamus, et esta voluptas
Vana, brevis, momento evanuit alitis horæ!
Flos veluti veris peperit quem prima juvenus,
Ille viret, periitque virens sine falce caducus.
Quid verò ingenium est quæso? Quid ut illius
ergo

Tantum insudemus! nonne est tibi perfida conjux
Qam dominus vestis, vicinia tota potita est;
Quo placuisse magis nobis fors obtigit, inde
Nata magis cura est. Quid enim? crescentibus
almæ

Musæ muneribus populi spes crescit avari.
Laus ipsa acquiri est operosa, et lubrica labi;
Quin quosdam irritare necesse est: omnibus autem

Nequaquam fecisse satis datur: ingeniumque
Expallet vitium, devitat conscia virtus,
Stulti omnes oderê, scelesti perdere guident.

Quando adeo infestam sese ignorantia præstet,
Absit, ut ingenium bello doctrina lacestat!
Præmia proposuit meritis olim æqua vetustas,
Et sua laus etiam conatos magno secuta est;
Quamquam etenim fortis dux solus ovabat, at
ipsis

Militibus crines pulchræ impediere corollæ.
At tunc qui bifidi superarunt improba montis
Culmina, certatim socios detrudere tentant;
Scriptorem, quid enim! dum quemque philantia
ducit

Zeletypum, instaurant certamina mutua vates,
Et sese alterni stultis ludibria præbent.
Fert ægrè alterius, qui pessimus audit honores,
Improbis improbuli vice fungitur author amici;
En fædis quam fæda viis mortalia corda
Cogit persequier famæ malefuada libido!
Ah! ne gloriolæ usque adeo sitis impia regnet,
Nec critici affectans, hominis simul exue nomen:
Sed candor cum judicio conjuret amicæ,
Peccare est hominum, peccanti ignoscere, divum.

At vero si cui ingenuo præcordia bilis
Non despumata satis acri sæce laborant,
In scelera accensas pejora exercent iras,
Nil dubitet, seget præbent hæc tempora largam.
Obscæno detur nulla indulgentia vati,
Ars licet ingenio superaddita cerea flecti
Pectora pelliciat. Verum, hercule, juncta stu-
pori

Scripta impura pari vano molimine prorsus
Invalidam æquiparant eunuchi turpis amorem.
Tunc ubi regnavit dives cum pace voluptas
In nostris flos iste molus caput extulit oris.

Tunc ubi rex facilis vixit, qui semper amore.
Consiliis raro, nunquam se exercuit armis:
Scripserunt mimos procures, meretricibus aulæ
Successit regimen; nec non magnatibus ipsis
Affuit ingenium, stipendiaque ingeniosis.
Patriciæ in scenis spectavit opuscula musæ
Multa nurus, lasciva tuens, atque auribus hausit
Omnia larvato secura modestia vultu.
Machina, virginibus quæ ventilat ora, pudicum
Dedit clausa officium, ad ludicra cachinnus
Increpuit, rubor ingenuus nihil amplius arsit.
Deinde ex externo traducta licentia regno
Audacis sæces Socini absorbuit imas,
Sacrilegique sacerdotes tum quemque docebant
Conati efficere, ut gratis paradison adiret:
Ut populus patriâ cum libertate sacratiss
Asserent sua jura locis, ne scilicet unquam
(Crediderim) Omnipotens foret ipse potentior
æquo.

Templa sacram satiram jam tum violata filebant:
Et laudes vitii, vitio mirante, sonabant!
Accensi hinc musæ Titanes ad astra ruerunt,
Legeque sancitum quassit blasphemiam prælum.—
Hæc monstra, O critici, contra hæc convertite
telum,

Huc fulmen, tonitruque styli torquere severi,
Et penitus totum obnixi exonerate furorem!
At tales fugias, qui, non sine fraude severi,
Scripta malam in partem, livore interprete, ver-
tunt;

Pravis omnia prava videntur, ut omnia passim

Ictericus propriâ ferrugine tingit ocellus.

Jam mores critici proprios, adverte, docebo;
Dimidia etenim est tibi sola scientia virtus.
Non satis est ars, ingenium, doctrinaque vires
Quæque suas jungant, si non quoque candor honestis,

Et veri sincerus amor sermonibus insint.
Sic tibi non solum quisque amplos solvet honores,
Sed te, qui criticum probat, exoptabit amicum.

Mutus, quando animus dubius tibi fluctuat, esto;
Sin tibi confidis, dictis confide prudenter.

Quidam hebetes semper perstant erroribus; at tu
Præteritas lætus culpas fateare, dies que
Quisque dies redimat, criticoque examine tentet.

Hoc tibi non satis est, verum, quod præcipis,
esse,

Veridici mala rusticitas magè sæpe molesta est
Auribus, ingenuam quam verba ferentia fraudem;
Non ut præceptor, cave des precepta, reique
Ignaros, tanquam inmemores, catus instrue:
verax

Ipsæ placet, si non careat candore, nec ullos
Judicium, urbanis quod fulget moribus, urit.

Tu nulli invidias monitus, rationis avarus
Si sis, præ reliquis sordes miserandus avaris.
Ne vili obsequio criticorum jura refigas,
Nec fer judicium nimis officiosus iniquum;
Prudentem haud irritabis (ne finge) monendo,
Qui laude est dignus patiens culpabitur idem.

Consultum melius criticis foret, illa maneret
Si nunc culpandi libertas. Appius autem,
Ecce! rubet, quoties loqueris, torvoque tremendus

Intuitu, reddit sævi trucia ora gigantis
Jam picta in veteri magè formidanda tapete.
Fac mittas tumidum tituloque et stemmate stultum,

Cui quædam est data jure licentia sæpe stupendi;
Tales et libitum vates absque indole, eadem.
Quâ sine doctrinâ doctores lege creantur.
Contemptis prudens satiris res linque tacendas,
Assentatorumque in amen exerceat artem,
Nominibus libros magnis gens gnara dicandi;
Quæ cum mendaci laudes effutiat ore,
Non magnè credenda est, quam quando perjerat olim

Non iteram pingues unquam conscribere versus.
Non raro est satius bilem cohibere suæscas,
Humanusque sinas habetem sibi plaudere: prudens
Hic taceas moneo, nihil indignatio prodest,
Fessus eris culpando, ea gens haud fessa canendo:
Nam temnens stimulos, tandem cum murmure cursum

Continuat, donec jam tandem, turbinis instar
Vapulet in torporem, et semper eundo quiescat.
Talibus ex lapsu vis est reparata frequenti,
Ut tardi titubata urgent vestigia mani.
Horum pleraque pars, cui nulla amentia deficit,
Tinnitu numerorum et amore senescit inani,
Fertat difficili carmen deducere venâ,
Donec inexhausto restat sæx ulla cerebro,
Reliquias stillat vix expressæ malè mentis,
Et miseram invalidâ exercet prurigne musam.

Sunt nobis vates hoc de grege, sed tamen idem
Affirmo, criticorum ejusdem fortis abunde est.
Helluo librorum, qui sudat, hebetque legendo,
Cui mens nugarum doctâ farragine turgat.

Attentas propriæ voci malè recreat aures,
Auditorque sibi solus miser ipse videtur.
Ille omnes legit authores, omnesque laceffit
Durseio infestus pariter magnoque Drydeno.
Judice sub tali semper furatur, emitve
Quisque suum bonus author opus: non Garthius
(illi

Si credas) proprium contextuit ipse poema.
In scenis nova si cœmædia agatur, "amicus
" Hujus scriptor (ait) meus est, cui non ego
" paucas

" Ostendi maculas; sed mens est nulla poetis."
Non locus est tam sanctus, ut hunc expellere possit,
Nec templum in tuto est, plusquam via; quin peto
sacras

Aufugiens aras, et ad aras iste sequetur
Occidetque loquendo; etenim stultus ruet ultro
Nil metuens, ubi ferre pedem vix angelus audet.
Diffidit sibi met sapientia tanta, brevesque
Excursus tentans in se sua lumina vertit;
Stultitia at præceps violento vortice currit
Non unquam tremefacta, nec unquam è tramite
cedens,

Flumine fulmineo se totam invicta profundit.
Tu vero quisnam es monita instillare peritus,
Qui, quod scis, lætus monstras, neque scire superbis,

Non odio ductus pravove favore, nec ulli
Addictus sectæ, ut pecces, neque cæcus, ut erres;
Doctus, at urbanus, sincerus, at aulicus idem,
Adactèrque pudens mediâque humanus in irâ.
Qui nunquam dubites vel amico ostendere culpas,
Et celebres inimicum haud parçâ laude merentem.
Purgato ingenio felix, sed et infinito,
Et quod librorumque hominumque scientia ditat;
Colloquium cui come, animus summissus et ingens,

Laudandique omnes, ratio cum præcipit, ardor!
Tales extiterunt critici, quos Græcia quondam
Romaque mirata est natos melioribus annis.
Primus Aristoteles est ausus solvere navem,
Atque datis velis vastum explorare profundum.
Tutus iit longæque ignotas attigit oras
Lumina Mæoniæ observans radiantia stellæ.
Jam vates, gens illu, diu quæ lege soluta est,
Et sævæ capta est malè libertatis amore,
Lætantes dominum accipiunt, atque omnis eodem
Qui domuit naturam, exultat præside musa.

Nusquam non grata est incuria comis Horati,
Qui nec opinantes nos erudit absque magistro.
Ille suas leges, affabilis instar amici
Quam veras simul et quam claro more profundit!
Ille licet tam judicio quam divite venâ
Maximus, audacem criticum, non scriptor inaudax
Præstaret se jure, tamen sedatus ibidem
Censor, ubi cecinit divino concitus æstro,
Carminibusque eadem inspirat, quæ tradidit Arte.
Nostrates homines planè in contraria currunt,
Turba, stylo vehemens critico, sed frigida Phæbo:
Nec malè vertendo Flaccum torfere poetæ
Absurdi, magè quam critici sine mente citando.
Aspice, ut expoliat numeros Dionysius* ipsi
Mæonidæ veneresque accersat ubique recentes!
Conditam ingenio jactat Petronius artem,
Cui doctrina scholas redolet simul et sapit aulam

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Cum docti Fabii cumulata volumina verfas,
Optima perspicuâ in serie documenta videre est,
Haud secus utilia ac apothecis condimus arma,
Ordine perpetuo sita juncturâque decorâ,
Non modo ut obtineat quo sese oblectet ocellus,
Verum etiam in promptu, quando venit usus, ha-
benda

Te solum omnigenæ inspirant, Longine, Ca-
Et propriam penitus tibi mentem animumque de-
derunt;

En! tibi propofiti criticum fideique tanecem,
Qui vehemus sua jura, sed omnibus æqua mini-
strat;

Quo probat exemplo, quas tradit acumine leges,
Semper sublimi sublimior argumento!

Succedere diu sibi tales, pulsaque fugit
Barbara præscriptas exosa licentia leges,
Româ perpetuo crescente scientia crevit,
Atque artes aquilarum equitare audacibus alis;
Sed tandem superata iisdem victoribus uno
Roma triumphata est musis comitantibus ævo.
Dira superstitio et comes est bacchata tyrannis,
Et simul illa animos, hæc corpora sub juga misit
Credita ab omnibus omnia sunt, sed cognita nullis,
Et stupor est ausus titulo pietatis abuti!
Obruto diluvio sic est doctrina secundo,
Et Monachis finita Gothorum exorsa fuerunt.

At vero tandem memorabile nomen Erasmus,
(Cuique sacerdoti jactandus, cuique pudendus)
Barbariæ obnixus torrentia tempora vincit,
Atque Gothos propriis sacros de finibus arcet.

At Leo jam rursus viden' ourea secula condit,
Sertaque neglectis revirescunt laurea musis!
Antiquus Romæ Genius de pulvere sacro
Attollit sublime caput. Tunc cœpit amari
Sculptura atque artes sociæ, cælataque rupes
Vivere, et in pulchras lapides mollescere formas;
Divinam harmoniam surgentia templa sonabant,
Atque stylo et calamo Raphaël et Vida * vige-
bant;

Illustres vates! cui laurea ferta poetæ
Intertexta hederis critici geminata refulgent;
Jamque æquat claram tibi, Mantua Vida Cre-
monam,

Utque loci, sic semper erit vicinia famæ.

Mox autem profugæ metuentes improba musæ
Arma, Italos fines relinquunt, inque Arctica mi-
grant

Littora; sed criticam sibi Gallia vendicat artem.
Gens ullas leges, docilis servire, capeffit,
Boiloviusque vices domini gerit acer Horati.
At fortes spernunt præcepta externa Britanni,
Moribus indomiti quoque; nam pro jure furendi
Angliacus pugnat genius, Romamque magistram,
Romanumque jugum semper contemnere pergit.

At vero jam tum non defuit unus et alter
Corde, licet tumefacta minûs, magis alta gerentes,
Ingenii partes veri studiosa fovendi
Inque basi antiquâ leges et jura locandi.
Talis, qui cecinit doctrinæ exemplar et author,

* Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourish-
ed in the time of Leo X.

"Ars bene scribendi naturæ est summa po-
"testas †."

Talis Roscommon—bonus et doctissimus idem,
Nobilis ingenio magè nobilitatus honesto;
Qui Graios Latiosque authores novit ad unguem,
Dum veneres textit pudibunda industria privas.
Talus Walshius ille fuit—judex et amicus
Musarum, censuræ æquus laudisque minister,
Mitis peccantium censor, vehementique merentium
Laudator, cerebrum sine mendo, et cor sine furo:
Hæc saltem accipias, lacrymabilis umbra, licibet,
Hæc debet mea musa tuæ munuscula famæ.
Illa eadem, infantem cujus tu fingere vocem,
Tu monstrare viam; horridulus componere plu-
mas

Tu sæpe est solitus—duce jam miseranda remoto
Illa breves humili excursus molimine tentat,
Nec jam quid sublime, quid ingens amplius audet.
Illi hoc jam satis est—si hinc turba indocta do-
cetur,

Docta recognoscit studii vestigia prisca:
Censuram haud curat, famam mediocriter adet,
Culpare intrepida, at laudis tamen æqua ministra;
Haud ulli prudens assentaturve notetve;
Se demum mendis haud immunem esse fatetur,
At neque fastidit limâ, quando indiget, uti.

STANZAS, IN A SONG TO DAVID.

" " "

SUBLIME invention, ever young,
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue
To God th' eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltation taught,
Unrivall'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michael of his gloom
Th' Abishag of his age.

He sung of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends,
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clust'ring spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill,
The multitudinous abyss
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around
All nature, without voice or sound
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

" " " " "

† Essay on poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

Containing

VISION OF FANCY,
GENIUS AND VALOUR,
THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND,
FABLES OF FLORA,
PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS,
VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY,
COUNTRY JUSTICE,

ORIGIN OF THE VEIL,
OWEN OF CARRON,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
SONNETS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

A muse that lov'd in nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way;
To nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of life's vacant spring.
The friends of *Pope* indulge her native lays,
And *Gloucester* joins with *Lyttleton* to praise.
Each judge of art, her strain, though artless, loves;
And *Shenstone* smil'd, and polish'd *Hurd* approves.

VERSES TO THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D.

Containing

ORIGIN OF THE ARTS,
OWN OF CARRIAGE,
ODES,
EPIGRAMS,
EPIQUES,
EPIQUES,
EPIQUES,

VISION OF TALENT,
GENIUS AND TALENT,
THE FULFILLMENT OF THE MIND,
EPIQUES,
EPIQUES OF COMBINEE EPIQUES,
EPIQUES IN MEMORY OF A LADY,
COUNTRY EPIQUES,

OF THE

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

A little that I have in nature's walks to stray,
And rather I mean with flower in her way;
To nature's hand her genuine gifts would bring,
The light ornaments of life's season spring.
The friends of age indulge her native joys,
And to the young with thanks to give;
Each judge of art, her praise, though with a voice;
And should full of, and should full of voice.

VERSES TO THE NEW CHURCH TOWER.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK OF
-1795-

THE LIFE OF LANGHORNE.

OF the personal history of LANGHORNE, the present writer is sorry that the information he has obtained is so scanty, that he must give his life to the world much more briefly than his rank in literature and poetry deserves.

John Langhorne was born at Kirkby-Stephen, on "the banks of the Eden," in Westmoreland, as appears from Burn's "History of Westmoreland," Vol. I. p. 549, his *Ode to the River Eden*, and his *Stanzas to the Genius of Westmoreland*, in the *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*, Vol. I. let. 25. The year of his birth is not ascertained. His father was the Rev. Joseph Langhorne of Winton; who, dying when he was young, left him and his brother William to the care of his mother, whose virtues he has commemorated in his *Monody* on her death, 1759.

Source of my life, that led my tender years

With all a parent's pious fears,

That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

The place of his education is unknown, nor does it appear from what seminary he obtained the academical honours by which he was distinguished. His name is not to be found in the list of graduates either of Oxford or Cambridge.

From some circumstances which may be collected from his poems, he seems to have resided, between the years 1756 and 1758, near Studley, in Yorkshire. His *Elegy written among the Ruins of Pontefract Castle*, is dated 1756, and his *Verses left with the Minister of Ripendon*, are dated 1758.

The first notice we find of him as an author was in 1758, when several pieces of poetry, written by him, were inserted in "The Grand Magazine," a periodical work, published by Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," which continued only three years.

His first publication was *The Death of Adonis, a Pastoral Elegy, from Bion*, 4to, 1759; which was followed in the same year, by *The Tears of Music, a Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden*, 4to.

After entering into holy orders, he became tutor to the sons of Robert Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorne, in Lincolnshire; and published at Lincoln a volume of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 4to, 1760, for the benefit of a gentleman. In the preface to this volume, he says, "If any one into whose hands this work may fall, should be dissatisfied with his purchase, let him remember that they are published for the relief of a gentleman in distress; and that he has not thrown away five shillings in the purchase of a worthless book, but contributed so much to the assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleasure which arises from the sense of having done one virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit." The same year he published a *Hymn to Howe*, 4to.

In 1760, he was at Clarehall, Cambridge, and wrote a poem on the accession of his present Majesty, and the year following, an *Ode* on the royal nuptials, printed in the Cambridge collection of verses, and afterwards in *Solyman and Almena*.

Soon after, he removed to London, engaged as a writer in the "Monthly Review," espoused the interest of Lord Bute, and became a frequent and successful publisher of various performances in prose and verse.

In 1762, he published *The Viceroy*, a panegyrical poem, addressed to the Earl of Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which was followed, in the same year, by *Solyman and Almena*, 12mo, an eastern tale; *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm*, 8vo; and *The Visions of Fancy, in four Elegies*.

In 1763, he stood forth in defence of Scotland, so rudely attacked by Churchill, in his celebrated *Prophecy of Famine*, and published *Genius and Valour, a Pastoral Poem, written in Honour of a*

Sister-Kingdom, 4to. This poem is "inscribed to the Earl of Bute, as a testimony of respect from an impartial Englishman."

The same year he published *The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, in several Letters to and from Select Friends*, 2 vols, 12mo; *The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, after she had taken the veil, now first published from the Original Manuscripts*, with a dedication to Warburton, 12mo; and *The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle I. to General Crawford, written at Belvidere*, near Dartford in Kent, 4to. The second edition of the *Effusions*, was published in 1766, with alterations and additions.

His connection with the "Monthly Review," and the desire he had shown of discountenancing the prejudices of the times, and of testifying his respect for the character of Lord Bute, in his *Genius and Valour*, exposed him, with Dr. Francis and Mr. Murphy, to the censure of Churchill, in the following lines of "The Candidate."

Why may not Langborne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on Effusion pour away;
With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all with dulness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

In 1764, he published *Sermons*, 2 vols, 12mo.

Having dedicated the *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia* to Warburton, he became known to that eminent prelate, by whose interest, it may be presumed, he was, in December 1765, appointed assistant preacher at Lincoln's-Inn.

The same year, he published *The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia, from their first acquaintance, to the Departure of Theodosius*, 12mo, with a poetical dedication to Coleman; *The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings*, 12mo; *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, 8vo; *The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle II. to William Langborne, M. A.* 4to.

His brother, to whom he inscribed this *Epistle*, was himself a poet, and published "Job, a Poem," 4to, 1760, and "A poetical Paraphrase on some part of Isaiah," 4to, 1761. The habitudes of early affection seem to have been improved, by a similarity of taste and pursuits, into a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity.

— thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!

In 1766, he published his *Poetical Works*, in 2 vols, 12mo, with a poetical dedication to the Hon. Charles Yorke. This collection, included the pieces formerly printed separately, and *The Fatal Prophecy, a Dramatic Poem*, in five acts, written in 1765.

The same year, among other successful writers, he fell under the censure of Kelly, on account of some criticisms imputed to him in the "Monthly Review," in the following harsh and illiberal invective in his "Thespis, or Examination into the Merits of the Principal Performers at Drury-Lane." 4to

Triumphant dunce, illustrious Langborne, rise,
And while whole worlds detest thee and despise,
With rage uncommon, cruelly deny
Thy hapless muse, ev'n privilege to die;
While Theodosius, basely torn from night,
Reeks, festers, stinks, and putrifies to fight,
And mad Constantia damns thy recreant name,
To drive with Flecknoe down the sink of fame.
Say, with what charm, what magic art thou blest,
That grief or shame ne'er rankle in thy breast;
That ev'n mere instinct never points a way
To fly from man, and refuge from the day?
Ne'er kindly tells thee of some pitying grave,
To snatch the blockhead; and to hide the slave?
Oh! that like Langborne, with a blushless face,
I bore the stroke of merited disgrace;

THE LIFE OF LANGHORNE.

Like him, with some fine apathy of soul,
I stood the thunder in its mightiest roll,
Smil'd when the bolt indignantly was hurl'd,
Or gap'd unconscious on a scorning world !
Then could I view, with temper in my look,
The just damnation of a favourite book ;
Could see my labours, with unaching eye,
Form the grand outwork of a gible-pye,
Pil'd in nice order for the suburb stalls,
Or sent in carts to *Clement's* at St. Paul's.
Then the sharp censure, or the biting jeer,
Had fall'n all-blunted on my nerveless ear ;
And leagu'd perhaps with ——— I might stand,
To save or damn at random through the land ;
To blast each work of excellence e'er known,
And write eternal praises of my own.

About this time, he obtained or purchased the valuable Rectory of Blagdon in Somersetshire, and was appointed a Prebendary of Wells. He was also in the Commission of the Peace for the county of Somerset, and distinguished himself as an active and useful magistrate.

On the 15th of January 1767, he married Miss Cracroft, sister of his former pupils ; but his prospects of happiness from his union with this lady were soon clouded by her death, in childbed of a daughter.

This mournful event occasioned his pathetic *Verses to the Memory of a Lady; written at Sandgate Castle*, 1768, 4to. The death of his beloved wife was also lamented by two of his friends ; Mr Cartwright, in a poem called "Constantia," and Mr. Abraham Portal, in some elegiac verses printed in his works.

In the same month that proved fatal to this amiable person, died also in childbed the first wife of Scott, the poet of Amwell, who solaced his sorrow, by composing an "Elegy" to the memory of one who had been dear to him ; a copy of which he sent to Langhorne. This similarity of circumstance and congenial affliction gave rise to a friendship between these two poets, which, though they rarely corresponded, and more rarely met, continued without abatement till the death of Langhorne.

The same year, Shaw published his celebrated "Monody" on the death of his wife ; which occasioning some severe lines in a newspaper, which were imputed to Langhorne, they produced a paper war between the two poets, which was conducted very liberally on either side.

In 1768, he published *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness* ; a poem addressed to his sister-in-law, on her marriage, 4to.

About this time, he added the title of Doctor of Divinity to his name, which he probably obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In 1769, he published *Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human Life*, 12mo ; and *Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller*, 2 vols, 12mo.

The year following, he published, in conjunction with his brother, *Plutarch's Lives, translated from the Original Greek, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a New Life of Plutarch*, in 6 vols, 8vo.

In 1771, he published *The Fables of Flora*, 4to ; and having intermitted his intercourse with the press for one year, he published, in 1773, *The Origin of the Veil, a poem*, 4to ; and *A Dissertation, Historical and Political, on the Ancient Republics of Italy, from the Italian of Carlo Denina, with Original Notes and Observations*, 8vo.

In the summer 1773, he resided for a few months at Weston-Supra-Mare in Somersetshire, for the benefit of the sea-air. At the same time, and for the same reason, the amiable and ingenious Miss Hannah More resided at Uphill, a mile from Weston. Meeting one day upon the sea-shore, Langhorne wrote with the end of his stick upon the sand,

Along the shore
Walk'd Hannah More ;
Waves, let this record last ;
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what *she* writes be past.

Miss More scratched underneath with her whip,

Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse;
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.

Langhorne praised her wit, and copied the lines, which he presented to her at a house near the sea where they adjourned, and she afterwards wrote under as follows:

Langhorne, whose sweetly-varying muse has power
To raise the pensive, crown the social hour;
Whose very trifling has the charm to please,
With nature, wit, and unaffected ease;
How soon, obedient to thy forming hand,
The letters grew upon the flexile sand.
Should some lost traveller the scene explore,
And trace thy verses on the dreary shore,
What sudden joy would feast his eager eyes,
How from his eyes would burst the glad surprise!
Methinks I hear, or seem to hear, him say,
This letter'd shore has smooth'd my toilsome way;
Hannah (he adds) though honest truths may pain,
Yet here I see an emblem of the twain,
As these frail characters with ease impress
Upon the yielding sand's soft watery breast,
Which, when some few short hours they shall have stood,
Shall soon be swept by yon impetuous flood.
Presumptuous maid! so shall expire thy name,
Thou wretched feeble candidate for fame!
But Langhorne's fate in yon firm rock [Brean Down] I read,
Which rears above the cloud its towering head;
Long as that rock shall rear its head on high,
And lift its bold front to the azure sky;
Long as these adamantine hills survive,
So long, harmonious Langhorne! shalt thou live;
While envy's waves shall lash and vainly roar,
And only fix thy solid base the more.

In 1774, he published *The Country Justice, a Poem, Part I.*; "written professedly at the request of his friend, countryman, and brother-justice, Dr. Burn, to whom it is addressed. "The distinction you have acquired on the subject," says the dedication, "and true taste for the arts, gives that address every kind of propriety."

It was followed, in 1775, by the *Second Part of the Country Justice*, 4to, which he dedicated, in some elegant introductory stanzas, to his pupil and brother-in-law, Robert Wilson Cracroft, Esq.

The year following, he published *The Proper Happiness of Ecclesiastic Life, in a Public and Private Sphere; A Sermon preached before the Bishop of Bath and Wells, at his Primary Visitation at Axbridge, July 4. 1776*, 4to; and *The Love of Mankind the Fundamental Principle of the Christian Religion; A Sermon preached before the Gentlemen Natives of the County of Somerset, at their Annual Meeting, in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, September 16. 1776*, 4to.

The same year, he published *Milton's Italian Poems translated, and addressed to a Gentleman of Italy*, 4to; which was followed by *The Country Justice, Part III.* 4to, 1777; and *Owen of Carron, a Poem*, 4to, 1778, which was the last publication he gave to the world.

From this time, finding his health gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any literary composition. After a lingering illness, he died at Blagdon-House, April 1. 1779. He married a second time; but it is apprehended he left no issue by his second marriage. After his death, an "Elegy to his Memory" was published by Mr. Portal; who mentions, that he left the care of his daughter, by his first marriage, to Mrs. Gillman, a lady whom he has frequently celebrated in his poems.

His *Poetical Works*, reprinted from the edition in 2 vols, 1766, with *The Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, Verses to the Memory of a Lady, Fables of Flora*, and *Owen of Carron*, &c. were collected into the edition of "The English Poets," 1790. His poems, originally printed in *The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, Theodorus and Constantia*, and *Solyman and Almena*, are now, for the first time, collected into an edition of his works.

Of his numerous prose writings, no editions have been called for since his death, except of *Solyman and Almena*, *Theodosius and Constantia*, and *Plutarch's Lives*, which have been frequently reprinted.

Of the domestic manners and petty habits of Langhorne, few particulars have been recorded. His private character appears to have been very amiable and respectable. All his contemporaries bear testimony to his candour, probity, liberality of sentiment, and amiable benevolence. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, seems to have been his peculiar characteristic. He had from his childhood, as he himself informs us, a remarkable turn for retirement; and frequently walked, when he was very young, two miles from home, to a solitary place, whose shady privacy aided contemplation. The romantic aspect of his native country probably added to this innocent enthusiasm; and the rude contrast of rocks, and woods, and waters, impressed something of their own wild irregularity on his imagination. His poems abound with images and descriptions connected with the place of his nativity. In his fable of *The Garden Rose and the Wild Rose*, the recollection of the scenes of thoughtless gaiety and puerile amusement, which he had long forsaken, restored to his mind the pleasing images which were connected with them, and rekindled, in some measure, that enthusiasm which they first cherished and inspired.

——— *Enon's* wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid,
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame—
Or, where the hermit *Belou* leads
Her waves through solitary meads,
And only seeds the desert flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumbering hour;
Or, rous'd by *Stannmore's* wint'ry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry—
Where *Eden's* fairer waters flow
By *Milton's* bower, or *Osty's* brow,
Or *Brockley's* alder-shaded cave;
Or, winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To sound his holy slumbers near——

When he resided in London, and became a writer of celebrity, his company was very earnestly solicited; and he became as much distinguished for his social and convivial spirit, as for the force of his genius, and the amiable simplicity of his manners. He is recollected to have been a very constant visitor at the Burton Ale-house, the sign of the Peacock, in Gray's-Inn Lane, where he is supposed to have taken too liberally that substitute for the Castalian fountain, which the house supplied. His manner of living in the country was genial and elegant; and he died much lamented by his brother justices and convivial friends.

As a prose writer, few of his compositions have obtained much popularity, though they afford such pregnant proofs of genius, taste, and learning, as render them in general deserving more attention than they have hitherto received.

His *Letters on Religious Retirement* are addressed to a lady of good sense and fine accomplishments, but unhappily a little tinged with enthusiasm, and inclined to that sort of melancholy and aversion to the rational pleasures of society, which naturally arises from mistaken apprehensions of the Supreme Being, and the absurd notion of divine impulses and illuminations. They contain a variety of striking arguments and observations, clothed in elegant and pathetic language, not unlike the flowery style of Harvey, though applied to a very opposite purpose.

His *Solyman and Almena* is one of the most popular of his performances. In invention, originality, and interest, it is inferior to the "Rafelas" of Dr. Johnson, and the "Almorán and Hamet" of Dr. Hawkesworth. The design and tendency of the story are more commendable than the execution. In venturing to sport in the flowery fields of fiction, he has sometimes forgotten the poet's precept, *convenientia fingere*. In the composition, few strong marks of the eastern style or manners are visible; but the defects of the style, though in general easy and elegant, is compensated by the useful instruction it conveys. The design of the tale is perfectly chaste and moral, tending to confirm the habits of virtue, and to inspire us with a confidence in Providence.

In his *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*, he has ventured into the pleasant province of humour; in which, if he does not make such a distinguished figure as Sterne, it ought to be remembered, that

few have succeeded in the art of agreeable trifling. The second volume contains a variety of ingenious criticisms, and remarks on the study of poetry, addressed to Mr. Cartwright, which evince his abilities as a classical scholar, and his good taste in polite literature.

His *Theodosius and Constantia* is founded on the unfortunate love tale told in the "Spectator," No. 164. The design of the work is to inculcate many of the great duties of natural and revealed religion, and the practice of some of the most amiable virtues of private life. The merit of this moral and entertaining *Correspondence* is very considerable. The letters are written in a polite and pleasing style, though his manner is too poetical for prose composition; his language too flowery, too luxuriant, and in some places too finely polished for epistolary writing; in which art should never want ease, nor elegance lose sight of nature.

His *Sermons* are in general animated, eloquent, and pathetic compositions; but they are sometimes more verbose, diffuse, and affected, than a polished taste can patiently endure. They have been severely censured by Mr. Mainwaring, in the preface to his "Sermons," 8vo, 1780; where, speaking of specimens of *false pathos*, he refers to sermons "by writers of little judgment and no genius—to those of Dr. Langhorne in particular, and of the Methodists in general, where the instances of *false pathos* are so numerous, and so easy to be found, that I think it needless to quote them." Again: "Although method cannot be too exact, it may be too studiously displayed. There are sermons of the first merit, in all other respects, that may justly be compared to fine skeletons, in which the bones, muscles, and sinews, are fashioned, arranged, and adjusted, in the most perfect manner; but a composition of this sort, though ever so consummate for its strength and symmetry, can only be pleasing to the eye of a virtuoso. The extreme opposed to this is the loose soft texture of Dr. Langhorne's style."

His *Memoirs of Collins*, though general and scanty, are elegantly written; and the *Observations on his Genius and Writings*, though sometimes slight and nugatory, are commonly just and pertinent, and always lively and ingenious.

His *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, contain few observations that are new or striking; but the composition is more close and pure than the generality of his prose writings.

In his *Frederick and Pharamond*, there is a liberality, as well as a rectitude of sentiment, which merits the highest praise; but neither the conduct of the dialogue nor the style are commendable.

His *Letters between St. Evremond and Waller*, are in general characteristic and elegant, and do equal credit to his taste and judgment.

Of *Plutarch's Lives*, the translators have given a version that amply supplies the defects of that translation to which Dryden lent his glorious name, written, as he himself acknowledges, by as many hands as there were lives. It had indeed been corrected in the editions 1727 and 1758, with great learning and abilities, as far as correction was possible; but the cast and complexion could only be improved by a new work, which has been executed by the poetical brothers, with an elegance, fidelity, spirit, and precision, that merit the highest praise, and must for ever preclude the necessity of a subsequent version. The *Life of Plutarch* is well written; and the *Notes* are very valuable.

His translation of *Denina's Dissertation on the Ancient Republics of Italy*, is an accession to English literature, that has received an additional value from his *Original Notes and Observations*.

As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspire all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar compositions. The tenderness of love, and the soft language of complaint, were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the highest beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly distinguished, are imagination, pathos and simplicity, animated sentiment, opulence of allusion, warmth and vivacity of expression, and a melodious versification. His sentimental productions are exquisitely tender and beautiful; his descriptive compositions show a feeling heart and a warm imagination; and his lyric pieces are pregnant with the genuine spirit of poetical enthusiasm; but his style, in the midst of much splendour and strength, is sometimes harsh and obscure, and may be censured as deficient in ease and distinctness. His chief fault is redundant decoration, an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament. He is not always contented with that concise and simple language which is sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to indulge in superfluous diction, by the fas-

cinating charms of novelty or harmony. By giving way to the luxury of words and immoderate embellishment, he sometimes, though rarely, violates simplicity, and becomes unavoidably inaccurate and redundant. His sentiments, however, are always just, often new, and generally striking. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs through all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural imagery, pictures of private virtue and pastoral innocence, have a judicious selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expression, and a happy mixture of pathos and sentiment, which mark the superior poet.

His *Death of Adonis* is a classical and spirited version of one of the most beautiful pastoral poems of antiquity. The diction is easy and elegant, and the numbers musical and flowing.

The *Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel* may be considered as the genuine and animated wailings of poetry, who deplores her sister's loss in Handel, in very elegant and harmonious verse. There is a considerable variety in the numbers, which are happily adapted to the subject, and modulated with a judicious correspondence to the images and the sentiments. In the passage beginning, *I feel, I feel the sacred impulse*, &c. the pauses and cadences of the numbers are so nervously sweet and mutable, that it must revive the idea of a fine band in every relisher of music.

The *Ode to the River Eden* is very pretty and fanciful. The stanza extends to ten lines of eight syllables, except the tenth, which, sinking into six, changes the cadence agreeably enough. The expression *laughing wing*, in the fourth stanza, is a bold, but very pardonable experiment in metaphorical language. Of the *Hymn to Hope*, the versification is smooth, the diction elegant, the imagery agreeable, and the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic. The *Viceroy* praises Lord Halifax with truth and delicacy, but little poetry.

The *Visions of Fancy* are the effusions of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, but too attentive to the glitter of slight ornaments. The thoughts are pure, simple, and pathetic; and the lines are such as elegy requires, smooth, easy, and flowing; but the diction is often affected, and the phrase unskilfully inverted. The *Autumnal Elegy*, and other pieces of that kind, deserve a more unqualified commendation.

His *Genius and Valour* is a proper contrast to the "Prophecy of Famine." If he does not exceed Churchill in the fire and force of his numbers, he is at least equal to him in the easy and harmonious flow of his versification. In that part of the pastoral where he celebrates those natives of North Britain who have been distinguished for their genius and learning, the representation of the *Four Seasons* appearing to Thomson, and claiming the palm, like the fabled competition of the rural goddesses before the royal shepherd on Mount Ida, is entitled to the highest praise. The *Seasons* are distinguished by a brilliancy of colouring, and a distinctness and propriety of attribute, that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Thomson. The decision contains an elegant compliment to the amiable "poet of the Seasons."

—— The bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial praise,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

In the *First Epistle on The Enlargement of the Mind*, he recommends the study of Nature, in order to enlarge our minds by a due contemplation of her works. The plan is somewhat defective; but it possesses, in many parts, the concise and happy expression, and the melodious versification of Pope's "Essay on Man." In the *Second Epistle*, like the first, there is more poetry than plan. The panegyric on *Reason* is eminently beautiful, and the reflection on the proper culture of the *flower divine* is pathetic and spirited. The description of those *graceful arts* which flock round the throne of *Science*, particularly *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Music*, is appropriate and striking; and the elegiac lines to the memory of his friend General Craufurd, are tender and pathetic. The *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness* contain much valuable instruction, delivered in chaste and elegant diction, and easy and harmonious verse.

The *Verses to the Memory of a Lady* rank with the celebrated elegiac compositions of Lyttleton and Shaw, to which they are equal in poetical merit, and scarcely inferior in pathetic tenderness. They must please every body, because there are beauties in them which affect every body. The following lines must touch every feeling heart:

See the last aid of her expiring state,
 See love, ev'n love has lent his darts to fate!
 Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
 And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
 When crown'd with flowers he led the rosy day,
 Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
 Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
 See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
 There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd,
 And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd;
 There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
 Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
 Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
 And the best passions of my soul lie dead.—

These pathetic verses came so near the feelings of the present writer, when he experienced a similar affliction nine years ago, that they hurt his peace of mind; and while he admired the poet and pitied the man, he saw his own miseries in the strongest point of view, and sought, like him, a vain relief by composing a "Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife," in the same measure, which he extended, with a melancholy pleasure that mourners only know, beyond the bounds which custom has prescribed to elegiac verses. He has seen the scene he describes, and knows how dreadful it is. He knows what it is to lose one, that his eyes and heart have been long used to, and he never desires to part with the remembrance of that loss.

—though the inexorable urn
 Never to me shall her lov'd form return;
 Though cold the breast that life's warm current fed,
 And pale the cheek that modest beauty spread;
 Though clos'd the eye that glanc'd endearing thought,
 And mute the voice that living goodness taught;
 Never from me shall her lov'd image part,
 But live and reign unrivall'd in my heart;—
 Ev'n death's dim shadow seeks to hide in vain,
 The modest aspect, and the smile humane!
 In day's broad glare, and in the gloom of night,
 Her pale-ey'd phantom rises to my sight!
 In vain—confest, I see my ANNA stand,
 And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand!
 Faint on my lips th' unhallow'd sounds expire,
 That vainly emulate the muse's fire;
 Afresh my tears in fond remembrance flow,
 And rising anguish stops the strain of woe;
 Bleeds in my breast with aggravated pain,
 Throbs at my heart, and thrills in every vein!

In his *Fables of Flora*, the plan of fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original *narrative* and *moral* may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and disposition of poetry, where she finds new objects, interests, and connections, to exercise her fancy and her powers. The plan is judicious, and the execution truly admirable. None of his compositions bear stronger marks of poetical invention and enthusiasm; none are distinguished by simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy, in a more eminent degree; and none have a stronger tendency to promote the love of nature and the interests of humanity. Of these charming compositions, *The Sun-Flower and the Ivy*, *The Laurel and the Reed*, *The Violet and the Parsly*, *The Wall-Flower*, and *The Mistletoe and the Passion-Flower*, deserve particular commendation. The two last are distinguished by imagination, pathos, and sublimity, in a superior degree.

The *Origin of the Veil* is an elegant compliment to the fair sex, expressed in his usual melodious flow of versification.

The *Country Justice* breathes throughout a laudable spirit of poetry and humanity; and is farther recommended to us by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant versification. The *First Part* opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security in England before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. He then celebrates this most sa-

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Intary and excellent *appointment and its purposes*. The description of *Ancient Justice Hall* succeeds, in which there are some exquisite strokes of humour and pleasantry. The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn. The *general motives for lenity* in the exercise of the justice's office, are enforced with much energy and benevolence. In his *apology for vagrants*, he pleads the probable misery of the *widow'd parent* who might have born one of those wretches, in the richest vein of fancy and pathos.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

His declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of *gyppies*, will be read with peculiar pleasure.

The subject of the *Second Part* is the *protection of the poor*, in which he points out, with great energy, and well-placed satire, the evils that result from a deserted country and an overgrown metropolis. It is introduced by a *dedication*, which is equally moral and poetical. In the *Third Part*, he treats on *depredation, prisons, and filiation*, with the same pathetic elegance, benevolence, and well-placed satire. The *prose titles* to the several divisions of the poem, which break the thread of the subject, and interrupt the reader, rather unpleasingly, are omitted in the present edition.

His *Owen of Carron* is a pathetic tale, told with simplicity and elegance. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the reign of William the Lyon. The characters are interesting, and the events distressing. *Lady Ellen*, a Highland beauty, daughter of the *Earl of Moray*, after being unsuccessfully addressed by many suitors, meets with one who succeeds, but whose success proves fatal to herself. *Ellen* is casually met by the *Earl of Nithisdale*, who becomes enamoured of, and connected with her. This intercourse is observed by *Earl Barnard*, a rejected and jealous suitor, who provides a band of ruffians to assassinate his rival. *Ellen*, unconscious of her lover's fate, goes to meet him at the accustomed bower, and finds him dead.

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale!
She said, and silent sunk away!

She is found by a friendly shepherd, who conveys her to his cottage, where she returns to life, but not to reason. Her situation at this juncture is finely described.

O, hide me in thy humble bower,
(Returning late to life, she said),
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower,
With many a rosy wreath thy head, &c.

Ellen, after recovering from her insanity, and residing some years with the shepherd, is espoused to *Lord Barnard*, the unsuspected murderer of her husband.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale, &c.

From this event, it can scarce be supposed that *Ellen* deserves much happiness. She had confided to the care of the shepherd a young *Nithisdale*, the *Owen of Carron*, who gives name to the poem. *Owen*, when arrived at years of understanding, adverting to some circumstances which he thinks inconsistent with his supposed birth and present situation, indulges a very natural anxiety.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?—
If I am but a shepherd's boy, &c.

The shepherdess, his foster-mother, previous to her death, reveals the secret, and *Owen* resolves to attempt an interview with his real mother, in the *halls of Lothian*. His resolution produces a dreadful catastrophe.

'Tis o'er—these locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air—

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The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er,
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise to more.

The story, which reminds us of "Gil Morrice," is skilfully told, and distinguished by rich imagery, and flowing versification; but the illicit commerce of *Nithisdale* and *Ellen* should not have passed unreprieved, as if it were irreproachable.

Of the pieces now first collected into his works, the *Hymn to the Rising Sun*, *Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan*, *The Happy Villager*, *To Almena*, *Hymeneal Song*, *Hymn to the Eternal Mind*, *Epitaphium Damonis*, *Epistles to Colman and Mr. Lamb*, and the verses *Written in a Cottage-Garden at a Village in Lorrain*, are distinguished by tenderness of sentiment, luxury of description, force of pathos, and harmony of numbers. The last, in pathetic simplicity and unaffected tenderness, is not to be surpassed by any thing of the kind in the English language. In the pieces taken from *Solyman and Almena*, the river *Eden* may be substituted for *Irwan*, without any local impropriety. His *Sonnets*, and smaller pieces, have their brighter passages, but require no distinct enumeration, or particular criticism.

THE WORKS OF LANGHORNE.

“ Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!

“ Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.” VIRG.

TO THE HON.
CHARLES YORKE.

A MUSE that lov'd in nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of life's vacant spring;
Nor shalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her increase, and unmix'd her flame.
She pours no flatt'ry into folly's ear,
No shameless hireling of a shameless peer,
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And Gloucester joins with Lyttelton to praise.
Each judge of art her strain, though artless loves;
And Shenstone smil'd, and polish'd Hurd approves.
O may such spirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praise, all envy I forgive——

Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son!
Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain——

PROEMIUM,

WRITTEN IN 1766.

IN Eden's * vale, when early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's † grottos, strew'd with Sidney's bays,
Recall'd the dreams of visionary days,
Thus the fond muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth.
“ Boy, break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay,

* The river Eden, in Westmoreland.

† The Countess of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sydney dedicated his *Arcadia*, resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmoreland, situated upon the Eden.

Though with each charm thy polish'd lay should
please,

Glow into strength, yet soften into ease;
Should Attic fancy brighten every line,
And all Aonia's harmony be thine;
Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?
Fame wreath thy brows, or fortune gild thy way?
Ev'n her own fools, if fortune smile, shall blame;
And envy lurks beneath the flowers of fame.

Yet, if resolv'd secure of future praise,
To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand that decks my holy shrine,
Round folly's head the blasted laurel twine.
Just to thyself, dishonest grandeur scorn;
Nor gild the bust of meanness nobly born.
Let truth, let freedom still thy lays approve!
Respect my precepts, and retain my love!”

HYMN TO HOPE, 1761.

Μὲν δ' αὐτοῖς Ἑλπίς ἐν ἀρχηγοῖσι δομοῖσιν
Ἐνδον ἱμῖν——— HES.

SUN of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

O come with such an eye and mien,
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, belief, and fancy vain:
That towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of time,
Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,
Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before;

Still opening to the distant sight
The sunshine of the mountain's height;
Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
Elysian groves, and azure skies.

Nor, gentle hope, forget to bring
The family of youth and spring;
The hours that glide in sprightly round,
The mountain-nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
Delight, that dwells with raptur'd eye
On stream, or flow'r, or field, or sky:
And foremost in thy train advance
The loves and joys in jovial dance;
Nor last be expectation seen,
That wears a wreath of evergreen.

Attended thus by Belau's streams,
Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,
When, prone beneath an osier shade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid;
To thee and fancy all resign'd,
What visions wander'd o'er my mind!
Illusions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your fairy-haunts explore;
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
Resounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu! that name shall sound no more
O'er Enon's groves, or Eden's shore;
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.

Life's ocean slept—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving sail.
Fallacious hope! with flattering eye
You smil'd to see the streamers fly.
The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,
From slumber wake the frighted waves:
You saw me, fled me thus distressed,
And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!
I love thee still, though false and vain!
Forgive me, gentle hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To sooth ambition's wild desires;
To feed the lover's eager fires;
To swell the miser's mouldy store;
To gild the dreaming chemist's ore;
Are these thy cares? or more humane?
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid sight
The charms of liberty and light;
The tears of drooping grief to dry;
And hold thy glass to sorrow's eye?

Or dost thou more delight to dwell
With silence in the hermit's cell?
To teach devotion's flame to rise,
And wing her vespers to the skies;
To urge, with still returning care,
The holy violence of prayer;
In rapt'rous visions to display
The realms of everlasting day,
And snatch from time the golden key,
That opens all eternity?

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,

Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by famine, pain, and death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main;
And meet where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeferting friend.
You wing the flow-declining year;
You dry the solitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.

O most ador'd of earth or skies!
To thee ten thousand temples rise;
By age retain'd, by youth carest,
The same dear idol of the breast.
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor,
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore;
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.

The rose-lip'd loves, that round their queen
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power display
In many a sweetly-warbled lay.
Forever in thy sacred shrine
Their unextinguish'd torches shine;
Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah! still propitious, may'st thou deign
To sooth an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent-falling tear.

For me, fair hope, if once again,
Perchance, to smile on me you deign,
Be such your sweetly-rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with truth and young desire,
You wak'd the lord of Hagley's lyre,
And painted to her poet's mind
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.

But ah, too early lost!—then go,
Vain hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah, no!—that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, hope, we must not part;
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me present ease.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

GENIUS AND VALOUR.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written in Honour of a Sister-Kingdom, 1763.

Amyntor. Chorus of Shepherds.

WHERE Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath a lucid sky;

Long-winding vales, where crystal waters lave,
Where blithe birds warble, and where green-
woods wave,

A bright-hair'd shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
Tun'd his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung;
Health rais'd his heart, and strength his firm
nerves strung.

His native plains poetic charms inspir'd,
Wild scenes, where ancient fancy oft retir'd!
Oft led her fairies to the shepherd's lay,
By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

Nor only his those images that rise
Fair to the glance of fancy's plastic eyes;
His country's love his patriot soul possess'd,
His country's honour fir'd his filial breast.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witness'd by the world of old,
Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain
On Canada's wild hills, and Minden's plain,
To sounds sublimer wak'd his pastoral reed—
Peace, mountain-echoes! while the strains pro-
ceed.

Amyntor.

No more of Tiviot, nor the flowery braes,
Where the blithe shepherd tunes his lightsome
lays;

No more of Leader's fairy-haunted shore,
Of Athol's lawns, and Gledswood-banks no more.
Unheeded smile my country's native charms,
Lost in the glory of her arts and arms.

These, shepherds, these demand sublimer strains
Than Clyde's clear fountains, or than Athol's
plains.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
The force divine of soul-commanding song.
These humble reeds have little learnt to play,
Save the light airs that cheer the pastoral day.
Of the clear fountain and the fruitful plain
We sing, as fancy guides the simple strain.
If then thy country's sacred fame demand
The high-ton'd music of a happier hand—
Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
The force divine of soul-commanding song.

Amyntor.

In spite of faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
Of various fortune and destructive age,
Fair Scotland's honours yet unchang'd are seen,
Her palms still blooming, and her laurels green.

Freed from the confines of her Gothic grave,
When her first light reviving science gave,
Alike o'er Britain shone the liberal ray,
From * Enslaw's mountains to the banks of Tay.

For James † the muses tun'd their sportive lays,
And bound the monarch's brow with Chaucer's
bays.

Arch humour smil'd to hear his mimic strain,
And plausible laughter thrill'd through every vein.

When taste and genius form the royal mind,
The favour'd arts a happier era find.

* A chain of mountains near Folkestone in Kent.

† James the First, King of Scotland, author of
the famous old song, intitled, "Christ's Kirk on the
Green."

By James below'd, the muses tun'd their lyres
To nobler strains, and breath'd diviner fires.
But the dark mantle of involving time
Has veil'd their beauties, and obscur'd their rhyme.

Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign.
In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose *.

O! while his course the hoary warrior steers
Through the long range of life-dissolving years,
Through all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, envy, faction, jealousy, and rage,
Ne'er may his scythe these sacred plants divide,
These plants by Heaven in native union tied!
Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,
The hardy thistle still defend the rose.

Hail happy days! appear'd by Margaret's
charms,

When rival valour sheath'd his fatal arms.
When kindred realms unnatural war suppress'd,
Nor aim'd their arrows at a sister's breast.

Kind to the muse is quiet's genial day;
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.

With bold Dunbar arose a numerous choir
Of rival bards, that strung the Doric lyre,
In gentle Henryson's † unlabour'd strain
Sweet Arothusa's shepherd breath'd again:
Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot,
Sage Bellentyne ‡ and fancy-painting Scott ||.
But, O my country! how shall memory trace
Thy bleeding anguish, and thy dire disgrace?
Weep o'er the ruins of thy blasted bays,
Thy glories lost in either Charles's days?
When through thy fields destructive rapine spread,
Nor sparing infants tears, nor hoary head.
In those dread days the unprotected swain
Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his wasted plain.
Nor longer vocal with the shepherd's lay
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Amyntor, cease! the painful scene forbear,
Nor the fond breast of filial duty tear.
Yet in our eyes our fathers sorrows flow,
Yet in our bosoms lives their lasting woe.
At eve, returning from their scanty fold,
When the long sufferings of their fires they told,
Oft have we sigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

Amyntor.

Shepherds, no longer need your sorrows flow,
Nor pious duty cherish endless woe.
Yet should remembrance, led by filial love,
Through the dark vale of old affliction's rove,

* A poem so called, written in honour of Mar-
garet, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage
to James IV. King of Scots. By Mr. William
Dunbar.

† Mr. Robert Henryson, an ingenious pastoral
poet.

‡ Mr. John Bellentyne, Archdeacon of Murray,
author of a beautiful allegorical poem, intitled, *Virtue
and Vice*.

|| Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, translated
the *Vision*, a poem, said to have been written in the year
1360. He was author of the *Eagle* and the *Redbreast*
also, and several other pieces written with uncommon
elegance for their day.

The mournful shades of sorrows past explore,
And think of miseries that are no more;
Let those sad scenes that ask the dutious tear,
The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, Anna, hail! O may each muse divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
This verse, more sweet than conquest's sounding strain.

"She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,
"The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace."
She, through whose bosom roll'd the vital tide
Of Britain's monarchs in one stream allied,
Clos'd the long jealousies of different sway,
And saw united sister-realms obey.

Auspicious days! when tyranny no more
Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.
When, long an exile from his native plain,
Safe to his fold return'd the weary swain;
Return'd, and, many a painful summer past,
Beheld the green bench by his door at last.

Auspicious days! when Scots, no more oppress'd,
On their free mountains bar'd the fearless breast.
With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tun'd to strains of ancient joy the reed.

Then, shepherds, did your wondering fires behold
A form divine, whose vesture flam'd with gold.
His radiant eyes a starry lustre shed,
And solar glories beam'd around his head.
Like that strange power by fabling poets feign'd,
From east to west his mighty arms he strain'd.

A rooted olive in one hand he bore,
In one a globe, inscrib'd with sea and shore.
From Thames's banks to Tweed, to Tay he came,
Wealth in his rear, and Commerce was his name.

Glad industry the glorious stranger hails,
Rears the tall masts, and spreads the swelling sails;
Regions remote with active hope explores
Wild Zembla's hills, and Afric's burning shores.

But chief, Columbus, of thy various coast,
Child of the union, commerce bears his boast.
To seek thy new-found worlds, the vent'rous swain,

His last forsaking, left the lowland plain.
Aside his crook, his idle pipe he threw,
And bade to music and to love adieu.

Hence, Glasgow fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,
Thy groves of vessels, and thy crowded strand.
Hence, round his folds the moorland shepherd spies

New social towns and happy hamlets rise.

But me not splendour, nor the hopes of gain,
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, possess'd of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes, and limited desires,
Change these sweet fields, these native scenes of ease,

For climes uncertain, and uncertain seas?

Nor yet, fair commerce, do I thee disdain,
Though guilt, and death, and riot, swell thy train.
Cheer'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,
The liberal arts sublimer works essay.

Genius for thee relumes his sacred fires,
And science nearer to her heaven aspires.

The sanguine eye of tyranny long clos'd,
By commerce foster'd, and in peace repos'd,
No more her miseries when my country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.

Soon wandering fearless many a muse was seen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the pastoral reed,
Started sweet echo from the shores of Tweed.

O favour'd stream! where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle Thomson rose.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all their native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister Seasons stray'd.

Long each in beauty boasted to excel,
(For jealousies in silver-bosoms dwell)
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like heaven's fair rivals in the groves of Troy,
Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

Her naked charms, like Venus, to disclose,
Spring from her bosom threw the shadowing rose;
Ear'd the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breast that thrills with exquisite desire;
Assum'd the tender smile, the melting eye,
The breath *savonian*, and the yielding sigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom grac'd,
And one fell careless o'er her zoneless wait.

Majestic summer, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.
With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,
With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd.
In her gay zone, by artful fancy fram'd,
The bright rose blush'd, the full carnation flam'd.
Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
And her eyes flash insufferable day.

With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But seem'd to languish at her sister's flame.
Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore
On high the emblems of her golden store.
Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal smile, benevolent and bland.
Nor might she fear in beauty to excel,
From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;
Nor might she envy summer's flowery zone,
In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.

Next the Pale Power, that blots the golden sky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy eye;

"Behold," she cried, with voice that shook the ground,
(The bard, the sisters trembled at the sound)

"Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,

"Behold my wild magnificence of snows!

"See my keen frost her glassy bosom bare!

"Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air!

"Nature to you may lend a painted hour,

"With you may sport, when I suspend my power.

"But you and nature, who that power obey,

"Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway."

She spoke: the bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave

One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And truth and genius weep at Thomson's tomb.

Yet still the muse's living sounds pervade
Her ancient scenes of Caledonian shade.

Still nature lflows to the tuneful lay,
On Kilda's mountain's, and in Endermay.

Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that finites the sounding lyre;

Strains that on fancy's strongest pinion rise.
 Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the skies,
 To the rapt youth that mus'd on * Shakspeare's
 grave,
 To Ogilvie the muse of Pindar gave.
 † Time, as he sung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
 And lazy † sleep unfolded half his eye.
 O wake, sweet bard, the Theban lyre again;
 With ancient valour swell the sounding strain.
 Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
 The wreaths that flourish for each valiant son.
 While Hardyknute frowns red with Norway's
 gore,
 Paint her pale matrons weeping on the shore.
 Hark! the green clarion pouring floods of breath
 Voluminously loud: high scorn of death
 Each gallant spirit elates! see Rothsay's thane
 With arm of mountain oak his firm bow strain!
 Hark! the string twangs—the whizzing arrow
 flies;
 The fierce Norse falls—indignant falls—and dies.
 O'er the dear urn, where glorious § Wallace sleeps,
 True valour bleeds, and patriot virtue weeps.
 Son of the lyre, what high ennobling strain,
 What meed from thee shall generous Wallace gain?
 Who greatly scorning an usurper's pride,
 Bar'd his brave breast for liberty, and died.
 Boast, Scotland, boast thy sons of mighty name,
 Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame.
 Souls that to death their country's foes oppos'd,
 And life in freedom, glorious freedom clos'd.
 Where, yet bewail'd, Argyll's || warm ashes lie,
 Let music breathe her most persuasive sigh.
 To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
 Wife, generous, honest, eloquent and brave.
 Genius and valour for Argyll shall mourn,
 And his own laurels flourish round his urn.
 O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring sky,
 And in their shade reproach and envy die!

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES, 1762.

La raison sçait que c'est un Songe,
 Mais elle en fait les douceurs:
 Elle a besoin de ces fantomes,
 Presque tous les plaisirs des hommes
 Ne sont que de douces erreurs. GRESSET.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of fancy, whither are ye fled?
 Where have you borne those hope-enliven'd
 hours,
 That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
 That once bestrew'd my vernal path with
 flowers?

* See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakspeare.

† Ode to Time. Ibid.

‡ Ode to Sleep. Ibid.

§ William Wallace, who after bravely defending his country against the arms of Edward I. was executed as a rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

|| Archibald, the third Duke of Argyll, died April 25. 1761.

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove
 Where winds the flow wave through the flowery
 plain,

To these fond arms you led the tyrant, love,
 With fear, and hope, and folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
 Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
 To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
 And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

" Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering
 " breeze

" Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain;
 " Sounds that move smoother than the steps of
 " ease,

" And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

" In this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
 " And time unenvious crown each roseate hour;
 " Eternal joy shall every care beguile, [flower.
 " Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every

" This silver stream, that down its crystal way,

" Frequent has led thy musing steps along,

" Shall still the same, in sunny mazes play,

" And with its murmurs melodize thy song.

" Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
 " Those living meads immortal flowers unfold;
 " In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
 " And every evening close in clouds of gold.

" The tender loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
 " And round the flowers and balmy myrtles
 " strew, [breast,

" Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy
 " With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

" The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
 " Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
 " With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
 " And feed the flame of ever-young desire.

" Come, gentle loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
 " The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
 " Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
 " The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

" Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
 " How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
 " Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
 " And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

" Ecstatic hours! so every distant day
 " Like this serene on downy wings shall move;
 " Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
 " The faithful joys of fancy and of love."

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays he sung?
 Children of fancy! Yes, your song was vain;
 On each soft air though rapt attention hung,
 And silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
 And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
 Though now the visionary scenes appear,
 Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
 Of all that youth, and love, and fancy frame,

When painful anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or envy blasts the blooming flowers of fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophets of fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where peace in ruin's arms expires
Fallacious hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, fyren, go,—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;
Yet on the rock my drooping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm repose and silence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions should subside;
When peace shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest insensibility be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark design invades the cheerful hour;
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring peace, bring quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd through all her animated reign.

When young delight, of hope and fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
"Than beings of inferior nature prove!
"To triumph in the golden hours of time,
"And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
"In orient light this native landscape smiles;
"For him sweet hope disarms the hand of care,
"Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

"Blows not a blossom on the breast of spring,
"Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
"Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
"But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

"O let me still with simple nature live,
"My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
"Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
"And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

"No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
"No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
"So health and peace be near my humble home,
"A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

"So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
"At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
"The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
"And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

"Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale
"While floating shades of dusky night descend:
"Nor left untold the lover's tender tale,
"Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
"To Attic wit and elegance of mind;
"To all the native beauties of the soul,
"The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!

"Then to explore whatever ancient sage
"Studious from nature's early volume drew,
"To chase sweet fiction through her golden age,
"And mark how fair the sun flower, science,
"blew!

"Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
"Hesperian fancy, or Aonian ease;
"Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
"Some strain that love and Phœbus taught to
"please.

"When waves the gray light o'er the mountain's
"head,
"Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous
"ray;

"Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
"And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

"Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
"Mark from what flower the breeze its sweet-
"ness bore;

"Or listen to the labour-soothing song
"Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
"The green height gain'd, in muscful rapture lie,
"Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
"Or look to nature with a lover's eye.

" Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
 " Led by fair fancy round the varied year:
 " So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
 " Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.
 " Firm be my heart to nature and to truth,
 " Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
 " So joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
 " So hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY IV.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!
 Fond hopes of innocence and fancy born!
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
 For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
 By flattering hope, the flowers that blew so fair;
 Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
 Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
 Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
 Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
 By those fresh fountains on Eden's happy plain,
 And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
 So fancy dreams; but fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
 His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
 Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
 And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
 Where hope and joy and fancy hold their reign,
 The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
 The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's

In radiant colours youth's free hand portrays,
 Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
 Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
 Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence fancy conquer'd by the dart of pain,
 And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
 Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
 Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
 Their fairy race that fill'd her festive train;
 Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her eye,
 And folly wonders that her dream was vain.

A POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HANDEL, 1760*.

Spirits of music, and ye powers of song!
 That wak'd to painful melody the lyre;
 Of young Jessides, when, in Sion's vale
 He wept o'er bleeding friendship: ye that mourn'd
 While freedom drooping o'er Euphrates' stream,
 Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
 Begin once more the sorrow-soothing lay.

Ah! where shall now the muse fit numbers find?
 What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,

* He died 14th April 1759.

Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender fall
 Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream
 Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,
 And purer flow'd for thee,—all silent now
 * Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast of
 Thames,

Led amorous echo down the long, long vale,
 Delighted: studious from thy sweeter strain
 To melodize her own; when fancy-lorn,
 She mourns in anguish o'er the drooping breast
 Of young Narcissus. From their amber urns,
 † Parting their green locks streaming in the sun,
 The naiads rose and smil'd: nor since the day,
 When first by music, and by freedom led
 From Grecian Acidale; nor since the day,
 When last from Arno's weeping fount they came,
 To smooth the ringlets of Sabrina's hair,
 Heard they like minstrelsy—fountains and shades
 Of Twit'nam, and of Windsor fam'd in song!
 Ye heights of Clermont, and ye bowers of Ham!
 That heard the fine strain vibrate through your
 groves,

Ah! where were then your long-lov'd muses fled,
 When Handel breath'd no more?—and thou, sweet
 queen,

That nightly wrapt thy Milton's hallow'd ear
 In the soft ecstasies of Lydian airs;
 ‡ That since attun'd to Handel's high-wound lyre
 The lay by thee suggested; could'it not thou
 Sooth with thy sweet song the grim § fury's
 breast?

Cold-hearted death! his wanly-glaring eye
 Nor virtue's smile attracts, nor fame's loud trumpet
 Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
 To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,
 That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
 That soothes despair and pain, he hears no more,
 Than rude winds, blust'ring from the Cambrian
 cliffs,

The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,
 To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,
 Where science, leaning on her sculptur'd urn,
 Looks conscious on the secret-working hand
 Of nature: on the wings of genius borne,
 To soar above the beaten walks of life,
 Is like the paintings of an evening cloud,
 Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy night
 Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.

Ere long, the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,
 Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay
 Which mourns at Handel's tomb, insulting time
 Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain, per-
 chance,

Thy sacred strain shall the hoar warrior spare;
 For sounds like thine, at nature's early birth,
 Arous'd him slumbering on the dead profound
 Of dusky Chaos; by the golden harps
 Of choral angels summon'd to his race:
 And sounds like thine, when nature is no more,
 Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils
 Of twice ten thousand years.—O would his hand

* The water-music.

† Rorantesq. comas a fronte removit ad aures.

OVID. MET.

‡ L' Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to music by Mr.
 Handel.

§ See Milton's Lycidas.

Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,
The trembling muse that now faint effort makes
On young and artless wing, should bear thy praise
Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,
With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
And, taught by seraphs, frame her song for thee.

I feel, I feel the sacred impulse—hark!
Wak'd from according lyres the sweet strains flow
In symphony divine; from air to air.
The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts away
The flow of joy—now swells the flight of praise.
Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
Melodious labour through the flying maze;
And the deep bass his strong sound rolls away,
Majestically sweet.—Yet, Handel, raise,
Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:
The name of ages, the supreme of things,
The great Messiah asks it; he whose hand
Led into form yon everlasting orbs,
The harmony of nature—He whose hand
Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space this beauteous ball,
Whose spirit breathes through all his smiling works
Music and love—yet Handel raise the strain.

Hark! what angelic sounds, what voice divine
Breathes through the ravish'd air! my rapt ear
feels

The harmony of heaven. Hail sacred choir!
Immortal spirits, hail! If haply those
That erst in favour'd Palestine proclaim'd
Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,
Her piny mountains, and her golden vales,
Re-echo'd peace. But, oh! suspend the strains—
The swelling joy's too much for mortal bounds!
'Tis transport even to pain.

Yet, hark! what pleasing sounds invite mine ear
So venerably sweet? 'Tis Sion's lute.
Behold her * hero? from his valiant brow
Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword
Of vanquish'd Apollonius—The Thrill trump
Through Bethoron proclaimst[†] approaching fight.
I see the brave youth lead his little band,
With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm
The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,
The British Henry, with his way-worn troop,
Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder blows
The martial clangor; lo, Nicanor's host!
With threat'ning turrets crown'd, slowly advance
The ponderous elephants—
The blazing sun, from many a golden shield
Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
How shall thy force, thy little force sustain
The dreadful shock!

† The hero comes—'Tis boundless mirth and song,
And dance and triumph; every labouring string,
And voice, and breathing shell, in concert strain,
To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

O master of the passions and the soul,
Seraphic Handel! how shall words describe
Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers!

When † he of Gaza, blind, and sunk in chains,
On female treachery looks greatly down,
How the breast burns indignant! in thy strain,
When sweet-voic'd piety resigns to heaven,
Glow not each bosom with the flame of virtue?

* Judas Maccabeus.

† Chorus of youths in Judas Maccabeus.

‡ See the Oratorio of Samson.

O'er Jephtha's votive maid, when the soft lute
Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,
What youthful breast but melts with tender pity?
What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?

O, longer than this worthy lay can live!
While fame and music sooth the human ear!
Be this thy praise: to lead the polish'd mind
To virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame
Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,
Refine the passions, and exalt the soul
To love, to heaven, to harmony, and thee.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE I.

To General Craufurd. Written at Belvidere, 1763.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wild wish embraces humankind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose priest is reason, and whose god is love;
Fair nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man so welcome to my heart?

The fightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dull folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains
green,

Which nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,
Th' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not nature moralize in vain.

O sacred guide! preceptress more sublime
Than sages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride)!
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whose old walk the sunbeam seldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man no more
Than fills some page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
The better knowledge of the world despise,
Think wisdom center'd in a false degree,
And scorn the scholar of humanity? [know,

Something of men these sapient drones may
Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago,
Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verse and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene confin'd,
The sure effect is narrowness of mind.

'Twas thus St. Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forsook each social duty—to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wise.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Though form'd with powers to grasp this va-
rious ball,

Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall?
Powers that should spread in reason's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day?

When late where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple side,

Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forsook each bright'ning head,
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
The dome of murder consecrate by law?
Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.

Is nature, all-benevolent, to blame,
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of priests, or pride of kings? [fame,
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or
Is nature, all-benevolent, to blame?

"Yet surely once, my friend, she seem'd to err;
"For W—ch—t was"—He was not made by her.
Sure, form'd of clay that nature held in scorn,
By fiends constructed, and in darkness born,
Rose the low wretch, who, despicably vile,
Would sell his country for a courtier's smile;
Would give up all to truth and freedom dear,
To dine with **** or some idiot peer,
Whose mean malevolence, in dark disguise
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whose actions bad and good two motives guide,
The serpent's malice, and the coxcomb's pride.
"Is there a wretch so mean, so base, so low?"
I know there is—ask W—ch—t if he know.

O that the world were emptied of its slaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace,
In boundless love the rest of human race.

But let not knaves misanthropy create,
Nor feel the gall of universal hate.
Wherever genius, truth, and virtue dwell,
Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuously compare,
And boast, like children, of a favourite's share.

Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields,
Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems
with ore,

Though flocks innumerable whiten every shore,
Why should we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inscrib'd the doctrine of the social mind.

See countless worlds of insect being share
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the same grove what music void of strife!
Heirs of one stream what tribes of scaly life!
See earth, and air, and fire, and flood combine
Of general good to aid the great design!

Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a slow snake, his dirty winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the lost bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
The blameless native with his clime despise,

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As him who still the poorer lot partakes
Of Biscay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.

Yet look once more on nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her noblest creature, man!
She, never partial, on each various zone,
Bestow'd some portion to the rest unknown,
By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.
Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of faction! and ye tools of power!
Poor rioter's on life's contracted stage!
Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!
Throw envy, folly, prejudice, behind!
And yield to truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal truth! O from thy radiant shrine,
Where light created first essay'd to shine;
Where clust'ring stars eternal beams display,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,
O shed one ray of thy celestial light!
Teach us, while wandering through the vale be-
low,

We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd prejudice convey,
Let pride perceive one mortifying ray;
Thy glass to fools, to infidels apply,
And all the dimness of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this shore of time's far-stretching bourn,
With leave to look on nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's short duties better be discharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,
When thus ye preach, his pupils in his sight?
"It matters not, my friends, how low or high,
Your little walk of transient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,
And warring passions militate no more:
And trust me, he who having once survey'd
The good and fair, which nature's wisdom made,
The soonest to his former state retires,
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,
(Let others deem more wisely if they can)
I look on him to be the happiest man."

So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,
Because I feel his sentiments are just.
'Twas not in lustrums of long counted years
That swell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,
That wisdom plac'd the dignity of life;
To study nature was the task design'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind;
Learn from her works whatever truth admires,
And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE II.

To William Langborne, M. A. 1765.

LIGHT heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.

At nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul, on truth's strong pinion born,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.

P

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
'Tis our's to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being live.

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect good or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom nature form'd the
same,

Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.

"Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
"Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
"For once let fancy's towering thoughts subside;
"Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
"A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
"The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
"How soon, when nature gives him to the day,
"In strength exulting, does he bound away!
"By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
"Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
"No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
"Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
"Did he but know to reason and compare,
"See here the vassal, and the master there,
"What strange reflections must the scene afford,
"That show'd the weakness of his puling lord."

Thus sophistry unfolds her spacious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant state.
For, grant the children of the flowery vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.

"But why should life, so short by Heav'n or-
dain'd,

"Be long to thoughtless infancy confin'd—
"To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
"Mourn through the languors of declining age?"

O blind to truth! to nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.

Is man long helpless? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding see that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away,
While sage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.

But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society?
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.

"That in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—
Is nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."

O! still censorious? art thou then possess'd
Of reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?

To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of the painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind,
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul impress'd,
No birthright instinct acting on the breast,
No natal light, no beams from heaven display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye perceives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade

Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in her cause,
In nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and reason is her child:
On her fair flock the blooming cion grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.

All-beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigot'ry, or fear!
For this fair science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine court of dreaming schoolmen dwells;
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;

All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne
By the rapt mien of musing silence known,
Fled from herself, the pow'r of numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by harmony and taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the character she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.

See Attic ease in sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest of the glorious choir,
See music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid drest
By nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.

O arts divine! O magic powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And taste and knowledge thus are virtue's friends.

Thus nature deigns to sympathise with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.

O tears, that warm from wounded friendship
flow!

O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand,
E'en death's dim shadow seeks to hide in vain,
That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.

Till the last sigh of genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
Till time, in league with envy and with death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,
My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

ODE

TO THE RIVER EDEN *. 1759.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of memory say,
(When, led by fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way)
How oft along thy mazy shore,
That many a gloomy alder bore,
In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,
Beheld thy dimly waters glide,
Bright through the trembling shade,

* In the county of Westmoreland.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,

Where once with infant-joy he play'd

And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd:

Led by the rosy-handed hours,
When time tripp'd o'er yon bank of flowers,

Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd;

Though old the god, yet light and gay,

He flung his gla's and scythe away,

And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near

Would whisper to thy murmurs free;

Yet rustling seems to sooth mine ear,

And trembles when I sigh for thee.

Yet seated on thy shelving brim,

Can fancy see the naiads trim

Burnish their green locks in the sun;

Or at the last lone hour of day,

To chase the lightly glancing fay,

In airy circles run.

But, fancy, can thy mimic power

Again those happy moments bring?

Canst thou restore that golden hour,

When young joy wav'd his laughing wing?

When first in Eden's rosy vale,

My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,

The vow sincere, devoid of guile!

While Delia in her panting breast,

With sighs the tender thought suppress,

And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the crystal bow,

That dwell'st the golden meads among;

Whose streams still fair in memory flow,

Whose murmurs melodise my song!

Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,

Which brightening glow'd in fancy's ray,

When near the lucid urn reclin'd,

The dryad, nature, bar'd her breast,

And left, in naked charms impress,

Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of memory fair

No more in golden visions play;

No friendship smooths the brow of care,

No Delia's smile approves my lay.

Yet, love and friendship lost to me,

'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,

And in thy breast this moral find—

That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,

Shall flow serene, while virtue pours

Her sunshine on the mind.

AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

TO ———. 1763.

WHILE yet my poplar yields a doubtful shade,

Its last leaves trembling to the zephyr's sigh,

On this fair plain, ere every verdure fade,

Or the last smiles of golden autumn die;

Wilt thou, my ———, at this pensive hour,

O'er nature's ruins hear thy friend complain;

While his heart labours with th' inspiring power,

And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?

Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,

Yet haply grieving o'er a parent's bier;

P ij

Poets are nature's children: when she dies
Affection mourns, and duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, brethren of the grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre
So sweetly tun'd to tenderness and love,
Shall love no more, or tenderness inspire?

O, mix once more thy gentle lays with mine!
For well our passions, well our notes agree:
An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine;
An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere we slumber, songsters of the sky,
Through the long night of winter, wild and
drear:

O, let us tune, ere love and fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year!

Farewell ye wild hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!
Sweet solitude, where Flora smil'd unseen!
Farewell each breeze of balmy-burden'd wing!
The violet's blue bank, and the tall wood green!

Ye tuneful groves of Belvidere adieu! [rest!
Kind shades, that whisper o'er my Craufurd's
From courts, from senates, and from camps to you,
When fancy leads him, no inglorious guest.

Dear shades, adieu! where late the moral muse,
Led by the dryad, silence, oft reclin'd,
Taught meanness to extend her little views,
And look on nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the woodland vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale,
And the dear glories of the closing day!

The nameless charms of high, poetic thought,
That spring's green hours to fancy's children
bore;

The words divine, imagination wrote
On slumber's light leaf, by the murmuring shore.

All, all adieu: from autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of spring's delightful reign;
Gay summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the glories of her train,
Yet autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,
Sweet melancholy soothes the musing mind,
And nature's charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous Power, whom happy worlds adore,
With every scene some grateful change she
brings—

In winter's wild snows, autumn's golden store,
In glowing summers, and in blooming springs!

O most belov'd! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! may still thy lover find
Fair nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the spring of smiling youth is o'er;
When summer's glories yields to autumn's sway;
When golden autumn sinks in winter's hoar;
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:
Remembrance sweet shall sooth my last repose,
And my soul bless thee in eternal night.

TO THE SAME. 1763.

WHEN pale beneath the frowning shade of death,
No soothing voice of love or friendship nigh,
While strong convulsions seiz'd the lab'ring breath,
And life suspended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind?
To what new region did the spirit stray?
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,
Some breast that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee my —, in that deathful hour,
To thy dear bosom it once more return'd;
And wrapt in —'s solitary bower,
The ruins of its former mansion mourn'd.

But didst thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear?
From those sweet eyes did pity's softness start,
When fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didst thou to Heav'n address the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to spare,
And call down pity from the golden sky?

O, born at once to bless me and to save,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!
That in your laureat crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion beauty's sacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of love!

O, may we meet you in some happier clime!
Some safer vale beneath a genial sky!
Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
Disease, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

TO THE SAME.

The Complaint of her Ring-Dove.

FAR from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,
Far from those vales, where flowery pleasures
dwell,

(Dear scenes of freedom lost to these sad eyes!)
How hard to languish in this lonely cell!

When genial gales relume the fires of love;
When laughing spring leads round the jocund
year;

Ah, view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heart-felt joy secluded here!

To me no more the laughing spring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breast;
Time slowly drags the long, delightful day,
Through one dull scene of solitary rest.

Ah! what avails that dreaming fancy roves
Through the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening
groves,

To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain?

Though fondly sooth'd with pity's tenderest care,
Though still by —'s gentle hand caress'd,
For the free forest, and the boundless air,
The rebel, nature, murmurs in my breast.

Ah, let not nature, —, plead in vain!
 For kindness, sure, should grace a form so fair:
 Restore me to my native wilds again,
 To the free forest, and the boundless air.

TO THE SAME.

SONNET.

In the Manner of Petrarch. 1765.

ON thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May!
 The sweetest twins that ever nature bore,
 Where ——— vale her field-flower garland
 wove,
 Young love and fancy met the genial day.
 And, as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
 A nymph of gentlest mien their train before,
 Came with a smile; and swain, she cried, no
 more
 To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay.
 Friends of thy heart, see love and fancy bring
 Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms!
 Delight, that rifles all the fragrant spring!
 Fair-handed hope, that paints unfading charms!
 And dove-like faith, that waves her silver
 wing.——
 These, swain, are thine; for ——— meets thy
 arms.

TO THE SAME.

Wrapped round a Nosegay of Violets. 1761.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!
 Source of my joy, and solace of my care!
 Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
 As makes me wish, and tells me how to live!
 To thee the muse with grateful hand would bring
 These first fair children of the doubtful spring.
 O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
 Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!
 In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
 And sweeter breathe their little lives away!

TO THE SAME.

On the Moral Reflections contained in her Answer to the above Verses. 1761.

SWEET moralist! whose moving truths impart
 At once delight and anguish to my heart!
 Though human joys their short-liv'd sweets exhale,
 Like the wan beauties of the wasted vale;
 Yet trust the muse, fair friendship's flower shall
 last,
 When life's short sunshine, like its storms, is past;
 Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,
 Where time, and death, and sickness, are no more.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF MAPS.
1765.

REALMS of this globe, that ever-circling run,
 And rise alternate to embrace the sun;
 Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
 Because I boast so small a portion mine?
 If e'er in thought of Andalusia's vines,
 Golconda's jewels, or Potosi's mines;
 If these, or those, if vanity forgot
 The humbler blessings of my little lot;

Then may the stream that murmurs near my door,
 The waving grove that loves its mazy shore,
 Withhold each soothing pleasure that they gave,
 No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA. 1760.

LET others seek the lying aids of art,
 And bribe the passions to betray the heart;
 Truth, sacred truth, and faith unskill'd to feign,
 Fill my fond breast, and prompt my artless strain:
 Say, did thy lover, in some happier hour,
 Each ardent thought in wild profusion pour;
 With eager fondness on thy beauty gaze,
 And talk with all the ecstasy of praise?
 The heart sincere its pleasing tumult prov'd;
 All, all declar'd that Theodosius lov'd.

Let raptur'd fancy on that moment dwell,
 When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
 When love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender sigh,
 Swell'd thy full breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.

O! blest for ever be th' auspicious day,
 Dance all its hours in pleasure's golden ray!
 Pale sorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
 And laughing joy glide lightly through the heart!
 Let village-maids their festive brows adorn,
 And with fresh garlands meet the smiling morn;
 Each happy swain, by faithful love repaid,
 Pour his warm vows, and court his village-maid.

Yet shall the scene to ravish'd memory rise:
 Constantia present, yet shall meet these eyes;
 On her fair arm her beauteous head reclin'd,
 Her locks flung careless to the sportful wind.
 While love and fear contending in her face,
 Flush every rose, and heighten every grace.
 O never, while of life and hope possess'd,
 May this dear image quit my faithful breast!
 The painful hours of absence to beguile,
 May thus Constantia look, Constantia smile!

ELEGY. 1760.

THE eye of nature never rests from care;
 She guards her children with a parent's love;
 And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,
 But time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,
 No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
 The pois'nous flower, the tempest's raging strife,
 From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

Lavinia, form'd with every powerful grace,
 With all that lights the flame of young desire;
 Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,
 A soul of fancy, and an eye all fire.

Lavinia!—Peace, my busy fluttering breast!
 Nor fear to languish in thy former pain:
 At length she yields—she yields the needful rest;
 And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn,
 Looks not so fair, fresh rising from the main;
 But her bent eyebrow bears forbidding scorn,—
 But pride's fell furies every heart-string strain.

Lavinia, thanks to thy ungente mind;
 I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;
 And reason dares, thou love as death be blind,
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
 And fair proportions win the captive heart;
 But let rank pride the pleasing form debase,
 And love disgusted breaks his erring dart.
 The youth that once the sculptur'd nymph admir'd,
 Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
 If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,
 Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.
 Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
 Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
 Still may'st thou dream of splendour in thy train,
 And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.
 For me, sweet peace shall sooth my troubled mind,
 And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
 Since reason dares, though love as death be blind,
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
 This mansion of the mighty dead,
 Come with the free, untainted mind;
 The nurse, the pedant leave behind;
 And all that superstition, fraught
 With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
 Each thought that reason can't retain—
 Leave it, and learn to think again.
 Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
 And range these various volumes o'er,
 Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
 Remembering authors are but men.
 Has fair philosophy thy love?
 Away! she lives in yonder grove.
 If the sweet muse thy pleasure gives,
 With her, in yonder grove, she lives:
 And if religion claims thy care,
 Religion, fled from books, is there.
 For first from nature's works we drew
 Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

TO LORD GRANBY.

In spite of all the rusty fools
 That glean old nonsense in the schools;
 Nature, a mistress, never coy,
 Has wrote on all her works—enjoy.
 Shail we then starve, like Gideon's wife,
 And die to save a makeweight's life?
 No, friend of nature, you disdain,
 So fair a hand should work in vain.
 But, good my lord, make her your guide,
 And err not on the other side:
 Like her, in all you deign to do,
 Be liberal, but be sparing too.
 When fly Sir Toby, night by night,
 With his dear bags regales his sight;
 And conscience, reason, pity, sleep,
 Though virtue pine, though merit weep;
 I see the keen reproaches fly
 Indignant from your honest eye;
 Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,
 And your breast labours to be kind.
 At this warm hour, my lord, beware
 The servile flatterer's specious snare,

The fawning sycophant, whose art
 Marks the kind motions of the heart;
 Each idle, each insidious knave,
 That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.
 With festive beard, and social eye,
 You've seen old hospitality;
 Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,
 The genius of the ancient hall.
 So reverend, with such courtly glee,
 He serv'd your noble ancestry;
 And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
 For Russel, Rous, Plantagenet.
 No lying porter levied there
 His dues on all imported ware;
 There, rang'd in rows, no livery'd train
 E'er begg'd their master's beef again;
 No flatterer's planetary face
 'Plied for a bottle, or a place,
 Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome,
 Kept their lean rascals starv'd at home.
 "Thrice happy days!"

In this, 'tis true,
 Old times were better than the new;
 Yet some egregious faults you'll see
 In ancient hospitality.
 See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
 Put poor society to death!
 Priests, knights, and 'squires, debating wild,
 On themes unworthy of a child;
 Till the strange compliment commences,
 To praise their host, and lose their senses.
 Go then, my lord! keep open hall;
 Proclaim your table free for all;
 Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,
 Your patience, liberty, and health,
 To such a thought-renouncing crew,
 Such foes to care—ev'n care for you.
 "Heav'ns! and are these the plagues that wait
 "Around the hospitable gate—
 "Let tenfold iron bolt my door,
 "And the gaunt mastiff growl before;
 "There, not one human creature nigh,
 "Save, dear Sir Toby, you and I,
 "In cynic silence let us dwell;
 "Ye plagues of social life farewell!"
 Displeases this? The modern way,
 Perhaps, may please—a public day.
 "A public day! detested name!
 "The farce of friendship, and the shame.
 "Did ever social freedom come
 "Within the pale of drawing-room?
 "See pictur'd round the formal crowd!
 "How nice, how just each attitude!
 "My lord approaches—what surprise!
 "The pictures speak, the pictures rise!
 "Thrice ten times told the same salute,
 "Once more the mimic forms the mute.
 "Meanwhile the envious rows between,
 "Distrust and scandal walk unseen;
 "Their poisons silently infuse,
 "Till these suspect, and those abuse.
 "Far, far from these, in some lone shade,
 "Let me, in easy silence laid,
 "Where never fools, or slaves intrude,
 "Enjoy the sweets of solitude!"
 What, quit the commerce of mankind!
 Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!

Who fly to solitary rest,
Are reason's savages at best.

Though human life's extensive field
Wild weeds, and vexing brambles yield;
Behold her smiling vallies bear
Mellifluous fruits, and flowers fair!
The crowds of folly you despise---
Associate with the good and wise;
For virtue, rightly understood,
Is to be wise, and to be good.

MONODY. 1759.

Ah, scenes belov'd! ah, conscious shades,
That wave these parent-vales along!
Ye bowers, where fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn---
For her bewail these streams of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow;
Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears;
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my
mind to grow.

Careful she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:
She taught the struggling passions to subside;
Where sacred truth and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness! yet I see
The fond affection melting in her eye:
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh;
As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can
feign.

O best of parents! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed:
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed---
Alas! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-seated hope, forbear---
No more thy fond illusions spread;
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine,
Love, gratitude, and duty, mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign, [years.
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long-declining

TO MRS. ———

In Tears for the Death of a Friend. 1762.

So feeble nature weeps o'er friendship's grave,
And mourns the rigour of that law she gave:
Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
All Pembroke's elegance, all Waldegrave's fire.
No more those eyes in soft effulgence move,
No more that bosom feels the spark of love.

O'er those pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,
And fancy tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
There hope at heav'n once cast a doubtful eye,
Content repin'd, and patience stole a sigh.
Fair friendship griev'd o'er ———'s sacred bier,
And virtue wept, for ——— dropt a tear.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

With sense enough for half your sex beside,
With just no more than necessary pride;
With knowledge caught from nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage—
Alas! how piteous, that in such a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can such a mind, ye gods! admit disdain?
Be partial, envious, covetous, and vain?
Unwelcome truth! to love, to blindness clear!
Yet Gillman, hear it;—while you blush to hear.
That in your gentle breast disdain can dwell,
Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell!
With partial eye a friend's defects you see,
And look with kindness on my faults and me.
And does no envy that fair mind o'ershade?
Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade;
When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.
What charms, what arts of magic have conspir'd
Of power to make so many faults admir'd?

FRAGMENT OF A POEM,

Written at Clare-Hall, on the King's Accession.
1760.

.....
.....

WHILE every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And smiling victory waves her purple wings;
While earth and ocean yield their subject powers,
Neptune his waves and Cybele her towers;
Yet will you deign the muse's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a monarch's ear?
Yes; 'midst the toils of glory ill-repaid,
Oft has the monarch sought her soothing aid.
See Frederic court her in the rage of war,
Though rapid vengeance urge his hostile car:
With her repos'd in philosophic rest,
The sage's sunshine smooths the warrior's breast.
Whate'er Arcadian fancy feign'd of old
Of halcyon days, and minutes plum'd with gold;
Whate'er adorn'd the wisest, gentlest reign,
From you she hopes—let not her hopes be vain!
Rise ancient suns! advance Pierian days!
Flow Attic streams! and spring Aonian bays!
Cam, down thy wave in brisker mazes glide,
And see new honours crown thy hoary side!
Thy offers old see myrtle groves succeed!
And the green laurel meet the waving reed!

.....
.....

CÆSAR'S DREAM.

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN. 1758.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,
And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;

When scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul:
Tir'd freedom leads her savage sons no more,
But flies, subdued, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping
air,

And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;
Divine ambition to her votary came;
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.
And thus, "My son," the queen of glory said;
'Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.

"Shall night's dull chains the man of counsels
"bind?"

"Or Morpheus rule the monarch of mankind?"

"See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!"

"Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord!"

"See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the
"sky,

"Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!"

"What, though by nature's firmest bars secur'd,

"By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,

"Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,

"Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening
"wave?"

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast in-
flame

With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;

Already beat, the swelling floods give way,

And the fell genii of the rocks obey.

Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,

And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,

Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand:

The hero rose, majestically slow,

And look'd attention to the crowds below.

"Romans and friends! is there who seeks for
"rest,

"By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd?"

"That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,

"Due to the toils of many a well fought field.

"Is there, who shrinks at thought of dangers past,

"The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—

"While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,

"Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?"

"Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;

"He once has toil'd, and Cæsar asks no more.

"Is there a Roman, whose unshaken breast

"No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depress'd?"

"Who, doom'd through death's dread ministers
"to go,

"Dares to chastise the insults of a foe;

"Let him, his country's glory and her stay,

"With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.

"A form divine, in heavenly splendour bright,

"Whose look threw radiance round the pall of
"night,

"With calm severity approach'd and said,

"Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.

"What! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,

"And tamely see the Britons aid his foes?"

"See them secure the rebel Gaul supply;

"Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?"

"Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave;

"Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening
"wave."

Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply.
The voice assenting spoke from every eye;
Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

INSCRIPTION

IN A TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

SACRED rise these walls to thee,
Blithe-ey'd nymph, society!

In whose dwelling, free and fair,

Converse smooths the brow of care.

Who, when waggish wit betray'd

To his arms a sylvan maid,

All beneath a myrtle tree,

In some vale of Arcady,

Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,

The lovely contrast in her face.

Perchance, the muses as they stray'd,

Seeking other spring, or shade,

On the sweet child cast an eye

In some vale of Arcady;

And blithest of the sisters three,

Gave her to Euphrosyne.

The grace, delighted, taught her care

The cordial smile the placid air;

How to chafe, and how restrain

All the fleet, ideal train;

How with apt words well combin'd,

To dress each image of the mind—

Taught her how they disagree,

Awkward fear and modesty,

And freedom and rusticity.

True politeness how to know

From the superficial show;

From the coxcomb's shallow grace,

And the many modell'd face:

That nature's unaffected ease

More than studied forms would please—

When to check the sportive vein:

When to fancy yield the rein,

On the subject when to be

Grave or gay, reserv'd or free:

The speaking air, th' impassion'd eye,

The living soul of symmetry;

And that soft sympathy which binds

In magic chains congenial minds.

INSCRIPTION

IN A SEQUESTERED GROTTTO. 1763.

SWEET peace, that lov'st the silent hour,

The still retreat of leisure free;

Affiliate of each gentle power,

And eldest born of harmony!

O, if thou own'st this mossy cell,

If thine this mansion of repose;

Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,

With thee my wakeful eye to close.

And though those glittering scenes should fade,

That pleasure's rosy train prepares;—

What vot'ry have they not betray'd?

What are they more than splendid cares?

But smiling days exempt from care,
 But nights, when sleep, and silence reign;
 Serenity with aspect fair.
 And love and joy are in thy train.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION,

IN THE SAME GROTTO. 1756.

O FAIREST of the village born,
 Content, inspire my careless lay!
 Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn
 Throw darkness o'er the smiling day.
 Forgett'st thou, when we wander'd o'er
 The sylvan Belau's * sedgy shore,
 Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;
 How oft on Herclay's † mountains high
 We've met the morning's purple eye,
 Delay'd by many a song?
 From thee, from those by fortune led;
 To all the farce of life confin'd;
 At once each native pleasure fled,
 For thou, sweet nymph, was left behind.
 Yet could I once, once more survey
 Thy comely form in mantle gray,
 Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye;
 Where'er, forsaken fair, you dwell,
 Though in this dim sequester'd cell,
 With thee I'd live and die.

LEFT WITH THE MINISTER OF RIPON-
DEN,

A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE. 1758.

THRICE happy you, whoe'er you are,
 From life's low cares secluded far,
 In this sequester'd vale—!
 Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!
 Ye ragged deserts, waste and wild!
 Delightful horrors hail!

What joy within these sunless groves,
 Where lonely contemplation roves,
 To rest in fearless ease!
 Save weeping rills, to see no tear,
 Save dying gales no sigh to hear,
 No murmur but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell
 Where sanctity and silence dwell,
 For splendour's dazzling blaze?
 For all those gilded toys that glare
 Round high-born power's imperial chair,
 Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! ambition's prospects close,
 And, studious of your own repose,
 Be thankful here to live;
 For, trust me, one protecting shed
 And nightly peace, and daily bread
 Is all that life can give.

* A small river in Westmoreland.

† A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the seat of the Herclays, Earls of Carlisle.

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF
PONTECRAFT CASTLE. 1756.

RIGHT sung the bard, that all-involving age,
 With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow;
 That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,
 Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
 This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,
 Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns
 frown,
 And birds obscene in ivy bow'rs repose

Oft the pale matron from the threat'ning wall,
 Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly;
 Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
 Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But more respectful views th' historic sage,
 Musing, these awful relics of decay,
 That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
 In Henry's and in Edward's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
 That erst have trod this desolated ground;
 Reflects how here unhappy Salisbury bled,
 When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle rivers! and ill-fated Gray!
 A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,
 Whom envy slew, to pave ambition's way,
 And whom a monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?
 The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd!
 Happier! to these the humble life unknown,
 With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
 When hapless here inglorious Richard lay.
 Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
 The shameful triumph of the long-fought day:

Yet many a hero whose defeated hand
 In death resign'd the well-contested field,
 Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
 The tyrant's terror, and the nation's shield.

Ill could the muse indignant grief forbear,
 Should mem'ry trace her bleeding country's
 woes;

Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
 Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd rose!

While York, with conquest and revenge elate,
 Insulting triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
 Who views, nor pities Henry's hapless fate,
 Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
 To stem ambition, faction's rage to quell;
 Happier! from these had fortune plac'd thee far,
 In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
 Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
 That vanquish'd York, on Wakefield's purple
 green,
 Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair vict'ry beam'd the glad'ning eye,
And, waving oft, her golden pinions, smil'd:
Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale:
For much its horrors would the muse appal,
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The patriot's exile, or the hero's fall.

Thus silver Wharf*, whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

FRAGMENT. 1762.

'Twas on time's birth-day, when the voice di-
vine

Wak'd sleeping nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, struggled with created light;
The heav'n-born muse, sprung from the source
sublime

Of harmony immortal, first receiv'd
Her sacred mandate. "Go, seraphic maid,
" Companion still to nature! from her works
" Derive thy lay melodious; great like those,
" And elegantly simple. In thy train,
" Glory, and deathless fame and fair renown
" Attendant ever, each immortal name,
" By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault
" Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.
" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
" The firm heart, where the love of human kind
" Inflames the patriot spirit, there to sooth
" The toils of virtue with melodious praise:
" For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake
" His golden lyre; for those, the young-ey'd sun
" Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial spring
" Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his
" bosom."

So spake the voice divine; the raptur'd muse
In strains like these, but nobler, fram'd her lay.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,
Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! patriot hearts,
That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where history triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why streams my eye with pleasure†? 'tis the joy
The soft delight that through the full breast flows,
From sweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,
While o'er thy annals memory shoots her eye,
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering
love,

And emulous esteem! hail, Sydney hail!
Whether Arcadian blithe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van distinguish'd, Sydney, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen

* A river near the scene of battle, in which were
slain 35,000 men.

† Exultat Animus Maximorum Virorum Me-
" moriam percurrans." VAL. MAX.

Fall flowers; oft in thy vale of Penshurst fair
The shepherd wandering from his nightly fold,
Listeneth strange music, by the tiny breath
Of fairy minstrels warbled.

On Raleigh's grave, O strew the fairest flowers,
That on the bosom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-
maids!

Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme
bring

To Raleigh's honour'd grave! There bloom the
bay,

The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modest worth was his:
A mind where truth philosophy's first born,
Held her harmonious reign; a Briton's breast,
That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,
Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Disdain'd and dy'd! Where was thy spirit then,
Queen of sea-crowning isles, when Raleigh bled?
How well he serv'd thee, let Iberia tell!

Ask prostrate Cales, yet trembling at his name,
How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd
hand

Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from
him.

And cried, I fight for Britain! History rise,
And blast the reigns that redden with the blood
Of those that gave them glory!

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION*. 1759-

ADONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb shall shed
Her flowing sorrows for Adonis dead;
For earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.

* Bion the pastoral poet, lived in the time of
Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet *Σμυρναίος*,
every where applied to him, it is probable that
he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this,
when he says to the river Meles, which had be-
fore wept for Homer,

—Νυν παλιν αλλον

ἴσα δ' αὖτις—

It is evident, however, that he spent much of
his time in Sicily. Moschus, as he tells us, was
his scholar; and by him we are informed that his
master was not a poor poet. "Thou hast left to
others thy riches," says he, "but to me thy po-
etry." It appears from the same author that he
died by poison. The best edition of his works is
that of Paris, by M. de Longue-Pierre, with a
French translation.

Ver. 1. Adonis, the favourite of Venus, was
the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief
employment was hunting, though he is represent-
ed by Virgil as a shepherd.

Ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies,
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow, 11
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly,
And death dims flow the ghastly gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain!—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!

Adonis feels the warm salute no more.
Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return, 20
His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,
And mourning dryads pour the plaintive strain.

Not the fair youth alone the wound oppress,
The queen of beauty bears it in her breast.
Her feet unfandal'd floating wild her hair,
Her aspect woeful, and her bosom bare,
Distress, she wanders the wild wastes forlorn,
Her sacred limbs by ruthless brambles torn,
Loud as she grieves, surrounding rocks complain,
And echo through the long vales calls her absent swain. 30

Adonis hears not: Life's last drops fall flow
In streams of purple, down his limbs of snow.
The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe
Propertius, in Cyprus.

—Percussit Adonim
Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniversary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feast of Adonis among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed it with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian the Apostate made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feast of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus says that he was the favourite of Bacchus: Plutarch maintains that he and Bacchus are the same; and that the Jews abstained from swine's flesh because Adonis was killed by a boar. Ausonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis, are one and the same.

Ver. 21, 24. The lines in the original run thus:

Λαγριν αγραιον ελκος εχει κατὰ μέσον Αδωνις,
Μιζον δ' α Κυθηρια φερει ποτικαρδιον ελκος.
Κεινον μεν μερι παϊδα φιλοι κυνης ωρυσαντο,
Και Νυμφαι κλαουσιν ορσιαδεις.

The two first of these lines contain a kind of witticism, which it was better to avoid. This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of these little affected turns of expression, which Musæus and others have been industrious to strike out.

These four verses are transposed in the translation for the sake of the connection.

Ver. 27. This image of the sorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with

Each rival grace that glow'd with conscious pride,
Each charm of Venus with Adonis dy'd.

Adonis dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the saddening groan.
The swelling floods with sea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep: 40
In melting tears the mountain-springs comply;
The flow'rs, low-drooping, blush with grief, and die.

Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her sad cities sing.
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' sighs return;
When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn?
But when she saw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But streaming when she saw life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice
she cry'd: 50

Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay,
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
Let those dear lips by mine once more be prest,
Till thy last breathe expire into my breast;
Then when life's ebbing pulse scarce scarce can move,

I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
When thou art gone. 80

When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming shores.

Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine iron arms;
Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms:
For happier thou, to whose wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.

great beauty and propriety. Indeed, most modern poets seem to have observed it, and have profited by it in their scenes of elegiac woe.

Ver. 39. When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her *Αφροδιτα*; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the same appellation when she wanders the desert.

Ver. 42.

Ανδρα δ' εἰς ὄδον εἰσὺν θραινεται.—

Paleness being the known effect of grief, we do not at first sight accept this expression; but when we consider that the first emotions of it are attended with blushes, we are pleased with the observation.

Ver. 43.

ἃ δὲ Κυθήνη
Παντας ἀνα κρημας καὶ ἀνα πῆλιν διέκλον αἰεδι.

This passage the scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They make *Κυθήνη* Venus, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name she borrows from that island being always *Κυθηρεια*, nor in the least probability from the connection.

This proves that the island Cythera was the place where Adonis perished, notwithstanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled;
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead. 70

The loves around in idle sorrow stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!
Delight and beauty with Adonis dy'd.

Why didst thou, vent'rous, the wild chase explore,

From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar?
Far other sport might those fair limbs essay,
Than the rude combat, or the savage fray.

Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore
And mourn her beauty and her love no more. 80

Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow;
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemones shall rear.

But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain air,
The last sad office let thy hand supply, 89

Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
That form repos'd beneath the bridal vest,
May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
For lovely smile those lips, though void of breath,

And fair those features in the shade of death.
Haste, fill with flow'rs, with rosy wreaths his bed;
Perish the flow'rs! the prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew;
Perish the balms, unable to restore 99

Those vital sweets of love that charm no more!
'Tis done—Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow.
Officious these the wat'ry urn supply,
Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.

O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
As yet, though vain, solicitous to save.

All wild with grief, their hapless queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more. 110
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flow'ry tresses torn:
For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain
The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain,
Who would not, when Adonis dies, deplore?
Who would not weep when Hymen smiles no more?

The graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:
The fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below. 120
Vain hopeless grief! can living sounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade?
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear
For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

Ver. 124. Numa seems to have borrowed the custom he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased from the Greeks. For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his successor.

THE

HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET. 1760.

O GOODNESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene;
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade
Each tender bard of verse divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd, or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you flight the flowery crown
That fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilst laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius just, Camillus wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possess'd,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine
o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies!
With reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern or the southern shore,
He smiles at fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O friendship fair, immortal maid;
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom interest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour;
Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus Sidon's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field
For the long glories of a throne—
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your Richmond's tranquil rest,
You pass, dear C——, your useful days,
Where Thames your silent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves,
Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so sure.

SONNET CLXXIX.

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH. 1765.

THOUGH nobly born, to humble life resign'd;
The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind;
A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
A cheerful spirit, with an aspect sage,—
The power that rules the planetary train
To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain.
Put on her worth, her various praise to dwell,
The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
The muse herself would own the task too hard,
Too great the labour for the happiest bard.
Dress that derives from native beauty grace,
And love that holds with honesty his place;
Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray
Might kindle darkness, or obscure the day!

SONNET CCLXXIX.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

FALL'N the fair column, blasted is the bay,
That shaded once my solitary shore!
I've lost what hope can never give me more,
Though sought from Indus to the closing day.
My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,
My pride, my pleasure left me to deplore:
What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial sway,
Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.
O destiny severe of human kind!
What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?
The downcast visage, and the pensive mind
Through the thin veil of smiling life appears;
And in one moment vanish into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long laborious years.

SONNET CCLVII.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

WHERE is that face, whose slightest air could move
My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love?

That heaven, where two fair stars, with genial
ray,

Shed their kind influence on life's dim way?
Where are that science, sense, and worth confest,
That speech by virtue, by the graces dress'd?
Where are those beauties, where those charms
combin'd,

That caus'd this long captivity of mind?
Where the dear shade of all that once was fair,
The source, the solace of each amorous care;
My heart's sole sovereign, nature's only boast?
—Lost to the world, to me for ever lost!

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME. 1765.

WAIL'D the sweet warbler to the lonely shade;
Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale;
Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
Its banks, its flowery banks with verdure
spread,

Where, by the charm of pensive fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I still bewail,
Came from the regions of the cheerless dead;
And why, she cry'd, untimely wilt thou die?
Ah why, for pity, shall those mournful fears,
Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye?
Cherish no more those visionary tears,
For me, who range yon light-invested sky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

LESBIA, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say;
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the story:
We shall sleep and wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we nor envy know.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

THE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daizied green.
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wint'ry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,

To sooth keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull time has blasted the despairing year,
And winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near,
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

TO A REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye:
See thee, when thou'lt eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again
Well thou knowest the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store:
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous I bend before thy holy shrine:
To other hands be fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.

Bring gentlest love, bring fancy to my breast;
And if wild genius, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray:

I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to genius, fancy, and to love!

MENALCAS. A PASTORAL.

Now cease your sweet pipes, shepherds! cease your
lays,

Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
With your melodious love-notes! Die, ye winds,
That o'er Arcadian valleys blows! Ye streams,
Ye garrulous old streams, suspend your course,
And listen to Menalcas—

Menalcas.

Come fairest of the beauteous train that sport
On Ladon's flowery side, my Delia, come!

For thee thy shepherd, silent as he sits
Within the green wood, sighs; for thee prepares
The various wreaths in vain; explores the shade
Where lowly lurks the violet blue, where droops,
In tender beauty, its fair spotted bells
The cowslip: oft with plaintive voice he calls
The wakeful echo—What are streams or flowers,
Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
Young health, or music, or the voice of praise,
The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
Of evening gales, when Delia dwells afar?

TO THE REV. MR. LAMB.

LAMB, could the muse that boasts thy forming care
Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart,
Her hand for thee should many a wreath prepare,
And cull the choicest flowers with studious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy skill open'd, as thy lore refin'd.

Each uncouth lay that falter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from Eden's murmurs caught;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I sung,
Though rude the strain, though artless was the
draught.

You wisely prais'd, and fed the sacred fire,
That warms the breast with love and honest fame;
You swell'd to nobler heights my infant lyre,
Rais'd the low thought, and check'd th' exube-
rant flame.

O, could the muse in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree!
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

AN ODE.

TO THE GENIUS OF WESTMORELAND.

HAIL hidden power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains gray!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,
Coeval with the birth of time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thought sublime,
In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the distant gale,
Has fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has she seen thee glancing by;
Or down the summer evening sky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the sacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breast;
Those thoughts too high to be express'd,
Genius, if thou did'st once inspire;

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native shades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inspir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

HYMN TO PLUTUS.

GREAT God of wealth, before whose sacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame and worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wisdom that frown'd, and knowledge fraught
with care!

Friendship that every veering gale could move!
And tantalizing hope, and faithless love!
These, these are slaves that in thy livery shine!
For wisdom, friendship, love himself is thine?

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day;
For thee Asturia's shining sands explore,
And bear the splendours of Potosi's ore
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.

Farewell the scenes that thoughtless youth could
please;

The flowery scenes of indolence and ease.
Where you the way with magic power beguile,
Bassora's deep, or Lybia's deserts smile.

Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,
The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"
Away that anguish for a brother's woe!
Adieu to these, and every tiresome guest,
That drain'd my fortunes or destroy'd my rest!

Ah, good Avaro! could I thee despise?
Thee, good Avaro; provident and wise?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said!
I love Avaro; poor Avaro's dead.

Yet, yet I'm thine; for fame's unerring tongue
In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song.

"Immortal Plutus! god of golden ease!
"Form'd every heart, and every eye to please!
"For thee content her downy carpet spreads,
"And rosy pleasure swells her genial beds.
"Tis thine to gild the mansions of despair;
"And beam a glory round the brows of care;
"To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours,
"With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers."

O grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung.
For me their shades let other Studleys rear,
Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear!

Detested god!—forgive me! I adore.
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee,
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be hers the wealth all Heav'n's broad eye can
view;

Grant her, good god, Don Philip and Peru.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;

If now the pity-streaming tear

Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;

Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!

A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.
Ye cares, O harden not my heart.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile:
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.
Alike, the foolish, and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd;—and forgot its power to save—
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: It fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!

To Heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

EPISTLE TO MR. —

FROM scenes where fancy no excursion tries,
Nor trusts her wing to smoke-involv'd skies;
Far from the town's detested haunts remov'd,
And nought but thee deserted that I lov'd;
From noise and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only stays for thee.

What is that world which makes the heart its
slave?

A restless sea revolving wave on wave:
There rage the storms of each uncertain clime:
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:
There hope's smooth gales in soft succession blow,
While disappointment hides the rock below.
The syren pleasures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repose of death.

What is that world? at — 'tis no more
Than the vast ocean while we walk the shore.
Loud roar the winds and swell the wild waves high,
Lash the rude beach, and frighten all the sky;
No longer shall my little bark be rent,
Since hope resign'd her anchor to content.

Like some poor fisher that, escap'd with life,
Will trust no more to elemental strife;
But sits in safety on the green-bank side,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide;
Like him contented you your friend shall see,
As safe, as happy, and as poor as he.

TO A LADY.

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY HER,

On the Search of Happiness.

To seek the lovely nymph you sing,
I've wander'd many a weary mile,
From grove to grove, from spring to spring;
If here or there she deign'd to smile.

Nay, what I now must blush to say,
For sure it hap'd in evil hour;
I once so far mistook my way,
To seek her in the haunts of power.

How should success my search betide,
When still so far I wander'd wrong?
For happiness on Arrowe's side,
Was listening to Maria's song.

Delighted thus with you to stay,
What hope have I the nymph to see;
Unless you cease your magic lay,
Or bring her in your arms to me?

A MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND JOHN
SCOTT, ESQ.

*Being written in his Garden at Amwell, in Hert-
fordshire, the beginning of the year 1769.*

FRIEND of my genius! on whose natal hour,
Shone the same star, but shone with brighter
ray;

Oft as amidst thy Amwell's shades I stray,
And mark thy true taste in each winding bower,
From my full eye why falls the tender shower?

While other thoughts than these fair scenes con-
vey, [away.

Bear on my trembling mind, and melt its powers

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I spread
Like thee the wild walk o'er the varied plain;
The fairest tribes of Flora's painted train,
Each bolder shrub that grac'd her genial bed,
When old Sylvanus, by young wishes led,
Stole to her arms, of such fair offspring vain,
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.

Like thee, inspir'd by love—'twas Delia's charms,
'Twas Delia's taste the new creation gave:
For her my groves in plaintive sighs would wave,
And call her absent to their master's arms.

She comes—Ye flowers your fairest blooms unfold!
Ye waving groves, your plaintive sighs forbear!
Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air,
Ye smiling shrubs whose heads are cloth'd with
gold!

She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,
The long lov'd mistress of my faithful heart!
The mistress of my soul, no more to part,
And all my hopes, and all my vows are sped.
Vain, vain delusions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the spring had wak'd the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And droop'd her gentle head,
And sunk, for ever sunk, into her silent bed.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!
To equal sense of painful suffering born!
From whose fond breast a lovely parent torn,
Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear so late;—
Oh! let us mindful of the short, short date,
That bears the spoil of human hopes away,
Indulge sweet memory of each happier day!
No! close, for ever close the iron-gate
Of cold oblivion on that dreary cell,
Where the pale shades of past enjoyments dwell,
And pointing to their bleeding bosoms say,
On life's disastrous hour what varied woes await!
Let scenes of softer, gentler kind,
Awake to fancy's soothing call,

And milder on the pensive mind,
 The shadowed thought of grief shall fall.
 Oft as the slowly-closing day
 Draws her pale mantle from the dew-star's eye,
 What time, the shepherd's cry
 Leads from the pastur'd hills his flocks away,
 Attentive to the tender lay
 That steals from Philomela's breast,
 Let us in musing silence stray,
 Where Lee beholds in mazes flow
 His uncomplaining waters flow, [rest.
 And all his whispering shores invite the charm of

IMITATIONS OF WALLER.

WALLER TO ST. EVREMOND.

O VALES of Penshurst now so long unseen!
 Forgot each secure shade, each winding green;
 Those lonely paths what art have I to tread,
 Where once young love, the blind enthusiast, led?
 Yet if the genius of your conscious groves
 His Sidney in my Sacharissa loves;
 Let him with pride her cruel power unfold;
 By him my pains let Evremond be told.

INSCRIPTIONS ON A BEECH TREE,

IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

SWEET land of muses! o'er whose favour'd plains
 Ceres and Flora held alternate sway;
 By Jove refresh'd with life-diffusing rains,
 By Phœbus blest with every kinder ray!
 O with what pride do I those times survey,
 When freedom, by her rustic minstrels led,
 Danc'd on the green lawn many a summer's day,
 While pastoral ease reclin'd her careless head.
 In these soft shades; ere yet that shepherd fled,
 Whose music pierc'd earth, air, and Heaven and hell,
 And call'd the ruthless tyrant of the dead
 From the dark slumbers of his iron cell.
 His ear unfolding caught the magic spell:
 He felt the sounds glide softly through his heart;
 The sounds that deign'd of love's sweet power to tell;
 And as they told, would point his golden dart.
 Fix'd was the god; nor power had he to part,
 For the fair daughter of the sheaf-crown'd queen,
 Fair without pride, and lovely without art,
 Gather'd her wild flowers on the daisied green.
 He saw; he sigh'd; and that unmelting breast,
 Which arms the hand of death, the power of love
 confess'd.

THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE,

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

YE holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
 These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;
 Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
 Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
 O bid these passions for the world depart,
 These wild desires, and vanities of heart,
 Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
 And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

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To that the poor remains of life are due,
 'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.
 Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
 My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:
 No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
 But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The power that gave these little charms their
 grace,

His favours bounded, and confin'd their space.
 Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
 Tear from the cheek the transient rose away.
 But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
 Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;
 Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
 Of all that feels the injuries of fate
 Uncertain is the search, and short the date.
 Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain?
 That boon of death, the sad resource of pain!

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell;
 Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:
 Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
 And vanity there fed her meteor fires.
 This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
 An hour of innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O, let thy sacred ray
 Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away.
 Deluding, flattering, faithless world adieu!
 Long hast thou taught me, God is only true!
 That God alone I trust, alone adore,
 No more deluded, and misled no more. [cease!

Come, sacred hour, when wavering doubts shall
 Come holy scenes of long repose and peace!
 Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
 A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
 Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,
 Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise!

Great, gracious Master, whose unbounded sway,
 Felt through ten thousand worlds, those worlds
 Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade. [obey;
 And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?
 All other ties indignant I disclaim,
 Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,
 For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
 That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;
 That world without you, still might have its charm.
 But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
 And seek the peaceful studies of repose;
 Look on the past as time that stole away,
 And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
 Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls!
 Dress, figure, splendour, charms of play, farewell,
 And all the toilet's science to excel;
 Even love that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
 No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
 Go, erring love! for nobler objects given!
 Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
 At once the period of their power and pride!
 The hapless lover shall no more complain
 Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
 While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast
 My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess.

Go, flattering train! and, slaves to me no more,
 With the same sighs some happier fair adore!

Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardour, which his breast inspir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd;
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven resign
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine!

O, change your false desires, ye flattering train!
And love me pious, whom ye lov'd profane!

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakness show,
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
May spare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

THE VICEROY:

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX *.

First published in 1762.

'T WAS on time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd sleeping nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, struggl'd with created light:
The Heaven-born muse, sprung from the source
sublime

Of harmony immortal, first receiv'd
Her sacred mandate. "Go, seraphic maid,
" Companion still to nature! from her works
" Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,
" And elegantly simple. In thy train,
" Glory, and fair renown, and deathless fame
" Attendant ever, each immortal name,
" By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault
" Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.
" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
" The firm heart, where the love of human kind
" Inflames the patriot spirit, there to sooth
" The toils of virtue with melodious praise:
" For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake
" His golden lyre; for those, the young-ey'd sun
" Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial spring
" Throws many a green wreath, liberal from his
" bosom."

So spake the voice divine, whose last sweet sound
Gave birth to echo, tuneful nymph, that loves
The muse's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,
Or high wood old; and, listening while she sings,
Dwells in long rapture on each falling strain.

O Halifax, an humble muse that dwells
In scenes like these, a stranger to the world,
To thee a stranger, late has learn'd thy fame,
Even in this vale of silence; from the voice
Of echo learn'd it, and, like her, delights.
With thy lov'd name, to make these wild woods
vocal.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,

* *The resolution of the Irish House of Commons respecting the augmentation of the revenue of the Lord Lieutenant, Feb. 26. 1762, and his Excellency's speech in consequence thereof, Feb. 27. will both illustrate this poem, and show the occasion of it.*

Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! patriot hearts,
That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where history triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why streams my eye with pleasure! 'tis the joy
The soft delight that through the full breast
flows,

From sweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,
While o'er thy annals memory shoots her eye
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering
love.

And emulous esteem! hail, Sydney, hail!
Whether Arcadian blithe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van distinguish'd, Sydney, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurel'd tomb from hands unseen
Fall flowers; oft in the vales of Penshurst fair
Menalca, stepping from his evening fold,
Listeneth strange music, from the tiny breath
Of fairy minstrels warbled, which of old,
Dancing to thy sweet lays, they learned well.

On Raleigh's grave, O strew the sweetest
flowers,

That on the bosom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village maids!
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme
bring [bay,

To Raleigh's honour'd grave! there bloom the
The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modest worth was his;
A mind where truth, philosophy's first born,
Held her harmonious reign: A Briton's breast,
That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,
Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Disdain'd and died! where was thy spirit then,
Queen of sea-crowning isles, when Raleigh bled?
How well he serv'd thee, let Iberia tell!
Ask prostrate Cales, yet trembling at his name,
How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd
han!

Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from
him,

And cried, I fight for Britain! history rise,
And blast the reigns that redden with the blood
Of those that gave them glory! happier days,
Gilt with a Brunswick's parent smile, await
The honour'd Viceroy. More auspicious hours
Shall Halifax behold, nor grieves to find
A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.

O for the muse of Milton, to record
The honours of that day, when full conven'd
Hibernia's senate with one voice proclaim'd
A nation's high applause; when long oppress'd
With wealth-consuming war, their eager love
Advanc'd the princely dignity's support,
While Halifax presid'd! O, belov'd
By every muse, grace of the polish'd court,
The peasant's guardian, then what pleasure felt
Thy liberal bosom! not the low delight
Of fortune's added gifts, greatly declin'd;
No; 'twas the supreme bliss that fills the breast,
Of conscious virtue, happy to behold
Her cares successful in a nation's joy.

But O, ye sisters of the sacred spring,
To sweetest accents tune the polish'd lay,

The music of persuasion! you alone
 Can paint that easy eloquence that flow'd
 In Attic streams, from Halifax that now'd,
 When all Ierne listen'd. Albion heard,
 And felt a parent's joy: no more, she cried,
 No more shall Greece the man of Athens boast,
 Whose magic periods smooth'd the listening wave
 Of rapt Ilyssus. Rome shall claim no more
 The flowery path of eloquence alone
 To grace her consul's brow; for never spoke
 Himeria's viceroy words of fairer phrase,
 Forgetful of Alpheus' hastening stream,
 When Arethusa stopp'd her golden tide,
 And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her shepherd
 swains
 To leave their sweet pipes silent. Silent lay
 Your pipes, Hibernian shepherds. Liffey smil'd,
 And on his soft hand lean'd his dimply cheek,
 Attentive: "Once so Wharton spoke," he cried,
 "Unhappy Wharton! whose young eloquence
 "Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,
 Whatever genii old, of vale or grove
 The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear
 Sylvanus came, and from his temples gray
 His osken chaplet flung, lest hap'ly leaf,
 Or interposing bough, should meet the sound,
 And bar its soft approaches to his ear.
 Pan ceas'd to pipe—a moment ceas'd—for then
 Suspicion grew, that Phoebus in disguise
 His ancient reign invaded: down he cast,
 In petulance, his reed; but seiz'd it soon,
 And fill'd the woods with clangor. Measures wild
 The wanton satyrs danc'd, then listening stood,
 And gaz'd with uncouth joy.
 But hark! wild riots shake the peaceful plain,
 The gathering tumult roars, and faction opes
 Her blood-requesting eye. The frightened swain
 Mourns o'er his waited labours, and implores
 His country's guardian. Previous to his wish
 That guardian's care he found. The tumult ceas'd,
 And faction clos'd her blood-requesting eye.
 Be these thy honours, Halifax! and these
 The liberal muse, that never stain'd her page
 With flattery, shall record: from each low view,
 Each mean connection free, her praise is fame.
 O, could her hand in future times obtain
 One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,
 With joy she'd bind it on thy favour'd head,
 And greet thy judging ear with sweeter strains!
 Meanwhile pursue, in public virtue's path,
 The palm of glory: only there will bloom
 Pierian laurels. Should'st thou deviate thence,
 Perish the blossoms of fair-folding fame!
 Ev'n this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,
 Would lose its little bloom, the muse repine,
 And blush that Halifax had stole her praise.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

From the red wave rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head;
 O'er the misty mountain, spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light!
 See the golden god appear!
 Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
 Flies, and in her gloomy train,
 Sable grief, and care, and pain!

See the golden god advance!
 On Taurus' heights his couriers prance:
 With him haste the vernal hours,
 Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
 Laughing Summer at his side,
 Waves her locks in rosy pride;
 And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
 Bears his golden sheaf behind.
 O haste, and spread the purple day
 O'er all the wide ethereal way!
 Nature mourns at thy delay:
 God of glory haste away!
 From the red wave rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head
 O'er the misty mountains, spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light!

A FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
 My infant years where fancy led;
 And sooth'd me with the western gale,
 Her wild dreams waving round my head,
 While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!
 The primrose on the valley's side,
 The green thyme on the mountain's head,
 The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
 The wilding's blossom blushing red;
 No longer I their sweets inhale.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!
 How oft, within yon vacant shade,
 Has ev'ning clos'd my careless eye!
 How oft, along those banks, I've stray'd,
 And watch'd the wave that wander'd by!
 Full long their loss shall I bewail.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!
 Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
 To mark the close of parting day;
 Along yon flow'ry banks to rove,
 And watch the wave that winds away;
 Fair fancy sure shall never fail,
 Though far from these, and Irwan's vale!

THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

VIRTUE dwells in Arden's vale;
 There her hallow'd temples rise;
 There her incense greets the skies,
 Grateful as the morning gale!
 There, with humble peace, and her,
 Lives the happy villager;
 There the golden smiles of morn
 Brighter every field adorn;
 There the sun's declining ray
 Fairer paints the parting day:
 There the woodlark louder sings,
 Zephyr moves on softer wings,
 Groves in greener honours rise,
 Purer azure spreads the skies;
 There the fountains clearer flow,
 Flowers in brighter beauty blow;
 For, with peace and virtue, there
 Lives the happy villager.

Distant still from Arden's vale
Are the woes the bad bewail;
Distant fell remorse, and pain,
And frenzy smiling o'er her chain!
Grief's quick pang, despair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown:
For with peace and virtue, there
Lives the happy villager!
In his hospitable cell,
Love, and truth, and freedom dwell;
And, with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale:
For, with peace and virtue, there
Lives the happy villager!

TO ALMENA.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE IRWAN.

WHERE trembling poplars shade their parent vale,
And tune to melody the mountain gale;
Where Irwan murmurs musically flow,
And breathing breezes through his osiers blow;
Friend of my heart, behold thy poet laid
In the dear silence of his native shade!
Ye sacred vales, where oft the muse, unseen,
Led my light steps along the moon-light green;
Ye scenes, where peace and fancy held their reign
For ever lov'd, and once enjoy'd again!
Ah! where is, now, that nameless bliss refin'd;
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind?
As sweet the wild rose bears its balmy breast;
As soon, the breeze with murmurs soothes to rest;
As smooth, the stream of silver Irwan flows;
As fair, each flower along his border blows:
Yet dwells not here that nameless bliss refin'd,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind.
Is it that knowledge is allied to woe;
And are we happy, only e'er we know?
Is it that hope withholds her golden ray,
That fancy's fairy visions fade away?
Or can I, distant far from all that's dear,
Be happy only when Almena's near?
That truth, the feelings of my heart disclose:
Too dear the friendship for the friend's repose.
Thus mourn'd the muse, when, through his osiers
wild,
The hill-born Irwan rais'd his head, and smil'd:
"Child of my hopes," he fondly cried, "forbear:
"Nor let thy Irwan witness thy despair.
"Has peace indeed forsook my flow'ry shore?
"Shall fame, and hope, and fancy, charm no
"more?
"Though fame and hope in kindred air depart,
"Yet fancy still should hold thee to her heart:
"For, at thy birth, the village hind has seen
"Her light wings waving o'er the shadowy green;
"With rosy wreaths she crown'd the new-born
"hours,
"And rival fairies fill'd thy bed with flowers:
"In vain—if grief shall waste thy blooming years,
"And life dissolve in solitude and tears——"

THE AMIABLE KING.

The free-born muse her tribute rarely brings,
Or burns her incense to the power of kings;

But virtue ever shall her voice command,
Alike a spade or sceptre in her hand.
Is there a prince untainted with a throne,
That makes the interest of mankind his own;
Whose bounty knows no bounds of time or place;
Who nobly feels for all the human race:
A prince that acts in reason's steady sphere,
No slave to passion, and no dupe to fear;
A breast where mild humanity resides,
Where virtue dictates, and where wisdom guides;
A mind that, stretch'd beyond the years of youth,
Explores the secret springs of taste and truth:
These, these are virtues which the muse shall sing;
And plant, for these, her laurels round a king!
Britannia's monarch! this shall be thy praise;
For this, be crown'd with never-fading bays!

HYMENEAL

On the Marriage of his present Majesty.

AWAKE, thou everlasting lyre!
That once the mighty Pindar strung,
When rapt with more than mortal fire,
The gods of Greece he sung:
Awake!
Arrest the rapid foot of time again
With liquid notes of joy, and pleasure's melting
strain.
Crown'd with each beauteous flower that blows
On Acidalia's tuneful side;
With all Aonia's rosy pride,
Where numerous Aganippe flows;
From Thespian groves and fountains wild,
Come, thou yellow-vested boy,
Redolent of youth and joy,
* Fair Urania's favour'd child!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io Hymen, haste away!
Daughter of the genial main!
Queen of youth and rosy smiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles;
Come with all thy Paphian train!
O, give the fair that blooms for Britain's throne,
Thy melting charms of love, thy soul-enchanting
zone!
Daughter of the genial main!
Bring that heart-dissolving power,
Which once in Ida's sacred bower
The soul of Jove oppos'd in vain:
The fire of gods thy conquering charms confess'd;
And, vanquish'd, sunk, sunk down on Juno's fos-
tering breast.
She comes, the conscious sea subsides;
Old ocean curbs his thund'ring tides:
Smooth the silken surface lies,
Where Venus' flowery chariots flies:
Paphian airs in ambush sleep
On the still bosom of the deep;
Paphian maids around her move,
Keen-ey'd hope, and joy, and love:
Their rosy breasts a thousand Cupids lave;
And dip their wanton wings, and beat the bux-
om wave.

* See Catullus.

But mark, if more than vulgar mien,
 With regal grace and radiant eye,
 A form in youthful majesty!
 Britain, hail thy favour'd queen!
 For her the conscious sea subsides;
 Old ocean curbs his thund'ring tides:
 O'er the glassy bosom'd main
 Venus leads her laughing train:
 The Paphian maids move graceful by her side;
 And o'er the buxom waves the rosy Cupids ride.

Fly, ye fairy-footed hours!
 Fly, with aromatic flowers!
 Such as bath'd in orient dews,
 Beauty's living glow diffuse;
 Such as in Idalia's grove
 Breathe the sweets, the soul of love!
 Come, genial god of chaste delight,
 With wreaths of festive roses crown'd,
 And torch that burns with radiance bright,
 And liberal robe that sweeps the ground!
 Bring thy days of golden joy,
 Pleasures pure, that never cloy!
 Bring to Britain's happy pair,
 All that's kind, and good, and fair!
 George to thee devotes the day:
 Io, Hymen, haste away!
 Daughters of Jove! ye virgins sage,
 That wait on Camus' hoary age;
 That oft his winding vales along
 Have smooth'd your silver-woven song;
 O wake once more those lays sublime,
 That live beyond the wrecks of time!
 To crown your Albion's boasted pair,
 The never-fading wreath prepare;
 While her rocks echo to this grateful strain,
 "The friends of freedom and of Britain reign!"

SONG.

'Tis o'er, the pleasing prospect's o'er!
 My weary heart can hope no more—
 Then welcome, wan despair!
 Approach with all thy dreadful train;
 Wild anguish, discontent, and pain,
 And thorny-pillow'd care!

Gay hope, and ease, and joy, and rest,
 All, all that charms the peaceful breast,
 For ever I resign.
 Let pale anxiety instead,
 That has not where to lay her head,
 And lasting woe be mine.

It comes! I feel the painful woe—
 My eyes for Solyman will flow
 In silent grief again;
 Who wand'ring o'er some mountain drear,
 Now hap'ly sheds the pensive tear,
 And calls on me in vain.

Perhaps, along the lonely shores,
 He now the sea's blue breast explores,
 To watch the distant sail;
 Perhaps, on Sundah's hills forlorn,
 He faints, with aching toil o'erborne;
 And life's last spirits fail.

Ah, no!—the cruel thought forbear!
 Avaunt, thou fiend of fell despair,
 That only death canst give!

While Heav'n eternal rules above,
 Almena yet may find her love,
 And Solyman may live!

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

LIFE of the world, Immortal Mind!
 Father of all the human kind!
 Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
 Intent on nature's ample breast;
 Explores the space of earth and skies,
 And sees eternal incense rise!
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
 That shortly sinks into the grave;
 Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
 A being that can think and live;
 In all thy works thy wisdom see,
 And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee!
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
 This life, that bears the name of man;
 From thee derives its vital ray,
 Eternal Source of life and day!
 Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
 That gilds its morn and evening hours.
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
 The lamp of reason lends me light.
 When stern affliction waves her rod,
 My heart confides in thee, my God!
 When nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
 Ev'n then she finds in thee repose.
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and hope returns;
 Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
 Gay love with all his smiling train,
 And peace and joy are here again.
 These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give:
 I trusted; and, behold, I live!
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
 Still grant me gratitude and love.
 Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
 Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.
 But yet, whate'er my life may be,
 My heart shall still repose on thee!
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Prefixed to the Correspondence of Theodosius and Constantia.

To live beneath the golden star of love,
 With happier fancy, passions more refin'd;
 Each softening charm of tenderness to prove,
 And all the finer movements of the mind—
 From gifts like these, say, what the boasted gain
 Of those who exquisitely feel or know?

The skill from pleasure to extract its pain,
And open all the avenues of woe.
Yet shall we, Colman, at these gifts repine?
Implore cold apathy to steel the heart?
Would you that sensibility resign,
And with those powers of genius would you part?

Ah no, my friend! nor deem the verse divine,
That weakness wrote in Petrarch's gentle strain!
When once he own'd at love's unfav'ring shrine,
"A thousand pleasures were not worth one
"pain."

The dreams of fancy sooth the pensive heart;
For fancy's urn can new delights dispense:
The powers of genius purer joys impart;
For genius brightens all the springs of sense.

O charm of every muse-ennobled mind,
Far, far above the grovelling crowd to rise!—
Leave the low train of trifling cares behind,
Assert its birthright, and assert the skies!

O right divine, the pride of power to scorn;
On fortune's little vanity look down!
With nobler gifts, to fairer honours born,
Than fear, or folly, fancies in a crown!

As far each boon that nature's hand bestows,
The worthless glare of fortune's train exceeds,
As yon fair orb, whose beam eternal glows,
Outshines the transient meteor that it feeds.

To nature, Colman, let thy incense rise,
For much indebted, much hast thou to pay;
For taste refin'd, for wit correctly wise,
And keen discernment's soul-pervading ray.

To catch the manners from the various face,
To paint the nice diversities of mind,
The living lines of character to trace,
She gave thee powers, and she the task assign'd.

Seize, seize the pen! the sacred hour departs!
Nor led by kindness longer lend thine ear:
The tender tale of two ingenious hearts
Would rob thee of a moment and a tear.

London, Nov. 10. 1764.

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE-GARDEN,

AT A VILLAGE IN LORRAIN.

*Occasioned by a Tradition concerning a Tree of Rose-
mary.*

"Arbustum loquitur."

O thou, whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever music smoooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilsome scenes of busy life,
Full sorely may'st thou rue the strife
Of weary passions ill repaid.
In a garden live with me,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial-sprig to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;

And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity,

And soon, her cottage window near
With care my slender stem she plac'd;
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd,
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear:
For love sincere, and friendship free
Are children of simplicity.

When past was many a painful day
Slow-pacing o'er the village green,
In white were all its maidens seen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah death! what sacrifice to thee,
The ruins of simplicity.

One generous swain her heart approv'd,
A youth whose fond and faithful breast
With many an artless sigh confess'd,
In nature's language, that he lov'd.
But stranger, 'tis no tale to thee,
Unless thou lov'st simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy cheek was pale;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the flow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flower, turf they lie,
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lov'st simplicity!

THE PASTORAL PART OF

MILTON'S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

O FOR the soft lays of Himeria's maids!
The strains that died in Arethusa's shades;
Tun'd to wild sorrow on her mournful shore,
When Daphnis, Hylas, bion breath'd no more!
Thame's vocal wave shall every note prolong,
And all his villas learn the Doric song.

How Thyrsis mourn'd his long-liv'd Damon
dead;

What sighs he utter'd, and what tears he shed—
Ye dim retreats, ye wandering fountains know;
Ye desert wilds bore witness to his woe:
Where oft in grief he pass'd the tedious day,
Or lonely languish'd the dull night away.

Twice had the fields their blooming honours
bore;

And Autumn twice resign'd his golden store,
Unconscious of his loss, while Thyrsis staid
To woo the sweet muse in the Tuscan shade.
Crown'd with her favour, when he sought again
His flock forsaken, and his native plain;
When to his old elm's wonted shade return'd—
Then—then, he miss'd his parted friend—and
mourn'd.

And go, he cry'd, my tender lambs adieu!
Your wretched master has no time for you.

Yet are there pow'rs divine in earth or sky?
Gods can they be who destin'd thee to die?
And shalt thou mix with shades of vulgar name?
Lost thy fair honours, and forgot thy fame?

Not he, the god whose golden wand restrains
The pale-ey'd people of the gloomy plains,
Of Damon's fate shall thus regardless be,
Or suffer vulgar shades to herd with thee.

Then go, he cry'd, &c.

Yet while one strain my trembling tongue may
try,

Not unlamented, shepherd, shalt thou die.
Long in these fields thy fame shall flourish fair,
And Daphnis only greater honours share;
To Daphnis only purer vows be paid,
While Pan or Pales loves the village shade.
If truth or science may survive the grave,
Or, what is more, a poet's friendship save.

Then go, &c.

These, these are thine: For me what hopes
remain?

Save of long sorrow, and of anguish vain.
For who, still faithful to my side, shall go, [snow?
Like thee, through regions clad with chilling
Like thee, the rage of fiery summers bear,
When fades the wan flower in the burning air?
The lurking dangers of the chase essay,
Or sooth with song and various tale the day?

Then go, &c.

To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart?
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?
Whose gentle counsels put those cares to flight?
Whose cheerful converse cheat the tedious night?
The social hearth when autumn's treasures store,
Chill blow the winds without, and through the
bleak elm roar.

Then go, &c.

When the fierce suns of summer noons invade,
And Pan reposes in the green-wood shade,
The shepherds hide, the nymphs plunge down the
deep, [sleep.

And waves the hedge-row o'er the ploughman's
Ah! who shall charm with such address refin'd,
Such Attic wit, and elegance of mind?

Then go, &c.

Alas! now lonely round my fields I stray,
And lonely seek the pasture's wonted way.
Or in some dim vale's mournful shade repose—
There pensive wait the weary day's slow close,
While showers descend, the gloomy tempest raves,
And o'er my head the struggling twilight waves.

Then go, &c.

Where once fair harvest cloth'd my cultur'd
plain,
Now weeds obscene and vexing brambles reign;
The groves of myrtle and the clustering vine
Delight no more, for joy no more is mine.
My flocks no longer find a master's care,
Ev'n piteous as they gaze with looks of dumb
despair.

Then go, &c.

Thy hazel, Tyt'rus, has no charms for me;
Nor yet thy wild ash, lov'd Alphefibe.
No more shall fancy weave her rural dream,
By Ægon's willow, or Amynta's stream,
The trembling leaves, the fountain's cool serene,
The murmuring zephyr, and the mossy green—
These smile unseen, and those unheeded play,
I cut my shrubs, and careless walk'd away.

Then go, &c.

Mopsus, who knows what fates the stars dis-
pense,
And solves the grove's wild warblings into sense,
This Mopsus mark'd—what thus thy spleen can
move?

Some baleful planet, or some hopeless love?
The star of Saturn oft annoys the swain,
And in the dull cold breast long holds his leaden
reign.

Then go, &c.

The nymphs too, piteous of their shepherd's
wee,

Came the sad cause solicitous to know.
Is this the port of jocund youth, they cry,
That look disgusted, and that downcast eye?
Gay smiles and love on that soft season wait;

* He's twice a wretch whom beauty wounds too
late.

Then go, &c.

One gentle tear the British Chloris gave,
Chloris the grace of Maldon's purple wave—
In vain—my grief no soothing words disarm,
Nor future hopes, nor present good can charm.

Then go, &c.

The happier flocks one social spirit moves,
The same their sports, their pastures and their loves;
Their hearts to no peculiar object tend,
None knows a favourite, or selects a friend.
So heard the various natives of the main,
And Proteus drives in crowds his scaly train.
The feather'd tribes too find an easier fate;
The meanest sparrow still enjoys his mate;
And when by chance or wearing age she dies,
The transient loss a second choice supplies.

Man, hapless man, for ever doom'd to know
The dire vexations that from discord flow,
In all the countless numbers of his kind,
Can scarcely meet with one congenial mind.
If haply found, death wings the fatal dart,
The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart.

Then go, &c.

Ah me! what error tempted me to go
O'er foreign mountains, and through Alpine snow?
Too great the price to mark in Tyber's gloom
The mournful image of departed Rome!
Nay, yet immortal, could she boast again
The glories of her universal reign.
And all that Maro left his fields to see,
Too great the purchase to abandon thee!
To leave thee in a land no longer seen!—
Bid mountains rise, and oceans roll between!—
Ah! not embrace thee!—not to see thee die!
Meet thy last looks, or close thy languid eye!
Not one fond farewell with thy shade to send,
Nor bid thee think of thy surviving friend!

Then go, &c.

Ye Tuscan shepherds, pardon me this tear!
Dear to the muse, to me for ever dear!

* Milton seems to have borrowed this sentiment from
Guarini.

Che se t'affale a la canuta etate
Amoroso talento,
Havrai doppio tormento,
E di quel, che potendo non volesti,
E di quel, che volendo no potrai.

Q. iiij

The youth I mourn a Tuscan title bore.—
See * Lydian Lucca for her son deplore!

O days of ecstasy! when rapt I lay
Where Arno wanders down his flow'ry way,—
Pluck'd the pale violet, press'd the velvet mead,
Or bade the myrtle's balmy fragrance bleed!—
Delighted, heard amid the rural throng
Menalcas strive with Lycidas in song.

Oft would my voice the mimic strain essay,
Nor haply all unheeded was my lay:
For, shepherds, yet I boast your generous meed,
The osier basket, and compacted reed.
Francino crown'd me with a poet's fame,
And Dati † taught his beechen groves my name.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

First published in 1767.

FRIEND, sister, partner of that gentle heart,
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy,
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear,
The moral muse, nor deem her song severe?

Through the long course of life's unclouded
day,
Where sweet contentment smiles on virtue's way;
Where fancy opens her ever-varying views,
And hope strews flowers, and leads you as she
strews;

May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
By truth protected, and by love caress'd!

So friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain;
For every pleasure comes in virtue's train;
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,
Sweet meanings that in silent truth convey
Mind into mind, and steal the soul away,
These gifts, O virtue, these are all thy own;
Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown!

Yet blest with these, and happier charms than
these,

By nature form'd, by genius taught to please,
Ev'n you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain;
The wizard care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.

With mind unbroke that darker hour can bear,
Nor once his captive, drag the chains of care,
Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,
Nor future joys in present ills devour,
These arts your philosophic friend may show,
Too well experienc'd in the school of woe.

When sinks the heart, by transient grief oppress'd,
Seek not reflection, for it wounds the breast,

* The Tuscans were a branch of the Pelasgi that migrated into Europe not many ages after the dispersion. Some of them marched by land as far as Lydia, and from thence detached a colony under the conduct of Tyrsenus to Italy.

† When Milton was in Italy, Carlo Dati was professor of philosophy at Florence.—A liberal friend to men of genius and learning, as well foreigners as his own countrymen.—He wrote a panegyric and some poems on Lewis XIV. besides other tracts.

While memory turns, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Past scenes of pain is studious to explore,
Forgets its joys, and thinks its sufferings o'er.
To life's horizon forward turn your eye,
Pass the dim cloud, and view the height'ning
sky:

On hope's kind wing more genial climes survey,
Let fancy join, but reason guide your way,
For fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd,
May sooth the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,
Restrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much.
Hence hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuse to live;
Hence spleen-ey'd fear, o'eracting caution's part,
Betrays those succours reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submitted to fair truth's controul,
These tyrants are the servants of the soul:
Through vales of peace the dove-like hope shall
stray,

And bear at eve her olive branch away,
In ev'ry scene some distant charm descry,
And hold it forward to the bright'ning eye;
While watchful fear, if fortitude maintain
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain,

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose:
For ev'ry grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.

Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind
ray,

Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.

O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
While peace weaves flow'rs to Hymen's golden
chain,

If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,
The sense of pleasure, and the pow'rs to please,
If charms like these deserve your serious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aspect's cold, and jealousy his name.
His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,
Begot by hatred on despairing love!

Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell fire with angry curses tore
His sable hair—Distrust beholding smil'd,
And lov'd her image in her future child.
With cruel care, industrious to impart
Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,
To doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
Where never sleep reliev'd the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,
Or the dear charms of easy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,
And all the dire associates of despair,

Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love's warm breast, from rapture's trem-
bling height,

Falls to the temp'rate measures of delight;
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
Unerring nature, in each purpose kind,
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.

True tender love one even tenor keeps;
'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.

The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
With many a plant along its genial side,
With many a flower that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast,
Pure in its source, and temp'rate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
The magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear!

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven
impart

The soft endearments of the social heart!
Long to your lot may ev'ry blessing flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!
And O, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
Or teach that prudence which itself admires.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY *.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

"Nec tamen Ingenio, quantum servire dolori."

LET others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know, and known, to hide,
With vain disguise from nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verse, the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear silent partner of those happier hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's
bowers!

If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;
If yet that pity which, of life possessest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy
breast;

If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare;
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.

Wild, wretched wish! can pray'r, with feeble
breath,

Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to pray'r!
And leave me the strong language of despair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lyttletons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain.

Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!

Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!

Not like the stream that down the mountain's side,
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;

Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn.

The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountains steep;
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating

waves—

This sooths my soul—'tis nature's mournful breath,
'Tis nature struggling in the arms of death!—

See the last aid of her expiring state,
See love, ev'n love, has lent his darts to fate *!

Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;

When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—

Could fear, could fancy at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.

There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,

Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;

All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come! ye softer sorrows to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!

Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave,

For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at least the luxury of woe!

Ye holy suff'rers that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!

That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;

With you I'll waste the slow departing day,
And wear with you, th' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,
Where resignation folds her arms, and smiles;

Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia † sleeps,

There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from this heart while flows the faithful
The meanest friend of beauty shall be mine. [line,

What love, or fame, or fortune could bestow,
The charm of praise, the ease of life I owe

To beauty present, or to beauty fled,
To Hertford, living, or Caernervon dead,

To Tweedale's taste, to Edgumbe's sense serene,
And, envy spare this boast, to Britain's queen.

Kind to the lay that all unlabour'd flow'd,
What fancy caught, where nature's pencil glow'd ‡;

* The lady died in child-bed.

† See Spectator, No. 164.

‡ The Fables of Flora.

* Wife of the author. She was daughter to
Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnshire.

She saw the path to new, though humble fame,
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.

Strong in their weakness are each woman's charms,
Dread that endears, and softness that disarms:
The timorous eye retiring from applause,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of our power these humble graces prove,
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of love.

Chief of those charms that hold the heart in thrall,
At thy fair shrine, O modesty, we fall.
Not Cynthia rising o'er the wat'ry way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;
Not the pure ether of Eolian skies,
That drinks the day's first glories as they rise,
Not all the tints from evening-clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;
When o'er that cheek, undisciplined by art,
The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.

Yet the soft blush, untutor'd to controul,
The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,
Led by nice honour and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the searching eye to shun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the sun.

Far as the long records of time we trace*,
Still flowed the veil o'er modesty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,
Safe from each eye the featur'd soul is laid,—
The pensive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that steals in tears away,
The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh,
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.

The man of faith through Gerar doom'd to stray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his side,
The world his promise, Providence his guide,
Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,
And called a sister whom he own'd a wife.
Mistaken father of the faithful race,

Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace,
"Go," to the fair, when conscious of the tale,
Said Gerar's prince, "thy husband is thy veil †."

O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
When Hymen's altar never held a stain;
When his pure torch shed undiminish'd rays,
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!

For faith like this fair Greece was early known,
And claim'd the veil's first honours as her own.

Ere half her sons, o'er Asia's trembling coast,
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;
Ere he, whom Circe sought to charm in vain,
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
In youth's gay bloom he plied th' exulting oar,
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore:

* *Plato mentions two provinces in Persia, one of which was called Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing those parts of her Majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the third century, that the eastern women, on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan Priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.*

† "He is the vaile of thine eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others."

GEN. XX. 16. VET. TRAN.

Free to Nerician* gales the vessel glides,
And wild Eurotas † smooths his warrior-tides;
For amorous Greece, when love conducts the way,
Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.

No object her's but love's impression knows,
No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows;
Her groves ‡, her mountains have his power confess'd,
And Zephyr sigh'd not but for Flora's breast.

'Twas when his sighs in sweetest whispers stray'd,
Far o'er Laconia's plains from Eva's § shade;
When soft-ey'd Ipring resum'd his mantle gay,
And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,
Love's genial banners young Ulysses bore
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore.

With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or
All princely virtues, and all manly charms, [warms,
All love can urge, or eloquence persuade,
The future hero woo'd his Spartan maid.

Yet long he woo'd—In Sparta, slow to yield,
Beauty, like valour, long maintain'd the field.

"No bloom so fair Messene's banks disclose;

"No breath so pure o'er Tempe's bosom blows;

"No smile so radiant throws the genial ray

"Through the fair eye-lids of the opening day;

"But deaf to vows with fondest passion prest,

"Cold is the wave of Hebrus' wint'ry breast,

"Penelope regards no lover's pain,

"And owns Ulysses eloquent in vain.

"To vows that vainly waste their warmth in

"Insidious hopes that lead but to despair, [air,

"Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,

"And love, and Sparta's joyless plains adieu!

"Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,

"Still shall my country find a father there.

"Ev'n now the children of my little reign

"Demand that father, of the faithless main;

"Ev'n now, their prince solicitous to save,

"Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful
"wave.

"But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!

"They seek the promis'd partner of his throne;

"For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,

"For her to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise.

"Ah! shall they know their prince implor'd in
"vain?

"Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?"

There spoke the virtue that her soul admir'd,
The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fir'd.

"Enough!" she cried—"be mine to boast a part

"In him, who holds his country to his heart.

"Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,

"And with that virtue, every virtue lives ||."

Pleas'd that the nobler principles could move

His daughter's heart, and soften it to love,

Icarius own'd the auspices divine,

Wove the fair crown ¶, and blest'd the holy shrine.

* *From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called Nericia.*

† *The Spartan river.*

‡ "E' mentre d' Alberghe Amore." TASSO.

§ *A mountain in Peloponnesus.*

|| "Omnes omnium Caritates," &c. CIC.

¶ *The women of ancient Greece at the marriage ceremony wore garlands of flowers, probably assemblies of purity, fertility and beauty. Thus Euripides.*

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!
Then strong affection griev'd for what it gave.
Should he the comfort of his life's decline,
His life's last charm to Ithaca resign?

Or, wand'ring with her to a distant shore,
Behold Eurotas' long-lov'd banks no more?
Expose his gray hairs to an alien sky,
Nor on his country's parent bosom die*?

"No, prince," he cried; "for Sparta's happier
plain,

"Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign,
The grateful change shall equal honours bring;
—Lord of himself, a Spartan is a king."

When thus the prince, with obvious grief oppress'd,

"Canst thou not force the father from thy breast?
Not without pain behold one child depart,
Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?"

"—Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains"—

He said, and to his coursers gave the reins.

Still the fond fire pursues with suppliant voice,
Till mov'd, the monarch yields her to her choice.

"Thou mine by vows, by fair affection mine,

"And holy truth, and auspices divine;

"This suit let fair Penelope decide,

"Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride."

O'er the quick blush her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modesty could tell.

No longer now the father's fondness strove

With patriot virtue, or acknowledg'd love,

But on the scene that parting sighs endear'd,

Fair modesty's † first honour'd fane he rear'd.

The daughter's form the pictur'd goddess wore,

The daughter's veil † before her blushes bore,

And taught the maids of Greece this sovereign
law—

She most shall conquer, who shall most withdraw.

—αλλ' ὅμως

Σοὶ κατασφύρα' ἔγωγε νῦν ἦγον, ὡς γαμουμένην.

IPH. IN AUL.

The modern Greek ladies wear these garland in various forms, whenever they appear dressed; and frequently adorn themselves thus for their own amusement, and when they do not expect to be seen by any but their domestics.

Voyage Littéraire de la Grèce.

* The ancients esteemed this one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the most lamentable circumstance attending the loss of their pilot Palinurus, that his body should lie in a foreign country.

"—Ignotâ Palinure jacebis Arenâ. VIRG.

† Pausanias, who has recorded the story on which this little poem is founded, tells us, that this was the first temple erected to modesty in Greece.

‡ See the Veil of Modesty in the Musæum Capitolinum, vol. iii. and for further proofs of its high antiquity, see Hom. Odyss. l. 6.

Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he says,

Et crines festina ligat Peplumque fluentem
Allevat—

Iphig. in Taur. act 4. and Colut. Rapt. Helen. v. 381. l. 1. where Hermione tears her gold-embroidered veil on the disappearance of Helen:

—Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

To Richard Burn, LL. D. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written professedly at your request, naturally addresses itself to you. The distinction you have acquired on the subject, and your taste for the arts, give that address every kind of propriety. If I have any particular satisfaction in this publication, beside what arises from my compliance with your commands, it must be in the idea of that testimony it bears to our friendship. If you believe, that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the poem itself, you will not be mistaken; for I am,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate brother,

And faithful humble servant,

Somersetshire, April 25. 1774. THE AUTHOR.

PART I.

IN Richard's days, when lost his pastur'd plain,
The wand'ring Briton fought the wild woods
reign,

With great disdain beheld the feudal hord

Poor life-let vassals of a Norman lord;

And, what no brave man ever lost, possess'd

Himself—for freedom bound him to her breast.

Lov'st thou that freedom? by her holy shrine,

If yet one drop of British blood be thine,

See, I conjure thee, in the desert shade,

His bow unstrung, his little household laid,

Some brave forefather; while his fields they share,

By Saxon, Dane, or Norman, banish'd there!

And think he tells thee, as his soul withdraws,

As his heart swells against a tyrant's laws,

The war with fate though fruitless to maintain,

To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.

Were thoughts like these the dream of ancient
time?

Peculiar only to some age, or clime?

And does not nature thoughts like these impart,

Breathe in the soul, and write upon the heart?

Ask on their mountains yon deserted band,

That point to Paoli with no plausible hand;

Despising still, their freeborn souls unbroke,

Alike the Gallic and Ligurian yoke!

Yet while the patriot's gen'rous rage we share,

Still civil safety calls us back to care;

To Britain lost in either Henry's day,

Her woods, her mountains one wild scene of prey!

Fair peace from all her bounteous vallies fled,

And law beneath the barbed arrows bled.

In happier days, with more auspicious fate,

The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded state;

Dread of his foes, but to his subjects dear,

These learn'd to love, as those are taught to fear,

Their laurell'd prince with British pride obey,

His glory shone their discontent away.

With care the tender flow'r of love to save,

And plant the olive on disorder's grave,

For civil storms fresh barriers to provide,

He caught the fav'ring calm and falling tide.

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair justice rais'd her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was
laid,

Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guise such mansion have oft found.

Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that fore bedizen nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen
With Venus and the graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shop-man, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But spare my Venus, spare each sister grace,
Ye cits, that fore bedizen nature's face!

Ye royal architects, whose antic taste,
Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall,
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.

For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's perroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.

Long have these mighty monsters known dis-
grace,

Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oaks high surbase
rears

The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.

Th' enormous antlers here recal the day
That saw the forest monarch forc'd away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,
Not finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!

Here fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown
old,

Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold.
Oft as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.

Here, where of old the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are
spread!

Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast surloin
Vied in round magnitude---Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.

These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.

Through these fair vallies, stranger, hast thou
stray'd,

By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magistral chair?
There Herbert sat---The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and mercy's melting shade;
Justice that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair equity, and reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart---
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.

Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.

He whom the mighty master of this ball
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth, however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.

Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad preface of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into shade!

While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,

While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fir'd thy high soul, and flourish'd on thy head,
Those veterans to their native shores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left at large no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd, and destin'd to a jail!

Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,
No wastes that wanted such subduing hands?
Were Cressy's heroes such abandon'd things?
O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!

The gipsy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky Elfin strain
The fable eye, then snugging, sleep again;
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

But, ah! ye maids, beware the gipsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—fore cause had she to rue
The gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's spruce clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's dim
rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,
Villaria sat, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either side the crooked sixpence seek;
Twice were those hands withdrawn from either
side,

To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in fortune's devious way!

"Ere yet," she cry'd, "ten rolling months are o'er
Must ye be mothers; maids, at least, no more.
With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail
A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,
Shall bumpkin come, and bumpkinets be born."

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd fore,
That ten short months had such events in store;
But holding firm what village-maids believe,
That strife with fate is milking in a sieve;
To prove their prophet true, though to their cost,
They justly thought no time was to be lost.

These foes to youth, that seek, with dang'rous
To aid the native weakness of the heart; [art,
These miscreants from thy harmless village drive,
As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

To Robert Wilson Cracroft, Esq.

BORN with a gentle heart, and born to please
With native goodness, of no fortune vain,
The social aspect of inviting ease,
The kind opinion, and the sense humane;

To thee, my Cracroft, whom, in early youth,
With lenient hand and anxious love I led
Through paths where science points to manly truth,
And glory gilds the mansions of the dead.

To thee this offering of maturer thought,
That, since wild fancy flung the lyre aside,
With heedful hand the moral muse hath wrought,
That muse devotes, and bears with honest pride.

Yet not that period of the human year,
When fancy reign'd, shall we with pain review,
All nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are
due.

Not that in youth we rang'd the smiling meads,
On Essex' shores the trembling angle play'd,
Urging at noon the slow boat in the reeds,
That wav'd their green uncertainty of shade:

Nor yet the days consum'd in Hackthorn's vale,
That lonely on the heath's wild bosom lies,
Should we with stern severity bewail,
And all the lighter hours of life despise.

For nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are
due;

Awhile she freed us from the scourge of care,
But told us then—for social ends we grew.

To find some virtue trac'd on life's short page,
Some mark of service paid to human kind,
Alone can cheer the wint'ry paths of age,
Alone support the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—when Smith's discerning care
To further days prolong'd this failing frame!
To die was little—But what heart could bear
To die, and leave an undistinguish'd name?

Blagdon-House, Feb. 22. 1775.

PART II.

* YET, while thy rod restrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too.
King of the beggars!—Lov'st thou not the name?
O, great from Ganges to the golden Thame!
Far-ruling sovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footstool other thrones shall fall.
His alms to thee the whisker'd Moor convey †,
And Prussia's sturdy beggar own thy sway;

* Refers to the conclusion of the first part.

† The Mahometan princes seem to have a regular
system of begging. Nothing so common as to hear that

Courts, ~~seats~~—all to Baal that bend the knee*,
King of the beggars, these are fiefs to thee!

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That pride of kings, humanity's first foe.

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from Heav'n a severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day, [tray;
More strong than Teniers' pencil could por-
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said)
"These people come from far, and have no bread."

Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!

When the poor hind, with length of years de-
cay'd,

Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook

tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;

Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?

Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage controul;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,

the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that it is better to beg than to steal.

* " — Tu poscis vilia rerum,

" Quamvis sero te nullius egentem." HOR.

Off, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, lest each poorer, pettier chafe behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof de-
ride,

As meet no more the wint'ry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But time untenants—hah! what seest thou there?
"Horror!—by Heav'n, extended on a bed
"Of naked fearn, two human creatures dead!
"Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
"Cold, breathless!"

'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died through want—

"By every power I swear,
"If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the
"air,
"Through whose default of duty, or design,
"These victims fell, he dies."
They fell by thine
"Infernal!—Mine!—by—"

Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.
When thy good father held this wide domain,
The voice of sorrow never mourn'd in vain.
Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The sick found medicine, and the aged bread.
He left their interest to no parish-care;
No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:
No village-tyrant starv'd them, or oppress'd;
He learn'd their wants, and he those wants re-
dress'd.

Ev'n these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,
His bounty found, and destin'd here to keep
A small detachment of his mountain-sheep.
Still pleas'd to see them from the annual fair
Th' unwritten history of their profits bear;
More nobly pleas'd those profits to restore,
And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more:

When nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred spirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,
No arm to save, and no protection near,
Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff seiz'd their little flock, and sold.
Their want contending parishes survey'd,
And this disown'd, and that refus'd to aid:
A while, who should not succour them, they tri-
ed, and in that while the wretched victims died.

"I'll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice."

In vain
To rave at mischief, if the cause remain!
O days long lost to man in each degree!
The golden days of hospitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife,
To fill the noblest offices of life;

When wealth was virtue's handmaid, and her gate

Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,
And lawgivers were supplements of law!

Lost are those days, and fashion's boundless sway
Has borne the guardian magistrate away.

Save in Augusta's streets, or Gallia's shore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.

No more the poor his kind protection share,
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their prayer.

Yet has that fashion, long so light and vain,
Reform'd at last, and led the moral train,
Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boast
For nature's love, for nature's virtue lost?

No—fled from these, the sons of fortune find
What poor respect to wealth remains behind.

The mock regard alone of menial slaves,
The worshipp'd calves of their outwitting knaves!

Foregone the social, hospitable days,
When wide vales echoed with their owner's praise,
Of all that ancient consequence bereft,
What has the modern man of fashion left?

Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And "waste his sweetness" on the essenc'd air?

Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas! and ye sulphureous springs!

And thou, Brighthelmstone, where no cits annoy,
(All borne to Margate, in the Margate-hoy)

Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France,

Do thou defend him in the dog-day-suns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!

While the grim catchpole, the grim porter swear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,

The tortur'd us'rer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each tittle folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Cicisbeo! or Rook!

From each low passion, from each low resort,
The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,

From Bertie's, Almack's, Arthur's, and the nest
Where Judah's ferrets earth with Charles un-blest;—

From these and all the garbage of the great,
At honour's, freedom's, virtue's call—retreat!

Has the fair vale, where rest, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in sweet ambush for thy careless hours,

The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuse,
Bathes its soft wing in aromatic dews,

The stream to sooth thine ear, to cool thy breast,
That mildly murmurs from its crystal rest;—

Have these less charms to win, less power to please,
Than haunts of rapine, harbours of disease?

Will no kind slumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,
Save where the sullen watchman growls at sleep?

Does morn no sweeter, purer breath diffuse
Than steams through alleys from the lungs of

Jews?
And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,
Bethesda-like, when troubled only good?

Is it thy passion Linley's voice to hear,
And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear?

Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, trust me, man was never meant to sing;

And all his mimic organs e'er express,
Was but an imitative howl at best.

Is it on Garrick's attitude you doat?
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!

Like Lear's, his beard descends in graceful snow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.

Superior here the scene in every part!
Here reigns great nature, and there little art!

Here let thy life assume a nobler plan,
To nature faithful, and the friend of man!

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:

Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have

torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A few seem straggling in the evening sky!

Not many suns have hastened down the day,
Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,

Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;

A babe just born that signs of life express,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.

The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;

To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;

Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,

When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,

The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,

So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.

Abandon'd the e—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.

"Now let me swear—For by my soul's last
sigh,

"That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."
Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,

Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear;

No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,

Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd his tale,
The living object of thy honest rage,

Old in parochial crimes, and steel'd with age,
The grave church-warden!—unabash'd he bears

Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers;
And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,

His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

PART III.

O, no! Sir John—the muse's gentle art
Lives not to blemish, but to mend the heart.

While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.

Ingenuous youth, by nature's voice addrest,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breast;
Can form no wish the dire effects to prove
Of lawless valour, or of venal love,
Approves the fondness of the faithful maid,
And mourns a generous passion unrepaid.

Yet would I praise the pious zeal that saves
Imperial London from her world of knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious strife
To scourge the pests of property and life.

Come then, long skill'd in theft's illusive ways,
Lord of the clue that thrids her mighty maze!
Together let us beat all Giles's fields,
Try what the night-house, what the round-house
yields,

Hang when we must, be candid when we please,
But leave no bawd, unlicens'd, at her ease.

Say first, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?
Far from St James's let your Nimrods stray,
But stop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told, of
late,

Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate;
That those without still pelting those within,
Have stunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their
din;

That if you close his private walls invest,
'Tis odds, you meet with some unruly guest—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people
stare,

To see the present and the late Lord-mayor *
Bow to the majesty of Bow-street chair!

Illustrious chiefs! can I your haunts pass by,
Nor give my long-lov'd liberty a sigh!
That heavenly plant which long unblemish'd
blew,

Dishonour'd only, only hurt by you!
Dishonour'd, when with harden'd front you
claim

To deeds of darkness her diviner name!
For you grim licence strove with Hydra breath
To spread the blasts of pestilence and death:
Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there
She scatter'd poison through the social air.

Yet here, in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing she swept the western
main!

When with low labour, and insidious art,
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair honour's foil, and liberty's disgrace!
With spleen I see your wild illusions spread
Through the long region of a land misled;
See commerce sink, see cultivation's charms
Lost in the rage of anarchy and arms!

And thou, O Ch—m, once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brightest wave of glory's tide!
Hast thou the parent spurn'd, the erring child
With prospects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?
Hast thou the plans of dire defection prais'd
For the poor pleasure of a statue rais'd?

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
From Charles quite graceless, up to Grafton's
grace!

* This was written during the mayoralty of 1776.

Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
And the chain'd knife * invites the paltry whore;
Though far, methinks, the choicest guests are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the
dead,
Wilkes, who in death would friendship's vows
fulfil,
True to his cause, and dines with Humphrey still—
Where skulks each dark, where roams each des-
perate wight,

Owls of the day, and vultures of the night—
Shall we, O Knight! with cruel pains explore,
Clear these low walks, and think the business o'er?
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
Where justice sleeps, and depredation reigns.

Wrapt in kind darkness, you no spleen betray,
When the gilt nabob lacqueys all the way:
Harmless to you his towers, his forests rise,
That swell with anguish my indignant eyes;
While in those towers raz'd villages I see,
And tears of orphans watering every tree.
Are these mock-ruins that invade my view?
These are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That column's trophied base his bones supply;
That lake the tears that swell'd his sable eye!
Let here, O Knight! their steps terrific steer
Thy hue and cry, and loose thy bloodhounds
here.

Oh mercy! thron'd on his eternal breast,
Who breath'd the savage waters into rest;
By each soft pleasure that thy bosom smote,
When first creation started from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye;
When on his works was written—These must die!
If secret slaughter yet, nor cruel war
Have from these mortal regions forc'd thee far,
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, stretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!
—For them I ask not, hostile to thy sway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey:
For them I plead not, who, in blood embrued,
Have every softer sentiment subdued.

Yet, gentle power, thy absence I bewail,
When seen the dark, dark regions of a gaol;
When found alike in chains and night enclos'd,
The thief detected, and the thief suppos'd!
Sure, the fair light, and the salubrious air,
Each yet-suspected prisoner might share.
—To lie, to languish in some dreary cell,
Some lothed hold, where guilt and horror dwell,
Ere yet the truth of seeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's sacred voice decide,
Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,
And blush to think the Gothic age unclos'd!

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That pest of James's puritanic days,
The savage law † that barb'rously ordains,
For female virtue lost a felon's pains!—
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate severe,
To toil and chains a long-enduring year.

Th' unnatural monarch, to the sex unkind,
An owl obscene, in learning's sunshine blind!
Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools!

* Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.

† 7. Jac. C. 4.

Fanatic fools, that, in those twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worst of crimes!—
Hope we from such a crew, in such a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?

Here then, O Justice, thy own power forbear;
The sole protector of th' unpitied fair.
Though long entreat the ruthless overseer;
Though the loud vestry tease thy tortur'd ear;
Though all to acts, to precedents appeal,
Mute be thy pen, and vacant rest thy seal.

Yet shalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,
The casual fall, from impudence of vice.
Abandon'd guilt by active laws restrain,
But pause — if virtue's slightest spark remain.
Left to the shameless lash, the hard'ning goal,
The fairest thoughts of modesty would fail.

The downcast eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her innocence again;
The plaintive babe, that slumb'ring seem'd to lie
On her soft breast, and wakes at the heav'd sigh;
The cheek that wears the beautiful robe of shame;
How loth they leave a gentle breast to blame!

Hear then, O Justice! thy own power for-
bear;—
The sole protector of th' unpitied fair!

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS,

TRANSLATED;

And Addressed to a Gentleman of Italy.

ADDRESS:

TO SIG. MOZZI, OF MACERATA.

To thee, the child of classic plains,
The happier hand of nature gave
Each grace of fancy's finer strains,
Each muse that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace strung,
With many a charm of easy art;
Nor yet what sweet Tibullus sung,
When beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all the gentle Provence knew,
Where each breeze bore a lover's sigh,
When Petrarch's sweet persuasion drew
The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor aught that nobler science seeks,
What truth, what virtue must avoid;
Nor aught the voice of nature speaks,
To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd.

O wise beyond each weaker aim,
That weds the soul to this low sphere,
Fond to indulge the feeble frame,
That holds a while her prisoner here!

Trust me, my friend, that soul survives
(If e'er had muse prophetic skill),
And when the fated hour arrives,
That all her faculties shall fill,

Fit for some nobler frame she flies,
Afar to find a second birth;
And, flourishing in fairer skies,
Forfeakes her nursery of earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold
The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,
VOL. XI,

When the poor exile left his fold,
* And feebly dragg'd his goat along!

On Plato's hallow'd breast to lean,
And catch that ray of heavenly fire,
Which smooth'd a tyrant's fullen mien,
And bade the cruel thought retire!

Amid those fairy-fields to dwell,
Where Tasso's favour'd spirit saw
What—numbers none but his could tell,
What—pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be
Beneath the source of glory's smile,
To range Elysian groves, and see
That nightly visitant—ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,
To mix with Milton's kindred soul,
The labours of their golden lyres
Would steal, and whisper whence he stole.

Ausonian bard, from my fond ear
By seas and mountains sever'd long,
If, chance, these humble strains to hear,
You leave your more melodious song.

Whether, advent'rous, you explore
The wilds of Apenninus' brow,
Or, musing near Loretto's † shore,
Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow;

The muses' gentle offering still
Your ear shall win, your love shall woo;
And these spring-flowers of Milton fill
The favour'd vales where first they grew.

For me, depriv'd of all that's dear,
Each fair, fond part'ner of my life,
Left with a lonely oar to steer,
Through the rude storms of mortal strife;—

When care, the felon of my days,
Expands his cold and gloomy wing,
His load when strong affliction lays
On hope, the heart's elastic spring.

For me what solace yet remains,
Save the sweet muse's tender lyre;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains,
If, chance, the felon, care, retire?

Save the sweet muse's tender lyre,
For me no solace now remains!
Yet shall the felon, care, retire;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains.

Blagdon-house, June 26. 1776.

SONNET I.

O LADY fair, whose honour'd name is borne
By that soft vale, where Rhyne so loves to stray,
And sees the tall arch crown his wat'ry way!
Sure happy he, though much the muse's scorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway,
Which gentle smiles, and gentle deeds adorn,
Though in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though those deeds display!
Sure happy he, who that sweet voice should hear

* Hanc etiam vix Tityre duce.

VIRG.

† Within a few miles of Macerata.

R

Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his closed ear;
Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

SONNET II.

As o'er you wild hill, when the browner light
Of evening falls, the village maiden lies
To foster some fair plant with kind supplies;
Some stranger plant, that yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere spring has open'd quite
The soft affections of serenest skies:
So I, with such like gentle thought devise
This stranger tongue to cultivate with care,
All for the sake of lovely lady fair,
And tune my lays, in language little tried
By such as went to Tamis' banks repair,
Tamis forsook for Arno's flowery side,
So wrought love's will that ever ruleth wide!

SONNET III.

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say,
This rebel heart that love hath held as naught,
Or, hap'ly, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;
This simple heart hath now become his prey.
Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising day:
Oh no!—'twas beauty's most celestial ray,
With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught!
The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice, that breathing melody so rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle sky!
Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign
fair, [fly.
Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should

SONNET IV.

In truth, I feel my sun in those fair eyes,
So strongly strike they, like that powerful ray,
Which falls with all the violence of day
On Lybia's sands—and oft, as there arise
Hot wafting vapours from the source where lies
My secret pain; yet, hap'ly, those may say,
Who talk love's language, these are only sighs,
That the soft ardours of the soul betray*.

SONNET V.

An artless youth, who, simple in his love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,
To thee that heart, O lady! nor deny
The votive gift he brings; since that shall prove
All change, and fear, and falsity above;

* The Concetti of the Italian, in the conclusion of this sonnet, were so obstinate, that it seemed scarce possible to reduce them into any reputable form of translation. Such trifling liberties as the translator shall appear to have taken with these poems, must be imputed to a desire of getting over blemishes of the same kind.

Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,
And courteous will, that never asketh why.
Yet, mild as is the never-wrathful dove,
Firmness it hath, and fortitude to bear
The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate;
From envy far, and low-designing care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await;
With the sweet muse, and sounding lyre elate,
And only weak, when love had entrance there.

CANZON.

GAY youths and frolic damsels round me throng,
And, smiling, say, why, shepherd, wilt thou
write
Thy lays of love advent'rous to recite
In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue?
Shepherd, if hope hath ever wrought thee wrong,
Afar from her and fancy's fairy light
Retire—so they to sport with me delight;
And other shores, they say, and other streams
Thy presence wait; and sweetest flowers that
blow,
Their ripening blooms reserve for thy fair brow,
Where glory soon shall bear her brightest beams;
Thus they, and yet their soothing little seems;
If she, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing these soft lays, and ask the mutual song,
This is thy language, love and I to thee belong!

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" Sylvas, saltusque sequamur,
" Intactos— VIRG.

To the Countess of Hertford.

MADAM,

THERE is a tax upon the name of the Countess of Hertford, an hereditary obligation to patronise the muses; and in times like these, when their influence, I will not say their reputation, is on the decline, they can by no means dispense with so essential a privilege. I entreat you, Madam, to take the following poems under your protection. They were written with an unaffected wish to promote the love of nature and the interests of humanity. On the credit of such motives, I lay them at your feet, and beg to be esteemed,

Madam, your most devoted and most obedient
servant, JOHN LANGHORNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following poems, the plan of fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original narrative and moral may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and disposition of poetry; where she finds new objects, interests, and connections, to exercise her fancy and her powers. If the execution, therefore, be unsuccessful, it is not the fault of the plan, but of the poet.

FABLE I.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

As dutieus to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,

The holy sisters still repair,
 What time the rosy morning calls:
 So fair each morn, so full of grace,
 Within their little garden rear'd,
 The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
 To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.
 And where, along the rising sky,
 Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
 Still there her fond observant eye,
 And there her golden breast she turn'd.
 When calling from their weary height
 On western waves his beams to rest,
 Still there she fought the parting fight,
 And there she turn'd her golden breast.
 But soon as night's invidious shade
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,
 With folded leaves, and drooping head,
 Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.
 Such duty in a flower display'd,
 The holy sisters smil'd to see,
 Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
 And lov'd its fond idolatry.
 But painful still, though meant for kind,
 The praise that falls on envy's ear!
 O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
 The canker'd ivy chanc'd to hear.
 And "See," she cry'd, "that specious flower,
 "Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
 "The pageant of a gilded hour,
 "The convent's simple hearts hath won!
 "Obsequious meanness! ever prone
 "To watch the patron's turning eye;
 "No will, no motion of its own!
 "'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:
 "Go, splendid sycophant! no more
 "Display thy soft seductive arts!
 "The flattering clime of courts explore,
 "Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.
 "To me their praise more justly due,
 "Of longer bloom and happier grace!
 "Whom changing months unalter'd view,
 "And find them in my fond embrace."
 "How well," the modest flower reply'd,
 "Can envy's wrested eye elude
 "The obvious bounds that still divide
 "Foul flattery from fair gratitude.
 "My duteous praise each hour I pay,
 "For few the hours that I must live;
 "And give to him my little day,
 "Whose grace another day may give.
 "When low this golden form shall fall,
 "And spread with dust its parent plain,
 "That dust shall hear his genial call,
 "And rise, to glory rise, again.
 "To thee, my gracious pow'r, to thee
 "My love, my heart, my life, are due!
 "Thy goodness gave that life to be,
 "Thy goodness shall that life renew.
 "Ah me! one moment from thy sight
 "That thus my truant-eye should stray!

"The God of glory sets in night;
 "His faithless flower has lost a day."
 Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head;
 And sudden tears her breast bedew'd:
 Consenting tears the sisters shed,
 And, wrapp'd in holy wonder, view'd.
 With joy, with pious pride elate,
 "Behold," the aged abbess cries,
 "An emblem of that happier fate,
 "Which Heav'n to all but us denies.
 "Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
 "No charm but duty's charm can move;
 "We shed no tears but holy tears
 "Of tender penitence and love.
 "See there the envious world pourtray'd
 "In that dark look, that creeping pace!
 "No flower can bear the ivy's shade,
 "No tree support its cold embrace.
 "The oak that rears it from the ground,
 "And bears its tendrils to the skies,
 "Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
 "And in its pois'nous arms he dies."
 Her moral thus the matron read,
 Studious to teach her children dear,
 And they, by love or duty led,
 With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.
 Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
 (In convents still the tale is known),
 The fable heard with silent care,
 But found a moral of her own.
 The flower that smil'd along the day,
 And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall,
 Too well she found her life display,
 Too well her fatal lot recal.
 The treacherous ivy's gloomy strain,
 That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
 Too well that cruel scene convey'd,
 Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.
 Her heart with silent horror shook,
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell;
 To the dim light she cast one look,
 And bade once more the world farewell.

FABLE II.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
 And shun the splendid walks of fame;
 There are that hold it rueful strife
 To risk ambition's losing game:
 That, far from envy's lurid eye,
 The fairest fruits of genius rear,
 Content to see them bloom and die
 In friendship's small, but kindly sphere.
 Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
 The evening primrose shuns the day;
 Blooms only to the western star,
 And loves its solitary ray.
 In Eden's vale an aged hind,
 At the dim twilight's closing hour,
 R ij

On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

" Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought he cries,
" Thy bosom must not feel the glow
" Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold;
" Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
" When thine the falling shades unfold.

" Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
" When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
" For flowers he rifles all the meads,
" For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

" Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
" On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
" Let smiling suns those gems illumine!
" Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so flow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

Live unseen!

By moon-light shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE III.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE * reed that once the shepherd blew
On cold Cephifus' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's cruel bow apply'd,
Its inoffensive master flew.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephifus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music sooth the thirst of death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephifus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting, sigh'd each trembling reed.

" Fair offspring of my waves," he cry'd,
" That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
" Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
" For music, peace, and beauty born!

" Ah, what unheeded have we done?
" What demons here in death delight?
" What fiends that curse the social sun?
" What furies of infernal night?

" See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed!
" Each heart in harmony that vy'd,
" Smote by its own melodious reed,
" Lies cold along my blushing side.

" Back to your urn, my waters, fly,
" Or find in earth some secret way;
" For horror dims yon conscious sky,
" And hell has issued into day."

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

" In vain Cephifus sighs to save
" The swain that loves his wat'ry mead,
" And weeps to see his reddening wave,
" And mourns for his perverted reed:

" In vain my violated groves
" Must I with equal grief bewail,
" While desolation sternly roves,
" And bids the sanguine hand assail.

" God of the genial stream, behold
" My laurel shades of leaves so bare!
" Those leaves no poet's brows unfold,
" Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

" Like thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
" Far other purpose they supply;
" The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
" And on his frowful temples die.

" Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
" Whom wounded nature sues in vain;
" Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
" And cries, indignant,—“ They are men.”

FABLE IV.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,

Darts swiftly through the stagnant mafs,
His waters trembling as they pafs,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unfullied as they flow—
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could thought and fancy glide;
Could hope as sprightly hold her courfe,
As firft ſhe left her native fource,
Unfought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah; they will not, will not laft—
When life's firft fairy ftage is paft,
The glowing hand of hope is cold;
And fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before,
We turn the former proſpect o'er;
And find in mem'ry's faithful eye
Our little ſtock of pleaſures lie.

Come then, thy kind receſſes ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of hope!
Come with thy viſionary train;
And bring my morning ſcenes again!

To Enon's wild and ſilent ſhade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through ſolitary meads;
And only feeds the deſert flower,
Where once ſhe ſooth'd my ſlumb'ring hour;
Or rous'd by Stainmore's wint'ry ſky,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what ſtorms her boſom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare—

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Oſty's brow,
Or Brokley's alder-ſhaded cave,
Or winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To ſound his holy ſlumbers near.—

To theſe fair ſcenes of fancy's reign,
O memory! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied ſcenes are paſt,
'Tis ſimple nature charms at laſt.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent pow'r his prayer approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd roſe could fade,
Reſtor'd him to the ſcenes he lov'd.

A roſe, the poet's fav'rite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom in Eſher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's ſnowy hair:
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's ſweeteſt bluſh was there.

When ſhe, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for ſhades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's ſhade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the ſplendid roſe diſplay'd
Her ſwelling breaſt, and ſhining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of ſimpler bloom, but kindred race,
The penſive Eglantine complain'd.—

"Miſtaken youth," with ſighs ſhe ſaid,

"From nature and from me to ſtray!

"The bard, by ſplendid forms betray'd,

"No more ſhall frame the purer ray.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting roſe,

"And gay the brilliant ſtrains may be,

"But far in beauty, far from thoſe,

"That flow'd to nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond ſurpriſe,

The truths the ſylvan critic told;

And "though this courtly roſe," he cries,

"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee

"Wild ſweetneſs which no words expreſs,

"And charms in thy ſimplicity,

"That dwell not in the pride of dreſs."

FABLE V.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artleſs breaſt
The god of fond deſires repair;
Implore him for a gentle gueſt,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's ſoul-enchanting ſmile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should theſe thy wand'ring eye beguile,
And ſteal thy wareleſs heart away;

That heart ſhall ſoon with ſorrow ſwell,
And ſoon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous boſom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial ſtore.

Far from his hive one Summer day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to ſee.

The morn, the noon in play he paſs'd,
But when the ſhades of ev'ning came,
No parent brought the due repaſt,
And faintneſs ſeiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by inſtinct led,
The boſom of a flower he ſought,
Where ſtreams mourn'd round a moſſy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent ſkies
A velvet ſhade and purple hue.

The tints that ſteam'd with gloſſy gold,
The velvet ſhade, the purple hue,
e ſtranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous boſom flew.

Not fonder haſte the lover ſpeeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He ſprings on more than mortal feet;

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast;
Th'n felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound;
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
That courts thine eye with fair attire;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower of humbler hue,
That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
Array'd in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies—

"This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
May yet thy languid life renew;"
He said, and to the violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN
IMPERIAL.

FROM Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial day;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden ray:

From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore
What time the crown imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
In all the eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads, and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's* silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the crown imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival, call'd the meadow's queen,

* The Ionian Strymon.

"In climes of orient glory born,
"Where beauty first and empire grew;
"Where first unfolds the golden morn,
"Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

"In light's ethereal beauty drest,
"Behold," he cried, "the favour'd flower,
"Which Flora's high commands invest
"With ensigns of imperial power!

"Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
"And bending mountains own his sway,
"While Persia's lord his empire leads,
"And bids the trembling world obey;

"While blood bedews the straining bow,
"And conquest rends the scatter'd air,
"'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
"And reign in envied glory there:

"Then lowly bow, ye British flowers!
"Confess your monarch's mighty sway,
"And own the only glory yours,
"When fear flies trembling to obey."

He said, and sudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran;
With modest air, and milder strain,
When thus the meadow's queen began.

"If vain of birth, of glory vain,
"Or fond to bear a regal name,
"The pride of folly brings disdain,
"And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

"If war my peaceful realms assail,
"And then, unmov'd by pity's call,
"I smile to see the bleeding vale,
"Or feel one joy in nature's fall:

"Then may each justly vengeful flower
"Pursue her queen with generous strife,
"Nor leave the hand of lawless power
"Such compass on the scale of life.

"One simple virtue all my pride!
"The wish that flies to misery's aid;
"The balm that stops the crimson tide†
"And heals the wound that war has made."

Their free consent by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their meadow's queen obey;
And fairer blushes crown'd the morn,
And sweeter fragrance fill'd the day.

FABLE VII.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

"Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower
"That swells the golden breast of May,
"Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
"To waste her solitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
"The grove and genial garden call,
"Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
"Unheeded on the lonely wall?

† The property of that flower.

" For never sure was beauty born
 " To live in death's deserted shade !
 " Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
 " My banks for life and beauty made."
 Thus pity wak'd the tender thought,
 And by her sweet persuasion led,
 To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
 And bear her from her stony bed.
 I fought---but sudden on mine ear
 A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
 And smote my heart with holy fear---
 The genius of the ruin spoke.
 " From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
 " The honours of the dead to spoil,
 " Or take the sole remaining meed,
 " The flower that crowns their former toil!
 " Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
 " Or fond to grace this barren shade ;
 " 'Tis nature tells her to bestow
 " Her honours on the lonely dead.
 " For this obedient zephyrs bear
 " Her light seeds round yon turret's mold,
 " And undispers'd by tempests there,
 " They rise in vegetable gold.
 " Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
 " Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
 " Oft have they been, and oft shall be
 " Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.
 " Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
 " As weary of th' insulting air ;
 " The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
 " The lover's sighs are sleeping there.
 " When that too shakes the trembling ground,
 " Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
 " And many a slumb'ring cottage round
 " Startles---how still their hearts will lie !
 " Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
 " No more the smiling day shall view,
 " Should many a tender tale be told ;
 " For many a tender thought is due.
 " Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
 " When evening brought the pensive hour,
 " Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
 " And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?
 " Those flowers he surely meant to strew
 " On lost affection's lowly cell ;
 " Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
 " Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
 " Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
 " Been taught her first rose to resign ?
 " With vain but pious fondness borne
 " To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine !
 " 'Tis nature pleading in the breast,
 " Fair memory of her works to find ;
 " And when to fate she yields the rest,
 " She claims the monumental mind.
 " Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
 " Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
 " With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
 " And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?

" Why seeks he with unwearied toil
 " Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
 " Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
 " And lead oblivion into day ?
 " 'Tis nature prompts, by toil or fear
 " Unmov'd, to range through death's domain ;
 " The tender parent loves to hear
 " Her childrens' story told again.
 " Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
 " If haply near these haunts he stray ;
 " Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
 " That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

FABLE VIII.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE *.

'Twas on the border of a stream
 A gaily-painted tulip stood,
 And, gilded by the morning beam,
 Survey'd her beauties in the flood.
 And sure, more lovely to behold,
 Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
 Than crimson fading into gold,
 In streaks of fairer symmetry.
 The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
 Ah me ! that pride with beauty dwells !
 Vainly affects superior state,
 And thus in empty fancy swells.
 " O lustre of unrivall'd bloom !
 " Fair painting of a hand divine !
 " Superior far to mortal doom,
 " The hues of heaven alone are mine !
 " Away, ye worthless, formless race !
 " Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers
 " No more my native bed disgrace,
 " Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours !
 " Shall the bright daughter of the sun
 " Associate with the shrubs of earth ?
 " Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun !
 " Respect her beauties and her birth.
 " And thou, dull, sullen evergreen !
 " Shalt thou my shining sphere invade,
 " My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
 " Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade !"
 " Deluded flower !" the myrtle cries,
 " Shall we thy moment's bloom adore ?
 " The meanest shrub that you despise,
 " The meanest flower has merit more.
 " That daisy, in its simple bloom,
 " Shall last along the changing year ;
 " Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
 " And bid the smiling spring appear.
 " The violet that, those banks beneath,
 " Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
 " Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
 " When thou art in thy dusty bed.

* This fable was first published in a Collection
 of Letters, supposed to have passed between St.
 Evremond and Waller.

" Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,
 " Am of no shining tints possess'd,
 " When low thy lucid form is laid,
 " Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

" And he, whose kind and fostering care
 " To thee, to me, our beings gave,
 " Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,
 " And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly screen
 " That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
 " And mocks thy passion to be seen,
 " Prolongs the transitory day.

" But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
 " No more by virtue need be done;
 " I now withdraw my dusky shade,
 " And yield thee to thy darling son."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
 With all its weight of glory fell;
 The flower exulting caught the gleam,
 And lent its leaves a bolder smell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
 The curling leaves the breast disclos'd:
 The mantling bloom was painted higher,
 And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,
 And evening came, with dew's so cold;
 The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
 And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
 Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;
 They left her to a parent's woes,
 And fled before the rising gale.

FABLE IX.

THE BEE-FLOWER*.

COME, let us leave this painted plain;
 This waste of flowers that palls the eye:
 The walks of nature's wilder reign
 Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
 Superior charms to Brockman's art,
 Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
 He cherishes the social heart ---

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
 And on yon pasture mountains rest;
 Come, brother dear! come, nature's child!
 With all her simple virtues blest.

* This is a species of the *Orchis*, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a bee apparently feeding on the breast of the flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose, she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genius of the *Orchis*, or *Satyrion*, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as bees, flies, butterflies, &c.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
 And clouding groves and peopled seas,
 And ruins pale of princely bowers
 On Beachborough's airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
 The little labourer of the hive,
 From flower to flower, from green to green,
 Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast
 How close the busy vagrant lies!
 His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
 The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs!

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
 Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
 Or sees he no intruder near,
 And rests in sleep his weary eyes.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
 His limbs; --- we'll set the captive free ---
 I sought the living bee to find,
 And found the picture of a bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
 From thence we plan the rule of all;
 Thus nature with the sabled elves
 We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
 Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
 That life's majestic source may be
 In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis nature's plan
 Religion in your love to find;
 And know, for this, the first in man
 Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
 Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power*;
 That power with leading hand she shows,
 And paints a bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
 His human feet his human hands!
 Oft, as his shapely form he tears,
 Aghast the frightened ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
 She seems ev'n with herself at strife,
 While fairer from her hand is shown
 The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
 Still many a shining pebble bear,
 Where oft her studious hand engraves
 The perfect form and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton †, boast her art;
 And long her love of laws fulfil:
 To thee she gave her hand and heart,
 To thee, her kindness and her skill!

FABLE X.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

IN yonder green wood blows the broom;
 Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,

* The well known Fables of the Painter and Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

† An ingenious Portrait Painter in Rathbone Place.

Court nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.
From him * whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where flow the fairy Fortha winds.
And oh! that he † whose gentle breast
In nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works imprest
In characters that cannot fade;
That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the seasons fall—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to fancy's magic cell.

—————"What airy sounds invite
" My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
" Of Shene's delightful groves? Reposing there,
" No more I hear the busy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
" Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Rous'd by her,
" The genius of sepulchral silence opes
" His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the
" Spring,
" Or swells on Summer's breast, or loads the lap
" Of Autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whose rites
" At nature's shrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly; boughs of brightest green,
" And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee,
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling: Fair philosophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in sweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
" Be these, and animate thy living page
" With truth resistless, beaming from the source
" Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boasts
" That golden broom its sunny robe of flowers:
" Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon
" And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
" To the well-loaded wilding—Shepherd, there
" Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
" Of all but moral beauty."

—————"Not in vain"—
I hear my Hamilton reply
(The torch of fancy in his eye),
" 'Tis not in vain," I hear him say,
" That nature paints her works so gay;
" For, fruitless though that fairy broom,
" Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
" Cheer'd with that bloom, yon desert wild
" Its native horrors lost, and smil'd.
" And oft we mark her golden ray,
" Along the dark wood scatter'd day.
" Of moral uses take the strife;
" Leave me the elegance of life.
" Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If sweet sensations they produce,
" I know they have their moral use.
" I know that nature's charms can move
" The springs that strike to virtue's love."

* William Hamilton of Bangour.

† Thomson.

FABLE XI.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.
In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest:
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.
That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The druid's magic mistletoe,
The holy hermit's passion-flower.
The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deep'ning groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.
I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.
Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But, grinding through some scarnel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.
I hear it still—"Depart," it cries:
"No tribute bear to shades unblest;
"Know, here a bloody druid lies,
"Who was not nurs'd at nature's breast.
"Associate he with demons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
"Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.
"Behold his crimson-streaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murd'rous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.
I see him still—Dost thou not see
The haggard eyeball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?
What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?
What wretched—Hark!—the voice replies,
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
"For, here a guilty hermit lies
"Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.
"Though nature lent him powers to aid
"The moral cause, the mutual weal;
"Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
"The desperate suicide of zeal.
"Go, teach the drone of faintly haunts,
"Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
"Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
"His life is one continued crime.
"And hear them hence, the plant, the flower;
"No symbols those of systems vain!

" They have the duties of their hour ;
 " Some bird, some insect, to sustain."

[In Kirkby-Stephen church-yard is the following monumental inscription, which, from the strain of modesty, filial piety, and unaffected simplicity, with which it is adorned, may be thought not unworthy of reprinting from Burn's "History of Westmorland, &c."]

1762.

To the Memory of the REV. JOSEPH LANGHORNE
 of Winton, and ISABEL his Wife.

HER, who to teach this trembling hand to write,
 Toil'd the long day, and watch'd the tedious
 night,

I mourn, though number'd with the heavenly host ;
 With her the means of gratitude are lost.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

OWEN OF CARRON.

I.

ON Carron's side the primrose pale,
 Why does it wear a purple hue ?
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
 Why stream your eyes with pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
 That purple grows the primrose pale ;
 That pity pours the tender flood
 From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
 The sun his golden tresses gave,
 The north's pure morn her orient dye,
 To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,
 Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge he sung ;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
 That dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's * day,
 When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
 That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
 Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
 The fairer plains of Carron spread ;
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh ! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

* William the Lyon, king of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithsdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smoother Italy apply'd,
 And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
 No foreign loves her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

" Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithsdale,
 " That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
 " Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 " Thy voice, the music of the shade !

" Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
 " Alone to thy soft tale would yield ?
 " For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 " The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
 Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd,
 With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state ;
 Th' unconquer'd banners he displays,
 Controul our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander'd west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the waves slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lammermore *.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and looth'd her
 into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains ;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour that sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove,

of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers in foreign courts.

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland, from east to west.

In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms,
The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulder spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train.

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd;
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—Who is he whose ringlets fair,
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclin'd to rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate controul!)

That lives still imag'd on her breast,
That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elysian air,
And in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft sudden pleasure rushes o'er
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly, o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight and melting love
Seiz'd all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hastening nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke;
“Hail goddess of these groves (he cry'd),
“O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
“O let me in thy service bide!

“For thee I'll climb the mountains steep,
“Unwearied chase the destin'd prey,
“For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
“And part the sprays that vex thy way.”

For thee—“O stranger, cease,” she said,
And swift away, like Daphne, flew,
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

VIII.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of morn.

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing love!

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
And dark distrust, with changeful face,
And jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;

And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
"And haste to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand:

"What time ye mark from bower or glen
"A gentle lady take her way,
"To distance due, and far from ken,
"Allow her length of time to stray.

"Then ransack straight that range of groves.—
"With hunter's spear, and vest of green;
"If chance a rosy stripling roves,—
"Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way;
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wond'ring still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale!
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammernore.

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for, at her sight,
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;

The evening shades will sink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
"Can lovers brook such long delay?
"Lovers that boast of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale:

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The brown its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumines her eye,
And flow its languid orb unfolds,—
What, are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay!
'Twas some poor youth—"Ah Nithisdale!"
She said, and silent sunk away:

XII.

The morn in the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
"Ah me! what means this misery here?
"What fate this lady fair betides!"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life he finds has but retir'd:—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

"O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life she said;
"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
"With many a rosy wreath thy head.

"Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
"And, if my love asleep is laid,

" Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
 " Some pillow to that gentle head.

" Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
 " Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
 " But oh ! no lamb in all thy train
 " Was e'er so mild, so mild as he."

" His head is on the wood-moss laid ;
 " I did not wake his slumber deep—
 " Sweet sing the redbreast o'er the shade—
 " Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
 At evening find the dew-drop dear,
 But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
 When soften'd by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,
 This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
 Found her fair soul, and wand'ring near,
 The stranger, reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul,—Ah ! so to find
 Was but more dreadful grief to know !
 Ah ! sure, the privilege of mind
 Cannot be worth the wish of woe !

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
 A softer shade of sorrow falls,
 But Ellen can no more return,
 No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
 The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
 Till nature seeks her last left aid.
 In the sad sombre arms of sleep.

" These jewels, all unmeet for me,
 " Shalt thou," she said, " good shepherd, take ;
 " These gems will purchase gold for thee,
 " And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

" So fail thou not, at eve or morn,
 " The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
 " Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
 " Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

" Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
 " Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
 " For I will share her humble toil,
 " And I her friendly roof will share."

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
 In luxury of lonely pain—
 The lovely mourner, found at last,
 To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
 That wears love's sunny eye of joy—
 Is Nithisdale reviving here ?
 Or is it but a shepherd's boy ?

By Carron's side a shepherd's boy,
 He binds his vale-flowers with the reed :
 He wears love's sunny eye of joy,
 And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,
 Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
 And yield to tender woe the while.

No more with fond attention dear,
 She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
 No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
 See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
 Is she the friend of stern controul ?
 Wears she the despot's purple vest ?
 Or fetters she the free-born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy childrens breasts to bind ?
 Gav'st thou the Promethean flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great nature's—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band,

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
 O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing,
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
 Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
 No early charm returns again ;
 The parent nature keeps in store
 Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
 That plays on Carron's breast he can,
 Reason has lent her quiv'ring light,
 And shown the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,
 And all unconscious of his birth,
 Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade.

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
 Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
 And once, within their greenest glade,
 He fondly fram'd this simple song.

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold ?
 Why am I tales of ladies told ?

Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A filken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me sure an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
That lov'st to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hov'ring o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his ev'ning star;
And fate's more pointed arrows move
Insidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"O tell me, parent, if thou art,
"What is this lovely picture dear?
"Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
"Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?"

"Ah, youth! to leave thee loth am I,
"Though I be not thy parent dear;
"And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
"The story of thy birth to hear?"

"But it will make thee much bewail,
"And it will make thy fair eye swell—"
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom'd to share
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin flow.

But when that seal is first impress'd,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one—and dy'd.

XXV.

"No I am not a shepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he said,
"Ah, where is now the promis'd joy
"Of this?—for ever, ever fled!"

"O picture dear!—for her lov'd sake
"How fondly could my heart bewail!
"My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
"And tell me more of this sad tale.

"O tell me more of this sad tale—
"No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
"And I will go to Lothian's vale,
"And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
"O! art thou there," the full heart said,
"O! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she "by thy cradle sat,"
And how she "fondly saw thee sleep *."

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent's name,
For that he fears might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass you dangerous door!

XXVIII.

"She comes not;—can she then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could say,
"To her I said, and call'd her dear.

"She comes—Oh! No—encircled round,
"Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
"My hapless tale that earl has found—
"Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er those locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air.

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian's halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?"
The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er—
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

*See the ancient Scottish ballad called *Gil Morrice*.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MICHAEL BRUCE.

Containing

LOCHLEVEN,
DAPHNIS,
THE MOUSIAD,



ELEGIES,
PASTORALS,
ODES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground !
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night ; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

LOCHLEVEN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MICHAEL BRUCE.

Containing

THE
POETICAL
WORKS

OF
MICHAEL
BRUCE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of dark December took his humble cot,
They lean his piping wild, and the plains
To cheer the tedious night; while flow'd
The deer remembrance of his native hills,
From his friends he long'd, recording thus
And nature's beauty, rustic ground;
The more the youth could in the wilds

LOCUSTON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY W. WATSON AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

MDCCLXX.

THE LIFE OF BRUCE.

THE few melancholy particulars which form the slender history of the life of BRUCE, were first given to the world by Logan, the editor of his works; and have since received every possible recommendation and embellishment from the elegant pen of Lord Craig, one of the judges of the Court of Session, in the 36th number of the "Mirror."

A short life past in obscurity, and in the silent acquisition of knowledge, cannot be expected to abound in vicissitudes or occurrences interesting to curiosity; but particular circumstances may exist, to render the life of a young man of genius, depressed by situation, and aspiring to literature and to poetry under the pressure of indigence, peculiarly interesting to benevolence and to learning.

The affecting and well-written paper in the "Mirror," attributed to Lord Craig, has been distinguished by the most respectable literary journalists of our nation, with particular marks of attention; a circumstance to which, besides the attraction between good writing and competent judges, it is natural to suppose, the gratification of a sensibility and a curiosity common to the liberal and inquisitive, arising from the benevolent attempt, to rescue from oblivion the name and writings of an ingenious and amiable young poet, contributed in no inconsiderable degree.

The facts stated in the present account, are partly taken from the brief narrative of Logan, and partly from information furnished by his relations, and collected from the perishing remains of his epistolary correspondence, communicated to the present writer, by the kindness of the Rev. Dr. George Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

The intelligence which he has obtained is general and scanty; but he has this gratification from producing it, that it gives him, at once, an opportunity of reflecting on the liberal and friendly assistance of Dr. Baird, and of recording his esteem and veneration for the talents and virtues of the unfortunate poet, and his humane and benevolent exertions to lessen the wants, and alleviate the afflictions of his aged mother, which deserve a more ample encomium than this brief memorial can bestow.

Michael Bruce was born at Kinneswood, in the parish of Portmoak, in Kinrossshire, March 27. 1746. He was descended of a family, in no respect illustrious, but in bearing a name that is renowned by the valour and patriotism of King Robert I, and distinguished by the taste and science of the House of Kinross. His father, Alexander Bruce, was by trade a weaver, who inherited nothing from his parents but their piety, industry, and integrity, for which he was distinguished among his neighbours. His mother, Anne Bruce, was of a family of the same rank in that neighbourhood, and remarkable for nothing but her exemplary prudence and frugality, and the innocence and simplicity of her manners. They had eight children, of whom the poet was the fifth. Of these eight only two survive; James, a weaver in Kinneswood, a man of respectable character, and though uneducated, not unacquainted with books, nor without a taste for metrical composition; and Mary, married to one Arnot in that neighbourhood. Both parents were Seceders, of the class called Burghers.

The first years of his life did not pass without distinction. He very early discovered a genius superior to the common, which his parents had the penetration to discern, and the merit to improve, by giving him a polite and liberal education.

The delicacy of his constitution, which was remarkable from his earliest years, and the uncommon proficiency which he made in the learning taught at the school of the village, probably determined them to educate him for the clerical profession; an object of common ambition among persons of inferior rank in North Britain, and for which, it may be supposed, their peculiar impressions of religion gave them a strong predilection.

After passing through the usual course of school education at Portmoak, and the neighbouring town of Kinross, he was sent, in 1762, to the University of Edinburgh, where he applied himself, during the four succeeding years, to the several branches of literature and philosophy, with remarkable assiduity and success. Of the Latin and Greek languages he acquired a masterly knowledge; and he made eminent progress in metaphysics, mathematics, and moral and natural philosophy. But the Belles Lettres was his favourite pursuit, and poetry his darling study. The poets were his perpetual companions. He read their works with avidity, and with a congenial enthusiasm. He caught their spirit as well as their manner, and though he sometimes imitated their style, he was a poet from inspiration. Nature had tuned his ear to harmony, and sown the seeds of poetical enthusiasm in his mind.

Before he left school, he gave evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry, in which he was greatly encouraged, from an acquaintance which he had contracted, when very young, with Mr. David Arnot of Portmoak, the patron and director of his youthful studies.

Mr. Arnot cultivated a small farm, on the banks of Lochleven, which he inherited from his parents, and is now possessed by his son. He was a man of excellent sense and piety, and had a cultivated taste, and an acquaintance with classical learning, moral philosophy, poetry, and criticism, much superior to his opportunities of improvement, and his rank in life. He gave his young friend the first perception of good poetry, by putting into his hands the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the "Seasons" of Thomson, the poems of Pope, and the dramas of Shakspeare.

Besides the advantage of so intelligent and sincere an adviser as Mr. Arnot, he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. David Pearson, of Easter Balgeedie, a village adjoining to Kinrosswood, a man of strong parts, and of a serious, contemplative, and inquisitive turn, who had improved his mind by a diligent and solitary perusal of such books as came within his reach; and, having a peculiar predilection for that branch of study which soon became the favourite object of his pursuit, contributed not a little to lead him to the love of reading and the study of poetry. This worthy and respectable man is now living at Easter-Balgeedie.

In the company of Arnot and Pearson, he passed much of his time in the country, and to them, from time to time, he imparted the occasional sallies of his genius, receiving from them such advice as tended greatly to ripen his judgment, and improve his natural taste for metrical composition.

Among the companions of his youthful and classical studies, he lived in habits of the most familiar intimacy with Mr. George Henderson, and a Mr. Dryburgh; young men of ingenuity and ability, whose kindness supplied him with books, and whose conversation improved his powers, that were now gradually expanding. Mr. Dryburgh went before him in November 1766. Mr. Henderson became afterwards a clergyman, of the Burgher denomination, at Glasgow, and died in 1793.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an acquaintance with Logan, then a student at the University. A similarity of taste, and of pursuits, soon brought on an intimacy between these two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

While he was prosecuting his favourite studies, and improving his taste, he seems to have felt in common with those who possess a genius, of which imagination and feeling are the strongest characteristics, that pensive melancholy, which is ever attendant upon poetical enthusiasm, and frequently the concomitant of the best disposition and principles, and the certain test of a generous and susceptible heart, conscious of rectitude of conduct and unmerited adversity.

His letters from Edinburgh to Mr. Arnot, in 1763, written chiefly as exercises in the composition of Latin, contain several reflections of a solemn and serious cast. In a letter to him, dated Nov. 27. 1764, he thus indulges a train of thought, produced by adverse circumstances, but tempered by a rational piety. "I daily meet with proofs, that money is a necessary evil. When in an auction I often say to myself, how happy should I be if I had money to purchase such a book! How well should my library be furnished, *nisi obstat res angusta domi!*

My lot forbids—nor circumscribes alone

My growing virtues, but my crimes confines.

"Whether any virtues should have accompanied me in a more elevated station is uncertain; but that a number of vices, of which my sphere is incapable, would have been its attendants, is unquestionable."

tionable. The Supreme Wisdom has seen this meet, and the Supreme Wisdom cannot err." In the same letter he writes him, "I am entered to the Hebrew and Natural Philosophy. The Hebrew seems to be a very dry and dull study, as well as difficult." Of the study of Natural Philosophy, he speaks more favourably; but complains, with the eagerness of youthful curiosity, of the disproportionate length of the preliminary lectures.

In Dec. 12. 1764, he writes him, "I am in health, excepting a kind of settled melancholy (for which I cannot account), which has seized on my spirits."

During the same session of the College, he writes him, March 27. *dies natalis*, 1765, "I am in great concern just now for a school. When I was over last, there was a proposal made by some people of these parts to keep one at Gairny-Bridge. What it may turn out to, I cannot tell." The postscript to this letter is remarkable, as it shows his extreme delicacy in avoiding any occasion of offending the religious prejudices of his parents. "I ask your pardon for the trouble I have put you to by these books I have sent. The fear of a discovery made me choose this method. I have sent Shakspeare's Works, 8 vols, Pope's Works, 4 vols, and Fontenelle's "Plurality of Worlds."

In March 1765, he wrote an *Elegy on the Death of Mr. M'Ewen*, a respectable Burgher clergyman, author of a "Treatise on the Scripture Types," and "Essays on Various Subjects," well known in the religious world. At the end of the session, the scheme of provision, that was planned for him, was accomplished; and, during the summer, he taught the school at Gairny-Bridge, near Kinross, kept for the education of the children of some farmers in the neighbourhood, who allowed him his board and a small salary.

At this place he wrote his beautiful *Monody to the Memory of William Arnot*, son of his friend Mr. Arnot, a boy of an amiable disposition, and of very promising abilities. The original manuscript, now lying before the present writer, is prefaced by the following manly letter to Mr. Arnot, dated Gairny-Bridge, May 29. 1765. "Walking lately by the church-yard at your town, which inspires a kind of veneration for our ancestors, I was struck with these beautiful lines of Mr. Gray, in his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard."

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

"And immediately I called to mind your son, whose memory will be ever dear unto me; and with respect to that place, put the supposition out of doubt. I wrote the most part of this poem the same day; which I should be very sorry if you look upon as a piece of flattery. I know you are above flattery; and if I know any thing of my own mind, I am so too. It is the language of the heart. I think a lie in verse and prose the same. The versification is irregular, in imitation of Milton's *Lycidas*."

About this time, he probably wrote his *Alexis*, a pastoral; in which he celebrates, under the name of *Eumelia*, an amiable young woman, the daughter of the person with whom he resided at Gairny-Bridge, whose modest beauty, and artless simplicity, had made an impression on his susceptible heart. She is likewise celebrated under the name of *Peggy*, in a *Pastoral Song*, to the tune of "The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," and a song called *Lochleven no more*, in imitation of "Lochaber no more," printed in the "Edinburgh Magazine." She had been for some time his scholar; and is now living.

In the beginning of the session of the College, 1765-1766, he became a Student of Divinity, as appears by Mr. Arnot's letter to him, dated Portmoak, Nov. 21. 1766, in which he "congratulates him on his undertaking a second degree of probation, and wishes him the best success, as you have," he says, "one of the best subjects for exercising your genius, and giving proof of your talents." And adds, "I hope, if opportunity be given, to have an octavo leaf of any remarkables I can collect on it, 'twixt this and your return. You'll undoubtedly know the form of such exercises, and accordingly you'll be doing your best." The success of his theological exercises is not known.

In the Summer 1766, he quitted the school at Gairny-Bridge, for one at a place called Forrest-Mill, near Alloa, in Clackmannanshire, in which he appears to have met with less encouragement than he expected.

"What I enjoyed of any thing," he writes Mr. Arnot, July 28. 1766, "was always in the hope of it. I expected to be happy here, but I am not; and my sanguine hopes are the reason of my dis-

appointment. The easiest part of my life is past, and I was never happy—Things are not very well in this world; but they are pretty well; they might have been worse, and as they are, may please us, who have but a few short days to use them. This scene of affairs, though a very perplexed, is a very short one; and in a little all will be cleared up. Let us endeavour to please God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves. In such a course of life, we shall be as happy as we can be in such a world as this. Thus you, who cultivate your farm with your own hands, and I, who teach a dozen blockheads for bread, may be happier than he, who, having more than he can use, tortures his brain to invent new methods of killing himself with the superfluity."

At this place, he began and finished his poem called *Lochleven*; of which he gives the following humorous account to Mr. Arnot, in the letter above quoted. "I have wrote a few lines of a descriptive poem, *cui titulus est, Lochleven*; you may remember you hinted such a thing to me; so I have set about it, and you may expect a dedication. I hope it will soon be finished, as I every week add two lines, blot out six, and alter eight. You shall hear the plan when I know it myself."

Of some part of the scenery of *Lochleven*, he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. Pearson, Dec. 7. 1766. "On the day before St. Luke's fair in Kinross, I made a voyage to the *Inch* of *Lochleven*, that being the time, you know, at which they bring the cattle out of it. The middle and highest part of it, is covered with ruins. The foundations are visible enough, and it seems to have been a very large building. The whole is divided into a great many little squares, from which it appears not an unplaussible conjecture, that not only a church, as they tell us, but a monastery had stood in it. To the westward of this, and in the lower ground, a deep dyke, in the form of a trench, is cut on the north and east sides of a plain piece of ground, not unlike a bowling-green. I can give no guess at the use of this, though it evidently appears to be the work of art. I sought among the ruins, and on the stone of the little house which stands in it, for some marks or inscriptions, but to no purpose. I could find nothing farther to assist my conjectures. I would have examined [*a word is wanting here in the MS.*], had not the fishers been in such a hurry to be gone. They who consider it in no other view, than as capable of feeding a dozen or fourteen cattle, when their work was over, would not stay a minute longer, had it been to discover the great toe of St. Moak, who is buried there. My description of it, in the poem *Lochleven* (which by the by is now finished), runs thus:

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent stream
Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
Grassy and wild, &c.

The poem is addressed to Mr. Arnot, whose character he has drawn to great advantage, under the name of *Agricola*,

———The wise, the good,
By nature formed for the calm retreat;
The silent path of life, learn'd, but not fraught
With self-importance———
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frugal rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.

He is supposed to have commemorated his friend Henderson in the following lines, under the name of *Laelius*.

Nor shall the muse forget thy friendly heart,
O *Laelius*! partner of my youthful hours:
How often, rising from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,
Inhaling health, and harmony of mind;
Philosophers and friends———

He alludes, very pathetically, to the unfavourable circumstances in which it was written, in the following lines, at the conclusion:

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds,
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!

Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
 The dear remembrance of his native fields,
 To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
 Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
 Of dark December shook his humble cot.

In November 1766, he lost his friend Dryburgh. In the conclusion of a letter to Mr. Pearson, Nov. 20. accompanied by some *lines to Dr. Millar*, written for him in testimony of his gratitude, on his recovery from sickness; he expresses his feelings on this mournful event in a strain of exquisite tenderness, and sublime piety: "I have not many friends, but I love them well. Scarce one enjoys the smiles of this world in every respect; and in every friend I suffer. Death has been among the few I have. Poor Dryburgh! but he's happy. I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we should have slept into the grave together. But Heaven has seen meet to dispose of him otherwise.—What think you of this world? I think it is very little worth. You and I have not a great deal to make us fond of it. And yet I would not change my condition with the most wealthy unfeeling fool in the universe, if I were to have his dull hard heart into the bargain.—Farewell, my rival in immortal hope! my companion (I trust) for eternity. Though far distant, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from the obstruction of matter or distance of place. Oceans may roll between us, and climates interpose in vain. The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewell, through boundless ages, fare thou well. May'st thou shine when the sun is darkened. May'st thou live and triumph when time expires. It is at least possible we may meet no more in this foreign land, this gloomy apartment of the universe of God. But there is a better world in which we may meet to part no more. Adieu!"

In a letter to Mr. Pearson, dated December 24, he laments his seclusion from the world, and reflects on the hardships which poverty laid on his delicate frame, and too susceptible mind, in a strain of tender melancholy, which cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of every reader of sensibility. "It is more than probable, the next you receive from me (if ever you receive another), will bear date 1767. I can remember, I could write (or at least scratch) my name with the year 1752. In that year I learnt the elements of penmanship; and it is now fourteen years since; a goodly term for one to be a scholar all that time. And what have I learned? Much that I need to unlearn; and I have need that one should teach me this—that I know nothing.—I lead a melancholy kind of life in this place. I am not fond of company. But it is not good that a man be still alone. And here I can have no company, but what is worse than solitude. If I had not a lively imagination, I believe I should fall into a state of stupidity and delirium. I have some evening scholars; the attending on whom, though few, so fatigues me, that the rest of the night I am quite dull and low-spirited. Yet I have some lucid intervals, in the time of which I can study pretty well."

In the autumn 1766, his constitution, which was ill calculated to encounter the austerities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labour, and the rigid frugality of humble life, began visibly to decline. Towards the end of the year, his ill health, aggravated by the indigence of his situation, and the want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicate frame, to maturity and length of days, terminated in a deep consumption.

During the winter, he quitted his employment at Forrest-Mill, and with it all hopes of life, and returned to his native village, to receive those attentions and consolations which his situation required, from the anxiety of parental affection, and the sympathy of friendship. Convinced of the hopeless nature of his disease, and feeling himself every day declining, he contemplated the approaches of death with calmness and resignation, and continued at intervals to compose verses, and to correspond with his friends.

His last letter to Mr. Pearson (a copy of which is preserved in the hand-writing of Mr. Birrel), concludes with an *Allegorical Description of Human Life*, at once so beautiful and so interesting, that it is impossible to avoid transcribing it. It strongly reminds us of Addison's "Vision of Mirza."

"If morning dreams preface approaching fate,
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
 And bid this life, and all the world, adieu!"

"A few mornings ago, as I was taking my walk on an eminence, which commands a view of the Forth, with the vessels sailing along, I sat down, and taking out my Latin Bible, opened by accident

at a place in the book of Job, ix. 25. "Now my days are passed away as the swift ships." Shutting the book, I fell a musing on this affecting comparison. Whether the following happened to me in a dream or waking reverie, I cannot tell—But, I fancied myself on the bank of a river, or sea, the opposite side of which was hid from view, being involved in clouds of mist. On the shore stood a multitude, which no man could number, waiting for passage. I saw a great many ships taking in passengers, and several persons going about in the garb of pilots offering their service. Being ignorant and curious to know what all these things meant, I applied to a grave old man who stood by, giving instructions to the departing passengers. His name, I remember, was the *Genius of Human Life*. "My son," said he, "you stand on the banks of the stream of *Time*; all these people are bound for *Eternity*, that undiscovered country from whence no traveller ever returns. The country is very large, and divided into two parts; the one is called the *Land of Glory*, the other the *Kingdom of Darkness*. The names of these in the garb of pilots, are, *Religion*, *Virtue*, *Pleasure*. They who are so wise as to choose *Religion* for their guide, have a safe, though frequently a rough passage; they are at last landed in the happy climes, where sighing and sorrow for ever fly away; they have likewise a secondary director, *Virtue*; but there is a spurious *Virtue* who pretends to govern by himself; but the wretches who trust to him, as well as those who have *Pleasure* for their pilot, are either shipwrecked, or cast away on the *Kingdom of Darkness*. But the vessel in which you must embark, approaches; you must begone; remember what depends upon your conduct."—No sooner had he left me, than I found myself surrounded by those pilots I mentioned before; immediately I forgot all that the old man said to me; and, seduced by the fair promises of *Pleasure*, chose him for my director; we weighed anchor with a fair gale, the sky serene, the sea calm; innumerable little isles lifted their green heads around us, covered with trees in full blossom; dissolved in stupid mirth, we were carried on, regardless of the past, of the future unmindful. On a sudden, the sky was darkened, the winds roared, the seas raged, red rose the sand from the bottom of the troubled deep, the angel of the waters lifted up his voice. At that instant a strong ship passed by; I saw *Religion* at the helm; "Come out from among them," he cried. I and a few others threw ourselves out into his ship. The wretches we left were now tossed on the swelling deep, the waters on every side poured through the riven vessel; they cursed the Lord;—when lo! a fiend rose from the deep, and in a voice like distant thunder, thus spoke, "I am Abaddon, the first-born of Death, ye are my prey, open thou abyss to receive them." As he thus spoke, they sunk, and the waves closed over their heads. The storm was turned into a calm, and we heard a voice saying, "Fear not, I am with you; when you pass through the waters, they shall not overflow you." Our hearts were filled with joy; I was engaged in discourse with one of my new companions, when one from the top of the mast, cried out, "Courage, my friends, I see the fair haven, the land that is yet afar off." Looking up, I found it was a certain friend, who had mounted up for the benefit of contemplating the country before him; upon seeing you, I was so affected, I started and awaked. Farewell! my friend, farewell!"

He lingered through the winter; and in the spring, he wrote an *Elegy* on his own approaching death, in which he inserted the stanza above quoted, with some alterations. This was the last composition he lived to finish. By degrees his weakness increased, till he was worn gradually away; and he expired July 6. 1767, in the 21st year of his age. His life was innocent, and his end pious. His father survived him several years. His mother is now living in the 86th year of her age. Weighed down by accumulated distresses, she still cherishes his memory with tenderness, and derives a kind of mournful consolation from the occasional bounty of some gentlemen, who were warm admirers of his merit.

Soon after his death, his poems were subjected to the revision and correction of his friend Logan, who gave them to the world in a small duodecimo volume, intitled, *Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce*, printed at Edinburgh in 1770, probably by subscription, as it was not advertised for sale, with a preface, containing a short account of his life and character.

It is remarkable, that no account is given in the preface, of the state in which the poems came into the editor's possession, nor of the process which he observed in preparing them for publication.

As the practice of making one writer speak by the sense of another, has a tendency to confound the claims of individual merit, it is to be regretted, that Logan withheld from the public an account of the share which he had in the publication.

According to the information of Dr. Baird, the ballad of *Sir James the Ross*, and the story of *Lomond and Levina*, in the poem *Lochleven*, are supposed to have received considerable additions and embellishments from the pen of Logan; and it must not be concealed, that in a MS. copy of *Lochleven*, in Dr. Baird's possession, this fictitious incident, as it now stands, appears to have received an addition of about 200 lines. If this copy received the last revision of Bruce, the evidence of the supposed interpolation might be admissible; but, as it is not said to be the identical copy given to Logan, and as the additions are so consonant to the style of the poem, it is probable that the supplemental lines might be the result of a subsequent revision. *Sir James the Ross* was printed in a newspaper in Bruce's life-time; and, according to the information of a friend who saw it some years ago, in the possession of a lady, it is not remarkably different from the ballad as it stands in Logan's edition.

"To make up a miscellany," says the preface, "some poems wrote by different authors, are inserted, all of them originals, and none of them destitute of merit. The reader of taste will easily distinguish them from those of Mr. Bruce, without their being particularised by any mark."

The propriety of uniting the poems of Bruce, and the "poems of different authors," in the same publication, may be reasonably doubted; especially as they have no apparent resemblance or poetical relation; but, undoubtedly, the pieces belonging to Bruce ought to have been distinguished by some particular mark; for the internal evidence, as the present writer has experienced in several instances, is a fallacious and uncertain distinction.

Of this poetical miscellany, *The Eagle, Crow, and Shepherd, a fable*; *Alexis, a pastoral*; *Daphnis, a comedy*; *Anacreontic to a Wasp*; *The Mousiad*; *Lochleven*, and the *Elegy written in Spring*,—are the only pieces which Dr. Baird assigns to Bruce. The present writer has ventured to give him *A Pastoral Song*, and *Sir James the Ross*, upon evidence which Dr. Baird admits, with some exceptions in favour of Logan; and he is unwilling to deprive him of the *Danish Odes*, which have exceeding merit, and have not been claimed by Logan. The "Ode to a Cuckoo," and the "Chorus of Elysian Bards," were contributed by Logan. The "Vernal Ode" is attributed to the late Sir James Foulis, Bart. of Collington. Of the remaining pieces the authors are unknown.

The attention of the public having been called to this collection, by Lord Craig, in the "Mirror" 1779, it was reprinted in 12mo, 1784. A new edition, including several of his unpublished pieces, which had not been submitted to the inspection of Logan, *A Poem on the Immortality of the Soul*, *Philocles, an elegy*, *The Vanity of our Desire of Immortality*, *A Story in the Eastern Manner*, &c. is now printing at Edinburgh, for the benefit of his mother, under the superintendence of Dr. Baird. A subscription has been opened for that purpose; and there seems little doubt, from the zeal with which individuals, prompted at once by benevolence, and the admiration of genius, have come forward, that a sum will be raised equal to the old woman's comfortable maintenance during the latter days of her life.

His poems, reprinted from the edition 1770, together with *Lochleven no more*, reprinted from the "Edinburgh Magazine," the *Elegy on Mr. McEwen*, and *Verses to Dr. Millar*, selected by the present writer from his MS. letters, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry. Copies of his unpublished pieces, revised by a friend of Dr. Baird, have been promised by the learned editor, and, it is hoped, will be communicated in due time for the use of this edition. Some anonymous *Elegiac Verses on the Death of Michael Bruce* are reprinted from the fourth volume of the "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1793.

His character may be easily collected from this account of his life. It was truly amiable and respectable. In his manners, he was modest, gentle, and mild; in his disposition, he was friendly, affectionate, and ingenuous. He united an ardent and enlightened sense of religion, with a lively imagination and a feeling heart. Tendernefs, in every sense of the word, and piety, equally remote from enthusiasm and superstition, were his peculiar characteristics.

"Michael Bruce lives now no more," says Logan, who knew him well, "but in the remembrance of his friends. No less amiable as a man, than valuable as a writer; endowed with good nature and good sense, humane, friendly, benevolent; he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the era of youth and innocence."

"Nothing, methinks," says Lord Craig, "has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius, thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and

conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame, or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old oak trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross) where *Michael Bruce* resided; I never look on his dwelling, a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *fasces window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeysuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it; I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man, to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

As a poet, he is characterized by elegance, simplicity, and tenderness, more than sublimity, invention, or enthusiasm. He has more judgment and feeling, than genius or imagination. He is an elegant and pleasing, though not a very animated or original writer. His compositions are the production of a tender fancy, a cultivated taste, and a benevolent mind; and are distinguished by an amiable delicacy, and simplicity of sentiment, and a graceful plainness of expression, free from the affectation of an inflated diction, and a profusion of imagery, so common in juvenile productions. His thoughts are often striking, sometimes new, and always just; and his versification, though not exquisitely polished, is commonly easy and harmonious.

His *Lockleven* is the longest and most elaborate of his poetical compositions. It is a descriptive poem, written in blank verse, the structure of which he seems to have particularly studied, as it exhibits a specimen of considerable strength and harmony in that measure. Though the nature of the subject approaches nearly to that of Thomson, of whom he was a great admirer, his style is very different, being wholly free from that unnatural swell and pomp of words, which too often disfigure the beautiful descriptions of Thomson. It represents an extensive and beautiful prospect in an animated and pleasing manner. It has much appropriate description and picturesque imagery; and it is rendered interesting by poetical fictions, historical allusions, and moral reflections. But it is not without defects; there is a redundancy of thought in some instances, and a carelessness of language in others. He has, however, availed himself of every circumstance that could with propriety be introduced to decorate his poem. The story of *Lomond* and *Levina* is happily introduced, and simply and pleasingly related. It is said to have been enlarged by Logan, and is perhaps too long. The picture of *the man of sorrows new risen from the bed of pain* is natural and striking. *Lockleven Castle*, the *Inch*, the *Limestone Quarries*, the rivers *Po*, *Queech*, *Leven*, and *Gairny*, "on whose banks he first tuned the Doric reed," are graphically and poetically described. The compliment to *Lolius* is a pleasing digression, and the description of the character and dwelling of *Agricola*, towards the conclusion, has great merit. The poem is local; and though local description is far more adapted to the pencil than the pen, yet it will be perused with delight by poetical lovers of rural imagery; and must be peculiarly pleasing to those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of *Lockleven*.

His *Daphnis* is an elegy on a deceased friend, written in the pastoral form, and, in general, well preserves the rural character. It has, however, but little of the bucolic cant, now so fashionable. If any trite rural topics occur, they are heightened and adorned with the graces of sentiment, and the most delicate touches of picturesque beauty. It may be considered as an effusion of mellowed sorrow, which can recapitulate past pleasures, in all their minutiae of circumstance and situation, and select such images as are proper to the kind of composition in which it chooses to convey itself. It is a professed imitation of Milton's "*Lycidas*," in which there is perhaps more poetry than sorrow; but the poetry is in such an exquisite strain, that he who desires to know, whether he has a true taste for poetry or not, should consider whether he is highly delighted or not with the perusal of "*Lycidas*." Whether it should be considered as a model of composition, has been doubted. Some have supposed that the arbitrary disposition of the rhymes produces a wild melody, adapted to the expression of sorrow; and others have thought the couplet and tetra-stich, with their stated returns of rhyme, preferable. To decide the point might be difficult; but if the enthusiasm and beauty of the poetry could not reconcile Dr. Johnson to the "uncertain rhymes" of "*Lycidas*," the common readers of poetry will probably incline to favour the regular form. With Milton in view, Bruce is not a servile imitator. He has an original manner of his own. Milton is his model for versification, and he sometimes copies his thoughts and his language. But his poem is not a perpetual tissue of

the obsolete phraseology, Gothic combinations, remote allusions, obscure opinions, and mythological personages of "Lycidas." The poem, as it now stands, has several lines which are not in the copy sent to Mr. Arnot; the result, probably, of a subsequent emendation.

Of his *Alexis*, the principal merit consists in the simplicity of the language, and the harmony of the versification. The images are not new, and the descriptions and sentiments are trite and common.

His *Sir James the Ross* is probably "the poem in 'the Journal,' which was wrote," he tells Mr. Pearson, "in one afternoon, begun about four, and finished before I went to bed. I never tried any thing which fell in with my inclination so. The *Historical Ballad* is a species of writing by itself. The common people confound it with the *Song*, but in truth they are widely different. A *Song* should never be historical. It is founded generally on some one thought, which must be prosecuted and exhibited in every light, with a quickness and turn of expression peculiar to itself. The *Ballad*, again, is founded on some passage of history, or (what suits its nature better) of tradition. Here the poet may use his liberty, and cut and carve as he has a mind. I think it a kind of writing remarkably adapted to the Scottish language." The distinction is just, and beautifully exemplified. The historical ballad demands the nicest execution, and the most artful management. The simplicity that suits it is even unattainable by genius, without that chastised taste which seldom appears in poets of the highest class. It admits of magnificence of ideas, and of the sublime; but should be careful not to deviate from nature. The marvellous air, and the supernatural actors, which figure and please in the grandeur of the epic, would here be extravagant and disproportioned. The incidents should be striking, the situations important, and tending to forward the action, the design without perplexity, the parts in proper relation to it, and to each other, the sentiments delicate and noble. To these requisites, *Sir James the Ross* is, in general, conformable. Whether we consider the beautiful simplicity of the story, the delicacy of its situations, the pathos of its discoveries, the exact delineation of the manners of the times to which it refers, the genuine strokes of nature and of passion, or the unremitting animation of the whole, we cannot but highly admire the mixture it exhibits of genius and of art. The story on which it is founded, though romantic, is interesting, and the more so, as there is reason to believe it is in some measure authentic. It is a tale of tenderness and distress; and challenges a place with the "Hardyknute" of his countryman, Sir John Bruce of Kinross, the "Owen of Carron" of Langhorne, and other successful imitations of the ancient historical ballad. This exquisite ballad is said to have received some embellishments from Logan.

His *Danish Odes* are compositions of a superior order. They possess, in an uncommon degree, the true fire of poetry, and harmony of versification. They appear to be modelled upon the "Norse Odes" of Gray, and, in their contexture and tone, are much in the wild and wizard strains of his Runic lyre. He probably thought this kind of minstrelsy best adapted to express the magic mysteries and romantic enthusiasm of the Gothic mythology. Assuming the fire and enthusiasm of the old Runic bards, he gives full scope to the wildness of a glowing imagination, and the energy of forcible conception. But his ideas of Scandinavian poetry seem to have risen no higher than the imitations of Gray, which are in all probability such as he alone was capable of making them. They are *instinct with fire* and poetical enthusiasm. They are in perfection *the enthusiastic words—the words that burn—of the muses*. In sublimity of conception, grandeur of imagery, and magnificence of phraseology, he is inferior to Gray; but he has more simplicity, perspicuity, and elegance. His first *Ode*, in particular, breathes the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. It is truly Runic, and truly Grayan.

His *Elegy, written in Spring*, is characterized by energy, simplicity, pathos, and melody, in the highest degree. From the circumstances in which it was written, the nature of its subject, and the merit of its execution, it has obtained an uncommon share of popularity. The influences and effects of *Spring* are expressed by a selection of such imagery as are adapted to strike the imagination by lively pictures. The manner in which he describes its effects upon himself, is so pathetically circumstantial, and so universally interesting, that it powerfully awakens all our tenderness.

——— but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life, with health are flown.

"A young man of genius," says Lord Craig, "in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how

much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know, that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject!

"In the French language, there is a much admired poem of the Abbé de Chaulieu, written in expectation of his own death, to the Marquis de la Farre, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the Abbé de Chaulieu, has also written a poem on his own approaching death, which cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it."

Several poets of our nation, in similar circumstances, have left compositions on the same subject; and more than one poet has been ambitious of the fame of poetic composition, a few hours before the perils of an engagement, when the attention of most men would be naturally occupied by more important concerns, than the adjustment of syllables, or the modulation of a period.

Dorset, "the grace of courts, the muse's pride," on the day before the memorable sea-fight in 1665, is said to have composed the celebrated song, "To all you Ladies now at Land," with equal tranquillity of mind, and promptitude of wit.

The tender, the sentimental Abbé de Chaulieu, has left a poem on his approaching death, equally remarkable for elegance and feeling. Bruce must have heard of Dorset, and, it may be, of the Abbé de Chaulieu, as he was no stranger to the language in which he wrote; but he is purely original in his thoughts. Nor can we deny to him the praise of collectedness and strength of mind in a superior degree. He views, without dismay, the insidious approaches of an incurable disease, which generally selects, for its prey, the fairest and most amiable victims; and without pretending to that apathy, surely unnatural to man in such circumstances, he feels and acknowledges the gloominess of his prospects; but turns his eyes in search of comfort to a world beyond the grave.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

His ludicrous pieces, the *Moufiad*, and *Anacreontic to a Wasp*, evince the versatility of his genius. They are not void of humour and pleasantry, but add little to his reputation. His *Songs* are tender and easy; and well preserve the turn of the popular ballads which he imitates. His *Verses to Dr. Mil-lar*, and *Elegy on Mr. M'Ewen*, have some effusions of sentiment and delineations of character that are not without merit; but they require no distinct examination or particular criticism.

"If images of nature," says Logan, "that are beautiful and new; if sentiments, warm from the heart, interesting and pathetic; if a style, chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these, and many other beauties of nature and art, are allowed to constitute true poetic merit, the following poems will stand high in the judgment of men of taste."

THE WORKS OF BRUCE.

POEMS.

LOCHLEVEN.

HAIL, native land! where on the flow'ry banks
Of Leven, beauty ever-blooming dwells;
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks
Loose waving o'er her shoulders; where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait, to raise the various flow'rs
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

Attend, Agricola! who to the noise
Of public life, preferr'st the calmer scenes
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss,
Joys all thine own! attend thy poet's strain,
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints
The past'ral mountains, the poetic streams,
Where raptur'd contemplation leads thy walk,
While silent evening on the plain descends.

Between two mountains, whose o'erwhelming
tops,
In their swift course, arrest the bellying clouds,
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south,
A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills;
Through which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
And wid'ning by degrees, it stretches north
To the high Ochil, from whose snowy top
The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring
down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Twinkling with dews; and whilst the bird of
day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood,
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The sun appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heaven and earth.

O now, while nature smiles on all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landscape measure round.
From gay Kinross, whose stately tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various chequer'd scene,
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring streams,
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height
Of rocky Lomond, where a riv'let pure
Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled
crags

Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top,

Around me spread, I see the goodly scene!
Enclosures green, that promise to the swain
The future harvest; many colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle low, and sheep
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms
Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love
And innocence, with many a spiry dome
Sacred to Heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,
Like constellations in the starry sky,
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
Send out a gen'ral song; 'tis beauty all
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,
His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep,
Slow-pac'd, tow'ards school; intent, with oaten
pipe

They wake by turns wild music on the way.

Behold the man of sorrows hail the light!
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for
morn.

Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of Heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk: his heart
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek; renew'd
In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heaven.

In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung,
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash
Rear'd high his nervous stature, while below
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove
Coo'd, amorous, all the live-long summer's day.
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd,
Sole-sitting on the bough. Blithe on the bush,
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir,
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd swain
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,
In sportive races, through the forest flew
With feet of wind; and vent'ring from the rock,

The snow-white coney sought his ev'ning meal.
 Here too the poet, as inspir'd at eve
 He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook
 That piecemeal printed ruins in the rock,
 Beheld the blue-eyed sisters of the stream,
 And heard the wild note of the fairy throng
 That charm'd the queen of heav'n, as round the
 tree

Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,
 With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
 Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
 Arose a cottage green with ancient turf,
 Half-hid in hoary trees, and from the north
 Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.
 Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks
 Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek;
 His farm his only care; his sole delight
 To tend his daughter beautiful and young,
 To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,
 To see her spread into the bloom of years,
 The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
 His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
 Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair Levina grew
 In youth and grace, the naiad of the vale.
 Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs
 Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
 Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
 Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of Heav'n,
 And innocence, illum'd her virgin eye,
 Lucid and lovely as the morning star.
 Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
 Of valley lily, op'ning in a show'r;
 Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
 The glory of the year, when first she comes
 Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,
 And breathing summer breezes, from her locks
 Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.
 Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,
 And better far than beauty, in her looks
 Appear'd; the maiden blush of modesty;
 The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
 Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul;
 Each height'ning each, effus'd o'er all her form
 A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
 The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
 The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale
 Who laid the spoils of summer at her feet,
 And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
 But pure as buds before they blow, and still
 A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;
 But all alone, amid her garden fair,
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
 She spent her days; her pleasing task to tend
 The flowers; to lave them from the water-spring;
 To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,
 Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.
 In youth the index of maturer years,
 Left by her school-companions at their play,
 She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
 The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,
 Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
 And hemm'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
 Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,
 She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their
 names.

Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,

Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd
 That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
 Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river side,
 High up a sunny bank: on either side,
 A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,
 An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
 Transplanted here by her creative hand,
 Each herb of nature, full of fragrant sweets,
 That scents the breath of Summer; every flow'r,
 Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
 In shepherds garland, and adorns the year,
 In beauteous clusters flourish'd; nature's work,
 And order, finish'd by the hand of art.

Here gowans, natives of the village green,
 To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
 Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
 Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
 Unfrequent scatter'd, as by nature's hand,
 Shaded the flow'rs, and to her Eden drew
 The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all
 The various music of the vocal year:
 Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth
 Her life she led; one summer's day, serene
 And fair without a cloud; like poet's dream
 Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
 And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
 Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
 And love and joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a Summer's day, when early show'rs
 Had wak'd the various vegetable race
 To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd
 Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd,
 To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,
 That nature's hand creative pours at will,
 Beauty unbounded! over earth's green lap,
 Gay without number, in the day of rain.
 O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,
 Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd
 The echoes of the vale, with native notes
 Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet;
 Sweet as th' hosannahs of a form of light,
 A sweet-tongu'd seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.

Her, as she halted on a green hill top,
 A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
 In golden ringlets, glitt'ring to the sun,
 Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
 Like thine, O nature! to her rosy cheek
 Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
 The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
 Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
 Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft
 He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye
 In all the silent eloquence of love;
 Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began.
 "Fair wanderer of the wood! what heav'nly pow'r
 Or providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps
 To this wild forest, from thy native seat
 And parents, happy in a child so fair?
 A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
 Thy dress bespeaks; but in majestic mien,
 And eye, bright as the morning star, confess
 Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
 As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
 Her virgin-orb, appears the queen of heav'n,
 And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
 Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex
 And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,

Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
And windings of the wood: soft under shade,
Let us recline by mossy fountain side,
While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;
First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And clust'ring nuts that burnish in the beam.
O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become
The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all
That I possess, and all thou seest is mine."

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,
And thus the maiden with a blush began:
"Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;
Yet at his frugal board health sits a guest,
And fair contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy pass'd or the way-faring man.
His only daughter, and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,
At times retiring, lose me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
That opens its virgin bosom to the moon.
No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers.—But sooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Presume to match with yonder mountain oak,
That stands the tempest and the bolt of heav'n,
From age to age the monarch of the wood—
O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have listen'd to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd
Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,
When heaven and earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing sun;
When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,
Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon
To hear the music of true lover's vows.
But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,
And honour, inmate of the noblest breast,
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be your's."

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
Persuasion gain'd. The deep enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,
And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
Of love; "O virgin! fairest of the fair!
My one beloved! Were the Scottish throne
To me transmitted through a scepter'd line
Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown."

She reddened like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among,
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning; parted then,
The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,
Half under shade of willows, by a spring,

The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.
Through many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting scene:
And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the
flow'rs,

Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
The beautiful creatress; and awak'd
The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,
Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the Paradise that Adam lost.
Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the morning, like a rosy bride,
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad streams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,
And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head, and there was joy in heaven.
Ris'n with the dawn, the bride, and bridal-maids,
Stray'd through the woods, and o'er the vales, in
quest

Of flow'rs, and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

Fair in the bosom of the level lake
Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew ever green, and every month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold,
Here ev'ry bride, as ancient poets sing,
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now
Had reach'd the isle with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder sought the first created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The source of human wo. Two plants arose
Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs
In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
At once the island shook, and shrieks of wo
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her dy'd.
Trembling, and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with
joy,

They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake
To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
The fair Levina to a watery tomb.

Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
 Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
 Held up to heav'n, and heard the shriek of death:
 Then over head the parting billow clos'd,
 And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays,
 The muse relates; and sure each tender maid
 For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,
 And hap'ly my Eumelia (for her soul
 Is pity's self), as, void of household cares,
 Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the lake,
 Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
 A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,
 And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
 Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
 Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
 All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
 Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times
 The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd;
 Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,
 And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head
 Was bent with years, the village chronicle,
 Who much had seen, and from the former times
 Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
 In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,
 And children circling round the fire, would tell
 Stories of old, and tales of other times.
 Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
 And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
 When brothers against brothers drew the sword
 Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
 Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
 And all the country to devouring fire.
 Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
 In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
 Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
 A muirish fen; and hence the lab'ring hind,
 Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks
 Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober industry, illustrious power!
 Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
 Of innocence and joy; now, sweating, glides
 The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
 Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh;
 Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
 The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
 With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand, behold the village rise,
 In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
 Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
 At even-tide, descending from the hill,
 With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
 Of pillar'd smoke, high curling to the clouds.
 The street resounds with labour's various voice,
 Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
 Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
 Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
 The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
 Their gray-hair'd grandfathers, sitting in the sun,
 Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
 The well-remember'd stories of their youth
 Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
 Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
 For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
 Swells th' exulting thought, expands the soul,
 Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
 Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.

Imagination rouses at the scene,
 And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
 Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
 Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
 The mazy dance conducting on the green.
 Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
 Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand
 Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
 With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
 With all the riches of the golden year.
 Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
 Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks
 Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air
 With music, grateful to the master's ear.
 The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
 O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
 With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
 Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
 Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
 Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the lake outspreads
 Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales
 Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,
 Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,
 Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po,
 That through the quacking marsh and waving reeds
 Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,
 Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep
 Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave
 Of flow'ry Leven, for the canine pike
 And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,
 O Gairny! sweetly winding, claims the song.
 First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant grass; while twilight
 meek,
 Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing through the air,
 Silent and still, on ev'ry closed flow'r
 Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields
 No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring
 reeds

Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
 The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lee,
 And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.
 There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay,
 Or watch the motion of the living fires,
 That day and night their never-ceasing course
 Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee
 To him the Maker of yon starry sky,
 Omnipotent! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,
 Yet ever present through the peopl'd space
 Of vast creation's infinite extent,
 Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours himself,
 His own essential goodness, o'er the minds
 Of happy beings, through ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the muse forget thy friendly heart,
 O Lelius! partner of my youthful hours;
 How often, rising from the bed of peace,
 We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,
 Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
 Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd,
 With ray divine as lovely on our minds
 As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light
 Reveal'd the vernal landscape to the view.
 Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,
 Much of the looser follies of mankind, [laugh:
 Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would
 While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
 Imagination offer'd to our view,

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn
 Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
 Grassly and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
 Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd
 Of old, as fame reports, religion dwelt
 Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd
 That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times
 Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons
 (Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
 Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deccits.
 Here superstition for her cloister'd sons
 A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;
 Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight-hour,
 In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
 Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
 It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
 The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,
 The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
 Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
 That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
 'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music
 wild;

Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
 Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
 Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
 Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
 Perhaps th' afflicted genius of the lake,
 That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn
 The waste of time, his desolated isles
 And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
 Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
 Of high Lochleven castle, famous once,
 Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;
 Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
 With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
 Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
 No more its arches echo to the noise
 Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
 Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
 And quivers on the undulating wave:
 But naked stand the melancholy walls,
 Lash'd by th' wint'ry tempests, cold and bleak,
 That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
 And piecemeal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.
 Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,
 That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
 Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
 While from above the owl, musician dire!
 Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
 A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
 Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
 A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year;
 Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
 When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
 Within a step of the devouring grave;
 When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,
 And ev'ry appetite before him dead.

Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
 The sun hangs hov'ring o'er th' Atlantic wave.
 Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,
 Seren'd with all the music of the morn,
 Attentive let me sit; while from the rock,
 The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
 Bounding elastic from th' indented grass,
 At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots,
 O'er rocks and precipices, to the plain.

And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
 Far from the dang'rous steep; nor, O ye swains!
 Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
 Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
 Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!
 Cheerful and strong went forth at rising morn
 To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,
 His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
 Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
 A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,
 Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
 Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;
 When now arriv'd the instrument of death,
 And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
 Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heav'n.

How wide the landscape opens to the view!
 Still as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,
 Till high above them northern Grampius lifts
 His hoary head, bending beneath a load
 Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields
 I see the Cheviot hills, the ancient bounds
 Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
 Brave Piercy and the gallant Douglas bled,
 The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!
 Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic Forth,
 Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
 With many a vessel trim, and oared bark,
 In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
 The wealth and product of far distant lands.

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
 Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees,
 That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
 The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,
 And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.

How blest the man! who, in these peaceful
 plains,

Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
 The care, and bustle of a busy world.
 All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
 Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
 Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
 Peace and content, twins of the Sylvan shade,
 And all the graces of the golden age.
 Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,
 By nature formed for the calm retreat,
 The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught
 With self-importance, as the starched fool;
 Who challenges respect by solemn face,
 By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
 Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.
 Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
 With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
 But man his study, and the better part;
 To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
 The various scenes of life with God's applause.
 Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,
 With blooming fallows and the leafy twine
 Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
 Complete in rural elegance. The door,
 By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
 Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
 There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs
 At ev'ning cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
 The nest'd songsters twitter o'er their young,
 And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
 The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
 Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
 Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives

The stealing foot of time. Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As night's seraphic bard, immortal Young!
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

DAPHNIS:

A MONODY.

*To the Memory of Mr. William Arnot *.*

No more of youthful joys, or love's fond dreams,
No more of morning fair, or ev'ning mild,
While Daphnis lies among the silent dead
Unsung; though long ago he trod the path,
The dreary road of death——

Which soon or late each human foot must tread:
He trod the dark uncomfortable wild, [beams,
By faith's pure light, by hope's heav'n-op'ning
By love, whose image gladdens mortal eyes,
And keeps the golden key that opens all the skies.

Assist, ye muses!—and ye will assist;
For Daphnis, whom I sing, to you was dear:
Ye lov'd the boy, and on his youthful head
Your kindest influence shed.—

So may I match his lays, who to the lyre
Wail'd his lost Lycidas by wood and rill:
So may the muse my grov'ling mind inspire
To sing a farewell to thy ashes blest;
To bid fair peace to be thy gentle shade;
To scatter flow'rets, cropt by fancy's hand,
In sad assemblage round thy tomb,
If water'd by the muse, to latest time to bloom.

Oft by the side of Leven's crystal lake,
Trembling beneath the closing lids of light,
With slow short-measur'd steps we took our walk:
Then he would talk
Of argument far, far above his years;
Then he would reason high,
Till from the east the silver queen of night
Her journey up heav'n's steep began to make,
And silence reign'd attentive in the sky.

O happy days! for ever, ever gone!
When o'er the flow'ry green we ran, we play'd
With blooms bedrop'd by youthful summer's hand;
Or, in the willow-shade,
We mimic castles built among the sand,
Soon by the sounding surge to be beat down,
Or sweeping winds; when, by the sedgy marsh,
We heard the heron, and the wild duck harsh,
And sweeter lark, tune his melodious lay
At highest noon of day.
Among the antic moss-grown stones we'd roam,
With ancient hieroglyphic figures grac'd,

* Son of Mr. David Arnot of Portmoak, near Kinross.

Winged hour-glasses, bones, and skulls, and spades,
And obsolete inscriptions by the hands
Of other ages; ah, I little thought
That we then play'd o'er his untimely tomb!

Where were ye, muses! when the leaden hand
Of death, remorseless, clos'd your Daphnis' eyes?
For sure ye heard the weeping mother's cries;
But the dread pow'r of fate what can withstand?
Young Daphnis smil'd at death; the tyrant's darts
As stubble counted. What was his support?
His conscience, and firm trust in him whose ways
Are truth; in him who sways
His potent sceptre o'er the dark domains
Of death and hell; who holds his strait'ned reins
Their banded legions: "Through the darksome
"vale [ray;
"He'll guide my trembling steps with heav'nly
"I see the dawning of immortal day,"
He smiling said, and died!—

Hail and farewell, blest youth! soon hast thou
left

This evil world! Fair was thy thread of life,
But quickly by the envious sisters shorn:
Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn
Unfold its glowing bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye; when a keen wind
Hath tore its blushing leaves, and laid it low,
Stripp'd of its sweets.—Ah, so,
So Daphnis fell! long ere his prime he fell!
Nor left he on these plains his peer behind;
These plains, that mourn their loss, of him bereft,
No more look gay, but desert and forlorn.

Now cease your lamentations, shepherds, cease!
Though Daphnis died below, he lives above;
A better life, and in a fairer clime,
He lives; no sorrow enters that blest place,
But ceaseless songs of love and joy resound;
And fragrance floats around,
By fanning zephyrs from the spicy groves,
And flow'rs immortal wasted; asphodel
And amaranth, unfading, deck the ground,
With fairer colours than, ere Adam fell,
In Eden bloom'd: there happ'ly he may hear
This artless song. Ye pow'rs of verse, improve,
And make it worthy of your darling's ear,
And make it equal to the shepherd's love!

Thus, in the shadow of a frowning rock,
Beneath a mountain's side, shaggy and hoar,
A homely swain, tending his little flock,
Rude, yet a lover of the muse's lore,
Chanted his Doric strain till close of day,
Then rose, and homeward slowly bent his way?

ALEXIS:

A PASTORAL.

UPON a bank with cowslips cover'd o'er,
Where Leven's waters break against the shore;
What time the village fires in circles talk,
And youths and maidens take their evening walk;
Among the yellow broom Alexis lay,
And view'd the beauties of the setting day.

Full well you might observe some inward smart,
Some secret grief hung heavy at his heart.
While round the field his sporting lambkins play'd,
He rais'd his plaintive voice, and thus he said:

Begin, my pipe, a softly mournful strain:
The parting sun shines yellow on the plain;
The balmy west-wind breathes along the ground;
Their evening sweets the flow'rs dispense around;
The flocks stray bleating o'er the mountain's brow,
And from the plain th' answ'ring cattle low;
Sweet chant the feather'd tribes on every tree,
And all things feel the joys of love, but me.

Begin, my pipe, begin the mournful strain;
Eumelia meets my kindness with disdain.
Oft have I try'd her stubborn heart to move,
And in her icy bosom kindle love:
But all in vain—ere I my love declar'd,
With other youths her company I shar'd;
But now she shuns me, hopeless and forlorn,
And pays my constant passion with her scorn.

Begin, my pipe, the sadly-soothing strain,
And bring the days of innocence again.
Well I remember in the sunny scene
We ran, we play'd together on the green.
Fair in our youth, and wanton in our play,
We toy'd, we sported the long summer's day.
For her I spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
And taught the goldfinch on her hand to sing.
We sat and sung beneath the lover's tree;
One was her look and it was fix'd on me.

Begin, my pipe a melancholy strain:
A holiday was kept on yonder plain;
The feast was spread upon the flow'ry mead,
And skillful Thyrsis tun'd his vocal reed;
Each for the dance selects the nymph he loves,
And every nymph with smiles her swain approves:
The setting sun beheld their mirthful glee,
And left all happy in their love, but me.

Begin, my pipe, a softly mournful strain:
O cruel nymph! O most unhappy swain!
To climb the steepy rock's tremendous height,
And crop its herbage is the goat's delight;
The flow'ry thyme delights the humming bees,
And blooming wilds the bleating lambkins please;
Daphnis courts Chloe under every tree.
Eumelia, you alone have joys for me!

Now cease, my pipe, now cease the mournful strain:

Lo, yonder comes Eumelia o'er the plain!
Till she approach I'll lurk behind the shade,
Then try, with all my art, the stubborn maid:
Though to her lover cruel and unkind,
Yet time may change the purpose of her mind.
But vain these pleasing hopes! already see,
She hath observ'd, and now she flies from me!

Then cease, my pipe, the unavailing strain:
Apollo aids, the nine inspire in vain:
You, cruel maid! refuse to lend an ear;
No more I sing, since you disdain to hear.
This pipe Amyntas gave, on which he play'd:
"Be thou its second lord," the dying shepherd said.

No more I play: now silent let it be;
Nor pipe, nor song, can e'er give joy to me.

THE EAGLE, CROW, AND SHEPHERD.

A FABLE.

BENEATH the horror of a rock,
A shepherd careless fed his flock.
Souse from its top an eagle came,
And seiz'd upon a sporting lamb:

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Its tender fides his talons tear,
And bear it bleating through the air.

This was discover'd by a crow,
Who hopp'd upon the plain below.
"You ram," says he, "becomes my prey;"

And, mounting, hastens to the fray,
Lights on his back—when lo, ill luck!

He in the fleece entangled stuck;
He spreads his wings, but can't get free,
Struggling, in vain, for liberty.

The shepherd soon the captive spies,
And soon he seizes on the prize.
His children, curious, crowd around,
And ask what strange fowl he has found.

"My sons," said he, "warn'd by this wretch,
Attempt no deed above your reach:

"An eagle not an hour ago,
"He's now content to be a crow."

PASTORAL SONG.

To the Tune of—The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

IN May, when the gowans appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lillies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up
sprung,

The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades, nor the sweets of the
flow'rs, [bow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled on blossoming
Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound:
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarm'd, with music subdu'd.

Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bower:
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they;
With looks like the morning, with smiles like the
day.

In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eigh-
teen,

Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen:
One hour in her presence an era excels,
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

Fair to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay
hours:

But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat a-
round:

But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the
spring.

When in beauty she moves by the brook of the
plain, [main:

You would call her a Venus new sprung from the
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes
reply [high.

You would think that an angel was warbling on

Ye pow'rs, that preside over mortal estate!
 Whose nod ruleth nature, whose pleasure is fate,
 O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms!
 May I live in her presence, and die in her arms!

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
 Of high and mighty name,
 The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
 A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
 That crowns the mountain's brow;
 And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
 His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
 And large his flocks of sheep,
 And num'rous were his goats and deer
 Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Ross,
 A firm and warlike band;
 Five hundred warriors drew the sword
 Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
 Against the English keen,
 Ere two and twenty op'ning springs
 The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
 A maid of beauty rare:
 Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
 Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd
 With seeming scorn and pride;
 Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
 Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she blest'd his well-try'd love,
 Allow'd his tender claim;
 She vow'd to him her virgin-heart,
 And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, Buchan's cruel lord,
 Their passion disapprov'd;
 He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
 Deep in a shady-wood;
 Where on the bank, beside the burn,
 A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
 The crafty Donald lay,
 The brother of Sir John the Græme,
 To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began: "My sire
 " Our passion disapproves;
 " He bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
 " So here must end our loves.

" My father's will must be obey'd,
 " Nought boots me to withstand;
 " Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
 " Shall bless thee with her hand,

" Soon will Matilda be forgot,
 " And from thy mind effac'd;
 " But may that happiness be thine,
 " Which I can never taste!"

" What do I hear? is this thy vow?"
 Sir James the Ross replied;
 " And will Matilda wed the Græme,
 " Though sworn to be my bride?"

" His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
 " Than reave me of thy charms"—
 And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
 Fast lock'd within her arms.

" I spoke to try thy love," she said,
 " I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
 " The grave shall be my bridal bed,
 " If Græme my husband be.

" Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss,
 " In witness of my troth;
 " And every plague become my lot,
 " That day I break my oath."

They parted thus—the sun was set:
 Up hasty Donald flies;
 And, "Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!
 He loud insulting cries,

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
 And soon his sword he drew;
 For Donald's blade before his breast
 Had pierc'd his tartans through.

" This for my brother's slighted love;
 " His wrongs sit on my arm."—
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,
 And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
 Fierce Donald's head above;
 And through the brain, and crashing bone,
 The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,
 A lump of lifeless clay:
 " So fall my foes," quoth valiant Ross,
 And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood in haste he pass'd
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
 Beneath Matilda's windows stood,
 And thus on her did call:

" Art thou asleep, Matilda fair?
 " Awake, my love, awake!
 " Behold thy lover waits without,
 " A long farewell to take.

" For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
 " His blood is on my sword;
 " And far, far distant are my men,
 " Nor can defend their lord.

" To Sky I will direct my flight,
 " Where my brave brothers bide,
 " And raise the mighty of the isles
 " To combat on my side."

" O do not so," the maid replied,
 " With me till morning stay;
 " For dark and dreary is the night,
 " And dang'rous is the way.

" All night I'll watch thee in the park;
 " My faithful page I'll send,
 " In haste to raise the brave Clan Rofs,
 " Their master to defend."

He laid him down beneath a bush,
 And wrapp'd him in his plaid;
 While, trembling for her lover's fate,
 At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page, o'er hill and dale,
 Till, in a lowly glen,
 He met the furious Sir John Græme
 With twenty of his men.

" Where goest thou, little page?" he said,
 " So late who did thee send?"
 " I go to raise the brave Clan Rofs,
 " Their master to defend."

" For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
 " His blood is on his sword;
 " And far, far distant are his men,
 " Nor can assist their lord."

" And has he slain my brother dear?"
 The furious chief replies:
 " Dishonour blast my name, but he
 " By me ere morning dies."

" Say, page, where is Sir James the Rofs?"
 " I will thee well reward."
 " He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
 " Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
 Like light'ning o'er the lea:
 They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
 By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
 Upon a rising ground,
 And watch'd each object in the dawn,
 All ear to every sound.

" Where sleeps the Rofs?" began the Græme,
 " Or has the felon fled?"
 " This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,
 " By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,
 The virgin shrieking heard:
 Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
 When the fierce band appear'd.

" Your sword last night my brother slew,
 " His blood yet dims its shine;
 " And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
 " Your blood shall reek on mine."

" Your words are brave," the chief return'd;
 " But deeds approve the man."
 " Set by your men, and, hand to hand,
 " We'll try what valour can."

With dauntless step he forward strode,
 And dar'd him to the fight:
 The Græme gave hack, and fear'd his arm,
 For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
 Sunk down beneath his sword;

But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
 And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
 And wounded in the side:
 Out spouting came the purple-stream,
 And all his tartans dy'd:

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
 Nor sunk he to the ground,
 Till through his en'my's heart his sword
 Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
 Fell breathless on the clay;
 And down beside him sunk the Rofs,
 And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:
 " O spare his life," she cried;
 " Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
 " Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
 He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
 He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
 And weakly thus replies:

" In vain Matilda begs the life—
 " By death's arrest deny'd;
 " My race is run—adieu, my love!"
 Then clos'd his eyes, and dy'd.

The sword, yet warm from his left side,
 With frantic hand she drew:
 " I come, Sir James the Rofs," she cry'd,
 " I come to follow you."

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
 And bar'd her snowy breast,
 Then fell upon her lover's fate,
 And sunk to endless rest.

ANACREONTIC:

TO A WASP.

The following is a Ludicrous Imitation of the usual Anacreontics; the Spirit of composing which was raging, a few years ago, among all the Sweet Singers of Great Britain.

WINGED wand'rer of the sky!
 Inhabitant of heav'n high!
 Dreadful with thy dragon tail,
 Hydra-head, and coat of mail!
 Why dost thou my peace molest?
 Why dost thou disturb my rest?
 When in May the meads are seen,
 Sweet enamel, white and green!
 And the gardens, and the bow'rs,
 And the forests, and the flow'rs,
 Don their robes of curious dye,
 Fine confusion to the eye!
 Did I—chase thee in thy flight?
 Did I—put thee in a fright?
 Did I—spoil thy treasure hid?
 Never—never—never did.
 Envious nothing, pray beware;
 Tempt mine anger, if you dare.
 Trust not in thy strength of wing;
 Trust not in thy length of sting.

Heav'n nor earth shall thee defend;
 I thy buzzing-soon will end.
 Take my counsel, while you may;
 Devil take you, if you stay,
 Wilt---thou---dare---my---face---to---wound?---
 Thus, I fell thee to the ground.
 Down among the dead men, now
 Thou shalt forget thou ere wast thou.
 Anacreontic bards beneath,
 Thus shall wail thee after death.

Chorus of Elysian Bards.*

" A wasp for a wonder,
 " To Paradise under
 " Descends: see, he wanders
 " By Styx's meanders!
 " Behold, how he glows,
 " Amidst Rhodope's snows!
 " He sweats in a trice,
 " In the regions of ice!
 " Lo! he cools, by God's ire,
 " Amidst brimstone and fire!
 " He goes to our king,
 " And he shows him his sting.
 " (God Pluto loves satire,
 " As women love attire);
 " Our king sets him free,
 " Like fam'd Euridice.
 " Thus a wasp could prevail
 " O'er the devil and hell,
 " A conquest both hard and laborious!
 " Though hell had fast bound him,
 " And the devil did confound him,
 " Yet his sting and his wing were victorious."

THE MOUSIAD.

A MINOR EPIC POEM.

In the Manner of Homer.

A FRAGMENT.

In ancient times, ere traps were fram'd,
 Or cats in Britain's isle were known;
 A mouse, for pow'r and valour fam'd,
 Possess'd in peace the regal throne.

A farmer's house he nightly storm'd
 (In vain were bolts, in vain were keys);
 The milk's fair surface he deform'd,
 And digg'd entrenchments in the cheese.

In vain the farmer watch'd by night,
 In vain he spread the poison'd bacon;
 The mouse was wise as well as wight,
 Nor could by force or fraud be taken.

His subjects follow'd where he led,
 And dealt destruction all around;
 His people, shepherd-like, he fed:
 Such mice are rarely to be found!

But evil fortune had decreed
 (The foe of mice as well as men);
 The royal mouse at last should bleed,
 Should fall---ne'er to arise again.

* The Chorus is said to be the production of Logan.

Upon a night, as authors say,
 A luckless scent our hero drew,
 Upon forbidden ground to stray,
 And pass a narrow cranny through.

That night a feast the farmer made,
 And joy unbounded fill'd the house;
 The fragments in the pantry spread,
 Afforded bus'ness to the mouse.

He eat his fill, and back again
 Return'd; but access was deny'd.
 He search'd each corner, but in vain;
 He found it close on every side.

Let none our hero's fears deride;
 He roar'd (ten mice of modern days,
 As mice are dwindl'd and decay'd,
 So great a voice could scarcely raise).

Rous'd at the voice, the farmer ran,
 And seiz'd upon his hapless prey.
 With entreaties the mouse began,
 And pray'rs, his anger to allay.

" O spare my life," he trembling cries;
 " My subjects will a ransom give,
 " Large as thy wishes can devise;
 " Soon as it shall be heard I live."

" No, wretch!" the farmer says in wrath,
 " Thou dy'st; no ransom I'll receive."
 " My subjects will revenge my death,"
 He said---" this dying charge I leave."

The farmer lifts his armed hand,
 And on the mouse inflicts a wound;
 What mouse could such a blow withstand!
 He fell, and, dying, bit the ground.

Thus Lambris fell, who flourish'd long,
 (I half forgot to tell his name);
 But his renown lives in the song,
 And future times shall speak his fame.

A mouse, who walk'd about at large
 In safety, heard his mournful cries;
 He heard him give his dying charge,
 And to the rest he frantic flies.

Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice
 Tears, such as mice may shed, fell down.
 " Revenge your monarch's death," he cries;
 His voice half stiff'd with a groan.

But having reassum'd his senses,
 And reason, such as mice may have,
 He told out all the circumstances,
 With many a strain and broken heave.

Chill'd with sad grief, th' assembly heard;
 Each dropp'd a tear, and bow'd the head:
 But symptoms soon of rage appear'd,
 And vengeance, for the royal dead.

Long sat they mute: at last uprose
 The great Hypenor, blameless sage!
 A hero born to many woes;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age.

His bulk so large, his joints so strong,
 Though worn with grief, and past his prime

Few rats could equal him, 'tis sung,
As rats are in these dregs of time.

Two sons, in battle brave, he had,
Sprung from fair Lalage's embrace;
Short time they grac'd his nuptial bed,
By dogs destroy'd in cruel chase.

Their timeless fate the mother wail'd,
And pin'd with heart-corroding grief;
O'er every comfort it prevail'd,
Till death, advancing, brought relief.

Now he's the last of all his race,
A prey to woe: he inly pin'd;
Grief pictur'd sat upon his face;
Upon his breast his head reclin'd.

"And, O my fellow mice!" he said,
"These eyes ne'er saw a day so dire,
Save when my gallant children bled.
"O wretched sons! O wretched fire!"

"But now a gen'ral cause demands
"Our grief, and claims our tears alone,
"Our monarch, slain by wicked hands,
"No issue left to fill the throne.

"Yet, though by hostile man much wrong'd,
"My counsel is, from arms forbear,
"That so your days may be prolong'd;
"For man is Heav'n's peculiar care."

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage;
Stern winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds affuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests
 roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose:
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark up springs;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
 sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden
 blossoms,

That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet fits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greenward, mark'd with Roman
 mound,

Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lamblins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus Heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty
 cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease; [more,
Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no

Now spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unslaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poet's tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
 ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep fits dewy on the labourer's eyes,

The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies,
There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day, [arise.
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn

TO JOHN MILLAR, M. D.

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILL-
NESS.*(Written in the name of Mr. David Pearson.)*

A RUSTIC youth (he seeks no better name),
Alike unknown to fortune and to fame,
Acknowledging a debt he ne'er can pay,
For thee, O Millar! frames the artless lay.
That yet he lives, that vital warmth remains,
And life's red tide bounds briskly through his
veins;
To thee he owes.—His grateful heart believe,
And take his thanks sincere, 'tis all he has to give.
Let traders brave the flood in quest of gain,
Kept with disquietude, as got with pain;
Let heroes, tempted by a sounding name,
Pursue bright honour in the fields of fame.
Can wealth or fame a moment's ease command
To him who sinks beneath affliction's hand?

Upon the wither'd limbs fresh beauty shed;
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV.
MR. MACEWEN*.

MACEWEN gone! and shall the mournful muse,
A tear unto his memory refuse!
Forbid it all ye powers that guard the just,
Your care his actions, and his life your trust.
The righteous perish!—is Macewen dead!
In him religion, virtue's friend, is fled.
Modest in strife, bold in religion's cause,
He sought true honour in his God's applause.
What manly beauties in his works appear,
Close without straining, and concise though clear.
Though short his life, not so his deathless fame,
Succeeding ages shall revere his name.
Hail, blest immortal hail! while we are tost,
Thy happy soul is landed on the coast,
That land of bliss, where, on the peaceful shore,
Thou view'st, with pleasure, all the dangers o'er;
Laid in the silent grave, thy honour'd dust
Expects the resurrection of the just.

* Author of a *Treatise on the Scriptures, Types and Figures*, and "*Essays on Various Subjects*."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Containing

ALLA,
GODDWYN,
BATTLE OF HASTINGS,
BALLADE OF CHARITIE,
ELINOORE AND JUGA,
DETHE OF SIR CHARLES BAW-
BIN,

THE TOURNAMENT,
ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS,
ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Behold yon shade, he bears an antique roll;
With many a 'scutcheon clad, and many a scroll;
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of *Bristow's* plain,
That pour'd in *Rowley's* garb his solemn strain.
A stripling scarcely, and yet more than man,
His race was ended, ere it well began.
Th' indignant spirit tower'd o'er little men,
He look'd through nature with an angel's ken,
And scorn'd, with conscious pride, this petty stage,
The tardy homage of a thankless age.
The furies wrung his agonizing soul,
And desperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

PRESTON'S EPISTLE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CHATFIELD

Country

THE TOWN OF
ENGLAND AND
THE TOWN OF
THE TOWN OF
THE TOWN OF
THE TOWN OF
THE TOWN OF

DATE OF HIS DEPARTURE
FROM THE
ARMY AND NAVY
SERVICE OF CHARLES
BATTALION OF MARINES
GOVERNMENT
ZELL

1892

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And definition met the Syrian bow,
 The tarts were his engaging soul,
 The tardy homage of a shield's age,
 And scorn'd, with connate pride, the petty rage,
 He look'd through nature with an angel's eye,
 In indignation pour'd o'er little men,
 His race was ended, ere it well began,
 A rising tearful, and yet more than man,
 That pour'd in floods, and his solemn gaze,
 T' the wound torn youth of Britain's slain,
 With many a breathless clod, and many a knoll;
 Behold you shade, he bears an antique roll:

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WINDLE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

-2071-2072

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

For the personal and literary history of CHATTERTON, "the boy of Bristol," the world is obliged to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the original editor of the "Poems supposed to be written by Rowley," 1777; Lord Oxford, author of "Two Letters to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies," 1779; Mr. Herbert Croft, author of "Love and Madness," 1780; Dr. Milles, editor of "Rowley's Poems," in 4to, 1782; Mr. Bryant, author of "Observations on Rowley's Poems," 1782; Mr. Warton, author of "An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley;" Mr. Malone, author of "Curfory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley," 1782; Mr. Badcock, writer of the articles on the Rowleian Controversy, in the "Monthly Review," 1782; and Dr. George Gregory, writer of the article CHATTERTON, in the fourth volume of the "Biographia Britannica," printed separately in 1789.

The elegant and accurate narrative of Mr. Croft derives an additional value and importance, from being the vehicle of Chatterton's letters to his mother, and an interesting letter from his sister, Mrs. Newton. The laboured narratives of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant exhibit strong proofs of the temerity and credulity of the learned writers; but they contain something to amuse curiosity, and something to afford information; particularly the anecdotes furnished by his patrons Mr. Gatcott and Mr. Barret; and the intelligence communicated by his companions, Mr. Thistlewaite, Mr. Smith, Mr. Ruddal, Mr. Carey, &c. The candid and comprehensive narrative of Dr. Gregory, "contains all the particulars which are known concerning that extraordinary character, collected in one view," and form a valuable addition to the stock of biographical narratives, already in the possession of the public.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from the narratives of Mr. Croft and Dr. Gregory, with the addition of such particulars, as subsequent communications in that valuable miscellany, the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other publications, have supplied.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, November 20. 1752. The office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of his family for more than 150 years. John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, died in 1748. His father, Thomas Chatterton, was the nephew of the sexton. In the early part of life, he had been in the station of a writing-usher to a classical school, was afterwards engaged as a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol; and latterly, was master of the free school in Pyle-street, in that city. He died in August 1752, about three months before the birth of his son.

By the premature loss of his father, he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge.

At the age of five years, he was committed to the care of Mr. Love, who had succeeded his father in the school in Pyle-street; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods, and he was remanded to his mother, as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement.

She was rendered extremely unhappy by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties, till he fell in love, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which enabled her to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read, from an old black-lettered Testament or Bible; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that his peculiar attachment to antiquities, may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this circumstance.

On the 3d of August 1760, when he wanted a few months of eight years of age, he was admitted into Colston's charity-school, in St. Augustin's Back, in Bristol. In this institution, the boys are boarded in the house, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school hours, in summer, are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and saint-days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon, till between seven and eight in the evening.

The first years of his residence at this seminary passed without notice, and, perhaps, without effort. His sister, indeed, in her letter to Mr. Croft, remarks, that he very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence, and that even before he was five years old, he was accustomed to preside over his play-mates. To the same purpose, it is said, that when very young, a manufacturer promised to make the family a present of some earthen ware, and that on asking him what device he would have painted on his;—"paint me," said he, "an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

It appears from Mr. Thistlewaite's letter, published by Dr. Milles, that he formed a connection with Chatterton, towards the latter end of 1763, by means of his intimacy with Mr. Thomas Philips, the assistant master of the charity school, who possessed a taste for history and poetry; and by his attempts in verse, excited a degree of literary emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is said to have appeared altogether an idle spectator of those poetical contests; he apparently possessed neither inclination nor ability for literary pursuits, nor does Mr. Thistlethwaite believe, that he attempted a single couplet during the first three years of his acquaintance with him. Whatever grounds Mr. Thistlethwaite might have for his opinion, Chatterton, doubtless, at that period was possessed of a vigour of understanding, of a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, far superior to the talents of his companions.

If he produced any compositions, his exquisite taste led him to suppress them. In the mean time, he was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

About his tenth year, his sister informs us, he acquired a taste for reading, and began to hire books from a circulating library, with the trifle allowed him for pocket-money.

As his taste was different from children of his own age, his dispositions were also different. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. "His spirits," his sister says, "were rather uneven; sometimes so gloomed, that for many days together, he would say very little, and that by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful." His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast.

In the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read; and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy, consisting chiefly of history and divinity.

The earliest existing specimen of his composition, is a poem called the *Apostate Will*, printed in "Love and Madness," which appears by the date, April 14. 1764, to have been written at the age of eleven years and a half, and was probably transcribed from the remains of a pocket-book, which his sister had made him a present of, as a new-year's gift, and which he returned at the end of the year, filled with writing, chiefly poetry.

This fact is a strong contradiction to Mr. Thistlethwaite's assertion; but Chatterton might, at that time, exercise himself in composition, without being under any necessity of imparting his compositions to Mr. Thistlethwaite or Mr. Philips.

At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the Bishop. His sister adds, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it.

He soon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made some verses on the *Last Day*, and paraphrased the ninth chapter of *Job*, and some chapters of *Isaiab*.

The bent of his genius, however, more strongly inclined him to satire, of which he was tolerably lavish on his school-fellows; nor did the upper master, Mr. Warner, escape the rod of his reprehension.

From what has been related, it is probable, that he was no favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under master, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him a strong and affectionate attachment.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, in the letter already quoted, says, that Chatterton informed him, that he was in possession of certain old MSS. which had been found, deposited in a chest, in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent one to Philips, which he showed him, and which he is confident was *Elenore* and *Ju-ga*, afterwards published in the "Town and Country Magazine for May 1769." "I endeavoured," says he, "to assist Philips in investigating the meaning of the lines; but, from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography in which they were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted." There appears good reason for suspecting some mistake in Mr. Thistlethwaite's narrative, either as to the date, or some other circumstance; since both his mother and sister affirm, that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe church, till after he had left school.

Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, Mr. Croft remarks, he had some knowledge of music; had acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted, he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic.

An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius, is remarked in his sister's letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn; but, it was observed, that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry.

On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Bristol, for seven years; the apprentice-fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, clothes, and lodging; the mother in washing, and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance; and except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home.

Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends. Once, and but once, he thought himself under the necessity of correcting him; and that was for sending a very abusive anonymous letter to his old schoolmaster, a short time after he was bound to him. He, however, accuses him of a fullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments which he held in the highest estimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons, must undoubtedly be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a situation not unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day.

While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents, a book of which, containing 344 folio pages, closely written by Chatterton, is still in possession of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about thirty pages. The office library contained nothing but law books, except an old edition of Camden's "*Britannia*."

He seems to have had a very early predilection for old words and *black-letter* lore. His sister relates, that soon after his apprenticeship, and some months before he was fifteen, he "wrote a letter to an old school-mate (then at New-York), consisting of a collection of all the hard words in the English language," and "requested him to answer it." He that could collect *hard words* for a letter, might collect *old ones* for a poem.

He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not, however, without some symptoms of an aversion to his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world.

In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished. At that time, there appeared in Felix Farley's "*Bristol Journal*," an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating, that "the following description of *The Friars first Passing over the Old Bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript," and signed *Dunhelmus Brisfoliensis*. The paper demonstrates strong powers of invention, and uncommon knowledge of ancient customs,

Mr. Ruddal informed Mr. Croft that he assisted Chatterton in disguising *several* pieces of parchment with the appearance of age, just before *The Account of Passing the Bridge* appeared in Farley's "Journal;" that after they had made several experiments, Chatterton said, "this will do, now I will black the parchment;" and that Chatterton told him, after the *Account* appeared in the newspaper, that the parchment which he had blacked and disguised after their experiments, was what he had sent to the printer, containing the *Account*.

So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to see the original. After much inquiry, it was found that the manuscript was brought to the printer by Chatterton. "To the threats of those," says Mr. Croft, "who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account." He at first alleged that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady, with whom that gentleman was in love. On being farther pressed, he at last declared, that he had received the paper, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the upper room, over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church.

When rents were received, and kept in specie, it was usual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of estates, left for particular purposes, in chests appropriated to each particular benefactor, and called by the benefactor's name.

Over the north porch of Redcliffe church, which was founded or rebuilt, in the reign of Edward IV. by Mr. William Canynge, a merchant of Bristol, there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called *Mr. Canynge's cofre*. This chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, intrusted to the minister, procurator of the church, mayor, and church wardens, which, in process of time, were lost.

In 1727, a notion prevailed, that some title-deeds and other writings of value were contained in *Mr. Canynge's cofre*: in consequence of which, an order of vestry was made that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney, and that these writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principle chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were kept, and the other manuscripts were left exposed, as of no value.

Chatterton's father, having free access to the church, by means of his uncle, the sexton, carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments for covering copy-books and Bibles.

At his death, his widow being under the necessity of removing, carried the remainder to her own habitation; where, according to her account, they continued neglected, or were converted into thread papers, till her son took notice of them and carried them away, telling her, "that he had found a treasure."

The account which he thought proper to give of them, and which he wished to be believed, was, that they were poetical, and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom he at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Catcott, a pewterer in Bristol, having heard of Chatterton's pretended discovery, was introduced to him, and soon after obtained from him, very readily, without any reward, *The Bristol Tragedy*, and Rowley's *Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's Ancestor*. In a few days he brought some more, among which was the *Yellow Roll*.

These pieces were immediately communicated to Mr. Barret, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, then engaged in writing the history of that city, whose friendship and patronage, by these means, Chatterton was fortunate enough to secure.

During the first conversations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of most of the poems, since printed, as being in his possession.

He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved; and it was but rarely, and with difficulty, that any more originals could be obtained from him.

He confessed to Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several, and some which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen. One of these was the *Tragedy of the Apostate*, of

which only a small part has been preserved by Mr. Barret. The subject of it was the apostacy of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith.

Mr. Barret, however, obtained from him, at different times, several fragments in verse and prose, written upon vellum; and he asserted them to be a part of Rowley's manuscripts. A *fac simile* of one of these fragments, the *Account of William Canynge's Feast*, engraved by Mr. Strutt, is published in Mr. Tyrwhitt's and Dr. Milles's edition of Rowley's Poems. The hand-writing is not the record hand used in the fifteenth century. The Arabian numerals, 63, are perfectly modern, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make.

The friendship of Mr. Barret and Mr. Gatcott was of considerable advantage to Chatterton. He spent many agreeable hours in their company. His sister says, that after he was introduced to their acquaintance, his ambition daily and perceptibly increased, and he would frequently speak in raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. "When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame; and, confident of advancement, he would promise his mother and I should be partakers of his success."

Mr. Barret lent him several medical books, and, at his request, gave him some instructions in surgery.

His taste was versatile, and his studies various. In 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes in a lively manner, the employment of his leisure hours. "One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits; he next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidst the subtilties of metaphysical disquisitions, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinths of mathematical researches; and these again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both of which sciences, his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen and Hippocrates with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric."

With a view of perfecting himself in the study of English antiquities, he borrowed Skinner's "Etymologicon," and Benson's "Saxon Vocabulary," of Mr. Barret, which he soon returned as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin.

He was furnished by Mr. Green, a bookseller in Bristol, with "Kersey's Dictionary," and "Speght's Chaucer," the "Glossary" to which he carefully transcribed. These books, together with "Bailey's Dictionary," which he studied very closely, supplied him with the language of Rowley's Poems. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon with an earnestness and fervour almost unexampled. Like Milton, he believed he was more capable of writing well at some particular times than at others; and the full of the moon was the season when he imagined his genius to be in perfection; at which time he generally devoted a considerable portion of the night to composition.

His Sundays were continually spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol; and from these excursions, he never failed to bring home drawings of churches, or other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination.

His attention was not confined to the supposed poems of Rowley; he wrote a variety of pieces, chiefly satirical, both in prose and verse, which he sent to the "Town and Country Magazine."

One of the first of his pieces which appeared, was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Bristol, February 4. 1769, and signed *Dunelmus Bristolienfis*; and in the same Magazine, a poem was inserted on Mr. Alcock of Bristol, signed *Asaphides*, attributed to him, which has been claimed by one Lockstone, a linen-draper in Bristol.

In the same Magazine for March, are some pretended extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; and in different numbers for the succeeding months, some pieces, called *Saxon Poems*, written in the style of Ossian.

In March 1769, he wrote to the Hon. Horace Walpole, the present Earl of Orford, offering to furnish him with some account of a series of great painters and engravers, who had flourished at Bristol, which, he said, had been lately discovered, with some old poems, in that city. His letter was left at Bathurst's, Mr. Walpole's bookseller, with an Ode or Sonnet, of two or three stanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I. (the era of which he first fixed upon for his forgeries), as a specimen of the poems which were found.

"Richard of Lyon's heart to fight is gone."

Mr. Walpole had just before been made the instrument of introducing into the world Macpherson's "Ossian." A similar application, therefore, served at once to awaken his suspicion. He, however, answered Chatterton's letter, desiring further information; and in reply was informed, that "he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies;" and hinted a wish, that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed, that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a *person*, who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as the pieces which accompanied this letter, among which was *Elinour and Yuga*, "an absolute modern pastoral," as Mr. Walpole terms it, "thinly sprinkled with old words."

In the mean time, the poems were communicated by Mr. Walpole to Gray and Mason; and these excellent and impartial judges, at first sight, pronounced them forgeries; "the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient."

Mr. Walpole, though convinced of his intention to impose upon him, could not help admiring the spirit of poetry which animated these compositions. His reply was cold and discouraging. He hinted his suspicions of the authenticity of the supposed MSS., and complained, in general terms, of his want of power to be a patron, and advised him to pursue the line of business in which he was placed, as most likely to secure a decent maintenance for himself, and enable him to assist his mother.

This frigid reception, extracted immediately from Chatterton "a peevish answer," as Mr. Walpole terms it; demanding to have the MSS. returned, *as they were the property of another gentleman*; and Mr. Walpole, either offended at his warm and independent spirit, or pleased to be disengaged from the business in so easy a manner, proceeded on a journey to Paris, without taking any farther notice of him.

On his return, he found a letter from Chatterton, in a style, as he terms it, "singularly impertinent," expressive of much resentment on account of the detention of his poems, roughly demanding them back again, and adding, "that Mr. Walpole would not have dared to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances."

"My heart," says Mr. Walpole, in his "Letters" to the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*, "did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer to him, expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but, upon second thoughts, reflecting that he might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire, and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him;" and never afterwards heard from him, or of him, during his life.

The affront was poignantly felt by Chatterton, though it is perhaps more than repaid by the ridiculous portrait which he has exhibited of Mr. Walpole, in the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures." He has however, paid him a compliment, in his *Verses to Miss M. R.* printed in the "Town and Country Magazine," for January 1770.

To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With *Walpole's* mental taste.

Mr. Walpole has incurred much censure for his rejection of Chatterton, "as if his rejection had driven him to despair." But to ascribe to his neglect the dreadful catastrophe, which happened nearly two years after, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity. It appears from his elegant and spirited narrative of these transactions, that he afterwards regretted that he had not seen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a more favourable attention to his correspondence. But, to be neglected in life, and regretted and admired, when these passions can be no longer of service, has been the usual fate of genius and learning.

Chatterton, however, in part adopted Mr. Walpole's advice, by continuing with his master a full twelvemonth after this transaction; but without applying himself to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous.

He past his hours of leisure in respectable company; and his sister says, that "he visited his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him."

"He would frequently," she says, "walk the College Green with the young girls, that stately paraded there to show their finery;" but she is persuaded that the reports which charged him with libertinism, are ill-founded. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to form an acquaintance with Miss Rumsey, a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper, which had resulted from solitary study. He addressed a poem to her, and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance.

Early in 1769, it appears from a poem on *Happiness*, addressed to Mr. Catcott, that he had imbibed the principles of infidelity; one of the effects of which was, to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is intrusted by his Creator.

The progress, however, from speculative to practical irreligion, is not so rapid as is commonly supposed. The greatest advantage of a strict and orderly education, is the resistance which virtuous habits, early acquired, oppose to the allurements of vice.

The editor of his *Miscellanies* has asserted, that his "profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities;" but he has rather grounded his assertion on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge, or a correct review of his conduct.

Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour; and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so eminently characterises her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory.

The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. "The opportunities," says he, "which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that while he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersions. I admit, that among his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of these passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated, rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example."

But though it may not be the effect of infidel principles to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity.

On the 14th of April 1770, he wrote a paper, intituled, *The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton*, in which he indicated his design of committing suicide on the following day. The paper was probably rather the result of temporary uneasiness, than of that fixed aversion to his situation, which he constantly manifested; but Mr. Lambert considered it as no longer prudent, after so decisive a proof, to continue him in the house; he accordingly dismissed him immediately from his service, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

The activity of his mind during this short period is almost unparalleled. The greatest part of his compositions, both under the name of Rowley and his own, was written before April 1770, he being then aged seventeen years and five months; and of the former, they were almost all produced a twelvemonth earlier, before April 1769. But our surprise must decrease, when we consider that he slept but little, and that his whole attention was directed to literary pursuits.

Encouraged by the most liberal promises of assistance and employment from several booksellers and printers in London, he now resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis, which he flattered himself would afford him a more enlarged field for the successful exercise and display of his abilities; and he entered on his new plan of life with his usual enthusiasm.

"I interrogated him," says Mr. Thistlethwaite, "as to the object of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival in London." His answer was remarkable. "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are suffi-

cient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

Before he quitted Bristol, he had entered deeply into politics, and had embraced the patriotic party. In March 1770, he wrote a satirical poem, called *Kew Gardens*, consisting of 1300 lines, against the Princess of Wales, Lord Bute, and their friends in London and Bristol; which has not been printed. He wrote also another political satire, called *The Whore of Babylon*, consisting of near 600 lines, which is in the possession of a friend of Mr. Catcott; an invective in prose against Bishop Newton, signed *Decimus*; and an indecent satirical poem, called *The Exhibition*, occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. Most of the surgeons in Bristol are delineated in it. Some of the descriptive passages in this poem have great merit. Thus speaking of a favourite organist, he says,

He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

In the latter end of April 1770, he bade his native city a final adieu. In a letter to his mother, dated April 20th, he describes, in a lively style, the little adventures of his journey, and his reception from his patrons, the booksellers and printers, with whom he had corresponded, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Doddsley, &c. From all of them he professes to have received great encouragement, that all approved of his design, and that he should probably be soon settled. He desires his mother to call upon Mr. Lambert. "Show him this," says he, with uncommon dignity and spirit, "or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one; if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me."

His first habitation, after his arrival in London, was at Mr. Walmsley's, a plasterer in Shore-ditch, to whom he was introduced by a relation of his, a Mrs. Ballance, who resided in the same house.

Of his first establishment his report is favourable. "I am settled," says he, in a letter to his mother, dated May 6. "and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional Essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!"

In consequence of his engagements with the different magazines, we find him, about the same time, soliciting communications from his poetical and literary friends at Bristol, and desiring them to read the "Freholder's Magazine."

In a letter dated May 14, he writes in the same high flow of spirits. He speaks of the great encouragement which genius meets with in London; adding with exultation, "If Rowley had been a Londoner, instead of a Brisslowyan, I might have lived by copying his works;" yet it does not appear that any of Rowley's pieces, except the *Balade of Charity*, were exhibited after he left Bristol. He exhorts his sister to "improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius," observing, that although in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her, *here* they are very profitable."

His engagements at that period appear to have been numerous; for, besides his employment in the magazines, he speaks of a connection he had formed with a doctor in music, to write songs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c.; and, in a letter of the 30th to his sister, he mentions another with a bookseller, "the brother of a lord," (a Scotch one indeed,) to compile a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have his board at the bookseller's house, and a handsome premium. "Assure yourself," he adds, "every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer. My mother shall not be forgotten."

Party-writing, however, seems to have been one of his favourite employments. It was agreeable to the satirical turn of his disposition, and it gratified his vanity, by the prospect of elevating him into immediate notice. When Mrs. Ballance recommended it to him to endeavour to get into some office, he told her, "he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune."

In his letter to his mother, May 6, he says, "Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week. He affirmed that what Mr.

Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author. By means of another bookseller, I shall be introduced to Townsend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter coffeehouse, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen."

He informs his sister, that if money flowed as fast upon him as honours, he would give her a portion of five thousand pounds. This extraordinary elevation of spirits arose from an introduction to the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor, Beckford.

Chatterton had, it seems, addressed an essay to him, which was so well received, that it encouraged him to wait upon his Lordship, in order to obtain his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the City Remonstrance. "His Lordship," adds he, "received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call upon him again. The rest is a secret."

His inclination, doubtless, led him to espouse the party of Opposition; but he complains that "no money is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side; but he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (or if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party."

When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined. He solaced his grief, by writing an *Elegy* on his death, which contains more of frigid praise than ardent feeling.

Indeed, that he was serious in his intention of writing on both sides, and that he "alternately flattered and satirized all ranks and parties," is evident from the following list of pieces, written by him, but never published, which Lord Orford has preserved.

"*The Flight*: addressed to Lord Bute. In forty stanzas of six lines each. Thus indorsed: 'Too long for the Political Register—Curtailed in the digressions—Given to Mr. Mortimer.' *Kew Gardens*—A satirical rhapsody of some hundred lines in Churchill's manner, against persons in power. *The Dowager, a Tragedy*,—Unfinished—only two scenes. *Verses addressed to the Rev. Mr. Catcott, on his Book on the Deluge*: ridiculing his system and notions.—[inserted in the supplement to Chatterton's *Miscellanies*.] *To a great Lady*. A very scandalous address, signed *Decimus*. On the back of this is written, '(Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. by the Whisperer, 10s. 6d. a column).' *To C. Jenkinson, Esq.* an abusive letter, signed *Decimus* (or *Probus*, as it should seem from the indorsement): beginning thus: 'Sir, As the nation has been long in the dark in conjecturing the ministerial agent, &c.' *To Lord Mansfield*. A very abusive letter, signed *Decimus* (or *Ænemenius*, as it should seem from the indorsement): beginning thus:—'My Lord, I am not going to accuse you of pusillanimity,' &c. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark on the margin: 'Prosecution will lie upon this.' *An Introductory Essay* to a political paper, set up by him, called the *Moderator*, in favour of administration: thus beginning, 'To enter into a detail of the reasons which induced me to take up the title of this paper,' &c. *To Lord North*: a letter signed the *Moderator*, and dated May 26. 1770: beginning thus:—'My Lord, It gives me a painful pleasure,' &c. This is an encomium on administration for rejecting the Lord Mayor Beckford's Remonstrance. *A Letter to the Lord Mayor Beckford*, signed *Probus*; dated May 26. 1770.—This is a violent abuse of government for rejecting the Remonstrance, and begins thus: 'When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from an unsupportable slavery.'—On the back of this essay, which is directed to Cary, [a particular friend of Chatterton in Bristol,] is this indorsement: 'Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North Briton, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.'

' Lost by his death, on this essay,	-	-	-	-	-	-	£. 1 11 6
' Gained in Elegies,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 2 0
' ——— in Essays,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 3 0
' Am glad he is dead by	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 13 6

"Essays," he says to his sister, "on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed, but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it."

On this sandy foundation of party writing, Chatterton erected a visionary fabric of future greatness. It was a common assertion with him, "that he would settle the world before he had done."

In a letter to his sister, July 20. he tells her, "My company is courted every where; and could I humble myself to go into a Compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me much better than commercial."

His taste for dissipation seems to have kept pace with the increase of his vanity. To frequent places of public amusement, he accounts as necessary to him as food. "I employ my money," says he, "now, in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest."

In the letter to his mother, May 14. he says, "a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour; but alas! I speak no language but my own." It is not very credible that he was likely to be accepted on so slender a ground of recommendation.

But his splendid visions of promotion and consequence soon vanished. Not long after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, "The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest dunc may live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty much dipped into."

This knowledge, however, instead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a delusive guide; and though he boasts of having pieces in the month of June 1770, in the "Gospel Magazine," the "Town and Country," the "Court and City," the "London," the "Political Register," &c., and that almost the whole "Town and Country" for July was his; yet it appears, so scanty is the remuneration for those periodical labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and he seems to have sunk at once from the highest elevation of hope and illusion, to the depths of despair.

Early in June, he removed his lodgings from Shore-ditch, to Mrs. Angel's, sackmaker in Brook-street, Holborn. Mr. Croft attributes the change to the necessity he was under, from the nature of his employments, of frequenting public places. It is probable that he might remove, lest Mr. Walmley's family, who had heard his frequent boasts, and observed his dreams of greatness, should be the spectators of his approaching indigence. Pride was the ruling passion of Chatterton; and a too acute sense of shame, is ever found to accompany literary pride.

But however desirous he might be of preserving appearances to the world, he was sufficiently lowered in his own expectations; when we find his towering ambition reduced to the miserable hope of securing the very inelegible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa.

His resolution was announced in a poem to *Miss Buss*. Probably, indeed, when he wrote the *African Eclogues*, which was just before, he might not be without a distant contemplation of a similar design; and perhaps we are to attribute a part of the exulting expressions which occur in the letter to his mother and sister, to the kind and laudable intention of making them happy, with respect to his prospects in life, since we find him, almost at the very crisis of his distress, sending a number of little unnecessary presents to them and his grandmother, while, perhaps, he was himself almost in want of the necessities of life.

He applied, in his distress, to Mr. Barrett, for a recommendation to this unpromising station. On the score of incapacity probably, Mr. Barrett refused him the necessary recommendation, and his last hope was blasted.

Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he last resided, no inquiries have afforded any satisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence.

Mr. Croft, an apothecary in Brook-street, informed Mr. Warton, that when Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Croft to dine or sup with him, in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously.

Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel lived, has also afforded ample testimony, both to his poverty and his pride. She says, "that Mrs. Angel told her

after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint that he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry."

"Over his death, for the sake of humanity," says Mr. Croft, "I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale;—those to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and upon no account to harbour the most distant idea of quitting this world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step."

Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's inquest, swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August 1770, and died in consequence thereof, the next day, at the age of seventeen years and nine months. He was buried in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane work-house.

Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Bristol, to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance. When, alas! all the intelligence he could procure, was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

The poems produced by Chatterton, at different times, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. were purchased from Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, and published by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. the learned editor of Chaucer, in an octavo volume, 1777, with "a Preface, Introduction, and Glossary." Mr. Tyrwhitt added to the edition 1778, an "Appendix, containing some Observations upon the Language of the Poems, tending to prove, that they were written, not by any ancient author, but entirely by Chatterton." A very splendid edition was published in quarto, 1782, by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, with "a Preliminary Dissertation and Commentary," tending to prove, that the poems were really written by Rowley and others, in the fifteenth century. His *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, collected from the Magazines, &c. with a sketch for Beckford's statue, a specimen of his abilities in the arts of drawing and design, were published in octavo, 1778, with a preface, signed J. B. dated Bristol, June 20.; and this publication was followed by a *Supplement to the Miscellanies of Chatterton*, 8vo, 1786. Besides these, there are many unpublished poems in the hands of his friends, and seventeen historical prose compositions and drawings, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His poems, reprinted from Tyrwhitt's edition, 1777, the *Miscellanies*, 1778 and 1786, Croft's "Love and Madness," 1780, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The celebrated "Archæological Epistle to Dr. Milles," 4to, 1782, supposed to be written by Mason; a beautiful "Monody to the Memory of Chatterton," written by Mrs. Cowley; a "Sonnet to Expression," from the polished and pathetic pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams; an irregular "Ode," from "Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades," 8vo, 1782; and an elegant offering to the genius of Chatterton, from the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782;—are inserted in this edition, with the double view of adorning the collection, and of gratifying the reader.

His character, compounded of good qualities and defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His person, like his genius, was premature: he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing. When he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. He had an uncommon ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that "man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be achieved by diligence and abstinence." If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, "all boy as he was," says Mr. Croft, "he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be a

the trouble of extending them." "He had read," he himself tells us, "more than Magliabechi, though he spoke no tongue but his own." He probably might have acquired some knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and French languages; but it cannot be supposed to have been very extensive.

When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time, is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind, displayed in the different essays which he produced in the periodical publications. His lively and vigorous imagination contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprise, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes, for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might, in a great measure, depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said, "he had sprung a mine," and produced the *Spytes*, a poem, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles which he had so unfortunately imbibed. But he is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculative opinions. The preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, and the criminal excesses of the passions, were the pride of genius, the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. To the regularity of his conduct during his residence at Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. After his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmsley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged in the house of a relation.

The list of his virtues appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spiritous liquors. He lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed. But the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every fortunate project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them: while in London he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known himself to be in want: and indeed the unremitting attention, kindness, and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of persons in more fortunate circumstances. It can never be sufficiently lamented that this amiable principle was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost.

He had a number of friends; and, notwithstanding his disposition to satire, is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits, while he resided in Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit, and fluency, must have admirably accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which perhaps should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others. There is reason, however, to believe, that the inequality of his spirits affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking, or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour, or more. Mr. Walmsley's nephew (Chatterton's bedfellow during the last six weeks he lodged there) told Mr. Croft, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him;—that, to his knowledge, he never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) awaked, and got up at the same time, about five or six; and that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper, not so big as six-pences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.

He had one ruling passion which governed his whole conduct, and that was his desire of literary fame; this passion intruded itself on every occasion, and absorbed his whole attention. Whether he would have continued to improve, or the contrary, must have depended, in some measure, on the circumstances of his future life. Had he fallen into profligate habits and connections, he would probably have lost a great part of his ardour for study, and his maturer age would only have diminished the admiration, which the efforts of his childhood have so justly excited.

As a poet, his genius will be most completely estimated by his writings. His imagination was more fertile than correct; and he seems to have erred, rather through haste and negligence than through any deficiency of taste. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing. He knew that original genius consists in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in searching after thoughts and ideas which never had occurred before. He possessed the strongest marks of a vigorous imagination, and a sound judgment in forming great, consistent, and ingenious plots, and in making choice of the most interesting subjects. His genius, like Dryden's, was universal. It will be difficult to say, whether he excelled most in the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, or the satirical. Whatever subject is treated by him, is marked with the hand of a master, with the enthusiasm of the poet, and the judgment of the critic.

His poems abound with luxuriant description, vivid imagery, and striking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language, a happy adaptation of words is still apparent, and a style both energetic and expressive. They are equally conspicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verse; and some passages are inferior, in none of the essentials of poetry, to the most finished productions in our language.

It must not, however, be dissembled, that some part of the charm of his compositions may probably result from the Gothic sublimity of the style. We gaze with wonder on an antique fabric; and, when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of the language, to which we are unaccustomed, is frequently accepted as a substitute. Even Shakspeare and Milton have derived advantages from the antique structure of some of their most admired passages. The facility of composition is also greatly increased, where full latitude is permitted in the use of an obsolete dialect, since an author is indulged in the occasional use of both the old and the modern phraseology; and if the one does not supply him with the word for which he has immediate occasion, the other, in all probability, will not disappoint him. Thus, in the *Song to Ælla*, the poet had in one line written,

Beesprengedd all the *mees* with gore.

In a subsequent stanza he writes,

Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede
Ypraunceying oer the *mead*.

Mees being the ancient word, and *mead* the modern English one, he thought himself at liberty to write modern English whenever rhyme required him to do so. The use of the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y*, as *ypraunceying*, for *praunceying*, enables him to write a smooth line in any given number of syllables. The imagery and metaphors in this style of poetry, are frequently very common-place, and it is possible to labour through several stanzas, without finding any striking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the subject alone. Many defects of style, and many passages of rant and bombast, are concealed or excused by the appearance of antiquity.

The piece of most conspicuous merit among the compositions of Chatterton, is *Ælla*, a *Tragycal Enterlude*; which is a most complete and well-written tragedy, upon the model of Mason's "Elfrida" and "Caractacus." The plot is both interesting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in some places tedious. The character of *Celmonde* reminds us of Glenalvon in "Douglas," but is better drawn. His soliloquy is beautiful and characteristic. The first chorus, or *Mynstrelles Song*, is a perfect pastoral. It contains a complete plot or fable, and abounds in poetical and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery. Thomson's *Masque of "Alfred"* probably suggested the idea of a Danish story. For converting *Hubba* into *Hurra*, he might have his reasons. The *raven standard* of the Danes, to which he alludes, is poetically described by Thomson.

The imperfect tragedy of *Goddwyn*, as well as *Ælla*, is indebted to the Grecian school, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effusions of a young mind, warm from studying "Elfrida" and "Caractacus." The beauties of poetry are scattered through them with no sparing hand. The fine ode or chorus in *Goddwyn*, rivals, if not exceeds any thing of that kind we have in Mason, or

even in Gray or Collins. In the animated portrait of *Freedom*, and the group of her attendants, *Affright*, *Power*, *War*, *Envy*, &c. both Sackville and Spenser must yield the palm of allegoric poetry.

When Freedom dreſte in blodde-fleyned veſte,
To every knyghte her warre ſonge ſunge;
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſprede;
A gorie anlaſe bye her hunge,
She daunced onne the heathe,
She heard the voice of deathe;
Pale-cyneyd affryghte, his harte of ſylver hue,
In wayne aſſayled her boſomme to acale;
She hearde onflemmed the ſhrieking voice of woe,
And ſadneſſe in the owlette ſhake the dale.
She ſhooke the burlde ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte her ſheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze along the feelde, &c.

The *First part* of the *Battle of Haſtings*, which he confeſſed he had written himſelf, when he was taken by ſurpriſe, though at other times he preſerved a degree of conſiſtence in his falſehood, contains an unvaried recital of wounds and deaths, with little to intereſt curioſity, or engage the tender paſſions, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the diſgusting ſubject. In the *Second Part*, with the ſame faults, there is more of poetical deſcription, more of nature, more of character. The imagery is more animated; the incidents more varied. The character of *Tancarville* is well drawn; and the ſpirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakspeare. The whole epiſode of *Girthe* is well conducted; and the altercation between him and his brother *Harold* is intereſting. The following deſcription of morning is exquisitely beautiful, and the verſification muſical and pleaſing. The eight line is a ſtriking imitation of a line of Milton's; "Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin."

And now the greie-cyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the weſt:
Forth from the eaſterne gatte the fierie ſteedes
Of the bright ſunne awaytyng ſpirits leedes:
The ſunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jerne gledes,
And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie;
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteedes, and hid his lyghtſome raye,

The deſcription of *Salisbury Plain* is pictureſque and animated. In that part of it which relates to the worſhip of the ancient *Brutons*, Mr. Tyrwhitt propoſes to ſubſtitute *vyſimes* for *vyſualle*, an ingenious, but perhaps unneceſſary emendation. The ſtanza of Prior was his model for verſification, in this poem, as well as the *Tournament*, &c. The origin and uſe of *Stonebenge*, he might find in modern works. Though he could have no acceſs to *Malmesbury*, and other Latin chroniclers, he might take many particulars from *Hollinſhed*, who has tranſlated them. The names of the *Norman* warriors he might find in *Fuller's "Church Hiſtory."* He had but few *Saxon* names to which he might refer; of the *Normans*, he had a liſt of eight hundred. He borrowed his Homeric images from the verſions of *Chapman* and *Pope*, in the latter of which he found theſe alluſions dreſſed out in all the ſplendid ornaments of the eighteenth century. The prolix circumſtantial compariſon, which did not exiſt in the fifteenth century, but was imported into our poetry by *Spenser*, affords a proof, excluding all impoſition, that the *Battle of Haſtings* is the forgery of Chatterton.

The interlude of the *Tournament* has ſome beautiful and nervous lines; particularly the deſcription of *Battayle* and *Pleaſure*, in the chorus of *Minſtrelles*, that opens with—*When Battayle, meſſbyng, &c.* Compare this with *Collins's "Ode to Mercy,"* and the marks of imitation will be ſufficiently evident. The *Briſtowe Tragedy*, or the *Debt of Syr Charles Barodin*, has little but its pathetic ſimplicity to recommend it. It has nothing ingenious in the plot, or ſtriking in the execution. It is, however, clear and intelligible; and ranks with the beſt imitations of the ancient tragic ballad.

The *Eclogues* are not inferior to the beſt compositions of that kind, either ancient or modern. The *fiſt* paſtoral bears a remote reſemblance to the *fiſt* eclogue of *Virgil*, and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the ſtate of England during the civil wars between the houſes of *York* and *Lancaster*. The thoughts and images are all truly paſtoral; and it is impoſſible to read it without expe-

riencing those lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inspire. The *second* pastoral is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holy Land. It is supposed to be sung by a young shepherd, whose father is absent in the Holy War; and the burden is happily imagined.

Sprytes of the blest, and every seynete ydedde,
Pour out your pleasaunce on my fadre's hedde.

Before he has concluded his song, he is cheered by the sight of the vessel, in which his father returns victorious. The *third* pastoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality. It is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The last of these pastorals, called *Elinoure and Juga*, is one of the finest pathetic tales in our language. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral. The beautiful stanza beginning *No moe the misfynette shall wake the morne*, seems to be an imitation of a stanza in Gray's "Elegy."

The *Songe to Ælla* is an admirable specimen of his abilities in lyric composition. The following stanza is eminently beautiful.

O thou, where'er (thie bones att reste)
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whether uponne the bloud embrewed pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst from farre
The dysmal crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountain made of corse of fleyne.

Those who can suppose that this stanza was written in the fifteenth century, must be very little acquainted with the style and manner of our poetry in that period. Only change the orthography, and it is perfectly modern.

O thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood embrued plain,
Or where thou kenn'st from far
The dismal cry of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corpse of slain.

The original MS. is written in long lines, like a prose composition, as was usual three hundred years ago, when parchment was scarce; but it was surely less difficult to write it on parchment, in "lines not kept distinct in the manner of prose," than to be the author of it.

The *Balade of Charitie* is an imitation of the most beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan. The poetical descriptions are truly picturesque. We feel the horror of the dark cold night; we see the *big drops fall*, and the *full flocks driving o'er the plain*; the *welkin opens*, and the *yellow lightning flies*; the *thunder's rattling sound moves slowly on*, and, *swelling, bursts into a violent crash, shakes the high spire, &c.* The note which accompanied this pastoral to the publisher of the "Town and Country Magazine," is dated Bristol, July 4. 1770, only a month before his death. "If the glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the sentiment, description, and versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati." In addition to the internal proofs that it was a composition of the day, the following stanza, in which he alludes to his own deserted situation, carries melancholy conviction to the mind that it was the composition of Chatterton.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-houfe, afshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The smaller pieces are not without merit. There is much elegant satire in the two *Epistles to Canynge* prefixed to *Ælla*; and some strokes of pleasantry in the *Storie of Canynge*.

The poems contained in the *Miscellanies* and *Supplement*, acknowledged by Chatterton to be his own composition, have been thought inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If there is any inequality, at least the same hand appears in both. Imagination in a young mind is not always just. Rowley has his faults as well as Chatterton; but both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. If some of Chatterton's avowed pieces are scarcely to be inspected with all the

severity of criticism, it should be remembered, that the poems attributed to Rowley are by no means uniformly excellent. It should also be remembered, that Chatterton lavished all his powers on the counterfeit Rowley, with whom he intended to astonish or deceive the world; that the pieces he produced as written by him, were composed with one uniform object in view, and in a state of leisure and repose. "In his own character," says Mr. Croft, "he painted for booksellers and bread, in Rowley's for fame and eternity." Considerable allowance ought to be made for the exercises of his infantine years; for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment; for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a schoolfellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence.

His *Miscellanies* contain the same even and flowing versification as the others, the same strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and, in general, display the same premature abilities. "Nothing in Chatterton," says Lord Orford, "can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which,ameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it affected most, to be a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed."

In the *Elegy on Thomas Philips, of Fairford*, probably his old master, there are some descriptive stanzas not unworthy of the author of *Ælla*, and the incomparable chorus of *Goddwyn*.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, fable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white furies to the sounding shore.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew, &c.

That he was capable of writing on a religious subject, with great appearance of devotion, is evident from his *Ode on Resignation*, first published in "Love and Madness," in which we scarcely know, whether most to admire the piety of the sentiments, or the beauty of the poetry. The last stanza is eminently beautiful.

His *African Eclogues*, though unconnected and unequal, contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first, and are animated, expressive, and harmonious:

High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung;
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance;
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

The simile in the second eclogue, beginning, *So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep, &c.*, is not perfectly correct; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

Of the poem *On Happiness*, inserted in "Love and Madness," Mr. Croft tells us, "that Catcott, talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton said, he had never yet thought on the subject; but that he would. The next day he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness." The poem, consisting of upwards of a hundred lines, is undoubtedly irreligious; but it bears the strongest marks of genius, sagacity, and acuteness, and convinces us of the great extent and variety of his abilities.

The poem, called *Apostate Will*, written when he was eleven years and almost five months old, appears to have been aimed at somebody who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted in the Established Church. It shows the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which was

his fort, if any thing can be called his fort, who excelled in every thing he undertook; and that he was then no stranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity, mentioned in his sister's letter.

The *Confuliad*, a political piece, written at Bristol, and in the highest strain of party scurrility, has some strokes of satire in a superior style. The introductory lines are animated and poetical. The *Prophecy*, written apparently a short time after, is in the best style of Swift, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions.

The satire of Chatterton has the poignancy and sometimes the coarseness of Churchill. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his models for versification; but he has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terseness and refinement of Pope.

In his *Saxon Poems*, written in the style of Ossian, he has not improved upon an indifferent model. They are full of wild imagery and inconsistent metaphor, with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

Of the prose compositions of Chatterton, the *Adventures of a Star*, the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, the *Hunter of Oddities*, *Tony Selwood's Letter*, &c. display considerable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonstrate the keenness of his observation, and his quickness in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himself to any situation. A considerable fund of reading in Magazines, Reviews, &c. which Mr. Warton observes, "form the *school of the people*," had prepared him well to exercise the profession of a periodical writer.

Antiquities, however, constituted his favourite study, and in them his genius always appears to the greatest advantage; even the most humorous of his pieces, *Tony Selwood's Letter*, derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient customs. In the *Christmas Games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, and in his *Essay on Sculpture*, there is much of that peculiar learning in British antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems. His *Will*, written before he left Bristol, throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscriptions, not indeed grammatically, but sufficient to answer the purposes to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing, it appears, that he would not allow David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his Psalms, because *a great genius can affect any thing, that is, assume any character and mode of writing he pleases*. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. The pieces signed *Asaphides*, do not appear to be Chatterton's. He almost always signed himself *D. B.*, the initials of his first Latin signature, *Dunhelmus Bristolienfis*. The story of *Maria Friendless*, which Chatterton himself sent to the "Town and Country Magazine," probably for the sake of obtaining an immediate and necessary supply of money, is almost a literal transcript of the Letter of Misella in the "Rambler."

So versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged *history*, *architecture*, and *heraldry*. He wrote also a *Manks Tragedy*, which, if his forgeries had met with a more favourable reception than they did, he would doubtless have produced as an ancient composition. With the ardour of true genius, he aspired

————— petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The reputation of Chatterton does not rest solely on those works which he acknowledged as his own. His fairest claim to immortality is founded on the poems attributed to Rowley, which it seems now to be generally acknowledged were really of his own composition. The controversy which their publication excited is brought to an issue. The generality of the learned, since they were put in the plain track of inquiry, have acquiesced in the decision of the advocates for Chatterton's title. The conscious silence of the defenders of their antiquity sufficiently shows that little can be opposed to the proofs brought in support of his title to them.

A state of the controversy, which, both on account of its novelty and its merit, is the most curious and extraordinary, which, since the days of Bentley and Boyle, has divided the literary world, claims a place in the life of Chatterton; and the reader will not be inclined to consider it as unimportant,

nor deem it unworthy of such particular and elaborate discussion, when he peruses a list of the publications on both sides, and perceives that it has been honoured with the attention of gentlemen of the first erudition in the republic of letters, and reflects, that its determination affects not only the reputation of Chatterton, but "the great lines of the history of English poetry."

On the side of the question which asserts the authenticity of the poems, are the names of Langhorne (Monthly Review, 1777), Milles (Commentary, &c. 1782), Bryant (Observations, &c. 1782), Greene (Strictures on Malone, Warton, &c. 1782), Matthias (Essay on the Evidence, &c. 1783), and the author of "Observations on Rowley, and Remarks on Tyrwhitt's Appendix" (1782). The "Gentleman's Magazine" (1777) was on the same side. The "Critical Review" (1777) gave extracts, but no opinion. Dr. Gregory (Life of Chatterton, 1789) gives an abstract of the arguments on both sides, but no verdict of his own. He leans to the same side; but his candour and modesty exempt him from being considered as a partizan.

The publications of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant have been justly considered, not only as the most voluminous, but as the first, in point of learning and ingenuity, on this side of the question. Langhorne himself, a poet, "on first opening the poems," concluded "that they were *mock ruins*." Upon the testimony of Mr. Catcott, &c. he pronounced them "the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton." Mr. Matthias has delineated the leading objects of the controversy with great accuracy, perspicuity, and elegance. Though he himself espouses the authenticity of the poems, yet his book, having so strongly and faithfully represented the arguments on the other side of the question, is more calculated to overthrow than to confirm his own opinion. The objection is too forcible for the answer.

The arguments which the advocates of Rowley advance, are the asseverations of Chatterton, whom they themselves calumniate as "unprincipled," and who indeed contradicted himself in the very outset of his adventure; the testimonies of his friends, who thought him incapable of writing the poems; partial quotations from the poems, for a display of antiquated words and obscure expressions; quotations still more partial, from one or two old English poets, in order to show how *possible* it was for them to produce, now and then, an harmonious coincidence of words; and the incompetency of Chatterton, both as to his genius and acquired knowledge, to this literary fraud.

"They who are willing," says Dr. Milles, "to think Chatterton's time and abilities equal to all that is attributed to him, must consider the great compass and variety of knowledge necessary to qualify him for so extensive a forgery. He must have been conversant, to a certain degree, with the language of our ancient poets, with the meaning and inflexion of their words, and with the rules of grammar which they observed. He must have formed a vocabulary from their books, which must have been previously read and understood by him, as the groundwork of his imitation, and undoubtedly the most difficult part of the undertaking."

To the truth of these observations, an advocate for Chatterton may in a great degree subscribe, without being convinced that he was unequal to the task in question. Chatterton was an extraordinary instance of prematurity of abilities, such as Wotton, Barretier, Psalmanazar, Crichton, Servin, &c. Common glossaries and dictionaries, Speght, Kersey, Bailey, &c. furnished him with most of the obsolete terms which he has introduced, and common histories, Geoffry of Monmouth, Hollinshed, Fox, Fuller, Camden, &c. with most of the facts he has alluded to.

The leading object of Mr. Bryant's work is to prove, that Chatterton could not have been the author of the poems; because, in a variety of instances, he appeared not to understand them. There is something specious in this plea; but the learned writer has egregiously failed in his proofs. He has invented "meanings never meant," and discovered allusions never intended; and, deluded by his own fancy, has made the most whimsical hypotheses the ground of his argument; so that, because Chatterton did not anticipate his conjectures, he must be ignorant of Rowley's meaning! This is to make the error, in order to correct it. Chatterton undoubtedly mistook the meaning of several words; but the mistake equally concerns the poet and the glossarist. Mr. Bryant would confine every mistake, both as to words and things, to the last; and produces a list of upwards of fifty terms to "demonstrate" his proposition; but his reasonings, in almost every instance, are futile, and his inferences forced and unnatural. Speght, Kersey, and Bailey, in whom Chatterton confided, will explain the whole.

The observations of Mr. Matthias on the *power of genius*, and what he calls the *capability* of the English language, carry little force or conviction with them. His example is Homer. The case of Rowley and Homer is exceedingly different. We have real ground to proceed on when we speak

of the poetry of Rowley's age; but nothing better than imaginary, when speaking of the age of Homer. The ancients were convinced that Homer had some models to guide him; and it is highly reasonable to suppose it. But the point in dispute is not, whether Rowley might not have been *superior* to every other poet of his day, but whether there is any ground in reason to suppose, or whether experience will warrant the supposition, that he should be *essentially* and almost totally *different* in language, in mode of composition, in harmony, in metre, in allusions, in references, in observations, in sentiment, and in every thing that falls within the compass of what is called taste, from not only a few, but from *all* the writers of his own and of every preceding age? The defenders of Rowley must assent to this proposition in its fullest extent; a proposition to which the mind almost instinctively revolts, and which the experience of mankind universally contradicts.

Among the advocates of Chatterton, are the names of Tyrwhitt (Appendix to the octavo edition of Rowley, 1777, and Vindication of the Appendix, 1782), Croft (Love and Madness, 1780), Scott (Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, and Poetical Works, 1782), the Earl of Orford (Two Letters printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779), Badcock (Monthly Review, 1782), Warton (Hist. of English Poetry, vol. 2. and Inquiry, &c. 1782). Malone (Cursory Observations, 1782); Gray, Mason, Hayley, Pye, Preston, Percy, Mickle, Headley, Johnson, Knox, Dyer, &c. The "Critical Review" (1782), and "Gentleman's Magazine" (1782), joined the party, which denies the authenticity of the poems.

The publications of Mr. Warton, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, and the masterly critique of Mr. Badcock, have deservedly been considered as the first, in point of consequence, on this side of the question, and indeed decisive of the controversy.

"Insignificant as it may seem," says Mr. Warton, "the determination of this question AFFECTS THE GREAT LINES OF THE HISTORY OF POETRY, AND EVEN OF GENERAL LITERATURE." If it should at last be decided, that these poems were really written so early as the reign of King Edward IV., the entire system that hath been framed concerning the prepossession of poetical composition, and every theory that has been established on the gradual improvement of taste, style, and language, will be shaken and disarranged."

The first serious objection which occurs, against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, the *Challenge to Lydgate*, the *Song to Ælla*, and *Lydgate's Answer*, contained in one parchment, and the account of *W. Canynge's Feast*, the Epitaph on Robert Canynge, and part of the *Story of W. Canynge*; the whole not containing more than 124 verses. If he *had* been in possession of the original MSS. of *Ælla*, *Battle of Hastings*, &c. what should have hindered his producing them? If he wished to give credit to his pretensions, how could he better have effected his purpose than by showing his originals? What *could* have been his motive for destroying them, upon the supposition of his having possessed them? This question was never answered. The fact was, Chatterton confined his attempts at forging MSS. to smaller pieces; but in these he failed. How much more would he have failed in poems of any considerable length? The attempt was too daring even for his adventurous pen.

The first parchment, containing 66 verses, has since been lost; but there can be no difficulty in pronouncing it a forgery, as the correspondence itself, between *Lydgate* and the supposed Rowley, is plainly fictitious. Dr. Milles says, "that the hand in which the story of Canynge is written, is somewhat different from the *Account of Canynge's Feast*;" and Mr. Tyrwhitt adds, "that the hand in which the *Epitaph on Robert Canynge* is written, differs entirely from both." They could not both, therefore, have been written by Rowley. The archetype of the *fac simile* of *Canynge's Feast* is evidently a forgery. It contains no species of handwriting that ever existed in any age, and could only have been read by the person who wrote it.

The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and upon good grounds. He is not so much as noticed by William of Wycestre, who lived about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. "Bale," says Lord Orford, "who lived near two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity," has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted. The manner in which they are said to have been preserved is improbable. That title deeds, relating to the church, or even historical records, might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church, is sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have been consigned

to a chest with six keys, kept in a private room, with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be intrusted, not to the heads of a college or any literary society, but to aldermen and churchwardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider, that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value.

No writings, or chest, deposited in Redcliffe church, are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected; nor any books, except two, called "*Ligers cum integra legenda*," which he leaves to be used occasionally in the choir, by the two chaplains established by him.

To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books, out of the line of common reading, Mr. Warton observes, that the *Old Library* at Bristol, was, during his lifetime, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott, who wrote on the "*Deluge*," the brother of Mr. George Catcott the pewterer. He adds, that Mr. Catcott, the clergyman, always looked on Chatterton's pretensions with suspicion, and regarded the poems, which he attributed to Rowley, as the spurious productions of his own pen.

Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Wyrcestre (that is, as far as it respects his taking orders, and paying a fine to the king, may be found in the epitaph on *Master Canynge*, still remaining to be read by every person, both in Latin and English, in Redcliffe Church, which indeed appears to be the authority that William of Wyrcestre himself has followed.

Chatterton's account also of Redcliffe steeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, "in which," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire."

As to the old vellum, or parchment on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, Mr. Malone observes, that "at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds (of which there were many in the Bristol chest), there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in breadth;" and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the longest fragment which he has exhibited, viz. eight and a half inches long, and four and a half broad. Mr. Ruddall attests that Chatterton practised experiments to give the ink and parchments which he produced the colour and the stain of antiquity.

In point of *style, composition, sentiment, and versification*, the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century which is said to have produced them.

It was easy for Chatterton to copy ancient words, but it was by no means so easy for him to copy ancient style. Here lies the mean defect in the imposition; and by *this*, and *this* alone, the controversy may be fairly decided to the satisfaction of every person of taste and judgment. The old words thickly laid on, form an antique crust on the language, which at first view imposes on the view; but which, on examination, appears not to belong originally to it. It was put on the better to cover the imposition; but like most impositions, it is overloaded with disguise, and discovers itself by the very means which were designed to hide it. The language is too ancient for the date of the poems. It is only necessary to refer the reader to the "*Paston Letters*," published by Sir John Fenn, to the "*Nut-brown Maid*," to the "*Prophecies*," printed at London in 1533, all works coeval with the supposed Rowley, to convince him that the language was at that time completely different from Chatterton's forgery. The papers of state in the reign of Henry VI. are as modern and good English as those of Henry VIII. It is not the language of any particular period, or particular province. The words are Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, and Scottish and English. We have provincial terms of the north and of the south; we have Chaucer, and Pope, and Skelton, and Gray, and that frequently within the short compass of a single verse. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. He borrowed his ancient language, not from the usage of common life, but from lexicographers, and copied their mistakes. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake.

The style is evidently modern. Our old English poets are minute and particular; they do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, but even in the course of narration or description dwell on realities. But the counterfeit Rowley adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphysical imagery, and incidental personification. The poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, capricious extravagancies, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies. But Rowley's poems

present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, constitutions, usages, and characters. They contain no violent or gross improprieties. One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry is a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion to pages of langour and mediocrity, affected conceits of expression, dull and trite reflections, or tedious and unadorned narratives. The poems of Rowley are uniformly good. They are the productions, not only of genius but of taste; a taste which could not possibly have been acquired on a sudden, or by any spontaneous efforts, or by a penetration or feeling which anticipated the improvements of a polished age, but by an intimate acquaintance with the manners and sentiments of the present times, and a diligent study of the best productions of our modern poets.

"These poems exhibit," says Mr. Warton, "both in connection of words and sentences, a facility of combination, a quickness of transition, a rapidity of apostrophe, a frequent variation of force and phrase, and a firmness of contexture, which must have been the result of a long establishment of the arts and habits of writing. The versification is equally vigorous and harmonious, and is formed on a general elegance and stability of expression. It is remarkable, that whole stanzas sparkle with that brilliancy which did not appear in our poetry, till towards the middle of the present century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style belonging to those models, which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses."

"If a modern corrector," he adds, "has been at work, he has apparently been so very busy, as to leave but little or none of the original. His file has worn what it polished. If the poetry before us should have been only corrected or interpolated by parts, I believe there will be no difficulty in drawing the line of distinction between the respective property of Rowley and Chatterton; for such corrections and interpolations appear to consist, not only in words and hemistichs, but in a suite of stanzas, in pages of considerable length, and such as have been the favourite of the public, and have been distinguished for their poetical beauties."

There appears in these poems none of that *learning* which peculiarly marks all the compositions of the fifteenth century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and classical allusions, knight-errantry and ancient history, sculpture, and romance, religion, and chivalry. Ovid and St. Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the fathers; and the whole would have been interspersed with allusions to the old romances: The round table, with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram, and Charlemagne would have been constantly cited. Poems from such an author would have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of scripture, and address to the saints and Blessed Virgin, instead of apostrophes to such allegorical divinities, as Truth, and Content, and others of Pagan original.

The *metre* of the old English poetry is totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first quatrains of which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an Alexandrine; no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate, or Gower. Spenser extended the *octava rima* of Chaucer to nine lines, closing with an Alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth. This last, of which examples have been multiplied, was Chatterton's model. Mr. Warton observes, that *the unvaried and habitual exactness of the modulation of the final Alexandrine*, in the poems of Rowley, excludes their claim to antiquity. "Had the supposed Rowley," he adds, "written Alexandrines, he would not have exceeded Spenser and equalled Dryden in the music of versification."

Notwithstanding the affectation of ancient language, the tinsel of *modern phraseology* may, in too many instances, be detected. Such phrases as *puerilitie*; *before his optics*; *blameless tongue*; the authoure of the *piece*; vessel wreckt upon the *tragic sand*; *proto-sleyne*, &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, "systers in sorrow;" "Ah, what availde," "Oh, thou, whate'er thie name," &c. with a number of compound epithets, such as, *guile-depeynted*; *nome-depeynted*, *blodde-sleyned*; *swift-berved*; *gore-red*; *super-ballie*, &c. and other terms of expression and allusions evidently modern.

To these may be added some *anachronisms*, such as the art of *knitting stockings*, alluded to in the tragedy of *Ælla*, which was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV. and a great variety of *particular and appropriate imitations* of modern poets. Such coincidences as the following are so palpable,

that it seems to be out of the power of prejudice itself to evade the inference which arises from them.

O for a muse of fire! *Shak. Hen. V.*

O forr a spryte al feere! *Ælla.*

His beard all white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole. *Hamlet.*

Blacke his cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe. *Ælla.*

And tears began to flow. *Dryd. Alex. Feast.*

And teares beganne to flowe. *Syr C. Barudin.*

No, no he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Mie love is dedde,
Gone to his deathe-bedde. *Ælla.*

Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaknell'd. *Hamlet, Pope's Edit.*

Unburled, undelyvre, unespryte. *Goddwyn.*

Their souls from corpses unaknell'd depart. *Bat. of Hast. p. 1.*

The gray goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet. *Chevy Chase.*

The gray-goose pyneon that thereon was fett,
Eftsoons wyth smoking crymson bloud was wet. *Bat. of Hast.*

With such a force and vehement might,
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side,
A large cloth yard and more. *Chevy Chase.*

With thilk a force it did his body gore,
That in his tender guts it entered,
In veritie a full cloth-yard or more. *Bat. of Hast.*

Clos'd his eyes in endlefs night. *Gray's Bard.*

He clos'd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte. *Bat. of Hast.*

Of the forms of composition adopted by the supposed Rowley, such as *Odes, Eclogues, Discoursing Tragedies, &c.* not one example could be found in England in the fifteenth century. Plays, if any existed, were nothing more than a ballad, or solitary recital, without plot or dialogue, and incapable of representation.

The similarity of manner, language, versification, &c. in the poems said to have been written by *Canyng, Sir Thybbot Gorges, John Iscam, and John, Abbot of St. Augustine*, who is said to have died in 1215, is an objection to their authenticity. If Rowley possessed a talent of writing melodiously, unknown to his contemporaries, it is not easy to conceive how he could communicate to his friends the same miraculous endowment. All Rowley's friends write with his spirit; their lines are equally harmonious, and the versification has the same suspicious cast of modern manufacture. *Sir Thybbot Gorges* sings with the ease and airiness of a poet, who has only antiquity in the spelling of his name.

Mie husbande, Lord 'Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne or the baskette, &c.

Dynge Maistre Canynge is a poet so much like the *gode priefte*, that Dr. Milles, like a true commentator, supposes, that "Rowley might give his friend and patron the credit of the performance." The same pen undoubtedly produced what is called *Canyng's*, &c. as well as what is called *Rowley's*; but that pen was Chatterton's.

Such is the conclusion which the present writer has formed, from an examination of the arguments on both sides of this curious literary question. He hesitates not to declare, that his opinion respecting the authenticity of the poems is on the side of those who support the title of Chatterton. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt have convicted them of being spurious, by technical criterions. He esteemed it, therefore, a part of his duty to arrange them with the compositions of a modern era. But, though he cannot entertain a doubt but that they were written by Chatterton, yet he means

not to dictate to others. He has expressed his dissent from the opinion of those who defend their authenticity, without being influenced by the authority of names. He has stated his observations as they rose in his mind, from a consideration of the facts, without being influenced by the force of ridicule. He has expressed his feelings as those of a reader, who, though he respects the study of antiquities, dislikes the blind prejudices of the mere antiquary. It was impossible for him to peruse a state of this controversy, without smiling at the delusion and gravity of those learned gentlemen, who have all their lives dealt in uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. The question, in his opinion, is as much a matter of taste as it is of learning, and is more to be decided by internal evidence than by external facts. The man of *taste*, who has a moderate at least, if not a critical knowledge of the compositions of our poets from Chaucer to Pope, *feels* every argument on this head to be decisive, by an emotion which is superior to all laboured reasonings, but which, nevertheless, every reason and every examination, still more strongly serve to support. It is the taste in the poems of the supposed Rowley that will for ever exclude them from belonging to the period in which, it is said, they were written. Superiority of genius could not possibly have produced any thing so perfect and refined, in language, structure, and sentiment, as those poems, by any native effort of its own, unassisted by preceding improvements, and independent of all models; for poetry, like other branches of literature and science, has its gradual accessions, is influenced by the condition of society, assumes accidental and arbitrary forms, and is subject to new and peculiar modifications.

"It is not," says Dr. Warton, "from the complexion of ink or of parchment, from the information of contemporaries, the tales of relations, the recollection of apprentices, and the prejudices of friends, nor even from Doomsday Book, pedigrees in the heralds office, armorial bearings, parliamentary rolls, inquisitions, indentures, episcopal registers, epitaphs, tomb-stones, and brass-plates, that this controversy is to be finally and effectually adjusted. Our argument should be drawn from principles of taste, from analogical experiments, from a familiarity with ancient poetry, and from the gradations of composition. Such a proof, excluding all imposition, liable to no deception, and proceeding upon abstracted truth, will be the surest demonstration. A man furnished with a just portion of critical discernment, and in the mean time totally unacquainted with the history of these poems, is sufficiently, perhaps most properly, qualified to judge of their authenticity. To such a person, unprepared and unprejudiced as he is by any previous intelligence, and a stranger to facts, let the poems be shown. I can easily conceive to which side of the question he will incline. Nor will he afterwards suffer his opinion to be influenced by reports. External arguments, such at least as have hitherto appeared, may be useful, but they are not necessary. They will hang out lights sometimes false, and frequently feeble. In the present case, external arguments have seldom served to any other purpose than to embarrass our reasoning, to mislead the inquisitive, and to amuse the ignorant."

At the shrine of Chatterton some grateful incense has been offered by the most elegant and pathetic poets of our nation. Mr. Pye, the present poet laureat, thus speaks of Chatterton, in his elegant and classical poem on the "Progress of Refinement."

Yet as with streaming eye the sorrowing muse
Pale Chatterton's untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair.

Mr. Preston, an elegant poet of a neighbouring kingdom, has distinguished Chatterton among the "martyrs of the lyre," in his pathetic "Epistle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himself to the Study of Poetry,"

Behold yon shade! he bears an antique roll,
With many a scutcheon clad and many a scroll!
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of *Bristowe's* plain,
Who pour'd in *Rowley's* garb his solemn strain;
A stripling scarcely, and yet more than man;
His race was ended ere it well began.
Th' indignant spirit tower'd o'er little men;
He look'd through nature with an angel's ken,
And scorn'd with conscious pride this petty stage,
The tardy homage of a thankless age.
The furies wrung his agonizing soul,
And desperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

The following lines in Mr. Hayley's excellent "Essay on Epic Poetry" are uncommonly animated and poetical.

If changing times suggest the pleasing hope
That bards no more with adverse fortune cope;
That in this alter'd clime, where arts increase,
And make our polish'd isle a second Greece;
That now, if poesy proclaims her son,
And challenges the wreath by fancy won;
Both fame and wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal grandeur makes his life her care;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on *Chatterton's* disastrous end.
Oh, ill-starr'd youth, whom nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign!
O dread example of what pangs await
Young genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the muse, who fir'd thy infant frame,
With the rich promise of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of critic pride;
What could her unavailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes;
From pressing want's calamitous controul,
And pride, the fever of the ardent soul?
Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her nursing in his deathful hour!
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to misery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,
On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
The hapless youth in speechless horror lies!
The pois'nous vial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd:
Pale with life-wasting pangs, its dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
He, in abhorrence of the dangerous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain detested wires,
And in the frenzy of despair expires!

Nor have the critical writers been backward in commendation of Chatterton.

Mr. Warton speaks of him as "a prodigy of genius," as "a singular instance of prematurity of abilities." He adds, that "he possessed a comprehension of mind, and an activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction." And Mr. Malone "believes him to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare." Dr. Gregory, to whom, in the course of this narrative, the present writer has had many obligations, says, "he must rank, as an universal genius, above Dryden, and perhaps only second to Shakspeare." Mr. Croft is still more unqualified in his praises. He asserts, that "no such human being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known." He runs a parallel between Chatterton and Milton; and asserts, "an army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers indeed fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being, who at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions. Under the Heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would have explained all, by bringing Apollo on earth; nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself."

The testimony of Dr. Knox ("Essay" 144), does equal credit to the classical taste and amiable benevolence of the writer, and the genius and reputation of Chatterton.

"When I read the researches of those learned antiquaries who have endeavoured to prove that the poems attributed to Rowley were really written by him, I observe many ingenious remarks in confirmation of their opinion, which it would be tedious, if not difficult, to controvert; but I no sooner turn to the poems, than the labour of the antiquaries appears only waste of time, and I am

involuntarily forced to join in placing that laurel, which he seems so well to have deserved, on the brow of Chatterton.

"The poems bear so many marks of superior genius, that they have deservedly excited the general attention of polite scholars, and are considered as the most remarkable productions in modern poetry. We have many instances of poetical eminence at an early age; but neither Cowley, Milton, nor Pope, ever produced any thing while they were boys, which can justly be compared to the poems of Chatterton. The learned antiquaries do not indeed dispute their excellence. They extol it in the highest terms of applause. They raise their favourite Rowley to a rivalry with Homer; but they make the very merit of the works an argument against the real author. Is it possible, say they, that a boy could produce compositions so beautiful and so masterly? That a common boy should produce them is not possible; but that they should be produced by a boy of an extraordinary genius, such a genius as was that of Homer and Shakspeare; such a genius as appears not above once in many centuries; though a prodigy, is such an one as by no means exceeds the bounds of rational credibility.

"That Chatterton was such a genius, his manners and his life in some degree evince. He had all the tremulous sensibility of genius, all its eccentricities, all its pride, and all its spirit. Even his death, unfortunate and wicked as it was, displayed a haughtiness of soul, which urged him to spurn a world, where even his exalted genius could not vindicate him from contempt, indigence, and contumely.

"Unfortunate boy! short and evil were thy days, but thy fame shall be immortal. Hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius—

"Unfortunate boy! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourning among us;—rudely wast thou treated,—forely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy; and there are, at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Severe too are the censures of thy morals. In the gloomy moments of despondency, I fear thou hast uttered impious and blasphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery spirit, nor thy situation, can excuse. But let thy more rigid censors reflect, that thou wast literally and strictly but a boy. Let many of thy bitterest enemies reflect what were their own religious principles, and whether they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. Surely it is a severe and an unjust surmise, that thou wouldst probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadst not finished it as thou didst; since the very act by which thou durst put an end to thy painful existence, proves that thou thoughtest it better to die, than to support life by theft or violence.

"The speculative errors of a boy who wrote from the sudden suggestions of passion or despondency, who is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculations, ought to be consigned to oblivion. But there seems to be a general and inveterate dislike to the boy, exclusively of the poet; a dislike which many will be ready to impute, and, indeed, not without the appearance of reason, to that insolence and envy of the little great, which cannot bear to acknowledge so transcendent and commanding a superiority in the humble child of want and obscurity.

"Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest; for "Cold he lies in the grave below." But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, poor Chatterton sunk in despair? Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is too late,—

For now he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.

"In return for the pleasure I have received from thy poems, I pay thee, poor boy, the trifling tribute of my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected. But they whom thou hast delighted, feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction. Thy sentiments, thy verse, thy rhyme, all are modern, all are thine. By the help of glossaries and dictionaries, and the perusal of many old English writers, thou hast been able to translate the language of the present time into that of former centuries. Thou hast built an artificial

PREFACE,

TO THE

First Edition, 8vo, 1777, published by THOMAS TYRWHITT, Esq.

THE poems which make the principal part of this collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given, in the introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume, subjoined to this preface. Nothing more, therefore, seems necessary at present, than to inform the reader shortly of the manner in which these poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS. having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in Farley's Weekly Journal, 1st October 1768, containing an account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge, taken, as it was said, from a very ancient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to inquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but, after much inquiry, it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-treet. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge that he had received this, together with many other MSS. from his father, who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church."

Soon after this, Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton; and, partly as presents, partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured

from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted), of all these productions, he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person to bear certain testimony either to his fraud, or to his veracity.

The question, therefore, concerning the authenticity of these poems, must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit, and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected, perhaps, that the editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent reader. He had long been desirous that these poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the poems be really ancient or modern, the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton, they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL PIECES.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

These three eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to, with the following title in the first page. "Eclogues, and other poems, by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations, by Thomas Chatterton."

There is only one other poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "Goddwyn, a Tragedie."

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

This poem is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there intituled, "Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, Secular Priest." And it has the following subscription: "D. B. Bristol, May 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the magazine.

The present editor has taken the liberty to supply (between hooks) the names of the speakers, at ver. 22. and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication, as the nature of the composition seems to require that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

These three small poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling), are set down below *.

* Verses to Lydgate.

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

Ver. 2. r. *That I and thee*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fygbte*, r. *wryte*.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "Songe to Ælle," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynn daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

Ver. 6. for *brastyng*, r. *burstyng*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

THE TOURNAMENT.

This poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to our Lady, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratchliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton, as one of Rowley's original MSS.), intituled, "Vita de Simon de Bourton;" in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation, in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

This poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edw. IV.; but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old Chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says, "Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.), was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford, and behedid at Bristow."

ÆLLA, a Tragycal Enterlude.

This poem, with the epistle, letter, and introduction, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott; in the beginning of which he has written "Chatterton's Transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

Ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene*.

Antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

Ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these poems by Chatterton, which differed from that which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. Chat. *Ladgate*.

Ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. Chat. *fygbte*.

Songe to Ælla.

Ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. Chat. *Dacy's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. Chat. *whose bayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. Chat. *beast*.

23. Orig. *honore*. Chat. *dysmal*.

26. Orig. *Tprauncynge*. Chat. *frayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. Chat. *glare*.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.

This fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS.

This poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

This poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was sent to the printer of the Town and Country Magazine, with the following letter prefixed.

To the printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

"SIR,

"If the glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the sentiment, description, and versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati."

July 4. 1770.

D. B."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No. 1.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No. 2.

In printing the first of these poems, two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing; the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked No. 1. was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton, with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the Tenth Century; and Translated by Thomas Rowlie, Parish-Preele of St. John's, in the City of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the Poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley; and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as ver. 530. inclusive, with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Esq." The lines from ver. 531. inclusive, were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCH.

ON THE SAME.

The first of these poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing furnished by Mr. Catcott, intituled, "A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie."

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

The thirty-four first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work attributed to Rowley; giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The reader may see several particulars relating to him in Camden's Britannia, Somerset'. Col. 95. Rymer's Fœdera, &c. ann. 1449. and 1450. Tanner's Not. Monast. Art. Bristol and Westbury. Dugdale's Warwickshire, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1456, is called Thomas by Stowe, in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza, is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the Town and Country Magazine for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdewile family. It is certain that the register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter, on 19th September 1457, and received the higher orders of Sub-Deacon, Deacon, and Priest, on the 12th of March 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPINESSE, by William Canynge.

ONNE JONNE A DALHENIE, by the same.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE.

Of these four poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, and that of *Goddwyn*; and a poem, ascribed to him, intituled, "The Merry Tricks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discorse of Bristowe." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. See Rot. Parl. 3. H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. Vol. VII. p. 98. He has also appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *mynstrelles songes* in *Ælla*. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October 1467: in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of "Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

THE WORKS OF CHATTERTON.

POEMS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO TYRWHITT'S EDITION.

THE reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton.

ECLOGUE I.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge 1 from her
lethal 2 wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte 3 the chayne
awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas honoure ledde the
fraie), [graie
Thanne inne a dael, bie eve's dark fuscote 4
Twayne lonelie shepsterres 5 dyd abrodden 6 flie
(The roystlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes af-
fraie 7),
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom
stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde, and thus yspoke.

Roberte.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme a-
longe,
Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
Our fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace sweeste as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enhaped 8 moe,
The baronnes warre! oh, woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped foe,
That lyff ytsel mie senses doe affraie.
Oh, Raufe! comme lyst, and hear mie der-
nie 9 tale,
Comme heare the balefull 10 dome of Robynne of
the Dale.

Raufe.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne:
O! I've a tale that Sabalus 11 mote 12 telle.

1 *Smetbing*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*,
but in the oral as above. 2 deadly. 3 pluck
or pull. 4 *fuscote*, a cloke or mantel, which hid
all the other dress. 5 shepherds. 6 abruptly; so
Chaucer—Syke he abrodden dyd attourne. 7 af-
fright. 8 Added. 9 sad. 10 woeful, lamentable.
11 the devil. 12 might.

Swote 13 flouretts, mantled meadows, forestes
dygne 14;
Gravots 15 far-kend 16 arounde the ermiets 17
cell:
The swote ribible 18 dynning 19 yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie 20
courte; [well,
Eke 21 the high songe and everych joie fare-
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte 22:
Impestering 23 trobble onn mie heade doe
commie,
Ne on kynde seyncte to warde 24 the aye 25 en-
creafynge dome.

Roberte.

Oh! I coude waile mie kyng-coppe-decked
mees 26,
Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges 27, and embodye 28
trees, [fyghte,
Mie Parker's Grange 29, far spreedyng to the
Mie cuyen 30 kyne 31, mie bullockes stringe 32
yn fyghte,
Mie gorne 33 emblaunched 34 with the com-
frie 35 plante,
Mie floure 36 Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe
the lyghte, [grant.
Mie flore of all the bleffynge Heaven can
I amm duresed 37 unto sorrowes blowe,
Ihanten'd 38 to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare
flowe.

13 Sweet. 14 good, neat, genteel. 15 groves;
sometimes used for a coppice. 16 far seen. 17 her-
mit. 18 violin. 19 sounding. 20 inn, or public-
house. 21 also. 22 pleasure. 23 annoying. 24 to
keep off. 25 ever, always. 26 meadows. 27 graft-
ed trees. 28 thick, stout. 29 liberty of pasture
given to the parker. 30 tender. 31 cows. 32 strong.
33 garden. 34 whitened. 35 cumfrey, a favou-
rite dish at that time. 36 marygold. 37 harden-
ed. 38 accustomed.

Raufe.

Here I wille obaie 39 untill dethe doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel 40 tree,
 Whyche sleaeth 41 everychone that commeth
 nere,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre 42.
 I to bement 43 haveth moe cause than thee;
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie 44 fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
 And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
 Calked 45 from everych joie, heere wvllle I
 blede; [stede.
 Fell ys the Gullys-yatte 46 of mie hartes castie

Roberte.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome 47 shal bee.
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn 48, ystroken 49 ys;
 Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
 Now from een logges 50 fledden is selynens 51,
 Mynsterres 52 alleyn 53 can boaste the hallie 54
 seyncte,
 Nowe doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse,
 And wyth her championnes gore her face de-
 peyncte;
 Peace fledde, disorder showeth her dark rode 55,
 And thorow ayr doth flie, yn garments steined
 with bloude.

ECLOGUE II.

SPRYTES I of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce 2 onn mie fadres hedde.
 Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede 3 sea doe the banners gleme 4;
 The amenused 5 nationnes be aston 6,
 To ken 7 syke 8 large a flete, syke fyne, syke
 brene 9. [streme;
 The barkis heafods 10 coupe 11 the lymed 12
 Oundes 13 synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake
 14 riele;
 The water slughornes 15 wythe a swotye 16
 cleme 17
 Conteke 18 the dynnynge 19 ayre, and reche
 the skies. [astedde 21,
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones 20
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.
 The gule 22 depeyncted 23 oares from the black
 tyde, [26 ryse;
 Decorn 24 wyth fonnes 25 rare, doe Aemrynge

39 Abide. This line is also wrote—"Here wylle
 I obaie untill dethe appere;" but this is modern-
 ized. 40 deadly. 41 destroyeth, killeth. 42 grow.
 43 lament. 44 much loved, beloved. 45 cast out,
 ejected. 46 alluding to the portcullis, which
 guarded the gate, on which often depended the
 castle. 47 fate. 48 my only son. 49 dead. 50 cot-
 tages. 51 happiness. 52 monasteries. 53 only.
 54 holy. 55 complexion.—1 Spirits, souls. 2 plea-
 sure. 3 broad. 4 shine, glimmer. 5 diminished, les-
 sened. 6 astonished, confounded. 7 see, discover,
 know. 8 such, so. 9 strong. 10 heads. 11 cut.
 12 glassy, reflecting. 13 waves, billows. 14 oak.
 15 a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy.
 16 sweet. 17 sound. 18 confuse, contend with.
 19 sounding. 20 thrones. 21 seated. 22 red. 23 paint-
 ed. 24 carved. 25. devices. 26 glimmering.

Upfwalynge 27 doe heie 28 fhewe ynne drierie
 pryde, [skyes;
 Lyche gore-red estells 29 in the eve 30 merk 31
 The nome-depeyncted 32 shields, the speres a-
 ryse,
 Alyke 33 talte roshes on the water syde
 Alenge 34 from bark to bark the bryghte
 sheene 35 flyes; [glyde.
 Sweft-kerv'd 36 delyghtes doe on the water
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich sayncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.
 The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe seere,
 That Englonde brondeous 37 sonnes do cotte
 the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth 38 here and
 there, [obaie 40.
 Onknowlache 39 inne whatte place to
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mittee 41 crosse Jerusalem ys seene;
 Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie 42,
 In balefull 43 dole their faces be ywreene 44.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.
 The bollengers 45 and cottes 45, soe swyfte yn
 fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
 Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
 Estfoones 46 hys squyer, with hys shield and spere.
 The jynnyng shields doe shemre and moke
 glare 47; [dynne;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted 48
 The reyning 49 foemen 50, thynckeynge gif 51
 to dare,
 Boun 52 the merk 53 swerde, theie seche to
 fraie 54, theie blyn 55.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.
 Now comm the warring Sarafyns to fyghte;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel 56 of warre,
 Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke seerie 57 gron-
 fers 58, dyghte 59,
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
 Syke haveth espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblet 60 ons to sheene fulle
 bryghte;
 Syke sunnys wayne 61 wyth amayl'd 62 beams
 doe barr [lyghte.
 The blaunchie 63 mone or estells 64 to gev

27 Rising high, swelling up. 28 they. 29 a
 corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a star. 30 evening.
 31 dark. 32 rebused shields; a herald term, when
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the
 bearer. 33 like. 34 along. 35 shine. 36 short-
 lived. 37 furious. 38 runneth. 39 not knowing.
 40 abide. 41 mighty. 42 affright. 43 woeful.
 44 covered. 45 different kinds of boats. 46 full
 soon, presently. 47 glitter. 48 united, assembled.
 49 running. 50 foes. 51 if. 52 make ready.
 53 dark. 54 engage. 55 cease, stand still. 56 a
 young lion. 57 flaming. 58 a meteor; from
gron, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is,
 a fire exhaled from a fen. 59 decked. 60 small,
 insignificant. 61 carr. 62 enamelled. 63 white, sil-
 ver. 64 stars.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte 65 affraie 66, wythe lockes of
blodde-red die,

Terrnure, emburled 67 yn the thonders rage,
Dethe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsumme 68
flie, [wage.

Enchafynge 69 echone champyonne war to
Speeres bevyll 70 speres; swerdes upon swerdes
engage;

Armoure on armoure dynn 71, shielde upon
shielde;

No dethe of thousandes can the warre assuage,
Botte falleyng numbers sable 72 all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles 73 hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
Kynge Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe
flie,

And beereth meynthe 74 of Turkes onto the
greene;

Bie hymn the floure of Asies meen ys sleene 75;
The walyng 76 mone doth fade before hys
sonne; [deene 77,

Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions
Doeyng fyke marvels 78, strongers be aston 79.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde mas-
ter is;

The Englonde banner kisseth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys 80,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre 81;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worichepped
there,

Twyghte 82 into lovyng armes, and feasted
eft 83;

In everych eyne ardyng nete of wyere 84,
Of all remembrance of past payne bereste.

Sprites of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol 85 sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swifte as the wishe, he toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre sleppeynge from the bryne.

Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meet-
yng prove.

ECLOGUE III.

WOULD'ST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, ferche the logges 1 and bordels 2 of the
hynde 3;

65 Distracting. 66 affright. 67 armed. 68 terri-
bly. 69 encouraging, heating. 70 break, a herald
term signifying a spear broken in tilting. 71 sounds.
72 blacken. 73 waves. 74 many, great num-
bers. 75 slain. 76 decreasing. 77 glorious, wor-
thy. 78 wonders. 79 astonished. 80 certainly.
81 brow. 82 plucked, pulled. 83 often. 84 grief,
trouble. 85 swoln.—1 Lodges, huts. 2 cottages.
3 servant, slave, peasant.

Gyff 4 theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made
arte, [kynde 7.

Inne hem 5 you see the blakied 6 forme of
Haveth your mynde a lycheyng 8 of a mynde?

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote 9
bee? [the hynde,

Woulde ytte here phraze of the vulgar from
Without wiseegger 10 wordes and knowlache 11
free?

Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche iche dysporte-
yng 12 pende;

Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.
Manne.

Botte whether, sayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie!

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wille not bee affeiled 13 naie.

Womanne.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle,

To hele 14 hem at makeyng of haie.

Manne.

Syr Rogerre, the parson, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke 15 and we'lle synge, and wille
drenche 16 of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

Womanne.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the chyrche

With birlette 17 golde,

Wythe gelten 18 aumeres 19 stronge ontolde,

What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

Manne.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge over the lea;

Ich ask whie the lovers 20 son

Is moe than mee.

Syr Rogerre.

The sweltrie 21 sonne dothe hie apace hys
wayne 22,

From everich beme a seme 23 of lyfe doe falle;

Swythyn 24 scille 25 oppe the haie uponne the
playne; [talle.

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre 26

Thys ys alyche our doome 27; the great, the
smalle, [darte.

Moste withe 28 and bee forwyned 29 by deathis
See! the swote 30 flourette 31 hathe noe swote
at alle;

Itte wythe the ranke wede breathe evalue 32
parte.

4 If. 5 a contraction of *them*. 6 naked, origi-
nal. 7 nature. 8 liking. 9 might. The sense
of this line is, Would you see every thing in its
primæval state. 10 wise-egger, a philosopher.
11 knowledge. 12 sporting. 13 answered. 14 aid,
or help. 15 work. 16 drink. 17 a hood, or co-
vering for the back part of the head. 18 gilded.
19 borders of gold and silver, on which was laid
thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not un-
like the present spangled laces. 20 lord. 21 sul-
try. 22 car. 23 seed. 24 quickly, presently.
25 gather. 26 grow. 27 fate. 28 a contraction
of *with*. 29 dried. 30 sweet. 31 flower. 32 equal.

The cravant 33 warrioure, and the wyse be
blente 34, [ment 35.

Alyche to drie awaye wythe those theie dyd be-
Manne.

All-a-boon 36, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,

Bye yer preestichype nowe saie unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte who lyveth harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee moe greates,
Inne honnoure, knyghthoode and estate?

Syr Rogerre.

Attourne 37 thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie 38 loke arounde the chaper 39 delle 40;
An answer to thie barganette 41 here see,
Thys welked 42 flourette wylle a lesen telle:
Arist 43 it blew 44, itte florished and dyd welle,
Lokeynge ascaunce 45 upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned 46 greene yttes rennome 47
felle. [playne,

Eftsoones 48 ytte shronke upon the daie-brente 49
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd
flonde, [honde,

To croppe ytt in the bodde move somme dred
Syke 50 ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds 51
ente 52

Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea 53;
Gyf thou has ethe 54, the shadowe of contente,
Believe the trothe 55, theres none moe haile 56
yan thee. [bee?

Thou wurchest 57; welle, canne thatte a troble
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest
daie.

Couldest thou the kivercled 58 of foughlys 59 see,
Thou wouldest eftsoones 60 see trothe ynne
whatte I saie; [thenne

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

Manne.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne 61,
And eere mie wurch is don

I synge a songe or twayne 62.

I followe the plough-tayle,

Wythe a longe jubb 63 of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syr preeste mote notte crie woe,

Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beste heie deygnes 64,

And foile 65 the wyfest feygnes 66,

On everych seynetes hie daie

Wythe the mynstrelle 67 am I seene,

All a footeynge it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,

In rennome, tenure, and estate.

Syr Rogerre.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste 68 braunces 69 rechen far toe
fyghte;

When suied 70 unwers 71 doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere 72 yn dole 73 and moke af-
fryghte. [dyghte 76,

Whylest the congeon 74 flowrette abessie 75

Stondethe unhurte, unquaced 77 bie the storme:

Syke is a picte 78 of lyffe: the manne of myghte

Is tempest-chast 79, hys woe greate as hys forme,

Thiefse a flowrette of a small accounte,

Wouldest harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee
dydste mounte.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne 1 bank twa pynynge may-
dens sate, [cleere;

Their tears faste dryppeynge to the waterre:

Ecchone bementynge 2 for her absente mate,

Who at Seyncte Albonns shouke the morth-
ynge 3 speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre [eyne.

Dyde speke acroole 4, wythe languishment of
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed 5 the quyv-
ryng brine.

Elinoure.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie 6 plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte 7 in
stele;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Ro-
berte wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;

See! see! upon the ground he bleedynge lies

Inhild 8 some joice 9 of lyffe, or else mie deare love
dies.

Juga.

Systers in forrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke,

Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;

Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene
danke:

Lyche levynde 10 okes in eche the odher bente,

Or lyche forletten 11 halles of merrimente,

Whose gastlie mitches 12 holde the train of
fryghte 13, [the nyghte.

Where lethale 14 ravens bark, and owlets wake

Elinoure.

No moe the myskynette 15 shall wake the morne,

The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and mor-
ryce plaie;

33 Coward. 34 ceased, dead, no more. 35 la-
ment. 36 a manner of asking a favour. 37 turn.
38 carefully, with circumspection. 39 dry, fun-
burnt. 40 valley. 41 a song, or ballad. 42 wi-
thered. 43 arisen, or arose. 44 blossomed. 45 dis-
dainfully. 46 disdained. 47 glory. 48 quickly.
49 burnt. 50 such. 51 lord's. 52 a purse, or bag.
53 flay. 54 ease. 55 truth. 56 happy. 57 work-
est. 58 the hidden or secret part of. 59 souls.
60 full soon, or presently. 61 car. 62 two. 63 a
bottle. 64 a country dance, still practised in the
north. 65 battle. 66 a corruption of *seints*. 67 a
minstrel is a musician.

68 Unbounded. 69 branches. 70 furious. 71 tem-
pests, storms. 72 dire. 73 dismay. 74 dwarf. 75 hu-
mility. 76 decked. 77 unhurt. 78 picture. 79 tem-
pest-beaten.—1 Rudborne (in Saxon, red water),
a river near St. Albans, famous for the battles there
fought between the houses of Lancaster and York.
2 lamenting. 3 murdering. 4 faintly. 5 glisten-
ed. 6 sad complaint. 7 arrayed, or cased. 8 in-
fuse. 9 juice. 10 blasted. 11 forsaken. 12 ruins.
13 fear. 14 deadly, or deathboding. 15 a small
bagpipe.

No more the amblyng palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel 16 rouze the foxe awaie;
 I'll seeke the foreste all the lyve-longe daie;
 All nete amonge the gravde chyrche 17 glebe
 wyll goe, [of woe.
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture 18 mie tale
 [Fuga.]

Whan mokie 19 cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden 20 moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
 The tryppeygne faeries weve the golden dreame
 Of felyneis 21, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
 Then (botte the feynctes forbydde!) gif to a
 spryte [straughte:
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll hold dy-
 Hy bledeynge claie colde corse, and die eche daie
 ynn thoughte.

Elinoure.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can
 shewe! [bleede
 Thou limed 21 ryver, on thie linche 23 maie
 Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie
 waterres flowe, [deede!
 And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme in-
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
 To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
 Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne
 the plain.
 Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
 Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees 24,
 To where Seyncte Albonsholie shrynes remayne.
 There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
 were slayne, [bornes fyde,
 Distraughte 23 theie wandered to swollen Rud-
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,
 and dyde.

TO JOHNE LADGATE

(Sent with the following songe to Ælla.)

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fytthe ytt must needes
 be foe,
 Thatt thou and I a bowtyng match must have,
 Lette ytt ne breakynge of ould friendshyppe bee,
 Thys ys the onelic ail-a-boone I crave.
 Remember Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
 Who whanne John Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
 Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to
 fyghte, [more.
 Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse
 Thys ys mie formance, whychel nowe have wrytte,
 The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONG TO ÆLLA,

Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynn daies of yore.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
 Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,
 Lett thys mie songe bold as thie courage be,
 As everlastyng to posteritye.
 Whanne Dacya's foornes, whose hayres of bloude
 redde hue, [ing due,
 Lyche kynge-cuppes brafying wythe the morn-

16 In a confined fense, a bush or hedge, though
 sometimes used as a forest. 17 church-yard. 18 re-
 late. 19 black. 20 decreasing. 21 happiness.
 22 glassy. 23 bank. 24 meeds. 25 distracted.

Arraung'd ynn dreare arrale,
 Uponne the lethale daie,
 Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shere;
 Than dyddst thou furiose stande,
 And bic thie valyante hand
 Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.
 Drawn bie thyne anlace felle,
 Downe to the depthe of helle
 Thoufandes of Dacyanns went;
 Brystowannes, mienne of myghte,
 Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
 And acted deeds full quent,
 Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
 Thy spryte to haunte deliighteth beste,
 Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyna,
 Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
 The dysmall cry of warre, [fleyne;
 Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of
 Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
 Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;
 Orr ynn blacke armoure staulke arounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steers;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care; [fyre;
 Garde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge
 Lyche Avones streeme ensyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne leette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ynn one flame all the whole world expyre.

*The under-written lines were composed by John Ladgate
 a Priest in London, and sent to Rowlie, as an an-
 swer to the preceding Songe of Ælla.*

HAVINGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
 What you dydd to mee send,
 Admyre the varises mouche I dydd,
 And thus an answeerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
 A poett mouche renownde,
 Amongs the Lotyns Vyrgilius
 Was beste of poets founde.

The Brytish Merlynn oftenne hanne
 The gyfte of inspyration,
 And Asied to the Sexonne menne
 Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynn Normann tymes, Turgotus and
 Good Chaucer dydd exelle,
 Then Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynn these mokie dayes
 Lendes owte hys shecnyng lyghtes,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
 Ynn ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter an Herawode.

THE tournament begynnes; the hammer sounde;
 The courserrs lyffe 1 about the mensured 2
 fielde;

1 Sport or play. 2 bounded, or measured.

The shemrynge armoure throws the shene a-
rounde;

Quayntyffed 2 sons 3 depictedd 4 onn eche
sheelde. [amielde 6,

The feerie 5 heaulmets, wythe the wreathes
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell 7 orr beare,

Wythe straunge depyctures 8, Nature maie nott
Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere, [yeelde,

Yett yatte 9 to menne, who thyncke and have
a spryte 10

Makes knowen that the phantasies unryghte.

I, sonne of honnoure, spencer 11 of her joies,
Muste swythen 12 goe to yeve 13 the speeres
arounde, [emploie,

Wythe advantayle 14 and borne 15 I meynthe 16
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the
grounde.

Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfsteth rounde;

Soe the neshe 17 flowerr grees 18 ynne the
woodeland shade. [founde;

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr
Wydhouthe unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.

As ynn the bowke 19 nete 20 alleyn 21 can bee
donne,

Syke 22 ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are
partes of onne.

Enter Syrr Symonne de Bourtonne.

Herawde 23, bie heavenne these tylters staie
too long.

Mie phantassie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.

The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr
songe, [fyghte.

Yett nete a speere of hemm 24 hath grete mie
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.

I lacke a Guid 25, a Wylliam 26 to entylte.

To reine 27 anente 28 a fele 29 embodiedd
knyghte, [spylte.

Ytt gettes ne rennome 30 gyff hys blodde bee
Bie Heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're
here; [speare.

I lyche nott unthylle 31 thus to wielde the
Herawde.

Methynkes I hear yer slugghornes 32 dynn 33
from farre.

Bourtonne.

Ah! swythen 34 mie shielde and tyltyng
launce bee bounde 35.

Eftsoones 36 behest 37 mie squyerr to the warre.

I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.
[Gotht oute.

Herawde.

This valourous actes woulde meinte 38 of menne
astounde; [fyghte;

Harde bee yer shappe 39 encontrynge thee ynn

Anenst 40 all menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshespyghte
41.

As whanne the mornynge sonneydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valorous acts droncke 42 eche
knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES.

*The Kyng, Syrr Symonne de Bourtonne, Syrr Hugo
Ferraris, Syrr Ranulph Neville, Syrr Lodowick de
Clynton, Syrr Johnde Berghamme, and odber knyghtes,
Herawdes, Mynstrelles, and Serwyttours 43.*

Kyng.

The barganette 43; yee mynstrelles tune the
stryng, [syng.
Somme actyonn dyre of antyante kynges now
Mynstrelles.

Wyllamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's
throne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie 44 had
knite 45,

Snett 46 oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
aborne 47,

Behesteynge 48 all hys hommageres 49 to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted 50 denne,
Let thie flos 51 drenche the blodde of anie thyng
bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd

52 plies 53; [eare;

Loude dynns 54 the arrowe yn the wolffynn's

Hee ryseth battent 55, roares, he panctes, hee
dyes.

Forflaggenn att thie secte lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie flos drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne
bredrenn flea.

Throwe the merke 56 shade of twistynde trees
hee rydes; [wyng;

The flemed 57 owlett 58 flapps herr eve-speckte

The lordynge 60 toade yn all hys passies bides;

The berten 61 neders 62 att hymm darte the
stryng;

Styll, styll, he passies onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge un-
toe bloodde.

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie 63 countries
braughte,

Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,

Att commynge dynn 64 doth rayse himselfe dis-
traughte 65,

He loketh wyth an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, flicke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie flos 66 drench the bloode of anie thyng
botte menn.

2 Curiously devised. 3 fancys or devices. 4 paint-
ed, or displayed. 5 fiery. 6 ornamented, enamel-
led. 7 a young lion. 8 drawings, paintings. 9 that.
10 soul. 11 dispenser. 12 quickly. 13 give. 14 arm-
er. 15 burnish. 16 many. 17 young, weak, ten-
der. 18 grows. 19 body. 20 nothing. 21 alone.
22 so. 23 herald. 24 a contraction of *them*. 25 *Guie
de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.
26 William Rufus. 27 run. 28 against. 29 fee-
ble. 30 honour, glory. 31 useless. 32 a kind of
clayon. 33 found. 34 quickly. 35 ready. 36 soon.
37 command. 38 most. 39 fate, or doom.

40 Against. 41 pitched, or bent down. 42 drink.
43 servant, attendants. 44 song, or ballad. 45 ac-
tivity. 46 bent. 47 burnished. 48 commanding.
49 servants. 50 hidden. 51 arrows. 52 worked
with iron. 53 bends. 54 sounds. 55 loudly. 56
dark, or gloomy. 57 and 58 frightened owl. 59
marked with evening dew. 60 standing on their
hind legs. 61 venomous. 62 adders. 63 hot, sul-
try. 64 found, noise. 65 distracted. 66 arrows.

Wythe passent 67 steppes the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllamm has ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe mayghte alyche the roghlyne 68 thonderr stronge;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth the fendes,
Goe, fleathe lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee the takelle 69 dree fromm blodde of odherr menne.

Sweste from the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;

The couraciers 70 as sweste doe asterr flie.
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie,
Botte metes the arrow, and estfoones 71 doth die.

Forflagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Lett thie fies drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredren flee.

Wythe murther tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe alyne 72.

The stagge ys ouch'd 73 wythe crownes of lillie
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowers.
Forflagenn wyth thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredren flee.

Kynge.

Now to the Tournie 74; who wylle fyrste affraie 75?

Herebaulde.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte 76 honnoure thyne.

Bourtonne.

I clayme the passage.

Neville.

I contake 77 thie waie.

Bourtonne.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette 78 onn mie gaberdyne 79.

Herebaulde.

A leegefull 80 challenge, knyghtes and champyonns dyne 81,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde.

[Syrr Symonne and Neville tylte.]

Nevyll ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville falls.]

Loverdes, howe doughtilie 82 the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyounnes, here Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,

Onne hee hathe quacedd 83, assayle 84 hymm, yee knyghtes.

Ferraris.

I wyll anente 85 hymm go; mie squierr, mie shielde;

[scethe 87.]

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle 86

Before I doe departe the lissedd 88 fiede,
Mieselfe or Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe
89. Mie shielde,

Bourtonne.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe 90.
Whanne Bourtonne fyghtes, hee meets a doughtie foe.

[They tylte. Ferraris falleth.]

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe 91;

I seere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe

Herawde.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the seelde.
Conume onn, ye knyghtes, and wynn the honour'd sheeld.

Berghamme.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette for mee staie.

Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede 93;

Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie 94;

Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possesse the daie,

Then I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.

Herehawde, toe the bankes of knyghtys saie,

De Berghamme wayteth for a foemann heere.

Clinton.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende 95; I doe thee fie 96.

Liche forreyng 97 levynn 98, schalle mie tylte-

[Berghamme and Clinton tylte. Clinton falleth.]

Berghamme.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure 99 thie beeveredd 100 eye,

I have borne downe, and este 101 doe gauntlette

Swythenne 102 begynne, and wrynn 103 thie shappe 104 orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne and Berghamme tylteth. Berghamme falls.]

Herawde.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bie the thyrd hath honnoure of a fourthe.

Lett hymm bee sett asyde, rylle hee doth see

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous 105 heie 106,

Ytt welle besies 107 to yeve 108 hemm ryghte of fraie 109.

First Knyghte.

Straungers wee bee, and homblie doe wee claym:

The rennomes 110 yn thys tournie 111 forr to tylte;

Dherbie to proove fromm craventes 112 owre

Bewrynnge 113 that wee gentile blodde have spylte.

Herawde.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungers, saie,
Bee you full wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie?

67 Walking leisurely. 68 rolling. 69 arrow. 70 horse coursers. 71 full soon. 72 across his shoulders. 73 garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain worn by earls round their necks. 74 tournament. 75 fight, or encounter. 76 that. 77 dispute. 78 glove. 79 a piece of armour. 80 lawful. 81 worthy. 82 furiously. 83 vanquished. 84 oppose. 85 against. 86 much. 87 damage, mischief.

88 Bounded. 89 bleed. 90 easy. 91 smoke. 92 hurt, or damage. 93 reward. 94 fight, or engage. 95 attend, or wait. 96 defy. 97 and 98 destroying lightning. 99 turn. 100 beavered. 101 again. 102 quickly. 103 declare. 104 fate. 105 worthy. 106 they. 107 becomes. 108 give. 109 fight. 110 honour. 111 tournament. 112 cowards. 113 declaring.

[*Fyve knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge knyghte,
and bee everichone 114 overthrowne.*]

Bourtonne.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fiede
Ycraffed 115 speres and helmetts bee besprente
116, [117 sheeld,

Gyff everych knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd
Gyff all the feeelde wythe champyonne blodde
bee stente 118,

Yet toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.

Annotherr launce, Marshallle, anotherr launce,

Albyette hee wythe lowes 119 of fyre ybrente
120, [advance.

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys vale 121

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe 122 hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next that falleth here.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte
shall fall [out speere,

Anethe 123 the stronge push of mie straughte 124

There schalle aryse a hallie 125 chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye
calle, [rounde.

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and

And thys I faifullie 126 wylle ftonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune 127; I champyonn 128
you to warre.

Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to bee hearde
fromm farre.

[*Bourtonne and the Straunger tylt. Straunger fal-
leth.*]

Kynge.

The mornynge tyltes now cease.

Herawde.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;

Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments
129 syng; [130;

Yee herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente
To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.

Dames faire and gentle, for your loves hee foughte;

Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee
shente 131. [thoughte.

Hee joustedd, alleine 132 havynge you ynn

Comme, mynstrelles, sounde the strynge, goe onn
eche syde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde.

Mynstrelles.

Whann Battayle, smethynge 133 withe new-quick-
enn'd gore, [hedde,

Bendynge wyth spoiles, and bloddie droopynge

Dydd the merke 134 woode of ethe 135 and rest
explore,

Seekynge to lie onn pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

114 Every one. 115 broken, split. 116 scattered.
117 broken, or pierced through with darts. 118
stained. 119 flames. 120 burnt. 121 healm. 122
beneath. 123 against. 124 stretched out. 125
holy. 126 faithfully. 127 ready. 128 challenge.
129 achievements, glorious actions. 130 broken
spears. 131 broke, destroyed. 132 only, alone.
133 smoking, streaming. 134 dark, gloomy. 135
cale.

From hys vyfage washedd the bloude,
Hylte 136 hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie 137 hym dydd
view,

Dydd soe ycorvenn 138 everrie shape to joie,

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anotherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote any thoughts emploie
All delyghtsomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge 139 fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys armes he dydd herr hente 140,

Lyche the merke 141 plante doe entwynne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest pleasure and herr trayne,

Onknowlachynge 142 ynn whatt place herr to
fynde, [tayne;

Thys rule yspende 143, and ynn thie mynde re-

Seeke honnoure fyrste, and pleasaunce lies be-
hynde.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE.

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne,

And tolde the earlie villager

The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes

Of lyghte eclypse the greie;

And herde the raven's crokyng throte

Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod he, "for, by the Godde

"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!

"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,

"To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,

"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."

"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,

"Whatte says the traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle; before yonne sonne

"Does fromme the welkinn flye,

"Hee hath uppon hys honour sworne,

"Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;

"Of thatte I'm not affearde;

"Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?

"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

136 Hid, secreted. 137 sweetly. 138 moulded.

139 shooting, darting. 140 grasp, hold. 141 night-

shade. 142 ignorant, unknowing. 143 consider.

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,

"I'de sooner die to-daie,

"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

"Though I shoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynneddyne

For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,

And felle down onne hys knee;

"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace

"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,

"You have been much oure friende;

"Whatever youre request may bee,

"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request,

"Ys for a nobile knyghte,

"Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,

"Hee thoughte ytte styll was ryghte:

"He has a sponse and children twaine,

"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;

"Yff that you are resolv'd to lett

"Charles Bawdin die to-dai."

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"

The kynge ynn furie sayde;

"Before the evening starre doth sheene,

"Bawdin shall loofe hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,

"And hee shall have hys meede:

"Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thyng else

"Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,

"Leave justice to our Godde,

"And laye the yronne rule asyde;

"Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,

"The best were synners grete;

"Christ's vicarr only knowes ne synne,

"Ynn alle thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

"Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;

"From race to race thye familie

"Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

"Beginne thy infante reigne,

"Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows

"Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile

"Has scorn'd my power and mee;

"Howe canst thou then for such a manne

"ntreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave

"Wylle val'rous actions prize,

"Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

"Although ynn enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynn Heav'n

"Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

"I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade

"Whilt thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynn Heav'n,

"Thys sunne shall be hys laste,"

Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,

And from the p'fence pafte.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,

And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;

"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

"Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friende, thie honest soul

"Runns over att thyne eye;

"Is ytte for my most welcome doome

"Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,

"Thatt thou soe soone must dye,

"And leave thy sonnes and helpleis wyfe;

"Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

"From godlie fountaines sprynge;

"Dethe I despise, and alle the power

"Of Edward, traytour kynge.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom means

"I shall resigne my lyfe,

"The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde

"For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,

"Thys was appointed mee;

"Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge

"What Godde ordeynes to bee?"

"Howe oft ynn battaile have I stoode,

"Whan thousands dy'd arounde;

"Whan smokyng streemes of crimlon bloode

"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,

"Thatt cutte the airie waie,

"Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,

"And close myne eyes for aie?"

"And shall I now, forr seere of dethe,

"Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?"

"Ne! from my herte flie childyshe feere,

"Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,

"And garde thee and thye sonne,

"Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,

"Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene

"To serve Godde and mye prync;

"And thatt I no tyme-server am,

"My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynn Londonne cite was I borne,

"Of parents of grete note;

"My fadre dydd a nobile armes

"Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubt butt hee ys gone

"Where soone I hope to goe;

"Where wee for ever shall bee blest,

"From oute the reech of wo."

" Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
 " Wyth pitie to unite;
 " And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 " The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:
 " Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
 " To feede the hungrie poore,
 " Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
 " The hungrie fromme my doore:
 " And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe
 " I have hys wordyes kept;
 " And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
 " Eche nyghte before I slept.
 " I have a spouse, goe aske of her
 " Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie
 " Black treason onne my hedde.
 " Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 " To leave thys worlde of payne?
 " Ne, haples Henrie! I rejoyce
 " I shall ne see thye dethe;
 " Most willynglie ynne thye just cause
 " Doe I resign my brethe.
 " Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 " Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 " Thatt you dyd choppe your easie daies
 " For those of bloude and peyne?
 " Whatte though I onne a fledde be drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I doe desye the traytor's pow'r,
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde;
 " Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse
 " Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 " Yett ynne the holie book above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 " There wythe the sarvants of the Lord
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.
 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe:
 " Farewell vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!
 " Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."
 Quod Canynge, " 'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die;
 " And from thys worlde of peyne and grese
 " To Godde ynne heav'n to flie."
 And nowe the belle began to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sound;
 Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teers of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 " Sweet Florence! howe I praie forbere,
 " Ynn quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde that ev'ry Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.
 " Sweet Florence! why these brinie teares?
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 " 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blyss;
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
 Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
 " Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kynge!
 " Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:
 " Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 " Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
 " The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
 " Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."
 And nowe the officers came ynne
 To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
 Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
 And thus to her dydd saie:
 " I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 " Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 " And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 " And ynne theyre hertes hym love:
 " Teache them to runne the nobile race
 " Thatt I theyre fader runne;
 " Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
 " Yee officers leade onne."
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 " Oh staie mye husbände, lorde, and lyfe!"—
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.
 'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loude,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore.
 Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe looks fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.
 Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:
 The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte:
 Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dyd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes six mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of Kynge Henries friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a cloth-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't,
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,
 Lyke easterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 "O thou thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 "Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
 The kynge ynne myckle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe
 Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
 The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seeest me, Edward! traytour vile!
 "Expos'd to infamie;
 "Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
 "I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,
 "Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
 "And hast appoynted mee to die,
 "By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
 "I have beene dede 'till nowe,

"And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
 "For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
 "Shalt rule thys sickle lande,

"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 "Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
 "Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
 Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edward's soule rush'd to hys face,
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder Gloucester
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe much dreaded dethe,
 "Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
 "Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
 "Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde sayde;
 "And maye echone oure foes
 "Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 "And feede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
 His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
 "Beholde you see mee dye,
 "For servynge loyally mye kynge,
 "Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

"As longe as Edward rules thys lande,
 "Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
 "Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
 "And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave your goode and lawfull kynge
 "Whenne ynne adversitee;
 "Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
 "And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knes,
 A pray'r to Godde dyd make,
 Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde
 Most seemlie onne the blocke;
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
 The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffold twyne;
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
 Ynnto foure partes cutte;
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
 Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
 One onne the mynster-tower,
 And one from off the castle-gate
 The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
 A dreery spectacle;
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
 Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
 And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ÆLLA:

A Tragycal Enterlude, or Discoorseynge Tragedy. Wrotenn bie Thomas Rowleie; Plaiedd before Mastre Canynge, atte hys Howse nempte the Rodde Lodge; alsoe before the Duke of Norfolk, Johan Howard.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auctour.

CELMONDE, Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.

HURRA, Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.

BIRTHA, Maſtre Edward Canynge.

Oderr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE, ON ÆLLA.

'Tys songe bie mynſtrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,

Whan reaſonn hylt I herſelfe in cloude of nyghte,

The preeſte delyvered alle the lege 2 yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted 3 tylynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte, [dere 5,

The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke 4
Syk dyd theire auntyante lee deſtlye 6 delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn vyrtues gate 7 rhym mote bee thenne,

Butte eſte 8 nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;

In hallie 9 preeſte apperes the ribaudes 10 penne,
Inne lithie 11 moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: [teethe,

But rhym wyth ſomme, as nedere 12 without
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie doe lytel ſcaſe 13.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore 14,

Kenns 15 Latyn at fyrſt ſyghte from French or Greke, [more,

Pyghtethe 16 hys knowlachynge 17 ten yerres or
To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to ſpeke.

Whoever ſpeke the Englyſch ys deſpyſed,

The Englyſch hym to pleaſe moſte fyrſte be Latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem 18 ſynges:

Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde 19 hys me-neynge knowes;

Albeytte theſe gode guyfts awaie he flynges,

Beeynge as badde yn veaſe as goode yn proſe.

Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,

Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr bloode.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored 20 dames,

Hee redes hys tales of merrymment and woe.

Loughe 21 loudlie dynneth 22 from the dolte 23 adrames 24;

He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, though kennes 25 hem ſoe.

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and ſynge,
At merrie yaped 26 ſage 27 ſomme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde 28 hys lynes.
Geofroie makes veaſe, as handycraftes theyr ware;

Wordes wythoute ſenſe fulle groſſyngelye 29 he twynes,

Cotteynge hys ſtorie off as wythe a ſheere;

Waytes monthes on nothyng, and hys ſtorie donne,

Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf 30 you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieſelfe to write,

Requyrnge whatt I doe notte nowe poſſeſs,

To you I leave the taſke; I kenne youre myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe 32 of faultes, be leſs.

Ælla wythe thys I ſende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caſte awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie 32 tales I holde un-meete;

Lette ſomme greate ſtorie of a manne be ſonge;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.

Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie 33 mote ne heare,

Bee placed yn the ſame. Adieu untylle anere 34.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

LETTER TO THE DYNGE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn theſe daies of oures,

Nete 35 butte a bare recytalle can hav place;

Nowe thapellie poeſie haſt loſte yttes powers,

And pynant hyſtorie ys onlie grace;

Heie 36 pycke up wolſome weedes, ynſtedde of flowers,

And families, ynſtedde of wytte, theie trace;

Now poeſie canne meete wythe ne regrate 37,

Whylſte proſe, and herehaughtrie 38, ryſe yn eſtate.

Lette kynges and rulers, when heie gayne a throne,

Shewe what theyre grandſieres, and great grandſieres bore,

Emarſchalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,

Now raung'd wyth whatt yeir fadres han before;

Lette trades and toun ſolck, lett ſyke 39 thynges alone,

Ne ſyghte for ſable yn a ſielde of aune;

1 Hid, concealed. 2 law. 3 painted. 4 much. 5 hurt, damage. 6 ſweetly. 7 cauſe. 8 oft. 9 holy. 10 rake, lewd perſon. 11 humble. 12 ad-der. 13 hurt, damage. 14 learning. 15 knows. 16 plucks, or tortures. 17 knowledge. 18 a ſer-vice uſed over the dead. 19 peſant. 20 un-learned.

21 Laugh. 22 ſounds. 23 fooliſh. 24 churls. 25 knows. 26 laughable. 27 tale, jeſt. 28 be- yond. 29 fooliſhly. 30 if. 31 many. 32 holy. 33 ſtrange perverſion of words. Droorie, in its ancient ſignification, ſtood for modeſty. 34 another. 35 nought. 36 they. 37 eſteem. 38 heraldry. 39 ſuch.

Seldom, or never are armes vrytues mede,
 Shee nillynge 40 to take myckle 41 aie dothe hede.
 A man ascaunse upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede 42 aboute;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys leif wyth-

oute;
 Eke, gyf 43 ynto a vew percase 44 I tooke
 The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem 45 al nete lyche ytt I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes 46, gyff I saie, onwise
 Yee are, to stycke so close and bysmarelie 47
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe muche pryze,
 Whyche amenufed 48 thoughtes of poesie;
 Somme drybblette 49 share you shoulde to yatte 50
 alyle 51,

Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie;
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
 You onn a rouncey 52 dryve yn dolefull course.
 Cannyng and I from common course dyffente;
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
 Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes be
 pente, [theene;
 Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-beemes
 And where wee kenne somme ishad 54 floures be-

sprente,
 We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte clene;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of historie.

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie 54 be-
 wryen 55,

Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so fore,
 A keppened poyntelle 56 restynge at eche lyne.
 Verse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
 An onlist 57 lecturn 58, and a songe adynge 59;
 Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytt moste bee yetself owne defense;
 Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.
 Canyng looks notte for poesie, botte sence;
 And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
 Canyng, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
 Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
 Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
 Hee wysche you healthe and selineffe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTROUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherisaunce 60 it ys gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced 61 theyre londe from
 bayne 62,

40 Unwilling. 41 much. 42 wisdom, coun-
 cil. 43 if. 44 perchance. 45 them. 46 Gray-
 beards. 47 curiously. 48 lessened. 49 small.
 50 that. 51 allow. 52 cart-horse. 53 broken.
 54 elegantly. 55 declared, expressed. 56 a pen,
 used metaphorically as a muse or genius. 57 bound-
 less. 58 subject. 59 nervous, worthy of praise.
 60 comfort. 61 preserved. 62 ruin.

Whan theie ar dedd, thee leave yer name behynde;
 And thyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne 63 everyche
 steyne,

Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels 64 geasonne 65 to be seene.

Ælla the wardenne of thys 66 castell 67 stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysch sceptre swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
 Then feel'd 68 hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for
 aie,

Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To saie what he, as clergyond 69 can kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

CELMONDE, ATT BRYSTOWE.

BEFORE youne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
 Throwe halfe hys journie, dyghte yn gites 1 of
 goulde,

Mee, happelefs mee, hee wylle a wretche be-
 houlde,
 Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne my-
 chaunces chayne.

Ah, Birtha! whie dydde natyre frame thee
 fayre? [wreene 3

Whie art thou all that poyntelle 2 canne be-
 Whie art thou not as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy
 vyfage sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene 4,
 Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the
 sonne made redde,

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnyn clothe
 ywreene 5, [spredde.

Syke 6 woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and
 harte

Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm
 hys moste parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere 7!
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shall not
 bee. [beere,

Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
 And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes 8 wyll
 flea. [tende,

Affyst mee, helle! lett devylles rounde mee
 To flea miefelfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie 9
 friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

Ælla.

NOTTE, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me
 knyghte,

Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd 10 Dane shoulde
 blede, [syghte;

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn

63 Inter. 64 jewels. 65 rare. 66 Bristol.
 67 castle. 68 closed. 69 taught.—1 Robes, man-
 tles. 2 a pen. 3 expreis. 4 countenance. 5 co-
 vered. 6 such. 7 another. 8 at once. 9 mighty.
 10 harly, valorous.

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous
hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed mie
softer soule;
Nott whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte
dyd vewe
The flying Daciaus o'er the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete
dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure¹¹ as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte usboth ynn a caytynnede¹² vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;
Shap¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to em-
mate¹⁴.

Birtha.

My lorde and husbande, syke a joie ys myne;
Botte mayden modestie moſte ne ſoe ſaie,
Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalt be for aie;
Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded oute thie
ſaie¹⁵;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
yblente¹⁶,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the godde of daie,
And on the graſſe her lemes¹⁷ of ſylver ſente,
Sythe thou dydſt cheeſe mee for thie ſwote to bee,
Ænactyng ynn the ſame moſt ſaiefullie to mee.
Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte,
Whanne deyſde bie thieſelfe, for wante of
pheeres¹⁸, [jeaſte,
Awhyſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all cares,
Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred ſeeres,
Aleſt a daygnous¹⁹ looke to thee be ſente,
And offrendes²⁰ made mee, moe thann yie com-
pheeres,
Offe ſcarpes²¹ of ſcarlette, and fyne para-
mente²²;
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed²³ to mee,
I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

Ælla.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſo grete,
Lyke bawſyne²⁴ olyphauntes²⁵ mie gnattes
doe ſhewe; [mate²⁶.
Thou doſte mie thoughtes of paying love a-
Botte hann my actyonnes ſtraughte²⁷ the rolle
of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm hell, or broughte heaven
down to thee, [feete,
Layde the whol wurlde a falldſtole att thie
On ſmyle woulde be ſuffycyll mede for mee.
I amm love's borro'r, and canne never paie,
But bee hys borrower ſtylle, and thynne, mie
ſwete, for aie.

Birtha.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes²⁸ ſoe
ſmalle;
As I toe you, ſyke love untoe mee beare;

For nothyng paſte wille Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from heaven thynke to cheere,
As farr as thys frayle brutylle fleſch wylle ſpere.
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe ſlacke yn love, ne overdeare;
A ſmalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more
true.

Ælla.

This gentle wordis doe thie volunde²⁹ kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
menne.

*ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYN-
STRELLES.**Celmonde.*

ALLE bleſſynges ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the monne, yn ſylver ſheenynge
lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed bleſſynges ſhedde,
Beſprengynge far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, ſo
bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wythe a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies en-
creaſe!

I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

Ælla.

Whan ſupperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe
ſtronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

Celmonde.

Ye mynſtrelles, chaunt your ſonge.

*Mynſtrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.**Manne.*

Tourne thee to thie ſhepſterr³⁰ ſwayne;
Bryghte ſonne has ne dronke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

Womanne.

No, beſtoikerre³¹, I wylle-goe,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees³²,
Lyche the ſylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge ſhelterr yn grene trees.

Manne.

See the moſs-growne daiſey'd banke;
Pereynge ynne the ſtreme belowe;
Here we'lle ſytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

Womanne.

I've hearde erſte mie grandame ſaie,
Younge damoyſelles ſchulde ne bee,
Inne the ſwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

Manne.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte and harke,
Howe the ouzle³³ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree³⁴, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

¹¹ Violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate.
¹⁴ leſſen, decreaſe. ¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded. ¹⁷ lights,
rays. ¹⁸ fellows, equals. ¹⁹ diſdainful. ²⁰ pre-
ſents, offerings. ²¹ ſcarfs. ²² robes of ſcarlet.
²³ bounded. ²⁴ large. ²⁵ elephants. ²⁶ de-
ſtroy. ²⁷ ſtretched. ²⁸ ſervices.

²⁹ Memory, underſtanding. ³⁰ ſhepherd. ³¹ de-
ceiver. ³² meadows. ³³ The blackbird. ³⁴ gold-
finch

Womanne.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntinge owte so blauntantlie 35,
Tellynge lecturnyes 36 to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

Manne.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kyng-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nette botte shepe fettes here a fote.

Womanne.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche 37.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave me swythe, or I'll alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

Manne.

See, the crokyng brionie
Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kys and coe.

Womanne.

Botte manne, hee mooste beelywrynde,
Tylle fyr preefte make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll fyr preeft hys songe doethe synge,
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

Manne.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

Womanne.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes 38, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinestre 39 goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

Manne.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

Botte.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle 40 lyve,
Halie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate.

Ælla.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyng now;
Butte have you nonne thatt marriage-blessynges
telle?

Celmonde.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

Mynstrelles.

Laverde 41, we have; and, gyff you please,
wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyses wille permytte.

Ælla.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the
stryng,
And stret 42, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe pleese mie dame.

Mynstrelles.

We'lle strayne our wytte and synge.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

Fyrste Mynstrelle.

The boddyng flourettes blosches atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh 43 yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth
the dewe;

The trees enlesed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheestlyng
dynne ys brought.

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe
alonge;

The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the cyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrells synge the
songe:

Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste to entwyne;
I laie mee on the graspe; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge
style.

Seconde Mynstrelle

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and erthe dy'd homage to hys
mynde;

Ynn womann alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.

Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme
for thee.

Tbyrde Mynstrelle.

Whanne Autumpne blake 44 and sonne-brente
doe appere, [lese,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge
Bryngeyng oppe Wynterr to folsylle the yere,
Beeryng uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe wodde sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from
far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yv ayre, and call the cyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth
somme care,

Seconde Mynstrelle.

Angelles bee wrögte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleynne fromm chafe 45 desyre bee
free;

Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout womanne, cannot styllid bee;
Ne syncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
tere 46,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne
fayre;

35 Loudly. 36 lectures. 37 apparel. 38 at once
39 a divine. 40 a cottage. 41 lord.

42 Stretch. 43 tender. 44 naked. 45 hot.
46 health.

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutile membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttle fyre;
 Therefore theie feke the fyre of love to hete,
 The mylkyness of kynde, and make hemseles complete.

Albeytte, without wommen, menne were
 pheeres [flea,
 To saluage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to
 Botte womanne este the spryghte of peace so
 cheres,
 Tochelod yn angel joi heie anges bee;
 Go, take thee swythyn 47 to thie bedde a wyfe,
 Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage
 lyfe.

Anodber Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was fyttnyge,
 As from the fones hete she harried,
 She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen
 was knyttynge,
 Whatte pleasure yt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lord Thomas, a forrester boulde,
 As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
 Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
 I have ytte as soon as I ask ytte.

Whan I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Clowd-
 dell,

Though twas at my liefse to mynd spynnyng,
 I styll wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne
 coulde telle,
 Miclorde fadresbarbde haulle han ne wynnyng.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie may dennes,
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme
 bleachynge,

Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lord Walterre, mie fadre, he lov'd me well,
 And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and Lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyng,
 She putte uppe her knyttynge and to him wente
 shee;
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyng.

Ælla.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle permytte you antedente bee:
 There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped
 48 jeaste;
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
 Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-
 feaste goe,
 And there ynn ale and wyne bee dryncted 49
 everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSEN-
 GERE.

Messengere.

ÆLLA, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
 Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
 Magnus and Hurra, wyth a doughtir hoaste,
 Are ragynge, to be quansed so be none botte
 thee;
 Hast, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
 Thie dogges allyne can tame thys ragynge
 bulle. [bee,
 Hast swythyn, fore anieghe the townie theie
 And Wedecestres rolle of dome bee fulle.
 Hast, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
 For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne
 maie die.

Ælla.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I mooste be gon.
 Was ever locklefs dome so hard as myne!
 Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,
 To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne.

Birtha.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schafte of
 warre. [ryne!
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from asarre.

Ælla.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shew the treate,
 Than Groffyshe to forbydde thie hungered guesstes
 to eate?

O mie upswalyng 51 harte, what wordes can
 faie [ybrete?

The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spoufall dai,
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.

Yee mightie goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne? [tent,
 Mooste wee aie holde yn chace the shade con-
 And for a bodykyn 52 a swarthe obteyne?

O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie
 fowle?

How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie
 dreerie dole!

Celmonde.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.
 Reasonne and counynge wytte este flees awaie.
 Thann, loverde, lett me fai, wyth hommaged
 drede

(Bineth your fote ylayn) me counselle fai;
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen 53 laie,
 The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth
 fote. [fraie,

Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for
 And all the sabbataners goe aboute.

I speke me loverde, alleyn to upryse [alyse.
 Your wytte from marvell, and the warriour to

Ælla.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells 54 yn mie harte;
 Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to see her-
 felle;

47 Quickly. 48. laughable. 49: drowned.

50 Stilled, quenched. 51 swelling. 52 body,
 substance. 53 still, dead. 54 arrows, darts.

I wylle upryse mie myghte, and do mie parte,
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie
telle,

Whyche ryfeth from mie love to BIRTHA fayre?
Ne coulde the queene, and all the myghte of
helle,

Founde out impleasaunce of sycke blacke a geare.
Yette I wylle bee mie selfe, and rouze mie
spryte

To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the
bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie BIRTHA's fyde;
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde:
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, yette shall behoulde us
twayne.

I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne:
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll
drayne.

Gyff drierie dole ys thine, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O ÆLLA; wythe thie BIRTHA staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wylle goe
awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I sele;
Yet I muste bee mie selfe; with valoures gear
Ille dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes
yn stele,

And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can ÆLLA from hys breaste hys BIRTHA teare!
Is thee so rou and ugsumme 55 to hys fyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys feathall warre so
deare?

Thou pryzeft mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou schalt notte leave mee, albytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for
thy morthie.

ÆLLA.

Dydest thou kenne how mie woes, as starres
ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honoures
calle.

Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
Heav'n can me send, or connygne wytte ac-
quyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyene with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste BIRTHA boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne ap-
peres.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneft welle the Dacyannes myttee
powerre;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, BIRTHA; look attoure

Thie bledeyng cuntrye, whych for hastie dede
alls for the rodyng of some doughtie power,
I o royn ytts royners, make ytts foemen
blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng
wyghte! [fyghte.
Ne leave thie BIRTHA thos uponne pretence of
Thou nedest not goe, untill thou haste com-
mand
Under the sygnette of our lorde the kyng.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande?
Hollie Syncte Marie, keepe mee from the
thyng!

Heere, BIRTHA, thou hast potte a double styng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted 56 ÆLLA, thie abredyng 57 blyng 58,
Twas love of thee thatte soule intente ywrynde.
Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted 59 harte the lover and the
friende.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte l
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
flyghte, [the foe.

The ayre that beares ytt woulde presse downe

ÆLLA.

BIRTHA, yn vayne thou wouldest mee recreand
doe.

I moste, I wylle, fyght for mie countries wele,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, swestlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to be dyghte yn stele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde
of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie cuntrye waites mie marche; I muste
awaie;

Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde note stai.
Botte thos to leave thee, BIRTHA, dothe affwaie
Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be fedde
bie tyngue, [daie,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the
Whan rounde aboute mee longe of war heie
fyng.

O BIRTHA, strev mie agreeme 60 to accaie 61,
And joyous see my armes, dyghte oute ynn warre
arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile 62 ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to me pleasaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte
reste.

Yett oh! forgive, yf I have thee dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no' odhre
fwaie.

Iuste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
Wydhoue an ounde of teares and breaste wyth
fyghes ytorne.

Ælla.

This mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou
bee

All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
Alleyne to lette pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes 63 he nowe muste
leave behynde? [wynde,

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge
On everyche wynde I wylle a token sende;
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't
fynde,

But here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte
and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE SPEAKING.

This Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
lynge 64;

Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-
shield dothe flynge.

Ælla.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

Birtha.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

Ælla.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

Birtha.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flies awaie from mee.

Ælla.

Birtha, adieu: I maie notte here obaie,
I'm flyynge from miefelfe yn flying thee.

Birtha.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alas! percase he's gone for
aie.

Celmonde.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepynge through the skie,
In croune of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abroad ynn gentle aire doe flie,
Meetyng from distaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket 65 ynn a myste, and wyth thyne eyne
yblente,

Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starre lyghte;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente 66;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde uppon this wyde
aumere.

I from a nete of hoplin am adawed,
Awhaped 67 atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe than hys myndbruche
awed,

63 Jewels. 64 stay. 65 wrapped closely, cover-
ed. 66 fastened. 67 astonished.

Is gone, and I moke followe, to the fraie,
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne! there's Celmonde yn
the place, [awaie.

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll hafte
The reste from nethe tims masque must shew
yttes face.

I see onnombred joies arounde mee ryse;
Brake 68 stonde the future doome, and joie dothe
mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothyng does thee myckle gastness fere.
Faynge would I from mie bosomme alle thee
tare.

Thou there dysperpellest 69 the levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie fough's forwyned, thou art the
gare;

Sleene ys mie comfote bie thie ferie honde;
As some talle hylle, whan wynds doe shake the
ground,

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasteynge hyltren
wounde.

Honnoure, whatt be ytt? tys a shadowes
shade,

A thyng of wychencres, an idle dreme;
On of the sonnys whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to
fleme;

Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of
the beme,

Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblyng waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be
breme,

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.

O thou, whateer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable spryte,
For fremde 70 and dulefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, AND HIE PREESTE,

WYTH THE ARMIE, NEAR WATCHETTE.

Magnus.

SWYTHE 71 lette the effendres 72 to the goddes
begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-steyned sword and payves
ynne;

Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

Hie Preeste syngeth.

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre

Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whannes yee weere agguylte,

The mone yn bloddie gytelles 73 hylte,

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere to the wynde:

Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,

Stroven to be overest,

Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,

Swolteryng wole natyones downe,

68 Naked. 69 scatterest. 70 strange. 71 Quickly.
72 offerings. 73 mantles.

Yif

Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys godde;
To mee sende your heste devyne,
Lyghte eletten 74 all myne eyne,
That I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th' empprize.

[*falleth downe and este rysethe.*
Thus sayethe the goddes; goe, yssue to the
playne; [slayne.
Forr there shall meynthe of mytte menne bee

Magnus.
Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus
foughte. [hoaste,
Este have I treynted noyance throughe the
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dy-
straught [loaste.
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen
As whanne a tempeste vexeth soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe
tare,

So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynthe a champyonnes breaste received
mie spear.

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

Hurra.
Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound,
and eke [rayne.
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke faithe dreste 75, yett armed ys he
alleyn.

Certes thie wordes maie, thou moteft have sayne
Of mee, and meynthe of mee, who eke canne
fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from hedes of myckle
myghte.

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie
corrage stonde.

Magnus.
Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente 76 maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makeft armed hartes to blede.
Este I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havythe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie re-
nome, [dome?

Albeytte thou wouldest reyne awaie from bloddie

Hurra.
How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne
aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye
peene.

Estsonnes I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte be-
wreen.

I'll prove mie courage onne the burlid greene;
Tys there alleyn I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeane,
Thanne let mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.

Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre
speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte
can feare.

Magnus.
Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble
spryte [saie.
Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde
he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolffynnes rage wouldest
staie,

'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes displaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche 77 myckle
woe.

Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng
rage;
Ne seas of smethyng gore wylle mie chafed harte
affwage.

Hurra.
I kenne thee Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou
art
That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugdomness 78
To thee and recreandes 79) thondered on the
playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowefyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou
reyne.

A ronnyng pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnyng pryze
wylle gayne.

Magnus.
Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tynge!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylft
yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, excludde aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn
nyghte,

A scoff to foemen, and to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie
powere,

Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolfsome
peenes devoure.

Faynge woulde I curse thee further, botte mie
tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

Hurra.
Nowe bie the Dacaynne goddes, and Welkynne
kyng,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie, heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses
fele.

Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne
blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele 80.
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;

Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of
myckle pryde, [come.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla
Magnus.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle!

Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!

I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.

Unlydgement traytoure, wylt thou nowe re-
belle? [myne,

'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to

Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſetre felle;

Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yne.

Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne
ſtate, [dyſregate.

Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wylle thee
Hurra.

I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,

The fede of melyce and recendize al.

Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes;

Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooſe canſt
calle.

Thou beeſt a worme ſo groſſile and ſo ſmal,

I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to ſoul mie
ſworde, [falle,

Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee

Alyche thie owne feare, ſlea thee wythe a
worde.

I, Hurra, amme mieſel, and aie wylle bee,

As greate yn valorous actes, and yn commande as
thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE AND MES- SENGERE.

Messenger.

Blynne your contekiens 81, chiefs; for as I ſtoode
Uponne mie watche, I ſpiede an armie com-
mynge,

Notte lyche an handſulle of a fremded 82 foe,

Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ug-
ſomlie, [alonge

Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe

To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder
ſtorme.

Magnus.

Ar there meynte of them?

Messenger.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a ſommer's none,
Seemyng as though theie ſtyng as perſante
too.

Hurra.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes ſette oure warr-
arraie. [paie;

Goe, ſounde the beme, lette champyons pre-

Ne doubtyng, we wylle ſtyng as fatte as heie.

Whatte? doeſt forgard 83 thie bloddie? ys ytte
for feare? [ſtere,

Wouldeſt thou gayne the towne, and caſtle-

And yette ne byker wythe the ſoldyer garde?

Go, byde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche and warde.

Magnus.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
godde.

Hurra.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be cloughens
foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERE.

Seconde Messenger.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe;
I ſpied thie croſſed ſhilde and bloddie ſwerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyſorder throughe oure hoaste
Is ſleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, ſtyr, mie lordes!

Magnus.

What? Ælla? and ſo neare?

Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie ryſyng
feare!

Hurra.

What doeſt thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a
manne.

Nowe bie mie ſworde, thou arte a verie berne 84

Of late I dyd thie creand valoure ſcanne,

Whanne thou dydſt boaste ſoe moche of actyon
derne.

Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte attorne,

To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

Magnus.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche ſyde wylle
burne,

Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;

Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eider ſyde wylle
bee, [ſlea.

Mie harte I wylle upryſe, and inne the battele

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, AND ARMIE, NEAR
WATCHETTE.

Ælla.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure
vowes,

Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,

And everyche champyone potte the joyous
crowne [browes.

Of certane maſterſchyppe upon hys gleſtreynge

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys as ere

Itte has beene ynne the ſommer-ſhene of fate,

Unknownen to the ugſome gratch of fere;

Mie blodde embollen, wythe maſterie elate,

Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd
ſtate,

Impatyente forr to mete the perſante ſtele,

And telle the worlde thatt Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who fought for Englondeſ
weale. [more dreere,

Friends, kynne, and ſoldyerres, ynne black ar-

Mie actyons ymytate, mie preſente redyng here.

There ys ne houſe, athrow thys ſnap-ſcourged 85
iſle,

Thatte has ne loſte a kynne yn theſe fell fyghtes,

Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hungerde loyle,

And townes enlowed 86 lemed 87 oppe the
nyghtes.

81 Contentions. 82 frightened. 83 loſe.

84 Child. 85 fate-ſcourged. 86 flamed, fired.
87 lighted.

Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dhere
dyghtes;
Oure sonnes lie storven 88 ynne theyre smethynge
gore; [pyghtes,
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest
flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynneres of oure hallie houses flea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence dothe come
the flame, [taines, bee.
Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the moun-
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons
flee, [bronde,
Swepte as the rodde for-weltrynge 89 levyn-
Yatte hautes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto her battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.
Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn
fyre, [honde,
And strev wyth goulde to staie the roynners
Ælla and Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, [londe.
Wee fyghte notte for ourselves, botte all the
As Severnes hygher lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Preßynge ytte downe binethe the revynge
streame, [stronde,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters 90 the hyghe
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn shurye breme,
Soe wylle we beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the
champion crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare.
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre shurye
dyre;
Brystowe, and alleher joies, wylle synke toe ayre,
Brendeinge perforce wythe unenhantende 91
fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doubli moove oure ire
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evynge pre,
See [ing] the lambe and shepistere nere the brire,
Doth th' one forr safetie, th' one for hongre flea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne cokes uponne
the playne, [anns slayne.
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacy-
Lyche a rodde gronfer shalle mie anlance sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'll bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
fleene, [myghte.
Lyche [a] loud dynnyng streeme scalle be mie
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of
knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow
flepte. [crie
Yourselfes, youre chyl dren, and youre fellows
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, and
wynne or die.

88 Dead. 89 blasting. 90 swallows, sucks in
91 unaccustomed.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Your spryte wylle wryne, thatte Brystow ys
yer place; [waie;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-
pathe trace. [space;
'Twexte shape and us there ys botte lyttelle
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselfes bee
menne; [grace,
Drawe forthe the bornysht bylle wythe fetyve
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys
denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlance; go thou shethe;
I'll potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe
deathe.

Soldyers.

Onn, Ælla, on; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn wayne;
Onn, Ælla, on; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the lethal playne.

Gelmonde.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole
trayne; [breathe;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for
Go, and fytt crowned on corfes of the slayne;
Go, and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

Soldyeres.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes,
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne
chaynes.

Ælla.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble
sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.
Swepte as the rayne-storm toe the erthe a-
lyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these roynners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plunge hem
downe to helle; [starres;
Theyre throngynge corfes shall onlyghte the
The barrowes brastyng wythe the fleene schall
swelle, [warres;
Brynnynge 92 to commynge tymes our famous
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenyng abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the
nyghte. [saie,
Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen bee hanne seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte
nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes
founde, [grounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rylyng
Chieffes, heade youre bandes, and leade.
DANES FLYING, NEARE WATCHETTE.
Fyrste Dane.
FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus the chiefe ys fleene,
The Saxonnas comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade;

92 Declaring.

Lette's flev to gette awaie to yinder greene:
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

Seconde Dane.

O goddes! have thoufandesbie mie anlace bledde,
And must I nowe for safetie flie awaie?

See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade,

Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.

Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morthen yn retrete;

Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle 93 marke the
goeynge of my feete.

Thyrde Dane.

Enthoghteynge for to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,

Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,

Oure spyrynge battayles wrapt ynn sayles of
flame.

The burled Dacyannes, who were ynn the fame,

Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pusuyte of deathe;

The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,

Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge yield yer
breathe;

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie
playne,

[flayne.

Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle

Hurra.

Now bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous
knyghte,

Bie cravente 94 havyoure havethe don oure woe,

Dyspendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,

And placeying valourous menne where draffis
mote goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie have the tourned foe,

Gader the souldyers leste to future shappe,

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe,

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke for-
loyne 95;

[joyne.

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoe our banner

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengre sadde dethe
and dole,

[ynne;

Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves there-

Goddes! here the Saxones, lyche a byllowe
rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

CELMONDE, NEAR WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,

The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,

Makeynge oure focmennes envyyngre hartes to
blede,

[for aie.

Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name

Bryghte sonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn
dyghte,

From the redde easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,

The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,

Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.

The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes
playne,

[cie,

And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge

Lyche gottes of blodde whiche doe blacke ar-
moure fleyne,

[bie;

Sheenyngre upon the borne 96 whyche stondeth

The souldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,

Lyche yonge enlesed trees whyche yn a forreste
byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;

Hys talle speere sheenyngre as the starres at
nyghte,

Hys eyne ensemeyngre as a lowe of fyre;

Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous
knyghte:

Itte mooveth 'hem, as honterres lyoncell;

In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;

Eche warryngre harte forr prayse and rennome
swelles;

[streame,

Lyche slowelie dynnyngre, of the croucheynge

Syche dyd the mormryngre sounde of the whol
armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to
saie

How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,

Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,

Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boc-
somme tare,

To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshe feers,

Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys-tongue,

Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were,

Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and stryngre,

Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde;

Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde
hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes
dyd ryngre;

Ælla was chafed, as lyons madded bee;

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn
flyngre;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;

Where he dydde come, the flemed 97 foe dydde
flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe syke a shuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm
dree,

[playne;

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the
Ælla, thou arte—botte itaie, mie tynge; saie
nee;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater
hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys aetes yn
vayne.

[felle;

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere

Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the
playne;

Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, and shame to
telle!

Hee fought hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's
speere

Uponne the flyngre Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte
tare,

He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacy-
annes fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe cham-
pyons ſtonde,

Lyche bulles, whose ſtrengthe and wondrous
myghte ys fledde;

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn cyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacy-
annes deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſyng javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foe-
meen bledde; [flewe;

Full three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie
The Danes, wythe terroure rulyng att their
head, [ravenne fledde.

Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a
The ſoldyerres followed wythe a myghte crie,
Cryes yatte welle myghte the ſtouteſte hartes
affraie. [annes flie;

Sweſte as yer ſhyppes the vanquyſhed Dacy-
Sweſte as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Preſſyng behynde, the Englyſche ſoldyerres
ſlaie. [mayne;

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyſhe menne re-
Ælla commaundes 'heie ſhoulde the ſlectre ſlaie,
Botte bynde 'hem pryſonners on the bloddie
playne.

The fyghtyne beyng done, I came awaie,
In odher fields to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie ſervant ſquyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

Celmonde.

Prepare a fleing horſe,

Whoe ſeete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke
the wynde, [yn courſe,

Whoe wylle outſtreppe the morneyng lyghte
Leaveyng the gyttles of the merke behynde.

Somme hyltren matters doe mie preſence ſynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare thou doeſt mie order mynde,

Whanne I retorne thou ſhalt be made a knyghte;

Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;

Quycke dyghte mie beſte of ſtedes, and bryng
hymm heere—awaie!

Celmonde.

Ælla ys wounded fore, and ynne the toun

He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte
to ethe. [croune,

And ſhalle I from hys browes plocke off the
Makyng the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?

O no! fulle ſooner ſchulde mie hartes blodde
ſmethe,

Fulle ſoonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe

To gayne ſo gayne a pryze wythe loſſe of breathe;

Botte thanne rennome æterne 98—ytte ys botte
ayre; [there.

Bredde ynne the phantaſie, and alleyn lyvyng

Albeytte everyche thinge yn lyfe conſpyre

To telle me of the faulte I nowe ſchulde doe,

98 Eternal.

Yette woulde I battenlie aſſuage mie fyre,
And the ſame menes as I ſcall nowe purſue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe
Were blodde, and murther, maſterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie ſcarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Imie plantyng of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie ſhalle
be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

Birtba.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte were 99.
Oh! yatte aughte ſchulde oure ſellyneſſe deſtroie,
Floddyng the face wythe woe and brynie teare!

Egwina.

You muſte, you muſte endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto ſomme cheriſaunced reſte.
Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,
Ynne honoure, and a greater love, be dreſte;
Botte I wylle call the mynſtrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the ſwotic ſounde maie chaſe your
wiere 99 awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

Mynſtrelles Songe.

O! ſyng untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynnng 100 ryver bee;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne 101 as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode 102 as the ſommer ſnowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throſtles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
Deſe hys taboure, codgelle ſtote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wyng,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe ſyng,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;

99 Grief. 100 running. 101 hair. 102 com-
plexion.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllow tree.

Heere uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee on hallie seyncte to save
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllow tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie still schalle bee.

My love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all ytts goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes 103
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

Birtha.

Thys syngyng haveth whatte coude make ytte
please;
Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all

ÆLLA, ATTE WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee
a stede!

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her fyghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle wynges for
flyghte,

Sweste as mie wythe, and, as mie love ys stronge.
The Danes have wrought mee myckle woe
ynne fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode
leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Some tymes the samme thyng wyll both bane
and bleffe?

On tymeencalede 104, yanne bie the same thyng
Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybroughten leis.

'Tys Birtha's los whyche doe mie thoughts
posseffe;

I wylle, I must awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracys 105 yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens! I most awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her looks I fynde mie beyng doe en-
twyne.

CELMONDE, ATT BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are stylye;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyght makes
The upryste 106 sprytes the sylence letten 107
fyll,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynn the dreme;
The foreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn ytts treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme sweste reynyng
streame,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

Celmonde.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungere waytethe
here.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

Birtha.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste
goode newes.

Celmonde.

The hope ys losse; for heavie newes prepare.

Birtha.

Is Ælla welle?

Celmonde.

Hee lyves; and stylye maie use
The behylte 108 blessinges of a future yeare.

Birtha.

Whatte heavie tydyng theen have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so lathelie
saie?

Celmonde.

For heavie tydynges swythyn now prepare.
Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecestre's wallid toun he lies.

Birtha.

O mie agroted breast!

Celmonde.

Wythoute your syght he dyes.

Birtha.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe her Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulders
sprynge.

Celmonde.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle destelie beere us
twayne.

Birtha.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;
Swestlie caparisons for rydyng brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyne
ploome.

O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the flynge,
The whiche doeth canker ynne mie hartys
roome,

Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten mee.

Celmonde.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys sweste as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conduct goode.

106 Risen. 107 church-yard. 108 promised.

103 Water-flags. 104 frozen, cold. 105 horse
couriers, couriers.

Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wyll staunche
hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys hearte
alle cheere :
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode 109;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere
nyghtes smoke.

Birtha.

Albeytte unweares dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne, alyche fallyng ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchaſed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues
dyd flee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftſoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawthornes dyd me fleſhe enſeme,
Owlettes, wythe ſcrychyng, ſhakeyng everyche
tree,
And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche ſtreme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte ſtaie,
Botte ſeke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde,
leade the waie.

A WOODE.

HURRA, DANES.

Hurra.

HEERE ynn yis forreſte lette us wathe for pree,
Bewreckeyng on our foemenne oure ylle
warre;
Whatteverre ſchalle be Englyſch wee wylle flea,
Spredde our ugſomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne
yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde ſuffycyle for yee bee;
On everych breaſte yn gorie letteres ſcarre,
What ſpytes you have, and howe thoſe ſpytes
maie dree.
And gyff yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
Eftſoones we will retourne, and vanquiſhed bee
ne moere,
The battelle loſte, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemſelves culde ſtonde ſo harde a
fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and our healmes dyd
The Dacyannes ſpytes, lyche dewe drops,
fledde awaie.
Ytt was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn ſpytte of foemanne, I moſt ſaie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd lettes blodde the loſs wylle
paie,
Brynnyng, thatte we knowe howe to wynne
yn fyghte;
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the
daie of joie.
Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie
alonge,
Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie
Braſtyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle
bende;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourettes

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe
beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhere of ſende,
Beſprengyng alle abroad ſadde warre and bloddie
weere.
Botte fyrſt to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yſſue owte onne all yatte com-
meth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

GELMONDE, BIRTHA.

Birtha.

THYS merknels doe affraie mie wommannes
breaſte.
Howe ſable ys the ſpredyng ſkie arrayde!
Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reſte,
Ne ys att nyghts ſlemynge hue dyſmayde;
The ſtarres doe ſcantillie 110 the ſable brayde;
Wyde ys the ſylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte
afrayde?

Celmonde.

Merker the nyghte, ſitter tyde for love.

Birtha.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of
daie.

Celmonde.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte
here.

Birtha.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

Celmonde.

Thys Celmonde menes.
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an act of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore 111, dothe
ſheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn
See! howe the brauncyng trees do here en-
twyne,
Makeyng thy bower ſo pleaſyng to the
Thys was for love fyrſt made, and here ytt
ſtondes,
That hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true
loves bondes.

Birtha.

Celmonde, ſpeake whatte thou meneſt, or alſe
mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honeſtie ſo fayre.

Celmonde.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you
broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

Birtha.

O heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe
heare?
Am I betraſte 112? where ys mie Ælla, ſaie?

Celmonde.

O! do nette now to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

Birtha.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage onte,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

Celmonde.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee
goe,

Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde mycke woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn re-
grate.

O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes
blethe.

Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyf-
pleasaunce brooke.

Birtha.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie 113 sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heere thie love, I woulde bee
dead.

[bedde,

Yee seynctes! and shal I wronge mie Ælla's
And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
thyng?

Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydst a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte!
Or welkyn 114 and her starres wyll take a may-
dens parte.

Celmonde.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe
gylte; [stele;
Your lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryng as
The merkye seefonne wylle your blofnes
hylte 115.

Birtha.

Holpe, holpe, ye seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde
was spylte!

Celmonde.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of
nede.

Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou
wylte.

Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

Birtha.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe to staie mie dynne, or somme kynde
roder heere.

Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

Hurra.

Ah! thatts a wommane cries.

I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee there?

Celmonde.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee
dies.

Hurra.

This wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

113 Letchery. 114 Heaven. 115 hide,

Birtha.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys roynere heere!

Hurra.

Stonde thou bie mie; now saie thie name and
londe;

Or swythynne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

Celmonde.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous 116
honde.

Hurra.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

Celmonde.

Come onne, and see [bee.

Gyff mie stryng anlace maie bewryen whatte I
[Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, maynte Danes be
stath, and faletb to Hurra.

Celmonde.

Oh! I forslagen 117 bee! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte.
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forflege youre
menne;

[nyghte;—

I sele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne
To her be kynde.

[Dieth.

Hurra.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

Birtha.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

Hurra.

Ah!

Birtha.

Gyff anenste hym you harbour foule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Me thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce 118 you mee pyghte, the worste of
mortal woe.

Hurra.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: ye Dacyans, here,
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everyche fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynn pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd
comme,

Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym byt-
ter dome.

Birtha.

Mercie!

Hurra.

Bee stylle.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the for-
loyne;

The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and
wyne;

Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You would have smethed onne Wedecestrian
fielde,

Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwyng onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder
spreddyng shielde.

116 Furious. 117 Aain. 118 adultery.

Whanne you, as caytyned, yn fiede dyd bee,
Hee oathed you to bee styll, and straye dydd sette
you free.

Scalle wee forleige 119 hys wyfe, because he's
brave?

Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne or mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Sweite to hys pallace thys damoifelle here,
Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be gone?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee
wythe mee.

Birtha.

Al blessinges maie the feynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straighte
livynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe
and sea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftlic rede bie thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone 120 of thie cryme be-
wree! [mynde!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the
waie.

Hurra.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the caste to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynthe rodde leme flowe creepeth oere the
greene,
Toe chafe the merkyness of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute
the daie;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge
grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante 121 sees her vyfage yn the wavie glasse;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe
mee.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURS.

Ælla.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste
nyghte [love;
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge
dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle
prove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle be sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre
ne more.

Ælla, Egwina.

Egwina.

Oh Ælla!

Ælla.

Ah! that seemlykeene to mee
Specketh a legendary tale of woe.

Egwina.

Birtha is—

Ælla.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

Egwina.

Gone—

Ælla.

Gone! ye goddes!

Egwina.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle
woe!

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Ælla.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how?
when?

Egwina.

I will.

Ælla.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.
Where ys shee? fwythynne speeke, or instante
thou shalte die.

Egwina.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I
knowe.

Ælla.

Oh! speek.

Egwina.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie
rayne, [wicre,
Laste nyghte I leste her, droopynge wythe her
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte fyke
peyne—

Ælla.

Her love! to whomme?

Egwina.

To thee, her spouse alleyn 122.

As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn
twayne,

Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd feere 123,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her
anie wheere.

Ælla.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge! thou lyeft; thou art
her ayde [bee.

To chere her loufte;—botte noe; ytte cannotte

Egwina.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have
sayde, [slea.

Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee

Ælla.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys runne;

Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste
comme; [domme.
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

Servytoure.

Loverde! I am aboutte the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys namé and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme she; butte thereof the
reste

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

Ælla.

O speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes
hafte;

I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the furie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen one mie benned 124 heade I hanne been
Ælla styll.

Thys alleyn was unburled 125 of alle mie spryte;
Mie honoure, honoure, frownd on the dolce 126
wynde, [pyghte;

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage im-
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie honneur yette somme drybblet joie maie
fynde,

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome 127 and mie peace
ys rynde,

Itte were a recrandize to thyncke to lyve;

Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,

Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.

[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

Servytoure.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde.

Ælla.

Be styll; fwythe lette the chyrches ryngie mie
knelle.

Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde

Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.

[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COER-
NYKE.

Ælla.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; foe alle maie telle,
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie be fayre.

Egwina.

Yatte shee moeste bee.

Ælla.

Ah! saie notte foe! yatte worde would Ælla
doubly flee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COER-
NYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

Ælla.

Ah! Birtha here!

Birtha.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis lea-
thalle knelle? [hee?

Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle?

Ælla.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

Birtha.

What menes mie Ælla?

Ælla.

Here mie meneynge fee.

Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys
wounde,

Ytte mee unsprytes 128.

Birtha.

Ytt hathe unsprytet mee.

Ælla.

Ah Heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

Hurra.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friend
to thee.

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled swayne;
I sente hym myrynge yune mie compheeres
blodde, [trayne.

Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge
Yis damoifelle foughte to be here agayne;

The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to re-
mayne.

Coernyke.

Ye nobyll Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you
fyll.

Ælla.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes
could Ælla feare?

Birtha.

Amm I yenne thynne? I cannotte blame thie
feere,

Botte doe reste mee upponne mie Ælla's breste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.

Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,

To Watchette towne, where you deceasyngie
laie; [preste,

I wyth hym fledde; through a murke wode wo
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;

The Danes—

Ælla.

Oh! I die contente.— [dieth.

Birtha.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.

[*Birtha feyneth.*

Coernyke.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falls the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

Who canne unplyte the wurchys Heaven can
doe,

Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome was thie only gayne;

124 Cursed, tormented. 125 unarmed. 126 soft,
gentle. 127 repown.

128 Un-souls.

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie, was
loste.

This countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne Heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle
synge of thee.

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE.

By Thomas Rowleie.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, *bie T. Rowleie, the Auðhoure.*

GODDWYN, *bie Johan de Ifcamme.*

ELWARDE, *bie Syrr Tybot Gorges.*

ALSTAN, *bie Syrr Alan de Vere.*

KYNGE EDWARDE, *bie Maistre Willyam Canynge.*

Odbers bie Knyghtes Mynnstrelles.

PROLOGUE.

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOME I bie pensmeune 2 moke 3 un-
gentle 4 name
Have upon Goddwynne Earl of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge 5 hymme of faie 6 and
fame;
Unliart 7 divinftres 8 haveth faide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie 9
wurche 10; [churche.
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne 11 the
The auðthourex 12 of the piece whiche we enaſte,
Albeyte 13 a clergyon 14, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn 15 a kyng mote 16 be full pleased to
nyghte.
Attende, and marckethe partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for to doe do champyon 17 anie onne.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

Goddwyn.

HAROLDE!

Harolde.

Mie loverde 18!

Goddwyn.

O! I weepe to thyncke,

What foemen 19 riseth to ifrete 20 the londe.
Theie batten 21 onne her fleshe, her heartes
bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roical borde.

Harolde.

Lette notte thie agreme 22 blyn 23, ne aledge 24
stonde:

Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:

Am I betraſſed 25, ſyke 26 ſhulde mie burlic 27
bronde [I bore.

Dep eyncte 28 the wronges on hym from whom

Goddwyn.

I ken thie ſpryte 29 ſui welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe 30, ugſomme 31, rou 32, as ſmethynge 33
armyes ſeeme; [parte,
Yett eft 34, I feare, thie cheſes 35 toe grete a
And that thie rede 36 bee eſte borne downe bie
brene 37,

What tydyngeſ from the kyng?

Harolde.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the ſhemrynge 38
trayne.

Goddwyn.

Ah Harolde! 'tis a ſyghte of myckle woe,
To kenne theſe Normannes everich rennome
gayne.

What tydynge withe the foulke 39?

Harolde.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer ſhap 40, ſtylle toe
the kyng

Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a ſorgie ſea.

Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
ſtyng? [bee?

Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted

Goddwyn.

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle ſende
us ayde.

Harolde.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde oureſelves wythe
powre. [prayde.

Whan Godde wylle ſende us ayde! tis ſetelie 41
Moſte we thoſe calke 42 awaie the lyve longe
howre? [dareynge 44.

Thos croche 43 oure armes, and ne toe lyve
Unburled 45, undelievre 46, unſpryte?

Far fro mie harte be fled thyk 48 thoughte of
peyne,

Ille free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

Goddwyn.

Botte lette us wayte untill ſomme ſeaſon fytted
Mie Kentyſhmen, thie Summertons ſhall ryſe;
Adented 49 prowels 50 to the gite 51 of witte,
Agayne the argent 52 horſe ſhall daunce yn ſkies.
Oh, Harolde, heere forſtraughteynge 53 wa-
hope 54 lies.

Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe 55.

1 Of old, formerly. 2 writers, historians. 3 much-
4 inglorious. 5 bereaving. 6 faith. 7. unforgiving.
8 divines, clergymen, monks. 9. holy. 10 work-
11 not. 12 author. 13 though, notwithstanding.
14 clerk, or clergyman. 15 entyn, even. 16 might.
17 challenge. 18 lord. 19 foes, enemies. 20. de-
your, deſtroy. 21 fatten.

22 Grievance; a ſenſe of it. 23 ceaſe, be ſtill.
24 idly. 25 deceived, impoſed on. 26 ſo. 27 fury,
anger, rage. 28 paint, diſplay. 29 ſoul. 30 ſtrong.
31 terrible. 32 horrid, grim. 33 ſmoking, bleed-
ing. 34 oft. 35 heat, raſhneſs. 36 counſel, wiſ-
dom. 37 ſtrength, alſo ſtrong. 38 taudry, glim-
mering. 39 people. 40 fate, deſtiny. 41 nobly.
42 caſt. 43 croſs, from crouche, a croſs. 44 at-
tempt, or endeavour. 45 unarmed. 46 unactive.
47 unſpirited. 48 ſuch. 49 faſtened, annexed. 50
might, power. 51 mantle, or robe. 52 white, al-
luding to the arms of Kent, a horſe ſaliant, argent.
53 diſtracting. 54 deſpair. 55 bleed.

Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wylle nete
 alyfe 56,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe 57?
 Upponne the trone 58 I sette thee, helde thie
 crowne; [downe.
 Botte oh! twere homage nowe to pyghte 59 thee
 Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the
 kyng.
 Thou arte all Norman, notheynge of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beseies 60 thee notte a masse to
 synge; [Godde.
 Servynge thie leegfolcke 61 thou arte servynge
 Harolde.
 Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
 The dailie contekes 62 of the londe ascende.
 The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes
 cries [stende 65.
 Acheke 63 the mokie 64 aire and heaven a-
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
 Hancelled 66 from erthe these Normanne 67
 hyndes shalle bee; [brende 70;
 Lyche a battently 68 low 69, mie swerde shalle
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll
 hem 71 flea 72; [fayte 73;
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle de-
 Aboune 74 the hyghe empryze 75, and rouze the
 champyones straye.
 Goddwyn.

This suffer—

Harolde.

Aye, I knowe she is his queene. [fayre,
 Albeytte 76, dyd shee speeke her foemen 77
 I wolde dequace 78 her comelie femlykeene 79,
 And fouldie mie bloddie anlace 80 yn her hayre.

Goddwyn.

Thye fhuir 81 blyn 82.

Harolde.

No, bydde the leathal 83 mere 84,
 Upriste 85 withe hiltrene 86 wyndes and cause
 unkend 87,
 Beheste 88 it to be lette 89; so twylle appeare,
 Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.
 The gule-steynct 90 brygandyne 91, the adven-
 tayle 92, [prevayle.
 The feerie anlace 92 brede 93 shal make mie gare 94
 Goddwyn.
 Harolde, what wuldest doe?

Harolde.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites 95 unfree,
 Here liethe Normans coupynge 96 her bie lotte,
 Caltysnyng 97 everich native plante to gre 98,

56 Allow. 57 ease. 58 throne. 59 pluck. 60
 becomes. 61 subjects. 62 contentions, complaints.
 63 choke. 64 dark, cloudy. 65 astonish. 66 cut
 off, destroyed. 67 slaves. 68 loud roaring. 69
 flame of fire. 70 burn, consume. 71 them. 72
 slay. 73 decay. 74 make ready. 75 enterprise.
 76 notwithstanding. 77 foes. 78 mangle, destroy.
 79 beauty, countenance. 80 an ancient sword. 81
 fury. 82 cease. 83 deadly. 84 lake. 85 swollen.
 86 hidden. 87 unknown. 88 command. 89 still.
 90 red-stained. 91, 92 parts of armour. 93 broad.
 94 cause. 95 rights, liberties. 96 cutting, mang-
 ling. 97 forbidding. 98 grow.

VOL. XI.

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous 99 wulde
 hem flee 1; [brene 2;
 Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghesfulle
 Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde
 bee, [strene.
 Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde
 Eftsoones I wylle bewryne 3 mie ragefulle ire,
 And Goddis anlace 4 wielde yn furie dyre.

Goddwyn.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kyng?

Harolde.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster 5 hym ordeyne;
 Sette uppe som dygner 6 than I han pyghte 7
 downe; [gayne.

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd 8 a-
 Goddwyn.

No, lette the super-hallie 9 seyncte kyng reygne,
 Ande somme moe reded 10 rule the unten-
 tyff 11 reaulme;

Kyng Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
 To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn were the
 heaulme: [gayne,

Botte from mie harte bee everych thoughte of
 Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

Harolde.

Tell mee the meenes, and I wylle boutte ytte
 straye; [done.

Bete 12 mee to flea 13 myself, ytte shalle be
 Goddwyn.

To thee I wylle swythynne 14 the menes un-
 playte 15, [sonne-
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon.
 Whatte agrames 16 braunce 17 out from the
 general tree: [gron 19

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock 18
 Drented 20 of alle yts swolynge 21 owndes 22
 shalle bee;

Mie remedie is goode; oure menne shall ryse:
 Eftsoones the Normans and owre agrame 23 flies.

Harolde.

I will to the west, and gemote 24 alle mie
 knyghtes, [as brede 25
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes
 As the ybroched 26 moon, when blaunch 27 flies
 dyghtes 28

The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the
 doughtiest 29 blede;

Who este have knelte upon forslagen 30 foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests 31 a castle stode 32,
 Who dare ou kynges for to bewrecke 33 yere-
 woos; [daie.

Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

99 Furious. 1 slay. 2 strength. 3 declare. 4
 sword. 5 monastery. 6 more worthy. 7 pulled,
 plucked. 8 displayed. 9 over-righteous. 10 coun-
 selled, more wise. 11 uncareful, neglected. 12
 bid, command. 13 slay. 14 presently. 15 explain.
 16 grievances. 17 branch. 18 wet, moist. 19 fen,
 moor. 20 drained. 21 swelling. 22 waves. 23
 grievance. 24 assemble. 25 bread. 26 horned.
 27 white. 28 decks. 29 mightiest, most valiant.
 30 slain. 31 oversets. 32 a castle. 33 revenge.

Z

Goddwyn.

Botte firſte we'll call the loverdes of the weſt,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; [beſte,
The moe wee gayne, the gare 34 wylle proſper
Wythe ſyke a number wee can never fall.

Harolde.

True, ſo wee ſal doe beſt to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes 35 the ſpreddyng kyngedomme
bynde. [ſeygne

No crouched 36 champyone wythe an herte moe
Dyd yſſue owte the hallie 37 ſwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe ſtrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what that kes owre laboures wylle
enhepe!

I'lle ryſe mie friendes untoe the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aſlepe.

When wylle the chieſes mete atte thie feſtive
halle, [calle?

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em

Goddwyn.

Next eve, mie ſonne,

Harolde.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cauſe moſte die.
Thie geaſon 38 wronges bee reyne 39 ynto
theyre pryme;

Nowe wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie.
Alyche a ſtorm egederinge 40 yn the ſkie,
Tys fulle ande braſteth 41 on the chaper 42
grounde;

Sycke ſhalle mie ſhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee 43 menne be fleene 44
arounde. [falle,

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreſſionne
Ne moe the Englyſhmenne yn vayne for hele 45
ſhal calle.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

Queene.

BOTTE, loverde 46, whie ſo manie Normannes
here? [londe.

Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyſhe
Theſe browded 47 ſtraungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone 48, and ſete at your ryghte
honde.

Kynge.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde:
Theie yeave mee lyſie, and dyd mie bowkie 49
kene; [gronde;
Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre 50 me
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndneſſe
ſlepe.

Queene.

Mancas 51 you have yn ſtore, and to them parte;
Youre leege-ſolcke 52 make moke 53 dole 54, you
have theyr worthe aſterte 55.

34 Cauſe. 35 at once. 36 one who takes up
the croiſ in order to fight againſt the Saracens.
37 holy. 38 rare, extraordinary, ſtrange. 39 run,
ſhot up. 40 aſſembling, gathering. 41 burſteth.
42 dry, barren. 43 mighty. 44 ſlain. 45 help.
46 lord. 47 embroidered; it is conjectured em-
broidery was not uſed in England till Henry II.
48 throne. 49 perſon, body. 50 lodge. 51 marks.
52 ſubjects. 53 much. 54 lamentation. 55 ne-
glected, or paſſed by

Kynge.

I heſte 56 no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie 57 dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele 58.
Theyre volundes 59 are yſtorven 60 to ſelf endes;
No denwere 61 yn mie breſte I of them ſele:
I muſte to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muſte ne loſe the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, and viewe the azure rele 62,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe
praie.

Queene.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were 63;
To ſerve your leege-ſolcke toe is doeynge hommage
there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

Kynge.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges
brynges thee here?

Hughe.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente 64;
The hus dyspenſe 65 unpaied doe appere;
The laſte receivure 66 ys eſteſoones 67 diſ-
pente 68.

Kynge.

Thenne guylde the weſte.

Hughe.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte 69 Erle Harolde of the thyng;
He rayſed hys honde, and ſmote me onne the
cheke, [kynge.
Saieyng, go bearre thatte meſſage to the
Kynge.

Arace 70 hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde ſhall ywield the erlies
ſwerde.

Hughe.

Atte ſeeſon fytt, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the ſolcke doe ſoe enaſſe 71 hys
name, [ſlea;
In ſtrevyng to ſlea hymme, ourſelves wee
Syke ys the doughtynels 72 of hys grete fame.

Kynge.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede 73 ys notte to
blame. [yn Kente.

Botte thou maieſt fynde fulle ſtore of marckes
Hughe.

Mie noble loverde, Goddwyn ys the fame; [ent.
He ſweeres he wylle notte ſwelle the Normans

Kynge.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle com-
maunde. [the launde.

Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a ſtraunger to
Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyche erle doe
bere

Such ſtedneſs 74 in the yll and evylle thyng,
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere 75,
Onknowlachyng 76 gif thereunto to clynge.

56 Require, aſk. 57 holy. 58 help. 59 will.
60 dead. 61 doubt. 62 waves. 63 heaven-ward,
or God-ward. 64 purſe, uſed here probably as a
treafury. 65 expence. 66 receipt. 67 ſoon. 68
expended. 69 a contraction of mighty. 70 diſeſt.
71 embrace. 72 mightineſs. 73 counſel. 74 firm-
neſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. 75 doubt, ſuſpenſe. 76 not
knowing.

Hughe.

Onwordie fyke a marvell 77 of a kynge!
 O Edward, thou deservest purer leege 78;
 To the heie 79 shulden al theire mancas brynge;
 Thie nodde shoud save menne, and thie glomb 80
 forlege 81.
 I amme no curriedowe 82, I lacke no wite 83,
 I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatt all see is
 ryghte.

Kynge.

Thou arte a hallie 84 manne, I doe thee pryze.
 Comme, comme, and here and hele 85 mee yun
 mie praires.
 Fulltweentie mancas I wylle thee alife 86,
 And twayne of hamlettes 87 to thee and thie
 heyres.
 Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
 Theie alleyn 88 have fyke love, as to acquyre yer
 bredde.

CHORUS.

Whan freedom, dresse yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde,
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.
 She daunced onne the heathe;
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayed 1 her bosomme to acale 2;
 She hearde onflemmed 3 the shrieking voice of
 woe,
 And fadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shooke the burlid 4 speere,
 On hie she jette 5 her sheelde,
 Her foemen 6 all appere,
 And flizze 7 alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod 8 straught 9 ynto the
 skyes, [starre.
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a
 Alyche 10 twaie 11 brendeynge 12 gronfyres 13
 rolls hys eyes, [to war.
 Chaftes 14 with hys yronne feete and foundes
 She syttes upon a rocke;
 She bendes before hys speere,
 She ryfes from the shooke,
 Wioldyng her owne yn ayre.
 Harde as the thonder doth she drive ytte on,
 Wytte scillye 15 wymped 16 gies 17 ytte to hys
 crowne,
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde
 ys gon,
 He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
 War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld 18,
 arift 19,
 Hys feerie heaulme 20 noddynge to the ayre,
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge—

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

BIE T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE I. I.

WHANNE Scythyanne, salvage as the wolves
 theie charde,
 Peyncted in horrowe 2 formes bie nature dyghte,
 Heckled 3 yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
 And wyth the morneyng rouzed the wolfe to
 fyghte,
 Swepte as descendeynge lemes 4 of roddie lyghte
 Plonged to the hullstred 5 bedde of lavyng seas,
 Gerd 6 the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets 7
 twichte 8,
 And ranne yn thought along the azure mees,
 Whoseayne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred
 deys 9, [clefs.
 That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched 10
 Soft boundeynge over swelleyng azure reles 11,
 The salvage natyves sawe a shypp appere;
 An uncouth 12 denwere 13 to theire bosomme
 steles; [of fere.
 Theyre myghte ys knopped 14 ynne the froste
 The headed javlyn lisseth 15 here and there;
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke with eger
 eyne; [lie ayre,
 The shyppes sayle, boleyng 16 wythe the kynde-
 Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the
 stonde [yn honde.
 Aburled 17 Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaiden sweerde
 Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres 18,
 whose swerdes [nete,
 Glestred lyke gledeyng 19 starres ynne frostie
 Hayleyng theire capytayne in chirckynge 20
 wordes [fete.
 Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre
 The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 greete,
 Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;
 Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as
 flete [fyghte;
 As fleayng cloude that swymme before the
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted 21 Brutus kynge, and gave the Tro-
 janns swaie.
 Twayne of twelve years han lemed 22 up the
 myndes, [breste,
 Leggende 23 the salvage unthewes 24 of theire
 Improved in mysterk 25 warre, and lymmed 26
 theyre kyndes,
 When Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.

77 Wonder. 78 homage, obeisance. 79 they.
 80 frown. 81 kill. 82 curriedowe, flatterer. 83
 reward. 84 holy. 85 help. 86 allow. 87 ma-
 nors. 88 alone. 1 endeavoured. 2 freeze. 3 un-
 dismayed. 4 armed, pointed. 5 hoisted on high,
 raised. 6 foes, enemies. 7 fly. 8 head. 9 stretch-
 ed. 10 like. 11 two. 12 flaming. 13 meteors.
 14 beats, stamps. 15 closely. 16 mantled, cover-
 ed. 17 guides. 18 armed. 19 arose. 20 helmet.

1 I will endeavour to get the remainder of these
 poems. 2 unseemly, disagreeable. 3 wrapped. 4
 rays. 5 hidden, secret. 6 broke, rent. 7 small
 pieces. 8 pulled, rent. 9 vapours, meteors. 10.
 emblaunched. 11 ridges, rising waves. 12, 13 un-
 known tremour. 14 fastened, chained, congealed.
 15 boundeth. 16 swelling. 17 armed. 18 com-
 panions. 19 livid. 20 a confused noise. 21 A-
 nointed. 22 enlightened. 23 alloyed. 24 savage
 barbarity. 25 mystic. 26 polished.

Estfoons the gentle Locryne was posselt
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente 27;
 Halceld 28 the bykrous 29 Huns, who dyd infeste
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
 As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was
 honge, [alonge.
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede,
 Upon whose countenance rodde healtie was
 sprede;
 Blousshing, alyche 30 the scarlette of herr wede,
 She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
 Estfoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
 Elstrid ametten with the kyng Locryne;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendo-
 lyne;
 The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie floure
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peynete theyre
 powere.
 The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love:
 Theie lyved soft moments to a swotic 31 age;
 Est 32 wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and
 grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng
 fage 33, [headde;
 Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted 34 warriors to bewrecke 35 her bedde:
 Theie rose; ynne battle was greete Locryne
 fleene; [queene.
 The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchaufed 36
 A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre
 daie,
 Her fadre Locryne, once an hailie manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
 To where the western mittee 37 pyles of claie
 Arise ynto the cloude, and doe them beere:
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours
 gratch 38 and gear;
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to tell the dame she was notte yn
 regrate 39.
 The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the cmmert-
 leyng 40 skies.
 To flea her wherefoever she shulde be pyghte 41,
 Eke everychone who shulde her cle 42 em-
 prize 43. [flies,
 Sweste as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes
 yn nyghte,
 Stepte over cytties, on meint 44 acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneyng
 lighte;

27 A princely robe. 28 defeated. 29 warring.
 30 like. 31 sweet. 32 oft. 33 a tale. 34 assem-
 bled. 35 revenge. 36 heated, enraged. 37 migh-
 ty. 8 apparel. 39 esteem, favour. 40 glittering.
 41 settled. 42 help. 43 adventure. 44 many.

Tyll mooveynge to the weste, myschaunce hys
 gye 45, [espie.
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did
 He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde
 Harried 46 uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuire mote the erthe astounde 47,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie;
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie estfoones die;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple
 founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the rounyng course of meint a lim-
 med 48 rylle.
 The goddes, who kenned the alyons of the
 wyghte,
 To leggen 49 the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton 50 dyd make the mountaine bie theire
 mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
 Rozryng and rolleyng on yn course byf-
 mare 51;
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynge heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes
 rocke's ywrynde 52.
 The bawsyn 53 gyaunt, he who dyd them flee,
 To tell Gendolyne quycklie was ysped 54;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
 The roddie levynne 55 glesterd on hys headde;
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures sprede;
 Hewrythde arounde yn drearie dernie 56 payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes 57
 were fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Styll does hys ashes shoote ynto the lighte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste Thomas Rowley 1
 1464.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
 And hotte upon the mees 2 did caste his raie;
 The apple rodde 3 from its palie greene,
 And the mole 4 pearde did bende the leafy sprae,
 The peede chelandri 5 sunge the livelong daie;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
 And eke the grounde was dighte 6 in its mose destie
 7 aumeree 8.

45 Guide. 46 toft. 47 astonish. 48 glassy, re-
 flecting. 49 lessen, alloy. 50 hollow. 51 bewil-
 dered, curious. 52 hid, covered. 53 huge, bulky.
 54 dispatched. 55 red lightning. 56 cruel. 57
 flames, rays.—1 Thomas Rowley, the author, was
 born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, edu-
 cated at the convent of St. Kenna at Kynesham,
 and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. 2 meads.
 3 reddened, ripened. 4 soft. 5 pied goldfinch. 6
 drest, arrayed. 7 neat, ornamental. 8 a loose robe
 or mantle.

The sun was gleaming in the middle of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken 9 blue,
When from the sea ariste 10 in dreare arraie
A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring 11 attenes 12 the sunnis fetive 13 face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up
apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covente 14
lede,

A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle 15 in his weede,
Longe bretful 16 of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hailstone coude the almer 15
flie?

He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed 18 face, his sprighte there
scanne; [deade!
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd 19,
Haste to thie church-glebe-house 20 afshrewed
21 manne!

Haste to thie kiste 22, thie onlie dortoure 23
bedde,

Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and them-
selves.

The gathered storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat 24 meadowes smethe 25, and drenche
26 the raine;

The comyng ghaistness do the cattle pall 27,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flotte 28
again;

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne 29 flies;
And the hot fierie smothe 30 in the wide lowings
31 dies.

Liste; now the thunder's rattling clymmynge
32 found

Sheves 33 flowlie on, and then embollen 34 clangs,
Shakes the high spyre, and losst, dispended,
drown'd,

9 The sky, the atmosphere. 10 arose. 11 hid-
ing, shrouding. 12 at once. 13 beauteous. 14
It would have been *charitable*, if the author had
not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of
Charity. The abbot of St. Godwin's at the time
of writing of this was Ralphe de Bellomont, a great
stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was
a Yorkist. 15 beggarly. 16 filled with. 17 beg-
gar. 18 clouded, dejected. A person of some note
in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and
glom are modern cant words; and from this cir-
cumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's ma-
nuscripts, *Glum-mong*, in the Saxon signifies twi-
light, a dark or dubious light; and the modern
word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. 19
dry, sapless. 20 the grave. 21 accursed, unfor-
tunate. 22 coffin. 23 a sleeping room. 24 sun-
burnt. 25 smoke. 26 cloud. 27 *pall*, a contrac-
tion from *appall*, to fright. 28 fly. 29 lightning.
30 steam or vapours. 31 flames. 32 noisy. 33
moves. 34 swelled, strengthened.

Still on the gallard 35 eare of terroure hanges;
The winds are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder pourses,
And the full cloudes are braste 36 attenes in stonen
showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere tha watrie plaine,
The abbotte of Seyncte Godwines convente came
His chapournette 37 was drented with the reine,
And his pencte 38 gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll 39 at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist 40 almes craver neere to the holme
to bide.

His cope 41 was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete 42 was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds 41 mighte have
binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte,
For the horse millanare 44 his head with roses
dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim
saide,

O let me waite within your covente dore,
Tille the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alafs! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche!
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, reply'd the abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faiet our 45 in;
None touche mie rynges who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
stryve,
And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
The abbatte spurde his steede, and eftsoones roadde
awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder
rolde;
Faste reynynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape 45 were graie, and eke were
clene;

A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen
tree,

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim
sayde,
For Sweet Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The limitoure then loofen'd his pouche threde,

35 Frighted. 36 burst. 37 a small round hat,
not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly
worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers. 38 painted. 39
he told his beads backwards; a figurative expres-
sion to signify cursing. 40 poor, needy. 41 a cloke.
42 a loose white robe worn by priests. 43 a
lord. 44 I believe this trade is still in being, though
but seldom employed. 45 a beggar or vagabond.
46 a short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior
class, and secular priests.

And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
The mitter pilgrim dyd for halline 47 shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe 48 thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete 49 of oure owne
we bare.

But ah! unhailie 50 pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,
Here take my femecope 51, thou art bare I see;
Tis thyne; the seynctes will give me mie re-
warde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie seyncte, who fitte yn
gloure 52, [power.

Or give the mittee 53 will, or give the gode man

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

No. I.

O CHRISTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a noble erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleynge in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea-o'erteeming Dover! han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement, [bloude,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of
Before Duke Wylliam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cownt arrows manie erles sleynne,
And brued the feeld wythe bloude as season
rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnante arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd many wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From oute of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go do the weaklie womman inn man's geare,
And fcond your mansion if grymm war come
there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Both armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellers affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre; 28
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrold turnynge to his leegemen spake;
My merriemen, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for ay to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse wyth honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up your hartes, chafe sorrow farre
awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to
daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did
saie;

My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte;
No doubt but God wyll our true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kynge Harrold had now donde hys
saie; [spear,

He threw wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel speare went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Alflem, son of Cuthbert, holie sayncte, [payne;
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wylliam
Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;
Thy colorynge excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wylliam sawe hys freende sleynne pitconsilie,
His lovyng freende whom he much honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wylliam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brafen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundynge errowe-lede bene sleynne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alyve,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe hys destyn'd howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt uponne his milkwite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smoke soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at
night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coude not hymself aluste.
The standyng Normans drew their bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons
downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
The Englysh nete but shorte horse-spears could
welde;

The Englysh manie dethe sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Harroldes knyghts desir'd for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne,
The Normans stood aloofe, nor hede the fame,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, though from
far of they came. 100

47 Joy. 48 ease. 49 nought. 50 unhappy. 51
a short under-cloke. 52 glory. 53 mighty, rich

Duke Wylliam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he,
The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Joffelyn on the knee.
At this brave Joffelyn threwe his short horse-
speare;

Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow;
Upon his helme foe furious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Joffelyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champion to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestryng drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Joffelyn bloudie
wounde,

But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus
broke, 119

Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke.

And now the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to roryng combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstyng waves is
fled,

Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yong Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynesfarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle
myghte

Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his
mynde, 139

Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
In Englands court, in good Kynge Edward's
regne,

He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead hys lyfe;

And now with sovrayn Wylliam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, sweste as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head!
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caste hys shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, though ever they so stronge,
And view the briars belowe with self-taught pride;

But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. [stroke,

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie 161

Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all hys myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Betrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange
That he the sleeve unravels all their fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the
weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kynge Harold he fought mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a shadowe to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And stroke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retretd for to garde hys kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Estfoons with smokyng crymson bloud was
wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilke a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete hys hede in twayne.
This Affroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useles weede amonge the haie
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Allie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Egwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to garde:
The reste of erlies, fyghtyng other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude thair fyghtyng
speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
 And layde the great and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
 So who he be that ouphant fairies strike, 229
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
 To noble Edelwarde his lyfe dyd yelde;
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a
 myghte,
 The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
 Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,
 Against Erle Edelwarde hys bowe-strynge drewe;
 But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
 He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
 So was the hope of all the issue gone,
 And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod ferceely through the fyghte,
 To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
 Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of
 myghte?
 I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.
 Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said;
 I am a cunnyng erle, and that can tell; [hede,
 Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaslie cut hys
 And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
 Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God
 forefend,
 It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwen Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
 He turned aboute and vilely fouten flie;
 But Egwyn cutt so depe into his backe,
 He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romera de Biere,
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, Got wote.
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and
 dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote,
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
 And was demasing howe to take his life,
 When he behynde received a ghaslie wounde
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
 Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you
 doe,
 The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
 Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
 And knowlaching he soon must quyt this lyfe,
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
 He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
 And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
 And both together then did take their reste,
 Their soules from corpses unakell'd depart;
 And both together soughte the unknown shore,
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon be-
 fore. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
 And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
 His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
 And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
 Meanwhile the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were women in men's
 geer. 300

Herrewald borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;
 Where druids, auncient preests, did ryghtes or-
 daine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses syng
 Of Caesar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
 Wreck'd all hys shyping on the British coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxones steynd the place wyth Britisch gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoughte mouche of
 the pile,
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
 'Twas here the ancient elders of the isle
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
 O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these ef-
 chew. 310

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine;
 Three Norman champyons of hie degree
 He left to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
 The Sier Fitzbottleine did then advaunce,
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylying launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of soddayne roushyng mouch lov'd purple
 bloude. 320

De Vipoute then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that cauld but littel peine.
 So have I scene a dolthead place a stone,
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
 But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyns in his noble mynde. 330

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advanched next before the erlie's syghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his tristie swerd forth drewe,
 The erle drawes his, menne bothe of mickle
 myghte;

And at eche other vengoullie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
 Bothe scorn'd to yeelde, and both abhor'de to
 flie,

Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,

And in dethe panges he seer'd the recer's knee:
 Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
 So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
 And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
 The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
 Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
 And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
 Upon Chatillion's souleless corse of claie;
 A puddle streame of bloude flow'd out ameine;
 Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
 As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
 To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie now an horse and beaver han,
 And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
 And manie a muckle knyghte and mightie manne
 To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
 When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
 Intending Herewaldus to have sleine;
 It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
 And at his pole came out with horrid payne.

Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde, 379
 His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
 Quod he: Thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the same.
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
 And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
 Quod he: These offals are for ever curst,
 Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for
 foode.

Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokynge with lyfe, and dy'd with crymson
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
 Ah me! sayde he, what woeful syghte I see!
 But now I must do somethyng more than sighe;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe.
 As from a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
 White rushe the burstynge wayes, and roar
 along the weir. 400

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte,
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.

The noble erlie than, withoute a grone, 409
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse,
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
 And now eletten on another horie,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 And to be sleyn by a wighte so meene.

Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock, 419
 Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet;
 Advaucinge, as a mastie at a bull,
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
 Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
 He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon
 the pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
 A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
 He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a crymson streame of bloude:
 In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
 While life and dethe strove for the masterrie. 440

He gryp'd hard the bloudie murdring launce,
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
 But Egwarde, who perceevd his fowle intent,
 Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
 That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
 Will black theire earthlie name, if not their
 soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
 Winged with fate and dethe, daunced alonge;
 And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
 Howel ap Jevah, who ycleped the stronge.
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
 With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
 Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode:
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie
 Dame,

To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460
 Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seek,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;

And putt a rowe of bloude stoncs round his neck ;
 And then did say—go, champion, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte :
 His sheelde of wolf-skin did him not attend,
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne
 hed, 469
 Falls to the pleine ; so fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes
 bryghte,
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen ;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave 481
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghast ;
 And leste behynde their bowe and asenglave,
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
 His garb sufficient were to move affryghte ;
 A wolf skin girded round hys myddle was ;
 A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
 Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws :
 So Hercules, 'tis sunge, much like to him,
 Upon his sholder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweste legges he wore
 A hugie goat skin, all of one grete piece ;
 A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore ;
 His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
 They fleede ; he followed close upon their heels,
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne !
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels ;
 He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt
 ranne. [arme,

His bloude went downe the swerde unto hys
 In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte and broade, and myckle
 keene, [waie ;
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
 Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte ;
 As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the
 wounde.

As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym ;
 But when he falls into the pittic golphe,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym ;
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the
 more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great
 dismaie,

They turned about, eftsoons upon him lept,
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Lacque ;
 And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
 His visage was turned round unto his backe.
 Backe to his harte retyr'd the useles gore,
 And felle upon the pleine to rise no more. 440

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
 And broke his helm, and seiz'd hym bie the throte :
 Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes
 drew,

That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
 In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
 And from their sockets started out his eyes ;
 And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge :
 And bothe in peine and anguishe eftsoon dies.
 As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
 Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore
 laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came,
 Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist ;
 A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
 An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.
 Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
 And Ethelbert at Walleris set his ;
 And Egward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
 But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss :
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet,
 The poynted launce of Egward did ypass ;
 The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
 And he fell breathles on the bloudie gras.
 As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
 The dreaded weapon hummed o'er his heade,
 And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :
 Oh, shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
 A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave ! 560
 From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
 And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;
 Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :
 There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions
 speak—

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

No. II.

Oh truth ! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, sayre saincte ! thy passynge worthe to
 pryze,
 To blame a friend, and give a foeman prayse.
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe silver rays,
 Leadyng a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte ;
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
 She sees Kyng Harolde stande, sayre Englands
 curse and pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
 Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
 This even in drinke, to-morrow with the dead!
 Through everie troope disorder reer'd* er hedde;
 Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
 Sad dome was theires, who leste this easie bedde,
 And wak'd in tormentes from so sweet a dream.
 Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd
 and praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde;
 Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a
 score,
 And search how farre our foeman's campe doth
 bound;
 Yourself have rede; I nede to saie no more.
 My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
 Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
 And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
 He saide; the loieaul broders leste the place,
 Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd ad-
 vance,
 And mark'd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,
 When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and
 launce
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd;
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
 Gyrthe drew hys fwerde, and cutte hys burled
 hyde;
 The proto-sene manne of the fiede he felle;
 Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng
 curles,
 Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
 pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-songe
 came,
 Rousd from their praiers by the floting crie;
 Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the
 fame,
 Not once theie stode abashd, or thoughte to flie.
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallie wherfoe're it lie;
 * Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;
 So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the cham-
 pyone lowe. 50

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edrawe his arcublaste bowe.
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the
 fame,
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye
 so,
 Thus unprovok'd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to
 showe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;

Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can
 doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme reply'd;
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought,
 That men of Harolde's armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were en-
 thoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoin'd goode cheere,
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English
 ground. 70

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
 They slepte, as though they woulde have slepte
 theyr last,
 And hadd already felte theyr fatale wounde.
 He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;
 Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth
 rage;
 When through the hollow tentes these wordes
 dyd sound,
 Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
 Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
 Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the
 dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
 In jingle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
 Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfsins rore,
 That neare hys flocke is watching for a praie,
 He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,
 Gripes faste hys burled croke, and fore addrade
 Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
 And yell of men, and dogs, and wolfsins, tear the
 skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of each wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of
 wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the
 line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and
 byll-spear shine;
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche brad hys armlace fiker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
 Some caught a flughorne, and an onsett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred
 at the founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
 Through the black armoure dyd the anlace
 fele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondryng at the
 deede,
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in
 hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

* In Turgott's tyme Hollenwell braste of erthe so
 fierce, that it threw a stone-mell carrying the same
 awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowing this, leste out a line.

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their
head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie
tyghte.

The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght re-
nownd,

Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the
grounde.

I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious
wounde,

Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie

Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts
anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbed fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;
Sonne linked man to man the champyones
floode;

To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lysted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

Here glorious Alfwold tow'r'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sonnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of
date.

Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaf'd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel could
mate,

Who made of peopled reaulmes a barren waste;
Think how at once by you Norwegia bled

Whilste dethe and victorie for magystric bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde
ride,

And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam
fare.

Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken
cheer?

Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did
glare;

And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and
kynge,

Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?

Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the
thyng.

When Toftus sent me golde and sylver store,

I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason
more. 160

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde
cryd;

Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?

I think of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.

Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.

But what oure soemen are, quod Girth, I'll
shewe;

By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr
ha?

Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie
grete. 170

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owre a goodlie rowe.

First did a rank of arcublastries stande,
Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng
flo,

Brave champyons, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrossse theyr horses ty'd,

Or with the loversd squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses fyde,

When thus Duke Willyam to a monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste
awaie. 180

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chryst's vicar stande.

He saide; the monke departed out of hande,
And to Kynge Harolde dyd this message bear;

Who said; telle thou the duke, at his likand
If hee can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

He said, and drove the monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to
bloudie fyghte. 190

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Whercin alle coloures wroughte aboute in
bighes,

An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.

This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne near Harolde at the Kenters heade,

Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize
That straite the hest for battle should be
spredde.

To evry crle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries a guerre and slughornes shake the vault-
ed heaven. 200

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darknels hid from human fyghte,

The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,

Through the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes
of lyght;

Some lostie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;

Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty
force,

Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change
theyr course. 210

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseem'd one boddie light;

Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddid in the ayre most straunge to fyght.

Harde as the iron were the men of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

Eche shootyng spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swester
than wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on
fyre. 220

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakynge the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthron'd on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the
skie:

He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyght-
some raye. 230

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayfd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whyflynge through the
ayre.

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie:
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite through, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scrityng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie
pleyne. 240

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes
songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte
full stronge,
From out of mortals syght shut up the floe:
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes peyncted sheelde;
Quite through the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande floses uprysinge in the
aire. 250

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their
waie
In householde armies through the flanch'd skie,
Alike the cause, or companie, or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soone as the muddy natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth de-
scende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend;
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peered through brasse, and sente manie to
heaven or helle. 260

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in hys breste;
Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Neville, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the joint cuish the dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the
steele;
He sente the avengeynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re-
payre. 270

And now the javelyns, barbd with death his
wynges,
Hurl'd from the Englysh handes by force adorne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror
synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurl'd by such strength along the ayre theie
burne, [bloude;
Not to be quenched butte yn Normannes
Wherete theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd
end. 280

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande,
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer:
Itte whyzzed a ghastlie dynne in Normannes
ear,
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He clos'd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what avalyd the Lyons on hys cresse!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde
was prest. 290

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendynge like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his
groine;
In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,
The welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with payne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wry-
thynges torne. 300

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his leste hande helde a
speere, [steede,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncynge
And to the Godde of Heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Through his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seir de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, soe furyous was the
blowe. 310

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might
goe,
Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe,
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Rocces lasse,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams
bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazynge starre at
nyghte,
He grypd hys swerde, and felle upon the place of
fyghte. 320

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
 Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes
 did flee,
 Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne
 foughte;
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
 For theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke
 yroughte:
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their
 fatale wounde. 330

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did
 peerce,
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assaile;
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's
 ryfingray. 340

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde
 his fate
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie longe.
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so
 stronge
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
 Ah! neete awayld the brais or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd
 cleave;
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd oakes or elms are hewne from off the
 playne. 350

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle
 lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere,
 Couldste thou not kenne, mozte skylld Astrela-
 goure,
 Howe in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
 When Alfwolds javelyn rattlynge in the ayre,
 From hand dyvine on thie habergeon came,
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude
 bear,
 It gave thee death and everlastyng fame:
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde
 arme, 359
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn
 presse,
 His soule and bloude came roushyng from the
 wounde;
 He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
 It can ne be I should behight the rest,
 That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
 Paffe bie a penne to be counte or expresse,
 How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;

As leaves from trees shooke by derne autumn's
 hand,
 So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwolde on the
 strand. 370

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yells
 Assaile some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
 Bespreng destructione oer the woodes and
 delles;
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr leeslament;
 So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one cre-
 vent,
 Ne on abash'd enthoughten for to flee;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
 In vayne on every side the arrows fled;
 The Brystowe menne styll rag'd, for Alfwold was
 not dead. 380

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreas'd the slayne;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes presse the
 playne;
 But of the cries, whom recorde nete hath slayne,
 O truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That thowe they're deade, theyr names may
 lyve agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 390

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
 For ever bended on St. Cuthbert's shryne,
 Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes re-
 sygne,
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortune's knyghte;
 His son the saincte behelde with looke adigne,
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
 Seincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys
 deeds,
 His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen
 bleedes. 400

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
 Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;
 As the blue Bruton, ryfing from the wave,
 Like sea-gods seene in most majestic guise,
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid, 409
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes com-
 bine, [slyne,
 Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
 Or Phoebus ryfinge in a frostie morne,
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that
 lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boilyng welle,
 Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyfperinge in
 the delle. 420

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the
shelle,

Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rolynge thro the skie,
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made
tame,

So greie appeared her featly sparklyng eye;
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyant man, the virtues doomsday
book. 430

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where fainctes and soules departed masses synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke for issuyng
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did
falle;

None fell in vayne; all showed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entende-
ment. 440

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skylful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did showe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms
refin'd. 450

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That left the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects ought to
bringe
The arms, the helmets, all the spoyle of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the
thyng, [farre;
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to
The stout Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes
he delte. 460

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes
He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And all the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuoullie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force re-
strayne,
Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walls and hedges doth its course main-
tayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide
lowe. 470

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng
flayne.

Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretch'd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he
laie. 480

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn seerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did
peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the
blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the
flaine. 490

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted
speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed
floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he
rounde doth goe. 500

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie af-
tounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond.
He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemed, a dedlie syghte!
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng
nyghte. 510

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng
stryng,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For daryng with bolde worde hys loiaule
kynge, [flyng
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did
An hevie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunt the same did ringe,
Peerd thro the corner, then stuck in the
grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis
flie. 520

Then Adhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete cham-
piones know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge
And hytte the Scot most ferlie on the prow;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick
fande. 530

CONTINUED.

Where fruytless heathes and meadows cladde
in greie, [ble heade,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr hum-
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spelde.
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder sorrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde un-
couthlie bedde. 540

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng theyr vyctimes round aboute the
flame,

'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee. 550

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That listes yts scheafsted heade ynto the skies,
And kinglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte
lies.

Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now ribbd in steele he rages yn the fighte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of
nyghte. 560

Soe when derne Autumne with hys fallowe
hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fiede a carnage-house he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And sweeps alle neere hym lyke a brondd
floude;

Dethe honge upon his arme; he flect so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 570

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie
wayne

A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewyng the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchyng eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,

The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd
twyne,

And dyd disfigure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyflyng ocean to make glair hys browes. 580

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
knyghte,

That beer war-token in a shielde to fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwye,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wraistlers at a Hocktyde game.

The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of
warre. 590

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe
haunte,

Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte-
larke chaunte, [glide,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferser Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee
abyde, [beeme,

Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 600

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce;
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched lance,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.

Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel
steere;

Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
Neere to Kyng Harold dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaiden sworde so
stronge. 610

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace
wyde,

On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dy-
vyde, [breme;

Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner
Alonge the fiede it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeyng Kyng Haroldes payncted sheeld in
twayne,

Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours doe abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares and dryves ynto the
grounde. 620

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did
goe, [divide,

Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranks
To save himselfe leste them unto the foe;

So olyphauntes, in kingdome of the funne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne
troopes runne. 630

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who ayenwarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte 639

Dyd blush to see their champion put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustryng wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sands belowe
He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys
eyne 649

In peecies hee the mothering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes
eyne;
Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 660

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coude
bee,

Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:

So hunted decre the dryvyng houndes will flee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;

Thus stode Campynon, grette but hertlesse
knyghte,

When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to
fyghte. 670

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys
myghte

Campynon's swerde in burle-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;

Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,

And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graispd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,

Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 680

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;

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It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge
flame;

Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some citie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 690

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde dothe lie,
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
altound

To see the bawfin champion preste upon the
ground. 700

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugdom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie
prowe;

So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans flew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud
they went,

And rounde aboute them swarthless corse be-
sprente. 710

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde
fyghte,

That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rolyng and dymfyghted eyne.

Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead. 720

But now to Alfwoulde he oppofynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he
fente

At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee coude dree;
But on hys paynted sheelde so bismarlie

Affaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,

Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne

And clove his cresse and split hym to the eyne. 730

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

As onn a bylle on eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;

A a

Full well I wote so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlache; yge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng.
 A rev'rend fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the towne,
 Where glasse bubblyng Trymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubt for all he's given
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
 Quod I; I doubt, that can ne bee;
 I have ne gotten markes three. [foe;
 Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes
 Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curious traveller, and pass not bye,
 Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
 Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
 And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.
 This mightie pile, that keepesthe wyndes at baie,
 Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
 That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
 Shall be the record of the buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
 The pride of Brystowe and the westerne lande,
 Yet is the buylders vertues much moe greete,
 Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
 Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen
 state, [pande,
 That seemd with breath and human foule dif-
 As payrde to us enseem these men of state,
 Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to
 God elate.

Well maieft thou be astound, but view it well;
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
 And learn the builder's vertues and his name;
 Of this tall spyre in every countye telle,
 And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
 How hee, good man, a friend for kynges became,
 And glorious paved at once the way to heaven
 and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radeleves ryfynge
 raie, [hyghte,
 A true manne good of mynde and Canynge
 Benethe thys ston lies moltrynge ynto claie,
 Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
 Thyrd fromme hys loynes the present Canynge
 came;
 Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
 For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise
 the folle,
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie
 bee hys dulle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,

Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt
 twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt ryfynge Avonne to he sped,
 Amenged wyth ryfynge hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde ageded reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie
 thoughte,
 Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
 Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a
 sprighte

Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
 And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
 Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to
 fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
 Were I toe dispoone, there should lyvven aie
 In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
 As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge
 strayde,
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
 Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
 What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde,
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
 Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the
 white tyde,
 Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;
 Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
 But was ne forstraughte whan she dyd alyghte

Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes a-
brewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule efchewe.

Wyth sweet femblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falle oratoryes she dyd aie deteste:
Sweetneffe was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
'Tho she strove not to make that sweetneffe sheene.

Shee fayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee
telle; [were,

I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven-
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I
fawe,

And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn flepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte,
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of wyfdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the waffle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one foe wyfe, and yet foe yinge.

Encreasynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelic femelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesús rest hys foule)!
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole)!
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;

What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

But landes and castles tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And leste to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade, (made.
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe' gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endleis lyghte,
And ffeed good Canynge; fad mystake of dethe!
Soe have I seen a flower ynn sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts
pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of
heav'n,

Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente),
Was to my bilmarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleeve, and contented bee.

I fawe the myndbruch of hys nobille foule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for
lyfe.

Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

ON HAPPINESSE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneffe on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite craced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd
abounde?

Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself, and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thine,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE.

BY THE SAME.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM.

BY THE SAME.

MIE boolic entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joicous eyne,
A a ij

Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt
fyne;

Ne moe, ne moe, alafs! I call you myne:
Whydder must you, ah! whedder must I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke me myckle woe;
I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd
seeme;

Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was
runn,

Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte asleme;
Thye los, or quyeck or slepe, was aie mie dreame;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;

Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must
goe.

THE

ACCOMTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde;
Byelecoyle doe the grave besseme;
The ealdermenne doe fyttte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynn defarte waste
Swotelye the morneyng ayre doe taste.

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie styll the guesstes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS.

IN the following glossary, the explanations of words by Chatterton, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by Chatterton, have been added by the editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for <i>Ælla</i> , a <i>Tragycal Enterlude</i> .
Ba.	— <i>The Dethe of Syr C. Barwin</i> .
Ch.	— <i>Balade of Charitie</i> .
E. I.	— <i>Eclogue the first</i> .
E. II.	— <i>Eclogue the second</i> .
E. III.	— <i>Eclogue the third</i> .
El.	— <i>Elinoure and Juga</i> .
Ent.	— <i>Entredouctionne to Ælla</i> .
Ep.	— <i>Epistle to M. Canynge</i> .
G.	— <i>Goddwyn, a Tragedie</i> .
H. 1.	— <i>Battle of Hastings, No. 1</i> .
H. 2.	— <i>Battle of Hastings, No. 2</i> .
Le.	— <i>Letter to M. Canynge</i> .
M.	— <i>Englysh Metamorphosis</i> .
P. G.	— <i>Prologue to Goddwyn</i> .
T.	— <i>Tournament</i> .

	A.
ABESSIE, E. III.	<i>humility.</i> C.
Aborne, T.	<i>burnished.</i> C.
Abounde, H. I.	
Aboune, G.	<i>make ready.</i> C.
Abredynge, Æ.	<i>upbraiding.</i> C.
Abrewe, as brew.	
Abrodden, E. I.	<i>abruptly.</i> C.
Acale, G.	<i>freeze.</i> C.
Accaie, Æ.	<i>assuage.</i> C.
Achments, T.	<i>atchievements.</i> C.

Acheke, G.	<i>choke.</i> C.
Achevments, Æ.	<i>services.</i> C.
Acome, as come.	
Acrool, El.	<i>faintly.</i> C.
Adave, H. 2.	
Adawe, awake.	
Addawd, H. 2.	
Adente, Æ.	<i>fastened.</i> C.
Adented, G.	<i>fastened, annexed.</i> C.
Aderne, H. 2.	<i>See Derne, Dernis.</i>
Adigne.	<i>See adygne.</i>
Adrames, Ep.	<i>churls.</i> C.
Adventaile, T.	<i>armour.</i> C.
Adygne, Le.	<i>nervous; worthy of praise.</i> C.
Affynd, H. 1.	<i>related by marriage.</i>
Afleme, as fleme;	<i>to drive away, to affright.</i>
After la goure, H. 2.	<i>should probably be after</i> <i>gour; astrologer.</i>
Agrame, G.	<i>grievance.</i> C.
Agreme, Æ.	<i>torture.</i> C.—G. <i>grievance.</i> C.
Agrosed, as agrised;	<i>terrified.</i>
Agroted, Æ.	<i>See Groted.</i>
Agylted, Æ.	<i>offended.</i> C.
Aidens, Æ.	<i>aidance.</i>
Ake, E. II.	<i>oak.</i> C.
Alans, H. 2.	<i>bounds.</i>
Alatche, Æ.	
Aledge, G.	<i>idly.</i> C.
Alest, Æ.	<i>left.</i>
All a boon, E. III.	<i>a manner of asking a favour.</i> C.
Alleyn, E. I.	<i>only.</i> C.
Almer, Ch.	<i>beggar.</i> C.
Aluste, H. 1.	
Alyne, T.	<i>across his shoulders.</i> C.
Alyse, Le.	<i>allow.</i> C.
Amate, Æ.	<i>destroy.</i> C.
Amayld, E. II.	<i>enamelled.</i> C.
Ameded, Æ.	<i>rewarded.</i>
Amenged, as menged;	<i>mixed.</i>
Amenused, E. II.	<i>diminished.</i> C.
Amield, T.	<i>ornamented, enamelled.</i> C.
Anente, Æ.	<i>against.</i> C.
Anere, Æ.	<i>another.</i> C.
Anete,	
Anie, as nie;	<i>nigh.</i>
Anlace, G.	<i>an ancient sword.</i> C.
Antecedent, Æ.	<i>going before.</i>

- Applings, E. I. *grafted trees.* C.
 Arace, G. *divest.* C.
 Arist, Ch. *arose.* C.
 Arrowe-lede, H. I.
 Ascaunce, E. III. *disdainfully.* C.
 Asenglave, H. I.
 Askaunted, L.e.
 Aslee, Æ.
 Affeled, E. III. *answered.* C.
 Asshrewed, Ch. *accursed, unfortunate.* C.
 Affwaie, Æ.
 Astedde, E. II. *seated.* C.
 Astende, G. *astonish.* C.
 Asterte, G. *neglected.* C.
 Astoun, E. II. *astonished.* C.
 Astounde, M. *astonish.* C.
 Asyde, perhaps *astyde*; *ascended.*
 Athur, H. 2. *as thurgh*; *thorough.*
 Attenes, Æ. *at once.* C.
 Attoure, T. *turn.* C.
 Attoure, Æ. *around.*
 Ave, H. 2. *for eau.* Fr. *water.*
 Aumere, Ch. *a loose robe or mantle.* C.
 Aumeres, E. III. *borders of gold and silver, &c.* C.
 Aunture, H. 2. *as aventure*; *adventure.*
 Autremete, Ch. *a loose white robe worn by priests.* C.
 Awhaped, Æ. *astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. *backwards.* C.
 B.
 Bankes, T. *benches.*
 Barb'd hall, Æ.
 Barbed horse, Æ. *covered with armour.*
 Baren, Æ. *for barren.*
 Barganette E. III. *a song or ballad.* C.
 Bataunt, Ba.
 Battayles, Æ. *boats, ships.* Fr.
 Batten, G. *fatten.* C.
 Battent, T. *loudly.* C.
 Battently, G. *loud roaring.* C.
 Battone, H. I. *beat with sticks.* Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. *jewels.* C.
 Bawfin, Æ. *large.* C.
 Bayre, E. II. *brow.* C.
 Beheste, G. *command.* C.
 Behight, H. 2.
 Behylte, Æ. *promised.* C.
 Belent, H. 2.
 Beme, Æ. *trumpet.*
 Bemente, E. I. *lament.* C.
 Benned, Æ. *curled, tormented.* C.
 Benymynge, P. G. *bereaving.* C.
 Bercie.
 Berne, Æ. *child.* C.
 Berten, T. *venomous.* C.
 Beseies, T. *becomes.* C.
 Besprente, T. *scattered.* C.
 Bestadde,
 Bestanne, Æ.
 Bested, H. 2.
 Bestoiker, Æ. *deceiver.* C.
 Bestreynts, H. 2.
 Bete, G. *bid.* C.
 Betraffed, G. *deceived, imposed on.* C.
 Betraffe, Æ. *betrayed.* C.
 Betreinted, H. 2.
 Bevyte, E. II. *break.* A herald term, *signifying a spear*
broken in tilting. C.
 Bewrate, H. 2.
 Bewrecke, G. *revenge.* C.
 Bewreen, Æ. *express.* C.
 Bewryen, L.e. *declared, expressed.* C.
 Bewryne, G. *declare.* C.
 Bewryning, T. *declaring.* C.
 Bighes, Æ. *jewels.* C.
 Birlette, E. III. *a hood or covering for the back part of*
the head. C.
 Bismarde.
 Blake, Æ. *naked.* C.
 Blakied, E. III. *naked, original.* C.
 Blanche, Æ. *white, pure.*
 Blaunche, E. II. *white.* C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. *loudly.* C.
 Blente, E. III. *ceased, dead.* C.
 Blethe, T. *bleed.* C.
 Blynge, Æ. *cease.* C.
 Blyn, E. II. *cease, stand still.* C.
 Boddekin, Æ. *body, substance.* C.
 Boleynge, M. *swelling.* C.
 Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. *different kinds of boats.* C.
 Boolie, E. I. *beloved.* C.
 Bordel, E. III. *cottage.* C.
 Bordelier, Æ. *cottager.*
 Borne, T. Æ. *burnish.* C.
 Boun, E. II. *make ready.* C.
 Bounde, T. *ready.* C.
 Bourne, Æ.
 Bouting matche,
 Bowke, T.—Bowkie, G. *body.* C.
 Brasteth, G. *bursteth.* C.
 Brayd, G. *displayed.* C.
 Brayde, Æ.
 Brene, subst. G. *strength.* C.
 ——— adj. E. II. *strong.* C.
 Brende, G. *burn, consume.* C.
 Bretful, Ch. *filled with.* C.
 Broched, H. 2. *pointed.*
 Brondeous, E. II. *furious.* C.
 Browded, G. *embroidered.* C.
 Brynnyng, Æ. *declaring.* C.
 Burlid, M. *armed.* C.
 Burlie bronde, G. *fury, anger.* C.
 Buelecoyle, *bel-acueil.* Fr. *the name of a personage*
in the Roman de la Rose, which Chaucer has ren-
dered fair-welcoming.
 Byker, Æ. *battle.*
 Bykrous, M. *warring.* C.
 Bysmare, M. *bewildered, curious.* C.
 Bysmarelie, L.e. *curiously.* C.
 Cale, Æ. *cold.*
 Calke, G. *cast.* C.
 Calked, E. I. *cast out.* C.
 Caltysning, G. *forbidding.* C.
 Carnes, Æ. *rocks, stones.* Brit.
 Castle-stede, G. *a castle.* C.
 Caties, H. 2. *cates.*
 Caytifned, Æ. *binding, enforcing.* C.
 Celnefs, Æ.
 Chafe, Æ. *bot.* C.
 Chafes, G. *beats, stamps.* C.
 Champion, v. P. G. *challenge.* C.
 Chaper, E. III. *dry, sun-burnt.* C.
 Chapournette, Ch. *a small round bat.*
 Chefe, G. *beut, rashness.* C.
 Chelandree, Æ. *goldfinch.* C.
 Cheorte,

Cherisaunce, Ent. *comfort*. C.
 Cherisaunied, Æ. perhaps *cherisaunied*.
 Cheves, Ch. *movers*. C.
 Chevysed, Ent. *preserved*. C.
 Chirckynge, M. *a confused noise*. C.
 Church-glebe-house, Ch. *grave*. C.
 Cleme, E. II. *sound*. C.
 Clergyon, P. G. *clerk, or clergyman*. C.
 Clergyon'd, Ent. *taught*. C.
 Clevis, H. 2.
 Cleyne, Æ.
 Clinie, H. 1.
 Cloude-agested.
 Clymmynge, Ch. *noisy*. C.
 Coistrell, H. 2.
 Compheeres, M. *companions*. C.
 Congeon, E. III. *dwarf*. C.
 Contake, T. *dispute*. C.
 Conteins, H. 1. *for contents*.
 Conteke, E. II. *confuse, contend with*. C.
 Contekions, Æ. *contentions*. C.
 Cope, Ch. *a cloke*. C.
 Corven, Æ. See *ycorven*.
 Cotte, E. II. *cut*.
 Cottis, E. II. See *bolleengers*.
 Coupe, E. II. *cut*. C.
 Couraciers, T. *horse-courfers*. C.
 Coyen, Æ. *coy*. q?
 Cravent, E. III. *coward*. C.
 Creand, Æ. *as recreand*.
 Crine, Æ. *hair*. C.
 Croched, H. 2. perhaps *broched*.
 Croche, v. G. *cross*. C.
 Crokynge, Æ. *bending*.
 Cross-stone, Æ. *monument*. C.
 Cuarr, *quarry*. q?
 Cullis-yatte, E. I. *portcullisgate*. C.
 Curriedowe, G. *flatterer*. C.
 Cuyen kine, E. I. *tender cows*. C.
 D.
 Dareynge, G. *attempt, endeavour*. C.
 Declynie, H. 1. *declination*. q?
 Decorn, E. II. *carved*. C.
 Deene, E. II. *glorious, worthy*. C.
 Deere, E. III. *dire*. C.
 Defs, M. *vapours, meteors*. C.
 Defayte, G. *decay*. C.
 Deste, Ch. *neat, ornamental*. C.
 Deigned, E. III. *disdained*. C.
 Delievretie, T. *activity*. C.
 Demasing, H. 1.
 Dente, Æ. See *adente*.
 Dented, Æ. See *adented*.
 Denwere, G. *doubt*. C.—M. *tremour*. C.
 Dequace, G. *mangle, destroy*. C.
 Dequaced.
 Dere, Ep. *hurt, damage*. C.
 Derkynnes, Æ. *young deer*. q?
 Derne, Æ.—H. 2.
 Dernie, E. I. *woeful, lamentable*. C.
 — M. *cruel*. C.
 Deslavate, H. 2.
 Deslavatie, Æ. *letchery*. C.
 Detratours, H. 2.
 Deyfde, Æ. *seated on a deis*.
 Dheie, *they*.
 Dhere, Æ. *there*.

Dhereof, *thereof*.
 Difficile, Æ. *difficult*. C.
 Dighte, Ch. *dress, arrayed*. C.
 Dispande, perhaps *for disponded*.
 Dispone, *dispose*.
 Divinistre, Æ. *divine*. C.
 Dolce, Æ. *soft, gentle*. C.
 Dole, n. G. *lamentation*. C.
 Dole, *adj.*
 Dolte, Ep. *foolish*. C.
 Donde, H. 1.
 Donore, H. 1. This line should probably be written thus: *O sea-oerteeming Dover!*
 Dortoure, Ch. *a sleeping-room*. C.
 Dote, perhaps *as dighte*.
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. *d'outre mere*, Fr. *From beyond sea*.
 Dree, Æ.
 Dreste, Æ. *least*. C.
 Drented, G. *drained*.
 Dreynted, Æ. *drowned*. C.
 Dribblet, E. II. *small, insignificant*. C.
 Drites, G. *rights, liberties*. C.
 Drocke, T. *drink*. C.
 Droke, Æ.
 Droorie, Ep. See Chatterton's note. *Drurie* is *courtship, gallantry*.
 Drooried, Æ. *courted*.
 Dulce, *as dolce*.
 Dureffed, E. I. *bardened*. C.
 Dyd, H. 2. should probably be *dyght*.
 Dygne, T. *worthy*. C.
 Dynning, E. I. *sounding*. C.
 Dysperpellest, Æ. *scatterest*. C.
 Dysporte, E. I. *pleasure*. C.
 Dysportiment, Æ. *as disporte*.
 Dysregate, Æ.
 E.
 Edraw, H. 2. *for ydraw, draw*.
 Eft, E. II. *often*. C.
 Eftsoones, E. III. *quickly*. C.
 Ele, M. *help*. C.
 Eletten, Æ. *enlighten*. C.
 Eke, E. I. *also*. C.
 Emblaunched, E. I. *whitened*. C.
 Embodide, E. I. *thick, stout*. C.
 Embowre, G. *lodge*. C.
 Emburled, E. II. *armed*. C.
 Emmate, Æ. *lessen, decrease*. C.
 Emmers.
 Emmertleyng, M. *glittering*. C.
 Enalse, G. *embrace*. C.
 Encaled, Æ. *frozen, cold*. C.
 Enchased, M. *beated, enraged*. C.
 Engyne, Æ. *torture*.
 Enheedyng.
 Enlowed, Æ. *flamed, fired*. C.
 Enrone, Æ.
 Enseme, Æ. *to make seams in*. q?
 Enseeming, Æ. *as seeming*.
 Enshoting, T. *shooting, darting*. C.
 Enstrote, H. 2.
 Enswote, Æ. *sweeten*. q?
 Enswolters, Æ. *swallows, sucks in*. C.
 Ensyрке, *encircle*.
 Ent, E. III. *a purse or bag*. C.
 Entendement, Æ. *understanding*.
 A iiiij

Enthoghteing, *Æ.*
 Entremed.
 Entrykeynge, *Æ.* as *tricking*.
 Entyn, P. G. *even*. C.
 Éstande, H. 2. for *ystande*, stand.
 Estells, E. II. A corruption of *estolle*, Fr. a star. C.
 Estroughted, *Æ.*
 Ethe, E. III. *ease*. C.
 Ethie, *easy*.
 Evalle, E. III. *equal*. C.
 Evespeckt, T. *marked with evening dew*. C.
 Ewbrice, *Æ.* *adultery*. C.
 Ewbrycious, *lascivious*.
 Eyne-gears.

F.

Fage, Ep. *tale, jest*. C.
 Faifully, T. *faithfully*. C.
 Faitour, Ch. *a beggar, or vagabond*. C.
 Faldstole, *Æ.* *a folding stool, or seat*. See Du
 Cange in v Faldistorium.
 Fayre, *Æ.* *clear, innocent*.
 Feere, *Æ.* *fire*.
 Feerie, E. II. *flaming*. C.
 Fele, T. *feeble*. C.
 Pellen, E. I. *fell, pa. t. sing. q?*
 Fetelie, G. *nobly*. C.
 Fetive, Ent. as *festive*.
 Fetivelie, Le. *elegantly*. C.
 Fetiveness, *Æ.* as *festiveness*.
 Feygues, E. III. A corruption of *feints*. C.
 Fhuir, G. *fury*. C.
 Fie, T. *defy*. C.
 Flaiteu, H. 1.
 Flanced, H. 2.
 Flemed, T. *frighted*. C.
 Flemie.
 Flizze, G. *fly*. C.
 Floe, H. 2. *arrow*.
 Flott, Ch. *fly*. C.
 Foile, E. III. *baffle*. C.
 Fons, fonnes, E. II. *devices*. C.
 Forgard, *Æ.* *lose*. C.
 Forletten, El. *forsaken*. C.
 Forloyne, *Æ.* *retreat*. C.
 Forreying, T. *destroying*. C.
 Forslagen, *Æ.* *slain*. C.
 Forsege, *Æ.* *slay*. C.
 Forstraughte, *distracted*.
 Forstraughteyng, G. *distracting*. C.
 Forswat, Ch. *sun-burnt*. C.
 Forweltring, *Æ.* *blasting*. C.
 Forwyned, E. III. *dried*. C.
 Fremde, *Æ.* *strange*. C.
 Fremded, *Æ.* *frighted*. C.
 Freme, *Æ.*
 Fruetile, *Æ.* *fruitful*.

G.

Gaberdine, T. *a piece of armour*. C.
 Gallard, Ch. *frighted*. C.
 Gare, Ep. *cause*. C.
 Gastness, *Æ.* *ghostliness*. q?
 Gayne, *Æ.* To gayne, so gayne a pryze.—Gayne
 has probably been repeated by mistake.
 Geare, *Æ.* *apparel, accoutrement*.
 Geason, Ent. *rare*, C.—G. *extraordinary, strange*,
 C.
 Geer, H. 2. as *gier*.

Geete, *Æ.* as *gite*.
 Gemote, G. *assemble*. C.
 Gemoted, E. II. *united, assembled*. C.
 Gerd, M. *broke, rent*. C.
 Gies, G. *guides*. C.
 Gier, H. 1. *a turn, or twist*.
 Gif, E. II. *if*. C.
 Gites, *Æ.* *robes, mantels*. C.
 Glair, H. 2.
 Gledeynge, M. *livid*. C.
 Glomb, G. *frown*. C.
 Glommed, Ch. *clouded, dejected*. C.
 Glytted, H. 2.
 Gorne, E. I. *garden*. C.
 Gottes, *Æ.* *drops*.
 Gouler.
 Graiebarbes, Le. *graybeards*. C.
 Grange, E. I. *liberty of pasture*. C.
 Gratche, *Æ.* *apparel*. C.
 Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor*.
 Gravots, E. I. *groves*. C.
 Gree, E. I. *grow*. C.
 Groffle, *Æ.*
 Groffish, *Æ.*
 Groffynge, Ep. *foolishly*. C.
 Gron, G. *a fen, moor*. C.
 Gronfer, E. II. *a meteor*; from *gron*, a fen, and
fer, a corruption of fire. C.
 Gronfyres, G. *meteors*. C.
 Grore, H. 2.
 Groted, *Æ.* *sworn*. C.
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. *red-painted*. C.
 Gule-steynct, G. *red-stained*. C.
 Gytteles, *Æ.* *mantels*. C.

H.

Haile, E. III. *happy*. C.
 Hailie, *Æ.* as *haile*.
 Halceld, M. *defeated*. C.
 Hallie, T. *boly*. C.
 Hallie, *Æ.* *wholly*.
 Halline, Ch. *joy*. C.
 Hancelled, G. *cut off, destroyed*. C.
 Han, *Æ.* *bath*. q?
 Hanne, *Æ.* *bad, particip. q?—Æ.* *bad, pa. t.*
sing. q?
 Hantoned, *Æ.*
 Harried, M. *toft*. C.
 Hatched.
 Haveth, E. I. *have, 1st pers. q?*
 Heafods, E. II. *beads*. C.
 Heavenwere, G. *heavenward*. C.
 Hecked, *Æ.* *wrapped closely, covered*. C.
 Heckled, M. *wrapped*. C.
 Heie, E. II. *they*. C.
 Heideyngnes, E. III. *a country dance, still practis-*
ed in the north. C.
 Hele, n. G. *help*. C.
 Hele, v. E. III. *to help*. C.
 Hem, T. *a contraction of them*. C.
 Hente, T. *grass, bold*. C.
 Hentyll, *Æ.*
 Herselle, *Æ.* *herself*.
 Heste, *Æ.*
 Hilted, hiltren, T. *hidden*. C.
 Hiltring, Ch. *biding*. C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. *inn, or public house*. C.
 Holtred, *Æ.*

- Hommeur, *Æ*.
 Hondepont, *Æ*.
 Hopelen, *Æ*.
 Horrowe, *M.* *unseemly, disagreeable.* *C.*
 Horse-millanar, *Ch.* See *C's* note.
 Houton, *M.* *hollow.* *C.*
 Hulstred, *M.* *hidden, secret.* *C.*
 Huscarles, *Æ.* *house-servants.*
 Hyger, *Æ.* The flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra*. *Gul. Malmesh.* de Pontif. *Ang.* *L.* *iv.*
 Hylle-fyre, *Æ.* *a beacon.*
 Hylte, *T.* *hid, screened.* *C—Æ.* *hide.* *C.*
 I.
 Jape, *Ch.* *a short surplice, &c.* *C.*
 Jeste, *G.* *hoisted, raised.* *C.*
 Isrete, *G.* *devour, destroy.* *C.*
 Ihanted, *E. I.* *accustomed.* *C.*
 Jintle, *H. 2.* *for gentle.*
 Impestering, *E. I.* *annoying.* *C.*
 Inhild, *El.* *infuse.* *C.*
 Ishad, *Le.* *broken.* *C.*
 Jubbe, *E. III.* *a bottle.* *C.*
 Iwreene.
 K.
 Ken, *E. II.* *see, discover, know.* *C.*
 Kennes, *Ep.* *knows.* *C.*
 Keppened, *Le.*
 Kiste, *Ch.* *coffin.* *C.*
 Kivercled, *E. III.* *the hidden or secret part.* *C.*
 Knopped, *M.* *fastened, chained, congealed.* *C.*
 L.
 Ladden, *H. 1.*
 Leathel, *E. I.* *deadly.* *C.*
 Lechemanne, *Æ.* *physician.*
 Leckedst, *H. 2.*
 Lecturn, *Le.* *subject.* *C.*
 Lecturnies, *Æ.* *lectures.* *C.*
 Leden, *El.* *decreasing.* *C.*
 Ledanne, *Æ.*
 Leege, *G.* *homage, obeysance.* *C.*
 Leegefolcke, *G.* *subjects.* *C.*
 Lege, *Ep.* *law.* *C.*
 Leggen, *M.* *lessen, alloy.* *C.*
 Leggende, *M.* *alloyed.* *C.*
 Lemanne, *Æ.* *mistress.*
 Lemes, *Æ.* *lights, rays.* *C.*
 Lemed, *El.* *glistered.* *C—Æ.* *lighted.* *C.*
 Lere, *Æ—H. 2.* *seems to be put for leather.*
 Lessel, *El.* *a bush or hedge.* *C.*
 Lete, *G.* *still.* *C.*
 Lethal, *El.* *deadly, or death-boding.* *C.*
 Lethlen, *Æ.* *still, dead.* *C.*
 Letten, *Æ.* *church-yard.* *C.*
 Levynde, *El.* *blasted.* *C.*
 Levynne, *M.* *lightning.* *C.*
 Levyn-mylded, *Æ.* *lightning-melted.* *q?*
 Liefe, *Æ.*
 Liff, *E. I.* *leaf.*
 Ligheth, *Æ.*
 Likand, *H. 2.* *liking.*
 Limed, *E. II.* }
 Limmed, *M.* } *glassy, reflecting.* *C.*
 Linge, *Æ.* *stay.* *C.*
 Liffed, *T.* *bounded.* *C.*
 Lithie, *Ep.* *humble.* *C.*
 Loaste, *Æ.* *lost.*
 Logges, *E. I.* *cottages.* *C.*
 Lordinge, *T.* *standing on their hind legs.* *C.*
 Loverd's, *E. III.* *Lord's.* *C.*
 Low, *G.* *flame of fire.* *C.*
 Lowes, *T.* *flames.* *C.*
 Lowings, *Ch.* *flames.* *C.*
 Lymmed, *M.* *polished.* *C.*
 Lynch, *El.* *bank.* *C.*
 Lyoncel, *E. II.* *young lion.* *C.*
 Lyped, *El.*
 Lyffe, *T.* *sport, or play.* *C.*
 Lyffed, *Æ.* *bounded.* *C.*
 M.
 Mancas, *G.* *marks.* *C.*
 Manchyn, *H. 2.* *a sleeve, Fr.*
 Maynt, meynre, *E. II.* *many, great numbers.* *C.*
 Mee, mees, *E. I.* *meadow.* *C.*
 Meeded, *Æ.* *rewarded.*
 Memuine, *H. 2.*
 Meniced, *menaced.* *q?*
 Mere, *G.* *lake.* *C.*
 Merk-plante, *T.* *night-shade.* *C.*
 Merke, *T.* *dark, gloomy.* *C.*
 Miesel, *Æ.* *myself.*
 Milkynette, *El.* *a small bagpipe.* *C.*
 Mist, *Ch.* *poor, needy.* *C.*
 Mitches, *El.* *ruins.* *C.*
 Mittee, *E. II.* *mighty.* *C.*
 Mockler, *more.*
 Moke, *Ep.* *much.* *C.*
 Mokie, *El.* *black.* *C.*
 Mole, *Ch.* *soft.* *C.*
 Mollock, *G.* *wet, moist.* *C.*
 Morglaien, *M.* *the name of a sword in some old romances.*
 Morthie, *Æ.*
 Morthyng, *El.* *murdering.* *C.*
 Mote, *E. I.* *might.* *C.*
 Motte, *H. 2.* *word, or motto.*
 Myckle, *Le.* *much.* *C.*
 Myndbruch, *Æ.*
 Mynster, *G.* *monastery.* *C.*
 Mysterk, *M.* *mystic.* *C.*
 N.
 Ne, *P. G.* *not.* *C.*
 Ne, *nigh.*
 Nedere, *Ep.* *adder.* *C.*
 Neete, *night.*
 Nesh, *T.* *weak, tender.* *C.*
 Nete, *Æ.* *night.*
 Nete, *T.* *nothing.* *C.*
 Nilling, *Le.* *unwilling.* *C.*
 Nome-depeinted, *E. II.* *rebus'd shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.* *C.*
 Notte-browne, *nut-brown.*
 O.
 Obaie, *E. I.* *abide.* *C.*
 Offrendes, *Æ.* *presents, offerings.* *C.*
 Olyphautes, *H. 2.* *elephants.*
 Onknowlache, *E. II.* *not knowing.* *C.*
 Onlight, *Æ.*
 Onlist, *Le.* *boundless.* *C.*
 Orrests, *G.* *oversets.* *C.*
 Ouchd, *T.* See *C's* note.
 Ouphante, *Æ.* *supper, elves.*
 Ourt, *H. 2.*

- Ouzle, *Æ.* black-bird. C.
 Owndes, G. waves. C.
 P.
 Pall, Ch. Contraction from *appall*, to fright. C.
 Paramente, *Æ.* robes of scarlet. C.—M. a princely robe. C.
 Paves, Pavyes, *Æ.* shields.
 Peede, Ch. pied. C.
 Pencte, Ch. painted. C.
 Penne, *Æ.* mountain.
 Percale, Le. perchance. C.
 'Pere, E. I. appear. C.
 Perpled, purple, q?
 Persant, *Æ.* piercing.
 Pete, *Æ.*
 Pheeres, *Æ.* fellows, equals. C.
 Pheon, H. 2. in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.
 Pheryons.
 Picte, E. III. picture. C.
 Pighte, T. pitched, or bent down. C.
 Poyntel, Le. a pen. C.
 Prevdy, *Æ.* hardy, valourous. C.
 Proto-slene, H. 2. first-slain.
 Prowe, H. 1.
 Pynant, Le. pining, meagre.
 Pyghte, M. settled. C.
 Pyghteth, Ep. plucks, or tortures. C.
 Q.
 Quaced, T. vanquished. C.
 Quaintiffed, T. curiously devised. C.
 Quansd, *Æ.* stilled, quenched. C.
 Queede, *Æ.* the evil one, the devil.
 R.
 Receivure, G. receipt. C.
 Recer, H. 1. for racer.
 Recendize, *Æ.* } for recreandice, cowardice.
 Recrandize, *Æ.* }
 Recreand, *Æ.* coward. C.
 Reddour, *Æ.* violence. C.
 Rede, Le. wisdom. C.
 Reded, G. counselled. C.
 Redeing, *Æ.* advice.
 Regrate, Le. esteem. C.—M. esteem, favour. C.
 Rele, n. *Æ.* wave. C.
 Reles, v. E. II. waves. C.
 Rennome, T. honour, glory. C.
 Reyne, Reine, E. II. run. C.
 Reyning, E. II. running. C.
 Reytes, *Æ.* water-flags. C.
 Ribaude, Ep. rake, lewd person. C.
 Ribbande-geere, ornaments of ribbands.
 Rodded, Ch. reddened. C.
 Rode, E. I. complexion. C.
 Rodeing, *Æ.* riding.
 Roder, *Æ.* rider, traveller.
 Roghling, T. rolling. C.
 Roin, *Æ.* ruin.
 Roiend, *Æ.* ruin'd.
 Roiner, *Æ.* ruiner.
 Rou, G. horrid, grim. C.
 Rowncy, Le. cart-horse. C.
 Rynde, *Æ.* ruin'd.
 S.
 Sabalus, E. I. the devil. C.
 Sabbatanners, *Æ.*
 Scalle, *Æ.* scall. C.
 Scante, *Æ.* scarce. C.
 Scantillie, *Æ.* scarcely, sparingly. C.
 Scarpes, *Æ.* scarfs. C.
 Scethe, T. hurt or damage. C.
 Scille, E. III. gather. C.
 Scillye, G. closely. C.
 Scolles, *Æ.* sholes.
 Scond, H. 1. for abscond.
 Seck, H. 1. for suck.
 Seeled, Ent. closed. C.
 Seere, *Æ.* search. C.
 Selynefs, E. I. happiness. C.
 Semblate,
 Seme, E. III. seed. C.
 Semecope, Ch. a short under-cloke. C.
 Semmlykeed, *Æ.*
 Semlykeene, *Æ.* countenance. C.—G. beauty, countenance. C.
 Sendaument,
 Sete, *Æ.* seat.
 Shappe, T. fate. C.
 Shap-scourged, *Æ.* fate-scourged. C.
 Shemring, E. II. glimmering. C.
 Shente, T. broke, destroyed. C.
 Shepen,
 Shepster, E. I. shepherd. C.
 Shoone-pykes, shoes with piked toes. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
 Shrove, H. 2.
 Sletre, *Æ.* slaughter.
 Slughornes, E. II. a musical instrument not unlike a hautboy. C.—T. a kind of clarion. C.
 Smethe, T. smoke. C.
 Smething, E. I. smoking. C.
 Smore, H. 1.
 Smothe, Ch. steam or vapours. C.
 Snett, T. bent. C.
 Sothen, *Æ.* sooth. q?
 Souten, H. 1. for sought. pa. t. sing. q?
 Sparre, H. 1. a wooden bar.
 Spedde, H. 2.
 Spencer, T. dispenser. C.
 Spere, *Æ.*
 Spyryng, *Æ.* towering.
 Staie, H. 1.
 Starks, T. stalks.
 Steeres, stairs.
 Stent, T. stained. C.
 Steynced, *Æ.*
 Storthe.
 Storven, *Æ.* dead. C.
 Straughte, *Æ.* stretched. C.
 Stret, *Æ.* stretch. C.
 Strev, *Æ.* strive.
 Stringe, G. strong. C.
 Suffycyl, *Æ.*
 Swarthe, *Æ.*
 Swartheing, *Æ.*
 Swarthless, H. 2.
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. short-liv'd. C.
 Swoltering, *Æ.*
 Swotie, E. II. sweet. C.
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn, quickly. C.
 Syke, E. II. such, so. C.
 T.
 Takelle, T. arrow. C.
 Teint, H. 1. for tent.

Tende, T. *attend, or wait.* C.
 Tene, *Æ. sorrow.*
 Tentyflie, E. III. *carefully.* C.
 Tere, *Æ. health.* C.
 Thighte.
 Thoughten, *Æ. for thought. pa. t. sing. q?*
 Thyflen, E. II. *these, or those.* q?
 Tochelod, *Æ.*
 Tore, *Æ. torch.* C.
 Trechit, H. 2. *for treget, deceit.*
 Treynted, *Æ.*
 Twyghte, E. II. *plucked, pulled.* C.
 Twytte, E. I. *pluck, or pull.* C.
 Tyngge, Tyngue, *tongue.*
 U.
 Val, T. *helm.* C.
 Vernage, H. 2. *vernaccia. Ital. a sort of rich wine.*
 Ugfomeness, *Æ. terror.* C.
 Ugfomme, E. II. *terribly.* C.—*Æ. terrible.* C.
 Unaknell'd, H. 1. *without any knell rung for them.* q?
 Unburled, *Æ. unarmed.* C.
 Uncted, M. *anointed.* C.
 Undelievre, G. *unactive.* C.
 Unenhantend, *Æ. unaccustomed.* C.
 Unespryte, G. *unspirited.* C.
 Unhailie, Ch. *unbappy.* C.
 Unliart, P. G. *unforgiving.* C.
 Unlist, E. III. *unbounded.* C.
 Unlored, Ep. *unlearned.* C.
 Unlydgefull, *Æ.*
 Unplayte, G.—Unplyte, *Æ. explain.* C.
 Unquaced, E. III. *unhurt.* C.
 Unsprytes, *Æ. un-souls.* C.
 Untentyff, G. *uncareful, neglected.* C.
 Unthylle, T. *useless.* C.
 Unwere, E. III. *tempest.* C.
 Volunde, *Æ. memory, understanding.* C.—G. *will.*
 C.
 Upriste, *Æ. risen.* C.
 Upryne, H. 2.
 Upfwalyngge, *Æ. swelling.* C.
 W.
 Walsome, H. 2. *walatsome, loathsome.*
 Wanhope, G. *despair.* C.
 Wayld, *Æ. choice, selected.*
 Waylinge, E. II. *decreasing.* C.

Wayne, E. III. *car.* C.
 Weef, *Æ. grief.* C.
 Welked, E. III. *withered.* C.
 Welkyn, *Æ. heaven.* C.
 Wiseegger, E. III. *a philosopher.* C.
 Wissen, *Æ. wisb.*
 Wite, G. *reward.* C.
 Withe, E. III. *a contraction of wither.* C.
 Wolsome, Le. *See walsome.*
 Wraytes. *See reytes.*
 Wrynn, T. *declare.* C.
 Wurche, *Æ. work.* C.
 Wychencref, *Æ. witchcraft.*
 Wyere, E. II. *grief, trouble.* C.
 Wympled, G. *mantled, covered.* C.
 Wynnynge, *Æ.*

Y.

Yan, *Æ. than.*
 Yaped, Ep. *laughable.* C.
 Yatte, T. *that.* C.
 Yblente, *Æ. blinded.* C.
 Ybroched, G. *horned.* C.
 Ycorne, *Æ.*
 Ycorven, T. *to mould.* C.
 Ycrafed, T. *broken.* C.
 Yenne, *then.*
 Yer, E. II. *their.*
 Yer, *Æ. your.*
 Ygrove, H. 2.
 Yinder, *Æ. yonder.*
 Yis, *this.*
 Ylach'd, H. 2.
 Ynhyme, Ent. *interr.* C.
 Ynutile, *Æ. useless.*
 Yreaden, H. 2.
 Yroughte, H. 2. *for ywroughte.*
 Ysped, M. *dispatched.* C.
 Yspende, T. *consider.* C.
 Ystorven, E. I. *dead.* C.
 Ytsel, E. I. *itself.*
 Ywreen, E. II. *covered.* C.
 Ywrinde, M. *hid, covered.* C.
 Yyne, *Æ. thine.*

Z.

Zabalus, *Æ. as Sabalus; the devil.*

MISCELLANIES.

ÆTHELGAR,

A SAXON POEM.

'Tis not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? when the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michelstow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some, are blessings: and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword.—Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the star of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; soft as the showers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of * Exanceastre: noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Kenric; his soul, with the lark, every morning ascended the skies; and sported in the clouds: when stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray; he sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; the stars danced to his song; the rolling years, in various mantles drest, confest him man.—He saw Egwina of the vale; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenric; she was tall as the towering elm; stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and sweet as the morning breeze; beauteous as the sun; blushing like the vines of the west; her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw

Ethelgar; her soft soul melted as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Ælgar saw the light; he was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud; he felt the strength of his fire; and, swift as the lightnings of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn'g awoke the sun; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew; Ælgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, so raged young Ælgar through the wood; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars; he roared like the voice of the tempest; hunger made him furious, and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunder bolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed.—The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and Egwina wept.—They wept like the rains of the spring; sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death: but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power; the apple perfumed the gale; and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the sun; the winds roared like the noise of a battle; the swift hail descended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark-brown corners of the sky; the thunder shook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face: the shades

of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock: the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maindip; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the sable sand; wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead: horror sat upon his brow; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air; the black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangling meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beech, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night—Know, O man! said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak; secret as the bottom of the great deep; just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great. The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

Bristol, March 4, 1769.

D. B.

KENRICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

WHEN winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in sable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwulf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear; terrible was his voice, great was his strength;

he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph! thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women: no more pursue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons; Tenyan bled at his feet; like the red lightning of Heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwulf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

CERDICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE rose-crowned dawn dances on the top of the lofty hill. Arise, O Cerdick, from the mossy bed, for the noise of the chariots is heard in the valleys.

Ye Saxons, draw the sword, prepare the flying dart of death: swift as the glancing light meet the foe upon the brow of the hill, and cast the warriors headlong into the roaring stream.

The swords of the Saxons appear on the high rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams of the morning sun.

The Britons begin to ascend the ragged fragments of the shrinking rock: thick as the hail in the howling storm, driven down the mountain's side, the son of the tempest; the chariot, and the horse roll in confusion to the blood-stained vale.

Sons of war, descend, let the river be swelled with the smoking streams of life, and the mountain of the slain ascend to the stars.

They fall beneath the spear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert scatters the never-erring shaft of death. Ælla is a tempest, a cloud bursting in blood, a winter's wind blasting the soul: his knees are encircled with life-warm gore, his white robe is like the morning sky. Ceaulin's spear is exalted like the star of the evening; his fallen enemies rise in hills around him.

The actions of Cerdick astonish the soul; the foe is melted from the field, and the gods have lost their sacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his spear, he sings the praises of the gods: let the image be filled with the bodies of the dead, for the foe is swept away like purple bloom of the grape, no more to be seen. The sacred flames ascend the clouds, the warriors dance around it. The evening slowly throws her dusky veil over the face of the sun.

Cerdick arose in his tent.

Ye sons of war, who shake the silver javelin and the pointed shield, arise from the soft slumbers of the night, assemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.

From the dark-brown spring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war arose.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the silver stream, the mighty Cerdick stood among the warriors: attention seals up their lips.

Why will ye sleep, ye Saxons, whilst the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads; let us gird on the reeking sword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceastre: strong as the foundation of the earth, swift as the impetuous stream, deadly as the corrupted air, sudden as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the sea, armed in the red lightnings of the storm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the sword and shield, and follow the descendant of Woden.

As when the fable clouds incessantly descend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is loosened, and the forest gently slides to the valley, such was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceastre: the spears appeared like the stars of the black night, their spreading shields like the evening sky.

Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the distant mountain: on the spreading top a company is seen: they are like the locusts of the east, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind: they come down the hills like the stones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death sports in their shadows. They are children of Woden: see the god of battle fans the air, the red sword waves in

their banner. Ye sons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be feasted with the chaplets of victory.

It is Kenrick! I see the lightning on his shield! his eyes are two stars, his arm is the arrow of death! he drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the summer sun drink the softly stealing brook: he moves like the moon, attended by the stars; his blood-stained robe flies around him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the sinking sun.

See the chaplet hangs on his helm: shade him, O ye sons of war, with the pointed shield.

Kenrick approaches; the shields of the brave hang over his head. He speaks; attention dances on the ear.

Son of Woden, receive a conquering son: the bodies of the slain rise in mountains; the ashes of the towns choke up the river; the roaring stream of Severn is filled with the slaughtered sons of thunder; the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks; the mighty men, like the sacrifice of yesterday, will be seen no more; the briars shall hide the plain; the grass dwell in the desolate habitation; the wolf shall sleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods; the sheep shall wander without a shepherd, and the goats be scattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the swelling flood; the enemies are swept away; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace arises from the solitary grove.

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. By the powers that send the tempest, the red lightning, and roaring thunder; by the god of war, whose delight is in blood, and who preys upon the souls of the brave; by the powers of the great deep, I swear that Kenrick shall sit on my throne, guide the sanguine spear of war, and the glittering sceptre of peace.

Cerdick girds his son with the sword of royalty: the warriors dance around him: the clanging shields echo to the distant vales; the fires ascend the skies; the town of Doranceastre increases the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives: the cries of the burning foe are drowned in the songs of joy; the ashes of the image are scattered in the air, the bones of the foe are broken to dust.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the strength of Kenrick.

Bristol, May 20.

D. B.

GODRED CROVAN.

A POEM.

Composed by Dopnal Syrric Sebeld of Godred Crovan, King of the Isle of Man.

ARISE, O son of Harald the Black, for the son of Syrric sleeps upon the mountain, under the mossy rock; prepare thy silver lance, shake the clotted gore of the wolf from thy spreading shield; Fingal of the brown lake, whose sword divides the lofty pine, whose spear is ever moist with the blood of the slain, will assist thy arm. Cullisin who sleeps on the brow of the mountain, whose

feet are swift as the days of mirth, will draw forth his troops from the forest. The lions of the plain, Morvor and Effyr, will swell thy army, as the falling rain swells the silver brook: they wait for thy presence, as the brown meadow for the spring; they will shoot out in blood, and blossom in victory.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, whose name has put to flight armies, arise.

Godred arose; he met the chiefs on the plain; they sat down, and feasted till the evening: there sat Cochlin with the long spear, whose arm is a thunderbolt: on the banks of the sea he fought an host, and rained blood on the plain of Mervor: brown is his face as the sun-burnt heath; strong his arm as the roaring sea: he shook his black locks like clouds tossed by the winds: he sings the song of joy. Godwin of the rusby plain lay upon the skin of the wolf; his eyes are stars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin sat by his side, he sung sweet as the birds of spring, he fought like the angry lion.

O Tatwallin! sing the actions of Harold the Swift.

Tatwallin arose from his seat, the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

Hear, ye sons of blood, whilst the horn of mirth is refreshing your souls, the actions of Harold the Swift.

"The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his silver shield; the sons of war assembled around him: swain of the cleft-hill shook the spear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, dyed in gore. Fergus of the spreading hills was cased in black armour; his eyes shone with rage, his sword sported with the beams of the sun.

"Warriors," said the chief of the host, "let us assault the foe; swift as the hawk let us fly to the war; strong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight: the followers of Harold, the son of Godwin, shall melt away as the summer clouds; they shall fall like the flowers of the field; their souls will fade with the blasting of our valour.

"Swain prepares for war; he sounds the brazen helmet; his followers lift high the deadly spear.

"The son of Godwin appears on the bridge; his banner waves in the wind; like a storm he scattered the troops of Swain.

"Edmund shot the arrows of death.

"Maddened by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the sword of Edmund sounded on his helmet; their silver shields were heard upon the stream: the sword of Edmund sunk to the heart of the son of Egwin; he bit the bloody sand at his feet.

"Harald the Black stood on the bridge; he swelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the strong rock: armies melted before him; none can withstand his rage. The son of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he seized the flaming banner, and sounds the silver shield.

"Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his shadow: with a troop of knights,

fierce as evening wolves, they beset Harald the Black; like a tempest they rage, like a rock he repels their assault: hills of the slain arise before him; the course of the stream is turned aside.

"Warriors," said the son of Godwin, "though we rage like a tempest, like a rock he repels our assault. Morcar, let one of thy knights descend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a spear.

"Selwin, swift as a falling meteor, shot beneath the wave; the sharp spear pierces through the back of Harald the Black; he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes shot fire, and his teeth gnashed with rage: he dies.

"The hopes of Norway are no more; Harold the Swift led his troops to the bridge; they started at the sight of the mighty body, they wept, they fled.

"Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thousands of the war, prepared thy sword for battle; they dragged thee from the field.

"Great was the sorrow of the sons of Norway."

Tatwallin ended his song, the chiefs arose from the green plain; they assemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Ceormond, with the green spear, martialled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and displayed the shield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the souls of the unburied warriors; his company were all chiefs. Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like dashing waves, they rushed to the war; their swords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breast; he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might; by thy hand the two sons of Osmor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors stretched upon the bank of the Lexy, like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill, whose spear, like a star, blasts the souls of the foe; see, he sleeps with the chiefs upon the skin of the wolf; the battle is raging in his fancy; he grasps the bloody spear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow: thus sleeping, he is as the sun slightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnall, who inhabits the isles, whose barks are swifter than the wind, stands on the bank of the stream; his eyes are bent on the spangling wave; his hands press the silver-headed spear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wise as the ancient priests.

Wilver stands on the right hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempest of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flourishes in the heat of the glory of his fire: the warriors are like the stars of the winter night.

The noise of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred sets his troops in order for war; they are seen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the isles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is strong as the flourishing oak; his wisdom deep as the black lake; his swift ships

flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood; the horn, embossed with gold, graced his spoils; he returned to his castle over a sea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the mossy plain; he kept the water of the seven springs. Wynfyt and his warriors fought to bear away the water in the horn of hospitality. Dunhelm arose from his strong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

Children of the hills (said the son of Olave), restore the water to the gently-running stream.

The son of Meurig answered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the stones of hail, when the loud winds shake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the sun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black: he led his troop down the hill, and began the fight with Ospray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whistle over the sharp cliffs of the rock, was the noise of the battle.

Summerled rose in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Oetha, who fought for Godred, opposed the passage of his rage; his shield was like the rising sun, his spear the tower of Maby; the spear of Summerled sounded on the shield of Oetha; he heard the shrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground: his sword fell upon the shoulder of Summerled; he gnashed his teeth, and died.

Ospray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Oetha follows behind him, dying his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the son of Vorti; his spear sounds upon his helmet; the sword of Oetha divides the shield of Elgar: the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long spear through the heart of Oetha; he falls to the ground. Wilver sets his foot upon his breathless corpse, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm: the troops of Wilver and Ospray slowly retire. Dunhelm falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior; so falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain; the troops of Dugnal and Ceormond melt before him.

Dugnal lifts high his broad shield against the breast of Raighald; his sword hangs over his head: the troops of Raighald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the son of Harald the Black, fly to the war: the foe retire before them. Raighald encourages his men: like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt: the bands of Dugnal and Ceormond forsake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with shame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are scattered like broken oaks.

Godred sounds the silver shield; the chiefs assemble round his tent.

Let us again to the war, O chiefs! and drive the foe over the mountains.

They prepare for war; Dugnal leads the wolves of the isle; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the sword of Raighald. Cullifin scatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the sword of Elgar.

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend; his sword pierced the heart of Elgar; he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Effyr raged like sons of blood; thousands fell around them. Godwin scattered slaughter through the host of the foe. Tatwallin sweeps down the chief of the battle; like the noise of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noise of the fight; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood; the sword of Cochlin is broken; his spear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak: the chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead: the night approaches, and victory is undecided: the black clouds bend to the earth; Raighald and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred assembled at the tent of council: Tatwallin arose and sung:

"When the flowers arose in the verdant meadows, when the birds of spring were heard in the grove of Thor, the son of Vicia prepared his knights for war; strong as the mossy tomb of Urfic, were the warriors he had chose for his band; they issued out to the war. Wecca shook the crooked anlace at their head.

"Halt," said the son of Vicia; "let the troops stand still: still as the silent wood, when the winds are laid asleep, the Saxons stood on the spreading plain,

"Sons of blood!" said the immortal Wecca, "the foe against whom we must fight, are stronger than the whole power of our king; let the son of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them spread themselves like the bursting cloud, and rain a shower of blood; the foe will be weakened, astonished, and fly.

"The warriors held their broad shields over the head of the son of Vicia; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and sang the song of joy.

"Hennack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood: the sun arose arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle: like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved: the fight continued till noon; the troops of the son of Vicia fought like the dragons of the mountain; the foe fainted; they were weakened, yet they fled not.

"The son of Henna drew forth his band to the plain; like a tempest they fell upon the foe; they were astonished; they fled.

"Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cause, let us pursue the same method; let the mountain of Secafull conceal Dugnal, and three hundred chosen warriors, from the eyes of Raighald; when he is spent in the fight, let them issue to the war."

Godred arose from his throne, he led Tatwallin to a seat at his right-hand.

Dugnal prepares his troop; sing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengist and Horfa.

Tatwallin arose from his seat:

"When the black clouds stooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine perished, when the yews only smiled upon the ruflet-heath, the sons of Woden led the furious warriors to the bank of the swift stream; there sat the horse of the hill, whose crooked sword shone like the star of the evening.

"Peada was the banner of the hills: when he waved his golden torse upon the bodies of the slain, the hearts of his companions beamed with victory: he joined the numerous bands of the sons of Woden; like a swelling stream they enter the borders of the land of Cuccurcha.

"Locca of the brown valley sounds the shield; the king of Urrin hears the sound, he starts from his seat: assemble the lions of war, for the enemy are upon the borders.

"Sons of Morven, upon whose shields are seen the hawk and the serpent, swift as the wind fly to the warriors of Abon's stream: sons of war, prepare the spreading shield, the sword of fire, the spear, the azure banner made sacred by the God.

"Cuccurcha issues to the war, as an enemy's wolf to the field.

"Selward, whose face is a summer cloud, gleaming with the recent lightning of the storms, shakes the broad anlace.

"Eadgar and Emmioldred, sons of the mighty Rovon, who discomfited Osniron with his steeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood stained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are seen in the troop.

"Creadda, whose feet are like those of the horse, lifts high the silver shield.

"On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their swords rained blood, shields echoed to the valley of slaughter.

"These were the warriors of Cuccurcha, the lions of the war.

"Hengist and Horfa met them on the sandy plain; the shafts of death clouded the sun, swift as the ships of Horfa, strong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar sustained the blow of Hengist; great was the fury of Emmioldred, his spear divided the broad shield, his anlace sunk into the heart: the sword of Anyoni pierced the breast of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

"Creadda rages in the battle, he is a wild boar of the wood: the anlace of Horfa sounds on his round helm, he gnashes his teeth, he churns the smoking gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long spear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes: the anlace of Hengist alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

"The men of Urrin fled to the forest: the lions of war, Hengist and Horfa, throw the spears of flight; they burn up the souls of the flying foe;

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the great image is red with blood; the flame lights the stars; the moon comes forth to grace the feast; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors."

Tatwallin ended his song,

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnal with his troops retired to the forest on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, prepares for battle. Raignald came down to the plain: long was the fight and bloody.

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the shield; the warriors upon the mountain heard the sound of the silver shield; swift as the hunted stag they fly to the war, they hear the noise of the battle; the shout of the onset swells in the wind, the loud din of the war increases, as the thunder rolling from afar; they fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the sharp rock are scattered around; they ascend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of Osloch; their helmets sweep the dawn of the morning; the saffron light shines on the broad shield; through the dark dells they cut a passage, through the dells where the beams of the sun are never seen.

On the rushy moor of Rossin they astonish the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan, death sat on his sword, the yelling breath of the dying foe shook his banner; his shield, the stream of Lexy, which surrounds the dark-brown wood, and shines at the noon of day; his anlace dropped blood, and tore through the helmets of the foe like the red lightning of the storm.

Dugnal, chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his shield and spear through the heart of Morval; the weapon perforated, he yelled like a wolf of the mountain, he died.

Weolmund, of the white rock, arose in the fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe; his spear a blasted oak, his shield the sea when the winds are still, he appeared a hill, on whose top the winter snow is seen, and the summer sun melts it up: victory sat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who supports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of summer over the plain, shakes the crooked sword as he rages upon the hills of the slain, and is red with living gore: the spears of the foe are gathered about him, the sharp javelins sound on his shield; he looks around the field, the savage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their shields are red with blood.

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric displays his starry shield, the chiefs fall at his feet, he rises on the breast of Rynon, storms of blood surround his sword, blood flows around him.

When the storm rages in the sky, the torrents roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the castle falls to the ground, such was the fury of the fight on the moor of Rossin: the chiefs fell, our foes halt, they fly swift as the clouds of

B b

winter. Ospray throws the spear of Chafó; swift as their fear he flies to the pursuit; the soul of Godred melted, he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimson stream: his warriors dance around him, they sing the song of Harald the Black; they hail him king; the golden sandal is thrown over his helmet. May the gods grant this war for empire be his last.

THE HIRLAS,

Translated from the ancient British of Owen Cyfeliog, Prince of Powys.

ERE the sun was seen on the brow of the mountain, the clanging shields were heard in the valley: our enemies were appalled at the sound. The red armour of our warriors glittered till the noon of day. The foe fled from the borders; they fell in the chase like stones of hail; they panted like hunted wolves.

Let the hirlas of Rhys overflow like the waters of the great river.

Where the golden banners declare the valour of Rhys, had the horn of hospitality long been used: it relieved the warriors, who fainted in the chase, and the traveller whose habitation is beyond the white mountains.

Bring here, O cupbearer, the carved hirlas of mirth, which glows with livid gold: let the sparkling mead flow around it.

Gwgywn, prince of my table, son of mighty men, thine are the first honours of the Hirlas; small is the gift of gratitude; great were thy services. When thy ancestors stood in the fight, victory stood with them; loud were their voices in the battle, as the hygra of their charge.

Fill the golden hirlas of mirth; attend to the merits of the warriors, lest they revenge on thee the disgrace of their honour.

See Gryffydd, with his uplifted crimson spear, expects it; he is the bulwark of the borders: sprung from Cynfyll and the dragons of the hill; his name shall ever live in the songs of the bards. As refreshed with the drink of mirth, his attendants fought, furious as the battle of the champions of the valley. Whilst the tomb of Pendragon shall stand on the hill, his fame shall remain in the song.

Fill up the hirlas to Eadnyfed, who sits like a god upon his broken armour: like a tempest he fell upon the shields of his foes: near Gyrthyn he flew an host.

The distant nations heard the noise of the battle of Maelor; the sound of the shields was heard in the mountains. Dreadful was the conflict as that of Bangor, when the warriors were trod to the ground. The princes fled: Morach beat the earth with his feet: Morvran fled over the mountain.

Fill up the golden hirlas. Let the mead be borne to Sylliw, defender of our coast; to the lion of war, the son of Madoc; fierce as a wolf in the fight; soft as the mossy bed in peace.

To the sons of Efflyner, bear it next: strong as two rocks they raged in the fight; the bravest

champion falls before them; like storms they pierce the targets of the foe, sweeping down the multitude as the loud billows sweep the sand.

Fill up the badge of honour. To Tudor bear the golden hirlas. Now to Moreiddeg, who, with his brother, assisted our cause: valour set upon their brows; like wolves they fought for blood. These are my chiefs.

Let the golden hirlas go round to the feat of Morgan, whose name shall be heard in the songs of our children: the sight of his useless sword blasted my soul.

Fill up the badge of honour, the golden hirlas. To Gronwys bear it; astonished I saw him stand like a rock on the spreading plain of Giveshun; he sustained the assault of an army. Upon the sandy bank of the sea his attendants did wonders. The chief of the foe was burnt in the fire of his rage, and the gleanings of the sword were lost in the stream.

In the heat of the battle, the son of Gryffydd burst his chains; Menrig again raged in the war. When the sun sat on the hill, we sung the song of victory.

Fill the hirlas of mirth to all the chiefs of Oweyn, who are the wolves of the mountain. Madoc and Meyler are in soul one; they are our castles. The warriors of the hill stood round their chief, strong as the spear of Uther, swift in pursuit as the vapours of the night.

Fill the hirlas with mead. Let us drink to the honour of the warriors, who fell in the war.

Bear it to Daniel, beauteous as the verdure of the forest, savage as the prowling wolf.

O cupbearer! great is thy service, in displaying the merits of the warrior; if thou hast not heard his fame, his spear flies to thy breast, and his followers drink thy blood.

Whilst the lamps of joy are burning, let the hirlas go round to the warriors who fought at Llydcomb; they fought with the rage of lions; the mead is their due: they defended Cwrys.

Let the hirlas go round. May the Ruler of all send us liberty and life.

Bristol, Jan. 3. 1770.

D. B.

GORTHMUND,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE loud winds whistled through the sacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the spirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice swelled upon every blast, and the shrill shriek of the fair Locabara, shot through the midnight-sky.

Gorthmund slept on his couch of purple; the blood of the slain was still on his cruel hand: his helmet was stained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His soul shuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: he shook like the trembling reed, when the loud tempest rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks: pale was his face as the eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bram-

ble. He started from his couch: his black locks stood upright on his head, like the spears which stand round the tent of the warriors, when the silver moon spangles on the tranquil lake.

Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba; it was not by my hand that the sword drank thy blood. Who saw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the forest was far away. Cease, cease, thy shrieks; I cannot bear them. On thy own sword thou hast thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me: witness Hel*, I knew not Locabara, I forced her not to my embraces; no, I slew her not; she fell by the mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O foul of Hubba!

Exmundbert, who bore the † silver shield of Gorthmund, flew from his downy couch, swift as the rumour of a coming host. He struck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror. Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the silver shield, call up the sons of battle, who sleep on the mossy banks of Frome. But stay, 'tis all a vision; 'tis over and gone as the image of Woden, in the evening of a summer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will sleep again.

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and slept again.

Loud as the noise of a broken rock breaking down the caverns of Seoggeswaldscyre ‡, was the voice of Hubba heard; sharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior, when the red rays of the morning rise breaking from the east, and the soul of the sick is flying away with the darkness, was the shriek of Locabara. Rise from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening. When the sun shines in the glory of the day; when the labouring swain dances in the woodland-shade; when the sparkling stars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment sleeps under the rustic roof, thou shalt have

* *Hela, or Hel, was the idol of the Danes, not, as some authors falsely assert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations, had its symbol or type, under which he was worshipped. The type of Hel was a black raven: hence the Danish standard was a raven. The symbol of Woden was a dragon, which was the standard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Wessex.*

† The office of shield bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three shield-bearers; one to bear the shield, painted or engraved with the symbol of the god, and the others were employed to sound the shields of alarm.

‡ Seoggeswaldscyre, from Seggeswald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was slain in an insurrection of his subjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time, and is, among numerous others, a proof that the division of England into shires, was not introduced by that glorious monarch.

no rest. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee shall the wormwood shed its seed on the blossoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Rise, Gorthmund, rise, the Saxons are burning thy tents; rise, for the Mercians are assembled together, and thy armies will be slain with the sword, or burnt in the image of * Tewisk. The god of victory shall be red with thy blood, and they shall shout at the sacrifice. Rise, Gorthmund, thy eyes shall be closed in peace no more.

The king of the swift warriors started from his couch; he shook like an oak through which the lightnings have cut their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the lights on the Saxons barks, in the tempest of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief; he struck the silver shield. Sueno of the dark lake, and the black-haired Lecolwin, caught the lance and the shield, and prest into the royal tent.

Warriors, strike the shields of alarm; the Mercians are assembled together; the Saxons are burning our tents: give the cry of war, and issue to the battle; come upon them by the side of the thick wood, near the city of † Reggacester. Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a worshipper of false gods, who withholds his sword from blood. The silver shield resounded to the wood of Sel, and the ‡ great island trembled at the clamorous noise.

Delward of the strong arm, and Ax-bred of the forest of wolves, led the warriors to the thick wood: but quiet was the forest as the tranquil lake, when the winds sleep on the tops of the lofty trees. The inhabitants of Reggacester slept in the strength of their walls. The leaders returned.

There is no enemy near, O king! Still as the habitation of the dead, are the kingdoms around us: they have felt the strength of thy arm, and will no more rise up to oppose us. As the grass falls by the hand of the mower, so shall they fall before us, and be no more. The banner Reafan shall be exalted, and the seven gods of the Saxons be trampled in the dust. Let the armies of the north rejoice, let them sacrifice to the gods of war, and bring out the prisoners for the § feast of blood. The warriors threw down the lance, and the shield, and the ax of battle; the plates of brass dropped from their shoulders, and they danced to the sound of the § instrument of sacrifice. Confu-

* The Pagan Saxons had a most inhuman custom of burning their captives alive in a wicker image of their god Tewisk. Whilst this horrid sacrifice was performing, they shouted and danced round the flames.

† Rowcester, in Derbyshire, a place of great antiquity.

‡ In the original Muchilney. As there were several islands of this name, the particular one here mentioned is Aubions.

§ The Danes, not to be behind hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had also their bloody sacrifices. Their captives were bound to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

§ The word in the original is Regabibel, an instrument of music, of which, as I know nothing farther, than that it was used in sacrifices, I have

ed as the cry of the fleet dogs, when the white bear is pursued over the mountains of the north; confused as the resolutions of terror was the noise of the warriors. They danced till the mantle of midnight ascended from the earth.

The morning shook the dew from her crown of roses, on the yellow locks of the dancers; and the gleams of light shot through the dark gray sky, like the reeking blood over the shield of steel. See, warriors, a dark cloud sits on the mountain's brow, it will be a tempest at noon, and the heavy rains will fall upon us. Yes, ye * Danes, it will be a tempest, but a tempest of war; it will rain, but in showers of blood. For the dark cloud is the army of † Segowald: he leads the flower of the warriors of Mercia, and on his right hand is the mighty son of battle, the great Sigebert, who leads the warriors of Wessex.

The dance was ended; and the captives of sacrifice bound to the sacred tree: they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood, was the alarm given; and the silver shield roused the sun from behind the black clouds. The archers of the sacrifice dropped the bow, and caught the lance and the shield. Confusion spread from watch-tower to watch-tower, and the clamour rung to the distant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar, but he raged in vain; his whole army was disordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right hand: and the great Sigebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempest of winter, but the Mercians stand firm as the grove of oaks on the plains of ‡ Ambroisburgh: great is the strength of the swift warriors of the north, but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Sigebert, have encircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are pressed on all sides; they fly like the leaves in Autumn before the strong wind.

Gorthmund scorns to fly; he is descended from the son of battle, L'Achollan, whose sword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the sun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkness descended upon the earth at noon-day. He bears upon his arm the shield of Lofgar, the keeper of the castle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the

translated as above. Ribible, among the Anglo-Saxons, was an instrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the fingers.

* In the original Tanmen, which signifies either Danes or northern men.

† A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa; and a nobleman named Sigebert, was of great account in the court of Brightrick, king of Essex.

‡ Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, where Alfritha, wife to King Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her son-in-law, Edward. In this place Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun.

lances of the foe flew about him numerous as the winged ants in summer. Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the shield of Penda: and should Gorthmund fly, Gorthmund, whose sword was his law, who held justice in his banner?

Segowald fought Gorthmund; he found him singly encountering an army.

Turn to me, son of Lofgar; I am Segowald of the lake, hast thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengist panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheered them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund, I am worthy thy strength.

The son of Lofgar rushed to the son of Alderwold; they fought like the children of destruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the shades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: Thou art fallen, thou son of injustice, thou art fallen; thy shield is degraded in the dust: and thy banner will be honoured no more! Thy swift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving sheep before the wolf. Think, Gorthmund, think on Hubba, the son of Crine-walch of the green hill. Think on Locabara, whom thy sword sent to the regions of death. Remember thy injustice, and die!

NARVA AND MORED.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored,
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors
sprung,

Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind;
Ascends the mountains brow, and measures round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground.
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Through the dark covering of the midnight sky.
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast.
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn;
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains
shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the
breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.

Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
 They course around, and lengthen as they go.
 Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise
 Far in the sacred regions of the skies;
 Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
 Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours;
 Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
 From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end;
 Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
 Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;
 The flying terrors of the war advance,
 And, round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
 Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
 Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
 So when the splendour of the dying day,
 Darts the red lustre of the wat'ry way;
 Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
 The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
 Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
 Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
 Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
 Where howls the war-song of the chieftan's ghost;
 Where the artificer in realms below,
 Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
 From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
 Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
 Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
 In search of gold, through every climate run:
 From burning heat to freezing torments go,
 And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
 Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
 The warriors circle the mysterious tree;
 Till spent with exercise, they spread around
 Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.
 The priests rising, sing the sacred tale,
 And the loud chorus echoes through the dale.

Priests.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;
 Far from the lustre of the morning star;
 Far from the pleasure of the holy morn;
 Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn;
 Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
 Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
 Dear are their memories to us, and long,
 Long shall their attributes be known in song.
 Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r
 Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
 Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
 And open all the prisons of the grave.
 Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
 And living but to serve his God alone,
 Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day,
 When on the spangling waves the sun-beams play,
 When the Mackaw ascending to the sky,
 Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.
 Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat,
 Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
 Completely beauteous as a summers sun,
 Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
 Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
 Through scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
 Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed,
 Liv'd the still sweeter flow'r, the young Mored;
 Black was her face, as Tolga's hidden cell;
 Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.
 As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
 The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,

She saw and lov'd! And Narva too forgot
 His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
 Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
 Burst from the breast, and scorn'd confinement
 there.

Existence was a torment! O my breast!
 Can I find accents to unfold the rest!
 Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
 They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;
 And, falling, murmur'd to the pow'rs above—
 "Gods, take our lives, unless we live to love!"

Shoreditch, May 2. 1770.

C.

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
 In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
 And, circling all the horrid mountain round,
 Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
 Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell,
 Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell:
 There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,
 It crumbles mountains down, and shakes the world.
 Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
 Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;
 Fiercely propell'd, the whiten'd billows rise,
 Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies;
 Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,
 Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course.
 On Tiber's banks where scarlet jall'mines bloom,
 And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;
 Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
 The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
 Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
 And wanton with their shadows in the stream,
 On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
 Where in the days of old a god appear'd;
 'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
 The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
 He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,
 His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
 Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!
 This day the sun is rising in the east;
 The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
 Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.
 He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
 And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
 Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
 Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke;
 And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
 They take their way through Tiber's wat'ry
 swamp.

On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a waiting train,
 Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
 So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep,
 We view the wide expansion of the deep;
 See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
 The quick declension of the circling globe;
 From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
 Blended at once with water and with skies:
 Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
 The check of waves, the guardians of the world:
 Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Gawn,
 Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
 When the soft earth at his appearance fled,
 And rising billows play'd around his head;

When a strong tempest rising from the main,
 Dash'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
 Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
 Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;
 From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
 Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
 Nicou, descended from the god of war,
 Who liv'd coeval with the morning star;
 Narada was his name; who cannot tell,
 How all the world through great Narada fell!
 Vichon, the god who rul'd above the skies,
 Look'd on Narada but with envious eyes.
 The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
 Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
 Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
 And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;
 Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
 To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;
 Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;
 Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
 Narada still escap'd; a sacred tree
 Lifted him up, and bore him through the sea.
 The waters still ascending fierce and high,
 He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:
 There Vichon sat; his armour on his bed,
 He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
 Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
 The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
 The god, astonish'd, dropt; hurl'd from the shore,
 He dropp'd to torments, and to rise no more.
 Headlong he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
 Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
 From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;
 The mighty Nicou, furious, wild, and young.
 Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
 And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield;
 That shield his glorious father died to gain,
 When the white warriors fled along the plain:
 When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
 Till Nicou came, and swell'd the seas with blood.
 Slow at the end of his robust array,
 The mighty warrior pensive took his way:
 Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
 Once the companion of his youthful breast.
 Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
 Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.
 Insatiate in defence; fierce as the boar;
 Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
 Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,
 All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:
 They fought in vain, till Vicat, Vichon's son,
 Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
 Saw Nica, sister to the mountain king,
 Drest beautiful, with all the flowers of spring:
 He saw and scatter'd poison in her eyes;
 From limb to limb, in varied forms he flies;
 Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
 To every glossy feature of her face.
 Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight,
 Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right:
 He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
 Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, fire.
 Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
 Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
 This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
 And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.
 He drew his army forth: Oh! need I tell!
 That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:

His breathless army mantled all the plain;
 And death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
 The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
 The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
 And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
 I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

Brooke-Street, June 12.

ELEGY,

To the Memory of Mr. Thomas Phillips of Fairford.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam;
 No more the wonders of the view I sing;
 Friendship requires a melancholy theme;
 At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
 Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning rise,
 How shall I teach the chorded shell to move;
 Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes?

Phillips, great master of the boundless lyre,
 Thee would the grateful muse attempt to paint;
 Give me a double portion of thy fire,
 Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
 The image of thy genius can reflect?
 O, lend my pen what animated thine,
 To show thee in thy native glories deckt.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw,
 Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
 Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
 And ev'ry image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star;
 So shone the pleasant rustic daisied bed;
 So seem'd the woodlands less'ning from afar;
 You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
 Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
 He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
 And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
 From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,
 Thy genius did his fallow brows adorn,
 And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
 His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
 His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
 His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
 He limps along the ruffet dreary moor;
 Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
 Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimprov'd by thee:
 Pleasures he has, though horribly deform'd:
 The silver'd hill, the polish'd lake, we see,
 Is by thy genius fix'd, preserv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleasures too;
 But I'm insensible to every joy:
 Farewell the laurel, now I grasp the yew,
 And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
 Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine:

With thee did ev'ry power of genius dwell:
Thou wert the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string,
And now she soars and now again descends,
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume:
The rosy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscl'd Strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet Luxury and Pain,
And did at every cheerful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid anxious troubles still.

But see! the sick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning shades the dusky gray:
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this heav'n ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night;
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whistle through the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl
swell.

With rustling sound the dusky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls:
The gurg'ling riv'let to the valley hies,
And lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm, by friendship's potent spells,
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb!

Then would we wander through the dark'ned
vale,
In converse such as heav'nly spirits use,
And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muse.

But horror to reflection! Now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain,
When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous strain.

A madd'ning darkness reigns through all the
lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep,
A friend made dear by every sacred tie!
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,
Phillips is dead, 'tis pleasure then to die!

FEBRUARY,

AN ELEGY.

BEGIN, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gray,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line,
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts through alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares:

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute,

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen;
Or fabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadows all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky,
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar:

Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring through the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the fabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound through meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! the wond'rous loss de-
plore,

The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

Bristol, Feb. 12.

D.

ELEGY,

On W. Beckford, Esquire.

WEEP ON, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence, each titled slave;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes),
Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with liberty! He came
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint, and fainter
grew;
As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her power,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrows with a Christian eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom;
Receive his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on fame's wide pinions all sublime;
Till heaven's own bright, and never dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

ELEGY.

HASTE, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.
Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,
Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes
thrill,

To me no pleasure nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.
Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds;
Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.
Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.
Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.
Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers, through the valleys stray.
Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.
Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your flow'ry
flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.
Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

TO MR. HOLLAND.

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part;
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear!
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise,
In pity gentle as the falling tear,
In all superior to my feeble lays.

Black angers sudden rise, ecstatic pain,
Tormenting jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;
Consuming envy with her yelling train,
Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing.

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee by art, the demon stands confest,
But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really distress'd,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Bristol, July 21.

D. B.

ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muse! above the Olympic height,
Make echo sing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bids the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
The silver fountains seem to flow;
The hoary woods to nod:
The curling hair, the flowing drefs,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools,
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy pow'rs,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view;
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of fame,
And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29. 1769.

ASAPHIDES.

TO MISS B—SH OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers;
With affiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Nor tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long external dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame:
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm:
No more my bosom shall be torn;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast:
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

D.

CELORIMON.

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M— R—, OF BRISTOL.

REVOLVING in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in gray
Those auburn tresses fade away);
So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,

Still violates your name;
Though tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,

Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd:

To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond simile you're fair;

Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine,
Should in your composition shine;
Sincerity, I mean.

Though num'rous swains before you fall;
'Tis empty admiration all,

'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how insincere the strains
Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true:

No more from fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast:

Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to rest.

D.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme,
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam;
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night:
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines:
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry through the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, through the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The fabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.

Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primæval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlight'ned with the solar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tours majestic through the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immensity of space. [good!

These are thy wond'rous works, first Source of
Now more admir'd in being understood.

Bristol, Dec. 23.

D. B.

THE CONSULIAD.

AN HEROIC POEM.

OF warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, muse awake the lyre.
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the square,
And N—t—n's future prospects hang in air;
Where counsellors dispute, and cocker's match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch;
A group of heroes, occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence sat;
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chickens slain,
To form the whimsies of an *a-la-reine*:
Now forming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste;
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell:
She, on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock:
Whose attributes detestable, have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.
A toast's demanded: Madoc swift arose.
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue,
When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face:
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
Demands this proper homage of the board." [beer,
"Monarchs!" said Twitcher, setting down his
His muscles writhing a contemptuous sneer:
"Monarchs! Of mole-hills, oyster-beds, a rock;
These are the grafters of your royal stock:
My pony Scrub can fires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;

His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
 And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
 Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;
 Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
 "Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
 Grown wanton with the excrements of state:
 This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
 His shadow body to the table bends:
 His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
 In these degenerate days, for three a meal:
 In ancient times, as various writers say,
 An alderman or priest eat three a day.
 With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher
 plies,
 His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.
 Swift, as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
 It flew, and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
 In opposition to extended knives,
 On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives:
 Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
 Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
 And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,
 And faction separates the noisy room.
 Balluntun, exercis'd in every vice
 That opens to a courtiers paradise,
 With D—f—n trammel'd, scruples not to draw
 Injustice up the rocky hill of law:
 From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
 Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
 The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
 To fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
 "Goddeſs of fate's rotundity, assist
 With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fist:
 If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
 Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
 Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
 And hanging cutters decorate each street."
 The goddesses smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,
 And shook the triple feathers of her crown;
 Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
 With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll;
 His bursting arm the missile weapon threw,
 High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew,
 Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
 Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.
 Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
 To play the minister's or felon's part:
 Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
 A title made him infamously great.
 A slave to venal slaves; a tool to tools:
 The representative to knaves and fools.
 But see! commercial Bristol's genius sit,
 Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.
 See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
 In all the branching honours of the head;
 Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
 With beef and ven'son their attention draws:
 They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
 Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
 By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies;
 Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
 Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
 And elevates for furious fight his hands:
 One pointed fist his shadow'd corps defends,
 The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
 A darkling, shacking light his optics view,
 Circled with livid tinges red and blue.

Now fir'd with anguish, and inflam'd by pride,
 He thunders on his adversary's side:
 With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
 Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
 But fortune (or some higher power or god),
 Oblique extended forth a fable rod:
 As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
 The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
 He fell, and, falling with a lordly air,
 Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
 Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
 Arose; but deafen'd with a ringing sound,
 A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
 Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
 Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
 Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls:
 Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
 The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
 His India waistcoat, reeking with the oil,
 Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.
 The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
 The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
 Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
 That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
 Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
 For all were well acquainted with the law.
 Let Drap—r, to improve his diction, fight;
 Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and
 write.
 Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
 Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:
 A rusty link of ministerial chain;
 A living glory of the present reign.
 Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
 He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
 David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
 From the same line as royal Madoc sprung;
 Occurr'd, the object of his bursting ire,
 And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
 A double river of congealing blood
 O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
 Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,
 When ladies scream, and greasy butchers roar:
 Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
 He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark.
 The lineal representative of kings,
 A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs:
 A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
 For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
 But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
 To lay the rising scenes of horror still,
 In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
 Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot;
 In the fierce Cambrians breeches drains it dry,
 The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
 Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
 When Sawny rose, as mighty Chatham fell.
 Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade;
 Whose every action is of trifles made:
 At Graft—n's well-stor'd table ever found;
 Like G—n too for every vice renown'd.
 G—n, to whose immortal sense we owe
 The blood which will from civil discord flow:
 Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
 Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
 Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
 With eye of pity saw the dreary fray:
 Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
 He trembled for his suit of virgin white.

Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
 Of talk verbose, whose meaning none can know:
 He mounts the table, but, through eager haste,
 His foot upon a smoking court-pie plac'd:
 The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
 Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
 But learnedly heroic he disdains,
 To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
 Remounted on the table, now he stands,
 Waves his high powder'd head and ruffled hands.
 "Friends! let this clang of hostile fury cease,
 Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:
 Shall olio's, from internal battle drest,
 Like bullets outward perforate the breast;
 Shall jav'lin bottles blood ethereal spill;
 Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill?"
 More had he said: when, from Doglostock flung,
 A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:
 And, ah! misfortunes seldom come alone,
 Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;
 Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;
 Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
 The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
 Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
 By mortals Alavat in common styl'd;
 Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
 Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
 With crimson blood and vital spirits fraught,
 To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends;
 Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
 Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
 Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
 He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
 Repos'd him weary, on his painful crup:
 The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
 Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
 The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;
 On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
 Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
 As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song;
 Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
 A greater adept than Agrippa sound;
 Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
 De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;
 Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
 In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies's appear,
 Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
 In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
 Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire
 Has hid some circumstances from the lyre:
 Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
 Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
 Who stretching his authoritative hand,
 Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command.
 "Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
 In the king's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"
 Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
 The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
 "What fury, nobles, occupies your breast;
 What patriots spirits has your mind possess'd.
 Nor honorary gifts nor pensions please;
 Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!
 How? Wist you not what ancient sages said,
 The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
 See this court-pie with twenty thousand drest;
 Be every thought of enmity at rest.
 Divide it and be friends again," he said:
 The council god return'd, and discord fled.

Bristol, Jan. 4. 1770.

ELEGY.

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade,
 Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
 The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
 Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.
 The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
 Where erst the sons of superstition trod,
 Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
 We better know, but less adore our God.
 Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
 Through the wide window (once with mysteries
 dight)
 The distant forest, and the darken'd wave
 Of the swollen Avon ravishes my sight.
 But see, the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
 The azure changes to a fabled blue;
 The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
 And nature seems to mourn the dying view.
 Self-sprighted fear creeps silent through the gloom,
 Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
 Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
 With every torment of a hell he flies.
 The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
 The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
 To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
 And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.
 A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
 The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
 Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale;
 Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

Bristol, Nov. 17. 1769.

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
 "Times at the worst will surely mend."
 The difficulty's then to know
 How long oppression's clock can go;
 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vice exalted takes the lead,
 And vengeance hangs but by a thread;
 Gay peeresses turn'd out o' doors;
 Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile corruption's brazen face
 At council-board shall take her place,
 And lords-commissioners resort
 To welcome her at Britain's court,
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

See pension's harbour large and clear,
 Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
 The entrance safe, by current led,
 Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease,
 While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;

When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint,
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge to keep her in,
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And what the people did not give
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority in George's name;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake,
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When snug in power, fly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d—g William's revolution,
As justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence,
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the outs, and all the ins,
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When stewards pass a boot account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then, to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;

Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A prince to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or seven years lease you sold is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring, now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must in-
spire,

Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas, are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not con-
troul,

In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame,
Which polishes nature and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle, enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

London, May 4. 1770.

APOSTATE WILL.

In days of old, when Wesley's pow'r
Gather'd new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;

Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man address'd,
Good Sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instruction gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
How blessed is the sect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.
He then his circumstance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next meeting for to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business strait he goes;
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The methodist appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still;
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view,
Then—to the Methodists, adieu;
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man;
I was a Methodist, 'tis true,
With penitence I turn to you;
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do ev'ry thing that's right and fit.
The curate straightway gave consent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April. 14. 1764.

HAPPINESS. 1769.

SINCE happiness is not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourselves as happy as we can;
Possess with fame or fortune, friend or whore,
But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one——
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as ambition's dream, or bounty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy sound
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The lords of nature are design'd to share,

To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only god we know.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-ridden mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled:
This passage leads to heaven—yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it leads to hell.
Conscience, the soul-camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
That mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And fought the Lord, and always found him kind:
In murder, **, cruelty and lust,
The lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol at whose feet whole nations fall,
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin,
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt——
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy——
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms flight,
And dawning reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And maddened in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

* Catcott is very fond of talk and fame,
His wish a perpetuity of name,
Which to procure, a pewter-altar's made,
To bear his name, and signify his trade,
In pomp burlesqu'd the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view!
Unfinish'd chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat:
† Ride four-inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnotic'd this in prose or * * * *,
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with every power thou canst command;
Stamp thy whole soul, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies, name and phyz——

* This pewterer is famous for producing to the world those poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous for ascending by a rope, with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top stone of St. Nicholas-church spire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this singular event. Nor is he less famous for passing the stream, by means of some narrow boards (on horseback, I believe) before the new bridge was completed; that it might be said (with how much propriety fame must decide) he first passed the bridge. CROFT.

† The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains the foul fiend has "made him proud of heart, to ride on a high-trotting horse over four-inched bridges."——Shakspeare's poor Tom, as well as our's, discovered "reason in madness." CROFT.

Then, when the tottering spires or chimnies fall,
A Catcott shall remain, admir'd by all.

Endo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Think's I've more judgment than the whole re-
views,

Because I always compliment his muse.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, fages—if not sleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating flattery sing?
Is it more natural to torment than please!
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he draws to pray;
His faintest soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness has plac'd;
When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul.
But what would make another man distressed,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest.
No disappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made——
This character let gray Oxonians scan,
* And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yetman criticized,
Who damns good English if not Latinized †;
In Aristotle's scale the muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays;
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools.
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.
Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees:
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a fossile face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise.
—But little had she read in nature's book,
For fools assume a philosophic look.

O education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stamp'd the pedant with his name:

* "To hold to every man a faithful glass,
"And show him of what species he's an ass."
Prologue to Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife."

CROFT.

† *In the epistle on Aella to Canynge, is this line——*

"The English, him to please must first be La-
tinized."

CROFT.

But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.

—Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies,
Death and our doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian jupel strike him dead!

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as fages say——
But what's content? the trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy superstition led aside—

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching fought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless,

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

THE ART OF PUFFING,

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

VERS'D by experience in the subtle art,
The mysteries of a title I impart;
Teach the young author how to please the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curll, immortal, never dying name,
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop:

Who can like Pottinger ensure a book?
 Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?
 Villains exalted in the midway sky,
 Shall live again, to drain your purses dry:
 Nor yet unrivall'd they; see Baldwin comes
 Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:
 The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true;
 What else can Paoli's supporter do?
 The trading wits endeavour to attain,
 Like booksellers the world's first idol—gain.
 For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
 And hail his sentiments, though trite, divine;
 For this the patriotic bard complains,
 And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains:
 For this was every readers faith deceiv'd,
 And Edmund swore what nobody believ'd:
 For this the wits in close disguises fight,
 For this the varying politicians write;
 For this each month new magazines are sold,
 With dulness fill'd and transcripts of the old;
 The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
 Was novel, sentimental, full of wit;
 Apeing her walk, the same success to find,
 The Court and City follow far behind.
 Sons of Apollo learn, merit's no more
 Than a good frontispiece to grace her door;
 The author who invents a title well,
 Will always find his cover'd dulness sell.
 Flexney and every bookseller will buy—
 Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

July 22. 1770.

VAMP.

* *Extract from the unpublished MS. of the Satirical Poem, intituled*

KEW GARDENS.

WHAT are the wages of the tuneful nine?
 What are their pleasures, when compar'd to mine?
 Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,
 Free from the servitude of rhyme and sense.
 Though sing-song Whithead ushers in the year
 With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear,
 And in compliance to an ancient mode,
 Measures his syllables into an ode,
 Yet such the scurvy merit of his muse,
 He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes.
 Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
 Fly far from poverty, be wise in time,
 Regard the office more, Parnassus less;
 Put your religion in a decent dress.
 Then may your interest in the town advance
 Above the reach of muses or romance.

ODE †.

CHATTERTON IN THE SHADES.

'Tis done;—the MIGHTY STRIPLING gave the word,

Instant round Bristol's crowded mart,
 Beams of celestial glory dart,
 And to each kindling breast poetic flames impart.

* A fac-simile of this extract is given by Dr. Gregory.

† Reprinted from a humorous publication, intituled "Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades, or Nugæ Antiquæ et Novæ. A new Elysian Interlude in Prose and Verse." 8vo. 1782.—While the Antiquaries are

Give me the harp, he cried, of thousand strings!
 Echo, from her mountain cell,
 O'er desert heath or shadowy dell
 The repercussive notes in varying pauses brings.
 Now swell the strains in accent bold;
 Now tun'd to artless woe,
 Let the soft numbers musically flow;
 Or to the praise of heroes old
 Let freedom's war-song sound in thund'rous terror
 roll'd.

Far hence all idle rhymes,
 The taste of none but giddy-paced times,
 In manlier modes I strike the deep-ton'd lyre
 And other joys inspire.
 Whence is this ardour? what new motion bodes
 My agonising soul?
 It is decreed;
 Illusion come, work thy all-potent deed,
 And deal around the land thy subtle dole.
 Be the solemn subject dress'd
 In antique numbers, antique vest,
 In time's proud smiles right gorgeously array'd;
 With many a strange conceit and lore profound,
 There be the bookman's sapient art display'd,
 While folly gapes and wonder stares around.
 See fancy wafts her radiant forms along,
 Borne on the plume sublime of everlasting song.
 Brave RICHARD * calls; the crescent falls,
 He rears the cross; the nations bow,
 Vengeance, arise! Great Bawdin † dies!
 Awful be the notes and flow.
 JUGA's ‡ woes demand the strain,
 Shall female sorrow stream in vain?

Ah deck with myrtle wreaths that hapless herse,
 Nor let fainted CHARITY §,
 Godlike maid, with upcast eye,
 Unheeded pass without one votive verse.
 Grief's a plant of every clime,
 Lull'd into birth from earliest time;
 Soon it shoots a branching tree
 Water'd with tears of misery;
 Change, my lyre, the numbers change,
 And give aspiring thoughts an ampler range.
 In buskin'd pomp appear,
 Dread ÆLLA ||, regal form,
 Fate stalking in the rear,
 Prepares the iron storm.

Mark where the Norman canvass swells afar,
 And wafts the destin'd troops to Albion's strand;
 Hear HAROLD ¶! hear! the distant sound is war,
 War that shall sweep thee from thy native land.

The measure's clos'd, the work dispos'd,
 Hang the recording tablet high!
 The colours mix, the soul they fix,
 Confest before the entranced eye.
 Confirm, Pierian powers! the bold design,
 And stamp with ROWLEY's name each consecrat-
 ed line.

dancing in circles, under the direction of Leland, the Master of the Ceremonies; the author supposes that their solemnities are interrupted by the shade of a YOUNG POET, who rushes in and sings this irregular ode.

* Eclog. 2. † Debe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

‡ Elinoure and Joga.

§ Balade of Charitie.

|| Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude, and Goddwyn a Tragedie.

¶ The Battle of Hastings.

ON THE POEMS IMPUTED TO ROWLEY.

(Reprinted in "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782.
From the *Bury Post*.)

ACCEPT, O CHATTERTON! too late, the wreath,
Which will not flourish upon Rowley's tomb;
Born ere our rugged language glow'd beneath
The mellowing touch of time, and caught the bloom

Of polish'd diction; born ere numbers sweet
Measur'd the varied round in harmony complete.

And ere to philosophic rule allied,
Our poetry the vague ideas taught
To know their rank; ere yet inventive pride
Burst the dark prison of the fetter'd thought.
Accept, ill-fated youth! to grace thy name,
The just, the dear-bought guerdon of disastrous fame.

Rich, flowery, nervous, plaintive, gay, sublime,
In sentiment and manners deeply skill'd!—
Had but our earlier ages learn'd to climb
Those heights, and that wide maze of knowledge fill'd,

Which to thy infant genius fate display'd,
Thy artful mimic theft had not itself betray'd!

But now, though antique gloom incrust the pile,
Wrought by thy hands, still beams through the disguise,

Th' internal symmetry, and mocks the toil,
Which offer'd mostly ruins to our eyes*.
Thy genius, form'd to polish and create,
Soar'd far above the times it strove to imitate.

Take then, O CHATTERTON! the bootless praise,
Which cannot vibrate on thy death-struck ear!
And O! if ever in remotest days,
A youth like thee shall taste the vital air,
O! may he learn from thy misfortunes known,
In conscious merit proud the works he forms to own!

Dec. 9. 1782.

SONNET TO EXPRESSION,

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

EXPRESSION, child of soul! I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,
And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace.
But from this frightened glance thy form avert,
When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh,
When frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt sits heavy on thy lab'ring heart.
Nor ever let my shuddering fancy bear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him† the muses lov'd—when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the muses dear!
For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding
breast, [no rest.
Mourns the blest power of verse could give despair

* This idea is elegantly pursued in *Knox's Essay on the Subject*.

† Chatterton,

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF CHATTERTON.

WRITTEN BY MRS. COWLEY.

O CHATTERTON! for thee the pensive song I raise,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise!
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name.
Ye muses! who, as round his natal bed,
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed;
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breast,
And in his dædal numbers shone confest,
Ah! why in vain such mighty gifts bestow?
—Why give fresh tortures to the child of woe?
Why thus with barbarous care illumine his mind,
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard poverty! whose cheerless eye
Transforms young rapture to the pond'rous sigh;
In whose drear cave no muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire,
Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thoughts creative why must thou thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in flowing tints from distant skies,
Nor bids wild scenery rush upon our eyes—
Check'd by her flight, his rapid genius cowers,
Droops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, muses! see your fav'rite son
The prey of want, e'er manhood is begun!
The bosom you have fill'd, with anguish torn—
The mind you cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now despair her sable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends,
Ah! see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd—
Seize it APOLLO!—seize the liquid snare,
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless youth! restrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!

Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than death the poisonous juice be-
flows!

In vain!—he drinks, and now the searching fires,
Rush through his veins, and writhing he expires!
No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, high,
To sooth his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Alone, unknown, the muse's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON
LATE OF BRISTOL.

How shall my pen make known the sad event,
How tell the loss, O earth, by thee sustain'd;
In what expressions give the tidings vent,
Of which the thought, my soul, so oft has pain'd?

Why wilt thou, torturing reflection, mad
Each fond idea of the blessings past;
Blessings which only to the anguish add;
O, did their pleasing efficacy last!

Think of his tender op'ning unfledg'd years,
Brought to a final crisis ere mature:
As fate had grudg'd the wonders nature rears,
Bright genius in oblivion to immure.

Weep, nature, weep, the mighty loss bewail,
The wonder of our drooping isle is dead;
O, could but tears or plaintive sighs avail,
By night and day would I bedew my bed.

O, give his mem'ry reverential due,
His worth a tributary tear demands:
Still hold his many virtues in your view,
Then must a free-will offering 'scape your hands.

Had but his tender budding genius thriv'd,
Still blooming on, spite of the frosty blast;
Till ripen'd into manhood still surviv'd,
The fruits full ripe—how rich the sweet repast!

Ere vital utterance could scarce transpire,
His infant lips evinc'd a manly soul!
Predicting that heroic mental fire,
Which reign'd supreme within the mighty whole.

Friendship cemented by the slightest ties,
Full hardly brooks the intervening cause
That separates the friend we lightly prize,
Bursting the bonds of friendship's sacred laws.

Then how can I but feel the dire effect,
Where infancy began the social tie,
Which still increas'd, void of the least defect,
As each revolving year did multiply.

Though great the loss to me—Heav'n knows how
great!

Were it but individually known,
I would not vainly thus repine at fate,
But providential justice ever own.

O, that's not all—my country feels the stroke,
The public good was ever in his view,
His pen his lofty sentiments bespoke,
Nor fear'd he virtuous freedom to pursue.

Yes, Liberty! thy fair, thy upright cause,
He dar'd defend, spite of despotic force,
To crush his much-lov'd country's wholesome laws,
Its noble constitution's only source.

Ye muses, leave your florid airy smiles,
And thou, mercurial Euphrosyne,
Forget thy wanton cranks and am'rous wiles,
To sympathize with sad Melpomene.

Your pride is fallen—your chief, your great sup-
port,

Lies mould'ring to his own primæval dust:
To you, while living, ever was his court,
Dead, in return, let not his mem'ry rust.

What ease within his sweet'ned numbers flow'd,
What symmetry each well-penn'd line evinc'd;
Such just connection on each verse bestow'd
Ev'n envy, of his worth, must stand convinc'd.

His lofty numbers how sublimely great!
Lifting the ravish'd sense to heights supreme,
Again with fancy painted woes elate,
He shows the passions of the tragic theme.

Sharp visag'd satire own'd him as her lord,
Exclusive of her hand-maid in her train,
Ill-nature, curst attendant of the board
Of those who stigmatise mankind for gain.

Not so with him—he paints each reigning vice
In strongest colours of their genuine hue!
Sweet'ning the bitter draught with sav'ry spice,
The moral picture relishing the view.

O, could my pen but catch his livid fire,
Hear thou my invocation, mighty dead!
My infant muse with life mature inspire,
Thy shade may dictate, though the substance's
fled.

Antiquity, bewail his cruel fate,
He paid thy hoary head the rev'rence due;
Thy valu'd acts reviving out of date,
Recalling ages past to present view.

To truths long dead, he gave a second birth,
Rescuing from oblivion occult stores:
Treasures within the bowels of the earth,
Unheeded by the vulgar mind—explores.

Most strange! ideas of so vast extent
Could e'er within his tender mind reside,
No art or science but some influence lent,
His intellectual parts to make more wide.

Why, fancy, wilt thou paint him to my eyes,
Why form the fond idea in my mind;
O, couldst thou but some plastic means devise,
The substance with the shadow still to find.

Bristol, Oct. 1770.

T. C.

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EPISTLE

*To the Reverend and Worshipful JEREMIAH MILLES,
D. D. Dean of Exeter, President of the Society of
Antiquaries, and Editor of a Superb Edition of the
Poems of THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST: To which
is annexed a Glossary, extracted from that of the
learned Dean.*

EPISTELLE TO DOCTOURE MYLLES.

I.

As whanne a gronfer 1, with arduous 2 glow,
Han 3 from the mees 4 liche 5 sweltrie 6 sun
arist 7,
The lordynge 8 toade awhaped 9 creepethe flowe,
To hilde 10 his groted 11 weam 12 in mokie 13
kiste 14;
Owlettes yblente 15 alyche dooe flizze 16 awaie,
In ivye-wympled 17 shade to glomb 18 in depe
dismaie.

II.

So, dygne 1 Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte 2
so rare
Han Rowley's amenused 3 fame chevyfed 4,

STANZA I. 1. A meteor. 2 burning. 3 hath.
4 meadows. 5 like. 6 sultry. 7 arose. 8 stand-
ing on his hind legs; rather, heavy, sluggish.
9 astonished, or terrified. 10 hide. 11 swelled.
12 womb, or body. 13 black. 14 coffin. 15 blind-
ed, or dazzled. 16 fly away. 17 ivy-mantled.
18 frown.

STANZA II. 1 Worthy, or glorious, 2 wisdom,
knowledge. 3 diminished, lessened; or, meta-
phorically here, injured. 4 restored, or redem-

His foemenne 5 alle forlette 6 theyre groffish
 gare 7, [devysed,
 Whyche in theyre houton sprytes 8 theie han
 Whan thee theie ken 9, wythe poyntel 10 in thie
 honde, [bronde 13.
 Enroned 11 lyche anlace 12 fell, or lyche a burly-
 III.

Thomas of Oxenford, whose teeming brayne
 Three bawfin 1 rolles of olde rhymes historie
 Ymaken hanne wythe mickle tene 2 and payne,
 Nete kennethe 3 he of archeologie,
 Whoe pyghtes hys knowlacheinge 4 to preve
 echeone 5
 Of Rowley's fetive 6 lynes were pennde bie Chat-
 tertone.

IV.

Hie thee, poor Thomas, hie thee to thie celle,
 Ne mo wythe aunteyante vearse astounde 1 thy
 wytte;
 Of seemlikeenly 2 rhym thou nete mai spelle;
 For herchaughtree 3, or prose thou botte arte
 fyttē:
 Vearse for thie rede 4 is too great mysterie;
 Ne e'er shalle Loverde 5 North * a Canyngē proove
 to thee.

V.

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,
 O whatte arte thou, whanne pheered 1 with
 dyngē Deane Mylle?
 Nete botte a groffyle 2 acolythe 3 I weene;
 Inne aunteyante barganette 4 lyes all thie skylle.
 Deane Percy, Sabalus 5 will hanne thy foughle,
 Giff mo thou doest amate 6 grete Rowley's yel-
 lowe rolle.

VI.

Tyrwhytte, though clergyonned in Geoffroie's
 leare 1, [stedde 2.
 Yette scalle yat leare stonde thee in drybblet
 Geoffroie wythe Rowley how maieft thoue com-
 phere 3? [redde,
 Rowley hanne mottes 4, yat ne manne ever

ed. 5 enemies. 6 give up, or relinquish. 7 rude,
 or uncivil cause. 8 haughty souls. 9 see. 10 pen.
 11 brandished. 12 sword. 13 furious falchion.

STANZA III. 1 Big, or bulky. 2 labour, or sorrow.
 3 nothing knoweth he. 4 tortures his learning.
 5 every one. 6 elegant.

STANZA IV. 1 Confound, or astonish. 2 beautiful,
 or delicate. 3 heraldry. 4 knowledge, or wis-
 dom. 5 lord.

STANZA V. 1 Matched, or compared. 2 gro-
 velling, or mean. 3 candidate for deacon's
 orders. 4 ballads. 5 The devil. 6 derogate
 from, or lessen.

STANZA VI. 1 Well instructed in Chaucer's lan-
 guage. 2 little stead. 3 compare. 4 words.

* As this great Minister, either through necessity or
 choice, is apt to make use of a bad reason instead of a
 good, here is one ready made to his hands for not doing
 what would have done him honour.

If it be considered, that the above verse was written
 at least a fortnight before the sudden (and to him the un-
 expected) rout of the ministry, the author may justly ar-
 rogate to himself not only the poetic, but the prophetic
 character.

Ne couthe bewryenne 5 inne anie syngle tyme,
 Yet reynnethe 6 echeone mole 7, in newe and
 swotic ryme 8.

VII.

And yerfore, faitour 1, in ashrewed 2 houre
 From Rowley's poyntel thou the lode 3 dydst
 take. [fhuir 4
 Botte lo! our Deane scalle wythe forweltrynge
 Thy wytte as pynant 5 as thie bowke 6 ymake;
 And plonce 7 thee inne archeologic mudde,
 As thou ydreinted 8 were in Severne's mokie 8
 fludde.

VIII.

So have I seen, in Edinborrowe-towne,
 A ladie faire in wymped paramente 1
 Abbrodden goe 2, whanne on her powrethe downe
 A mollock hepe 3, from opper oryal 4 sente;
 Who, whanne shee lookethe on her unswote
 geare 5, [steynēt 9 aumere 10.
 Han liefer 6 ben beshet 7 thanne in thilke 8
 IX.

"Spryte of mie Graie," the minstrelle 1 Maisonne
 cries,
 "Some cherisfaunie 2 'tys to mie sadde harte,
 "That thou, whose fetive 3 poesie I pryze,
 "Wythe Pyndarre kynge of mynstrells lethlen 4
 "arte.
 "Else nowe thie wytte to dernie roin 5 han come,
 "For havynge protoslene grete Rowley's hie re-
 "nome 6.

X.

"Yette, giff 1 thou sojourned in this earthly
 "vale, [stynge;
 "Johnson atte thee had broched 2 no neder 3
 "Hee, cravent 4, the ystorven 5 dothe assayle,
 "Butte atte the quych 6 ne dares hys venome
 "flynge.
 "Quych or ystorven, giff I kenne aryghte,
 "Ne Johnson, ne Deane Mylle, scalle e'er agrose 7
 "thie spryte."

XI.

Butte, minstrelle Maisonne, blyn 1 thie chyrck-
 cyngē dynne 2; wronge;
 On thee scalle be bewrecked 3 grete Rowley's

5 expresse, or speak in any single era of our lan-
 guage. 6 runneth, or floweth. 7 soft. 8 in
 modern and sweet versification.

STANZA VII. 1 Vagabond. 2 accursed, or un-
 fortunate. 3 praise, or honour. 4 blasting, or
 burning fury. 5 pining, meagre. 6 body.
 7 plunge. 8 drenched. 9 black, or muddy.

STANZA VIII. 1 Drest in a princely robe. 2 go
 abroad in the street. 3 a moist, or wet heap,
 or load. 4 upper chamber-window. 5 un-
 sweet, or stinking apparel. 6 had rather.
 7 been shut up, or confined still at home. For
 this word, see Kersey. 8 such. 9 stained. 10
 robe, or mantle.

STANZA IX. 1 Poet. 2 comfort. 3 elegant.
 4 dead. 5 sad ruin. 6 been the first to kill
 or destroy the high fame of Rowley.

STANZA X. 1 If. 2 pointed. 3 adder. 4 cow-
 ard. 5 the dead. 6 the living. 7 grieve,
 or trouble.

STANZA XI. 1 Cease. 2 disagreeable noise, or
 prate. 3 Revenged.

Thou, wythe thie compheere 4 Graie, dydde furst
begynne [songe,

To speke inne deignous denwere 4 offe hys
And, wythe enstroed 5 Warpool *, deemed hys
laies [vase.

Freshe as newe rhymes ydropte inne ladie Myller's
XII.

Oh Warpool, ne dydde thatte borne 1 vase con-
teyne

Thilke swotic 2 excremente of poete's lear 3;
Encaled 4 was thie hearte as carnes 5 ybene,

Soe to asterte 5 hys swest-kerved scryvennere 6.
Thy synne doe Loverde 7 Advocate's surpasse;

Starvation bee thou nempte 8, thou broder 9 of
Dundasse.

XIII.

Enough of thilke adrames 1, and strains like these,
Speckled wythe uncouth words like leopard's
skin;

Yet bright as Avon gliding o'er her mees,
And soft as ermine robe that wraps a king;

Here, furste of wiseggers 2, I quit thy glofs,
Nor more with Gothic terms my modern lays
emboss.

XIV.

For vearse lyche thyffe been as puddynge fayre,
At Hocktyde 1 feaste by goulter 2 cooke be-
sprente [there,

Wythe scanty plumbes, yat themmer 3 heere and
Like estells 4 in the eve-merk 5 fermamente,

So that a schoolboie maie with plaie, not paine,
Pycke echeone 6 plumbe awaie, and leave the
puddynge playne.

XV.

Yet still each line shall flow as sweet and clear,
As Rowley's self had writ them in his roll;

So they, perchance, may sooth thy sapient ear,
If aught but obsolete can touch thy soul.

Polish'd so pure by my poetic hand,
That kings themselves may read, and courtiers un-
derstand.

XVI.

O mighty Milles, who o'er the realms of sense
Hast spread that murky antiquarian cloud,

4 associate, or companion. 5 Disdainful, or
contemptuous doubt. 6 deserving of punishment.

STANZA XII. 1 Burnished, or polished. 2 such
sweet, or delicate. 3 learning. 4 cold, or
frozen. 5 stones, or rocks. 6 neglect. 7
short-lived transcriber. 8 lord. 9 called. 10
brother.

STANZA XIII. 1 Such churls, or rather dreamers.
2 philosopher, but here put for a person skilled
in ancient learning, *furst* of wiseggers being sy-
nonymous to *president* of the antiquarian society.
They are not to be regarded, who derive the
contemptuous term *wiseacre* from this radix.

STANZA XIV. 1 Shrovetide, or any tide Mr.
Bryant pleases, who has written most copiously
on the term, and almost settled its precise mean-
ing. 2 stingy, or covetous. 3 glimmer. 4
bars, from the French. 5 dusky. 6 every.

* So Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, spells Mr.
Walpole's name; I therefore have adopted her mode of
orthography, as more archæological.

Which blots out truth, eclipses evidence,
And taste and judgment veils in fable shroud;
Which makes a beardless boy a monkish priest,
Makes Homer string his lyre, and Milton ape
his jest *;

XVII.

Expand that cloud still broader, wond'rous Dean!
In pity to thy poor Britannia's fate;

Spread it her past and present state between,
Hide from her memory that she e'er was great,

That e'er her trident aw'd the subject sea,
Or e'er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.

XVIII.

Tell her, for thou hast more than Mulgrave's wit,
That France has long her naval strength surpast,

That Sandwich and Germaine alone are fit
To shield her from the desolating blast;

And prove the fact, as Rowley's being, clear,
That loans on loans and loans her empty purse
will bear.

XIX.

Bid all her lords, obsequious to command,
As lords that best besit a land like this,

Take valiant Viscount Sackville by the hand,
Bid bishops greet him with a holy kiss,

For forming plans to quell the rebel tribe,
Whose execution foil'd all bravery, and all bribe.

XX.

Teach her, two British armies both subdued,
That still the free American will yield;

Like Macbeth's witch †, bid her "spill much
"more blood,"

And stain with brethren's gore the flooded field;

* The reverend Editor proves, in his manner, that
numberless passages, in *The Battle of Hastings*, are
not only borrowed from the original Greek of Homer,
but also greatly improved. In the same way he has,
with peculiar sagacity, found out, "that the grave
Milton, in his *PENSEROSO*, amused himself by re-
flecting on the buskin'd tale of Chaucer in these lines:

"Or call up him that left half-told
"The story of Cambuscan bold."

Just as Rowley had reflected on him before for not fi-
nishing his stories. See note on the *Epistle to Maistre
Canyngge*. O ye venerable society of antiquarians, what-
ever ye in your wisdom shall think fit to do with the
rest of your president's notes, inscribe this, I beseech
you, in letters of gold over your new chimney-piece at
Somerset-House.

† This was left unnoted in the first edition, in order
that it might prove a crust to the critics: and, if the
author is well-informed, some of them have mumbled it.
They say, and they say truly, that there is no such ex-
pression in the play of Shakspeare. But, in the repre-
sentation of that play, where D'Avenant's alterations
are admitted, for the sake of some very fine old music,
which Locke originally set to them, the following chorus
over the caldron is well known by the frequenters of the
theatre.

"He must, he shall, he will spill much more blood,
"And become worse, to make his title good."

Now the author has cautiously not called the witch,
who sings this, Shakspeare's witch, but "Macbeth's
witch;" and therefore the quotation is pertinent, though
D'Avenant, and not Shakspeare, put the words into her
mouth.

Nor sheath the sword, till o'er one little isle
In snug domestic pomp her king shall reign and
smile.

XXI.

So from a dean'ry " rising in thy trade,
And puff'd with lawn by byshoppe-millanere 1,
Ev'n glommed 2 York, of thy amede 3 afraid,
At Lollard's Tower 4 with spyryng 5 eye shall
peer,
Where thou, like Ælla's spryte, shalt glare on high,
The triple crown to seize, if old Cornwallis die *.

STANZA XXI. I Byshoppe-millanere.—The word
is formed from horse-millanere, and means the
robe-maker, or sempstrefs, of the lords spiri-
tual. 2 Sullen, cloudy, or dejected. 3 Re-
ward, or preferment. 4 The highest tower in
the palace of Lambeth. 5 Aspiring, or am-
bitious.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have lately conceived, that, as Dryden, Pope,
&c. employed their great talents in translating

* All readers of true classical taste, will, I trust, ap-
plaud this concluding stanza, which returns to the style in
which the epistle began, in judicious subserviency to the
rule of Horace :

— Servetur ad inum
Qualis ab incepto processeris, & sibi constet.

Virgil, Homer, &c. it would be a very commend-
able employment for the poets of the present age,
to treat some of the better sort of their predeces-
sors, such as Shakspeare and Milton, in a similar
manner, by putting them into archaeological lan-
guage. This, however, I would not call *translation*,
but *transmutation*, for a very obvious reason. It is, I
believe, a settled point among the critics, with Dr.
Johnson at their head, that the greatest fault of
Milton (exclusive of his political tenets), is, that
he writ in blank verse. See then and admire how
easily this might be remedied.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK I.

Offe mannes fyrste bykrous volunde wolle I singe,
And offe the fruite offe yatte caltyfnyd tre,
Whose lethal taste into thys worlde dydde brynge
Both morth and tene to all posteritie.

How very near also (in point of dramatic excel-
lence) would Shakspeare come to the author of
Ælla, if some of his best pieces were thus trans-
muted! As for instance the soliloquy of Hamlet,
" *To be, or not to be.*"

To blynne or not to blynne, the denwere is ;
Gif it be bette wythin the spryte to beare
The bawfyn flos and tackels of dystresse,
Orr by forloynyng amenufe them clere,

Mile-end, March 15th, 1782.

C cii j

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES GRÆME.

Containing

ELEGIES,
HERO AND LEANDER,
A NIGHT-PIECE,
THE STUDENT,
ALEXIS,



EPISTLES,
SONGS,
HYMNS,
TALES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Blest in each talent, with each gift endow'd,
That lifts the poet from the vulgar crowd;
Superior genius, nature's noblest prize,
The splendid polish, learning's toil supplies;
The vigorous fancy, and the ardent mind,
The judgment solid, and the taste refin'd:
Blest in the feelings, warm with young desire,
Each passion glowing, and each wish on fire;
Blest in the raptures, full of heavenly flame,
Inspiring visions of eternal fame!
With virtues, graces, sciences, adorn'd,
I saw my GRÆME in early youth inurn'd!
His keen eye faded, and extinct the flame
That rapt his wishes in the trance of fame!
Sprinkling the green sod with memorial yews,
I wept—and with me wept each gentle muse!

Dr. Anderson's Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife.

EDINBURGH:

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THE LIFE OF GRÆME.

THE poet, whose life the present writer is about to delineate, has a double claim to a place among the poets of our nation, to whose story the public attention has been called by the collection of their works, from genius and from friendship. He was brought up with him from his infancy, and thinks it a duty incumbent on his friendship for him, to be the faithful executor of his fame, and to collect, among others, the incidents of his life, in order that his merits may be known, and his example may be followed. But in making this attempt to state his pretensions, and to estimate his worth, he feels and avows so much affection for the man, that he distrusts his judgment of the poet.

His short life, past in obscurity, and in the silent acquisition of knowledge, has scarce any objects for description to embellish, or events, to which narrative could give importance. If the detail of trivial particulars appear to be little deserving of transmission to posterity, it will be allowed as an excuse for the culpable minuteness of the writer, that the subject of his narrative was the friend of his youth, and the companion of his studies; and, if his opinion, in any instance, appear to be less the result of just judgment than of partial friendship, his feelings may claim some indulgence, though his sentiments do not correspond with those of the reader, who, with less friendship for the poet, than he avows, may possess, in a juster proportion, that peculiar combination of sensibility and judgment, upon which the delicacy of critical discernment depends.

JAMES GRÆME was born at Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, Dec. 15. 1749. He was descended of a reputable family, of the middling class of farmers, that had resided on the estate of Carnwath, ever since it came into the possession of the family of Lockhart, without producing a single example of literary ambition. His father, William Græme, (or Graham), occupied a small farm in the village of Carnwath, and afterwards rented the farm of Spittal, adjacent to that village, on the river Medwan, about half a mile above its junction with the Clyde. The occupation of his ancestors was his principal inheritance, his wealth consisting chiefly in his industry, for which, and his integrity, he was distinguished among his neighbours. His mother, Anne Harvey, was of a family of the same rank, belonging to Lasswade, in the county of Mid-Lothian, and remarkable for nothing, but her exemplary prudence and frugality. They had six children, of whom the poet was the youngest. Of these six, two died before him; William, June 9. 1767, and Euphemia, Feb. 24. 1769, who was married to Thomas Dimmock, a farmer at Bank-Mains, near Carnwath, and left a son, James, now a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, a young man of an amiable character, and promising abilities; and three survive, George, the eldest, a farmer at Dolphington, a man of strong parts, and distinguished for his agricultural knowledge as a farmer, and his integrity as a neighbour; Robert, a farmer in Carnwath, a worthy and respectable man; and Anne, his favourite sister, married to Thomas Smith, a farmer in Quothquan, in the parish of Liberton.

In his early childhood, he was of a delicate constitution, and in consequence of an affection commonly produced by extraordinary attention, the favourite of his parents; Providence wisely ordaining that where extraordinary attention is most wanted, parental affection should be most conspicuous.

The first years of his life did not pass without distinction. He very early discovered the most promising marks of lively parts and an active mind, and was much taken notice of for his inclination to letters and his thirst for pre-eminence in the sports and pastimes adapted to his age.

While he was a child, he was initiated in the alphabet by an old woman who kept a day-school in the village, whose discipline bore a strong resemblance to that of the "old dame," of whom Shenstone learned to read, and whom his poem of "the Schoolmistress" has delivered to posterity.

As he grew older, he went to the parish school of Carnwath, which was then taught by Mr. Hugh Smith, a man of such amplitude of learning, and such copiousness of intelligence, that it would be difficult to name any branch of literature or science with which he was unacquainted.

Under the tuition of this man, the present writer was at the same time initiated in grammar; and in his company he has since enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours. He hoped to

have gratified him with this account of his pupil, but he is disappointed by the stroke of death. Mr. Smith died April 17. 1794, in the 73d year of his age, leaving an example of active curiosity, persevering ambition, engaging politeness, and unaffected piety, worthy of imitation.

In those branches of education, which are usually taught in remote villages, Græme soon distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress. His intellect, memory, and diligence, carried him on before the other scholars of the same standing. Mr. Smith seeing his eagerness, and knowing his talents, allowed him to press forward, without waiting the tardy progress of slower boys.

The uncommon proficiency which he made in the learning taught at the school of the village, soon obtained him the reputation of a boy of excellent parts; which, as it commonly happens, prompted him to aspire above the vulgar occupations of the neighbourhood, and to despise every pursuit unconnected with the attainment of a polite and liberal education.

Misplaced and dangerous as this kind of ambition might seem in a boy of his station, it occasioned no anxiety in his parents. Being accustomed, from his infancy, to regard the capacity of their son with partiality, and flattered with the credit he might do the family by his learning, they resolved to dispense with his services in the business of the farm, for which he promised to be unequal, and to educate him for the church.

The want of patronage, and other obstacles equally obvious and intimidating, did not shake their resolution. Examples of success in similar circumstances, were within the reach of their observation. These examples, while they provoked their competition, served also to justify their choice, the singularity of which, indeed, was much less remarkable than the temerity; the clerical profession being an object of common and moderate ambition in North Britain, where the parity of rank and slender emoluments of the clergy offer no temptation to the families of the rich, and the attainment of a liberal education, is within the reach of persons of inferior rank.

He was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin language by Mr. Smith, whom he always praised for his attention and his skill.

Meantime, the knowledge and experience of Mr. Smith in agriculture and rural economy, particularly the culture and management of flax, procured him an appointment under the Honourable Board of Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactures, and Improvements, more suitable to the activity of his mind, than the employment of a schoolmaster; and Græme found his opportunities of improvement disproportionate to his docility; the qualifications of the assistant master being mean, and inadequate to the duties of his station.

Disgusted at the unskilfulness of his teacher, and impatient of the restraint imposed upon his literary progress, he left the school of Carnwath, and repaired to a more reputable seminary, in the village of Liberton, taught by Mr. John Brown, a teacher of classical knowledge superior to what is commonly found in remote country villages; and a worthy and intelligent man.

To this school, which was distant two miles from his father's dwelling, he walked every morning, carrying his daily provisions along with him.

He continued in this course of study two years, in which time he acquired a taste for general reading; was particularly solicitous to borrow books of history, poetry, and divinity, and was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

In 1763, when he was fourteen years old, he was sent to the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Lanark, then taught by Mr. Robert Thomson, brother-in-law to the "poet of the Seasons," a man whose eminent worth, uncommon knowledge in classical learning, indefatigable diligence, and strictness of discipline, without severity, placed him in the first rank among the instructors of youth in North Britain. This worthy and respectable man died in 1789.

Græme had very early obtained distinction in the pastimes adapted to his age, as well as in his classical studies. In a crowded school, collected from different parts of Great Britain and the West Indies, he now felt more strongly his own deficiencies, yet he did not shrink from a competition with the elder boys, in which there was a danger of experiencing the mortification of being inferior; but on every occasion, displayed a vigour of understanding, a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, and a spirit of enterprise, far superior to the talents of his companions.

His proficiency in classical learning was so remarkable, that it excited the emulation of the elder boys, of forward and active, but of superficial talents.

His Latin versions, in particular, were the admiration and boast of Mr. Thomson, who had the penetration to discover, in the sallies of youthful fancy, marks of uncommon genius; and whose discernment construed those eccentricities of imagination, which received his correction, into a preface of literary eminence.

Before he left Liberton, he gave evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry; but his taste for elegant composition first appeared in his exercises at Lanark; and his first attempts in metrical composition are of no earlier date.

Though the discipline of the Lanark school, like that of the other schools in North Britain, did not require him to perform exercises in Latin verse, yet he attempted this mode of composition, as soon as he was sufficiently master of the ancient prosody, and continued from time to time to write Latin verses, which he found of the greatest advantage, in giving him a ready command of Latin phraseology.

He soon acquired a facility in the composition of Latin poetry; and the following fragment of a *Sapphic Ode*, describing the occupations and pastimes of the scholars in the hours allotted for play, *Descriptio Scholæ Lanarçensis*, must be allowed to be a very correct and manly performance for a boy of fifteen.

Pueri agrestes irridendum pecus
Pannis obstiti, circa focum premunt
Nugas narrantes, cæteros sed fugant
Rixæ menaces.

Seorsim scamnis inimici sono
Sedunt, ætate catiores quidam
Lusumque vitant, cæteros spernentes,
Fronte obducto.

Ad generosum scribit hic amicum;
Legit ac alter celebrem poetam,
Rite scalpello refecat sed sordes
Tertius unguis.

Quidam quercetis trabibus dependunt,
Nominaque scalpunt Dædalea manu
Quidam, Dum alii (puerilis turma?)
Turbine ludunt.

In the public examination of the school, before the autumn vacation 1766, he pronounced a valedictory oration, in Latin, according to the custom of the school, which was much applauded by his examiners, the ministers of the presbytery of Lanark, and the magistrates of the town.

In 1767, having passed through the forms of the grammar school of Lanark, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he applied himself, during the three succeeding years, to the several branches of literature and philosophy, with his usual assiduity and success.

He was accompanied to Edinburgh, as he had been to Liberton and Lanark, by the present writer, who encouraged his propensity to literature and to poetry, by an emulous and amicable participation of study, and the most unreserved and familiar communication of sentiments upon every subject. The habitudes of intimacy, begun from the cradle, were strengthened by daily intercourse, and improved by a similarity of taste and of pursuits, into a friendship that constituted the chief felicity of their lives.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Mr. John Græme, then tutor to the sons of the present Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, a young man of an amiable disposition and an elegant taste, who cultivated his favourite studies with congenial enthusiasm, and excited him to poetical composition, by his example and his applause.

This amiable and ingenious young man, endeared to the present writer, by his virtue and his genius, died of a consumption in 1783, without obtaining a provision suitable to his merit. A short time before his death, he wrote the pathetic *Invocation to Health*, preserved in this collection, which cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

Among his fellow collegians, he lived in habits of the most familiar intercourse with Dr. John Grieve, now a physician in London, whose well-known ingenuity, and long-tryed friendship, it is a pleasure to the present writer to recollect; and the Rev. Dr. William Gardiner, now minister of the

English congregation at Dantzick, of whose classic taste, and social disposition, he cannot indulge himself in the remembrance, without anticipating the approaching time,

——— When Eurus, to his native bourne,
Shall waft him o'er the Scandinavian wave.

In the prelections of the professors, and in the conversation of his companions, his talents found ample scope and encouragement. Accustomed to excel, his desire of excellence found greater excitement; and his industry was equal to his emulation, which prompted him to aim at distinction in the most abstruse and difficult studies, where either a competitor or applause could be found.

His success was answerable to his assiduity. In classical learning, he surpassed the most industrious and accomplished student of his standing. He spoke and composed in Latin, with a fluency and elegance that had few examples. He even exercised himself a little in Greek composition, which is not often done in the Scottish universities.

The acuteness of his intellect enabled him to enter with facility into the abstrusest doctrines of abstract philosophy. Of mathematics, natural philosophy, and metaphysics, his knowledge was profound and masterly; particularly of the latter, to the study of which he received an early determination, from the prevalence of speculative theology among the lower ranks in North Britain.

He studied the works of Aristotle, Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, Leibnitz, Clarke, Berkeley, Baxter, Hume, Hartley, Reid, &c. with great accuracy, and exercised his ingenuity in writing little essays on *Innate Ideas*, the *Immateriality of the soul*, &c. which showed extensive knowledge of pneumatology, of logic, and of philosophy in general.

In endeavouring to qualify himself for deciding questions, which all pretend to dispute about, he often indulged his propensity to metaphysical refinement, in maintaining false principles, which, though apparently trifling, from the consequences they implied, and the mode of reasoning they authorized, subjected him, among the unlearned, to the imputation of freethinking.

But this habit of disquisition was not accompanied with a disputatious humour in conversation. Dispute he hated, and carefully avoided. He knew that it tends to contract and pervert the understanding, deprave the taste, extinguish the love of truth and of delicacy, and render the heart insensible to the pleasures of rational converse.

His thoughts, full of ardour and vivacity, would often make excursions beyond the limits of system and the narrow views of prejudice; but these excursions were made with modesty, nor was his propensity to argument ever accompanied with arrogance, being merely the wantonness of conscious talents, and the ebullition of youthful vanity, which abated and subsided as he advanced in the study of a more liberal and enlightened philosophy.

Ethics, politics, history, poetry, and criticism, afforded more humanizing subjects of inquiry, and unfolded to his view those attractive beauties, to which his mind seemed to have an innate propensity.

Recognizing, as it were the standard of excellence congenial to his taste, the writings of Epictetus, Plutarch, Antoninus, Cicero, Seneca, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, &c. Sydney, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, &c. Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, Burnet, Robertson, &c. Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tasso, Boileau, Moliere, Voltaire, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, &c. Longinus, Quintilian, Bossu, Kaimes, &c., became his favourite study, and supplanted every inquisitive pursuit of a less amiable tendency.

The enchantment of metaphysical philosophy, the visions of Malebranche, and the subtleties of Hume, now lost possession of his admiring fancy. Full of admiration of the instructive and sublime writings of the moralist, the historian, the poet, and the critic, he forsook the study of an illusive and unsatisfactory philosophy, whose sophistry deceives the understanding, and whose scepticism contracts the heart.

His attention was now awake to learn what might be useful in improving his taste, enriching his sentiments, and regulating his conduct. His chief delight was to peruse the most approved delineations of virtue and of nature, and the most successful representations of life and of manners, and his highest ambition to rival the best masters in the different departments of classical and ornamental literature.

A passion for romantic fiction and fabulous history, appeared in him very early in life, which was heightened and confirmed by a diligent perusal of the old romances of Scudery, D'Urfe, Sydney, &c., and the modern novels of Cervantes, Le Sage, Marivaux, Rousseau, De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, &c.

Of the Gothic, Celtic, and Oriental mythology, he was a warm admirer; and frequently attempted imitations of the wild and flowery fictions of the northern and eastern nations. An imitation of *Osian* is printed among his poems. His turn for oriental composition appeared in the solution of a philosophic question, proposed by Dr. Fergusson, as a college exercise, *Whether personal qualities or external advantages are most conducive to happiness?* which he chose to exemplify in the form of a *tale*, conceived and executed with all the fire and invention of eastern imagination.

In prosecuting his favourite studies, his passion for reading was insatiable, but too often indiscriminate; for as he had not the means of purchasing proper books, and had access to no private library, he eagerly perused such books as the kindness of his friends, the circulating libraries, or the library of the university supplied.

In the departments of philosophical, critical, and philological learning, he was chiefly indebted to the library of the university; by the statutes of which, every student who is matriculated, may take a certain number of books from the library to his own apartments, on depositing a sum equivalent to their value, in the hands of the librarian, which is returned to him when he returns the books. In borrowing expensive books, the pecuniary deposit required in the library, was sometimes wanting, a mortification which he acquiesced under with less patience than any other incident to the narrowness of his circumstances.

His literary intrepidity is humourously described in the following lines of *the Student*, a poem written about this time, and published in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine," a most useful periodical publication, in which several valuable original pieces may be found.

I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
Turn'd o'er Stobæus, and could Suidas quote;
In letter'd Gellius trac'd the bearded sage,
Through all the windings of a wise adage;
Was the spectator of each honest scar,
Each sophist carry'd from each wordy war.
Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
The mustiest volume of the mustiest stall;
Where'er I turn'd, the giant spiders fled,
And trembling moths retreated as I read, &c.

He declined no philological disquisition, profound or verbal; nor shrunk from the most cultivated or barren province of critical learning, or classical antiquities;

Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
Their helmets polish'd, and emboss'd their shields,
With duteous hand the decent matron dress'd,
And wrap'd the stripling in his manly vest,
Nor stop't I there, but mingled with the boys,
Their rattles rattled, and improv'd their toys,
Lash'd conic turbos as in gyres they flew,
Bestrode their hobbies, and their whistles blew, &c.

In 1768, he was engaged by Laurence Brown, Esq. of Edmonston, to assist the studies of his sons. Mr. Brown then resided at East-hills, in the parish of Dunfyre. In this retreat he spent his vacation; and while he promoted the literary labours of his pupils, he pursued his own, and applied himself particularly to the study of poetry.

The genuine principles of poetry were connate with his mind. They had been actuated and awakened by the study of these writings that are most impregnated with poetical enthusiasm. He had acquired a competent stock of moral and natural knowledge; and his mind was so well furnished with poetical ideas, that his imagination seemed to riot over her intellectual feast. But his poetical powers were confined to the narrow province of external description, and the walks of humour and satire. He had written *Pastorals*, crowded with trite sentiments and images borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, composed a mock-heroic poem, called *The Ralphiad*, in three cantos, with anno-

tations, in imitation of Pope's "Dunciad;" and produced a variety of shorter pieces, in Hudibrastic verse, with versions from Simonides, Theocritus, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. But he had not attained to the noblest end of poetry, the power of addressing himself to the heart.

The passion of love was yet wanting to kindle the flame of enthusiasm, and to improve his poetical imagination; and he was hardy enough to risk the dangers attending it, though warned by his favourite Thomson, one of the poets of our country, who was nursed in the lap of nature, and caught the true inspiring breath.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware;—the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, &c.

Spring.

In the quiet of rural solitude, of which every true poet is fond, he became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty and accomplishments made an impression on his susceptible heart; which contributed greatly to heighten his poetical enthusiasm, and determined his choice of the species of composition he chiefly cultivated;

————— the song of woe,
The word-weigh'd *elegy*, of liquid lapse,
And cadence glib —————

His tender attachment to this lady, which ended but with his life, produced a variety of amatory poems, written under the character of ALEXIS, and addressed to her under the names of ELIZA and MIRA, which may be considered as the most universally interesting of his poetical compositions.

In 1769, he obtained the notice of Alexander Lockhart, Esq. then Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Covington, to whose patronage his family had some pretensions. Mr. Lockhart, whose learning and eloquence constitute an era in the history of the Scottish bar, was the grandson of Sir George Lockhart, Lord President of the Court of Session, son of George Lockhart, Esq. author of the "Memoirs of Scotland," and uncle to James Lockhart, Esq. Count of the Holy Roman Empire, the representative of the family of Lee and Carnwath, upon whose estate his father then resided.

In the latter end of that year, he was presented, on the recommendation of Mr. Lockhart, to a bursary or exhibition in the university of St. Andrew's, which he accepted; but found reason soon after to decline, upon discovering that it subjected him to repeat a course of languages and philosophy, which the extent of his acquisitions, and the ardour of his ambition, taught him to hold in no great estimation.

This step, it may be supposed, did not meet with the approbation of Mr. Lockhart, and the only advantage he derived from the exhibition, was a view of the venerable city of St. Andrew's, whose "spires, to Gothic fancy fair," amused his imagination, and an acquaintance which he contracted during his short stay, with Wilkie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the United College, author of "the Epigoniad," whose conversation and example encouraged his propensity to the study of poetry, and confirmed him in the pursuit of poetical fame.

In 1770, he resumed his studies at Edinburgh, and having finished the usual preparatory course, was admitted into the theological class; but the state of his health, which soon after began to decline, prevented him delivering any of the exercises usually prescribed to students of divinity.

He spent the vacation in the retirement of his native village, dividing the time between poetical composition, the study of the Greek and Roman poets, and an examination of the arguments of the principal writers on the Deistical controversy, Bayle, Hobbes, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Bolingbroke, &c. Bentley, Butler, Coneybeare, Leland, Foster, Campbell, &c. which he studied with indefatigable application. The result of his examination was such as may be always expected in like cases, where the inquirer has candour and sense, a decided conviction of the truth of Christianity.

Polemical divinity, and Biblical criticism, occupied also his particular attention. The writings of Cudworth, Hooker, Baxter, Barrow, Tillotson, Burnet, Clarke, Hoadley, Balguy, Doddridge, Warburton, Middleton, Jortin, Gerard, &c. he studied with his usual accuracy. Of modern divines his greatest favourites were Clarke, and Jortin. Of the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of sectaries, he had no conception. The words Presbyterian and Episcopalian, Lutheran

and Calvinist he well understood; but set no value on them. The title of a Christian he thought infinitely more honourable.

In his classical and philosophical studies, he was greatly encouraged by the conversation and example of the Rev. John Christie, minister of Carnwath; a man who had from nature, vigour of intellect; from study, enlargement of knowledge; and from habit, precision of reasoning. He united solidity of judgment, nicety of criticism, and elegance of taste, with friendliness of disposition, politeness of manners, and goodness of heart. He was a master in Greek and Latin, and in acquiring those languages, Græme was much aided by the communication of his skill in the grammatical art; without which it is impossible to learn them with accuracy. The present writer knew him very early, and participated in the advantages which Græme derived from the accuracy of his taste, his liberality of communication, and the sincerity of his friendship; of which at least his gratitude, affection, and veneration, made him not unworthy. He died December 16. 1776, in the 58th year of his age, leaving his worthy consort to lament the loss of an affectionate husband, his children, an indulgent parent, his parish, a pious and diligent pastor, and the present writer, an intelligent and sincere adviser.

At the manse of Carnwath, Græme enjoyed many agreeable hours; with such companions as Mr. George Scott, schoolmaster of the village, and a probationer of the presbytery of Lanark, a man of a social, cheerful, and affectionate disposition, and Mr. William Stodart, son of James Stodart, Esq. factor to Count Lockhart; a man whose vigorous faculties, and various attainments, predominated over his opportunities of improvement; and whose modest worth, liberality of sentiment, and amiable manners, made him the delight of those friends to whom he was thoroughly known. Mr. Stodart became afterwards an architect, an employment for which he was eminently qualified by his habits of study, and died at Hamilton, of a consumption, in 1790, in the 42d of year his age.

But the time was now at hand when all his connections of friendship were to be dissolved, when all his occupations of study and of amusement were to be discontinued, and when all his pursuits in poetry and literature were to cease for ever.

In the summer 1771, he was engaged, upon the recommendation of Mr. Christie, by Martin White, Esq. of Milton, near Lanark, to assist the studies of his sons.

He entered on his new employment on the 24th of July, and soon gained the affectionate attachment of his pupils, and the friendship of Mr. White, which, as his amiable worth and poetical talents became known, was warm even to enthusiasm.

Mr. White was descended of mean parents in the west of Scotland; when very young, he entered as a volunteer into the service of the East India Company, and in the war 1756, his courage and intrepidity recommended him to a pair of colours. In 1760, he had the command of a company in Bengal. In the memorable revolution of that year he adhered to Governor Vansittart, was honoured with his confidence, and numbered among his friends. In every service to which he was appointed, his gallantry and conduct were conspicuous. He had a share in the most distinguished actions with Colonels Caillaud and Yorke. In 1763, he left the service with the rank of Major, and a genteel fortune. Soon after his arrival in Scotland, he purchased the estate of Milton. He married Miss Reid, of Saltcoats, Ayrshire, by whom he had four children. In 1775, bathing in the river Clyde, near his own house, he was seized with a fit, and unfortunately perished. His character bore no traces of his original meanness. Without the advantage of a liberal education, he possessed the truest sentiments of honour, a generous sensibility, a penetrating judgment, an extensive knowledge, improved by reading, and a considerable share of taste and skill in polite literature. His filial affection was truly exemplary. He received his father, a day-labourer, into his house, placed him at his table, and treated him with every mark of attention and respect. The romantic circumstance of his first visit to him, in his obscurity, is supposed to be the original of the story of Brown in Smollet's "Expedition of Humphry Clinker." He was the early friend and patron of the late ingenious Colonel Dow, of whose gratitude and ingenuity, there exists a curious monument in a MS. heroic poem, celebrating his military services, in the possession of his family.

Of this performance Græme gives the following account, in a letter to the present writer, dated Milton, Aug. 29. 1771. "I have gained the Major's confidence so far as to be admitted to the perusal of his private manuscripts, among which there is an heroic poem by Mr. Dow, of which he

is the hero. It is, on the whole, a tame, dry, unanimated performance; a mere journal of marches, encampments, and trivial incidents, thrown into a kind of hobbling measure; while here and there (to parody Horace)

Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter,
 Affuitur pannus cum lucus et Bramatis ara
 Et properantis aquæ per amænos, ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Ganges aut pluvius describitur arcus
 Cum nunc non erat his locus———

"Mr. Dow himself best knows whether his own genius or interest led him to the choice of a subject, the least of all capable of poetical embellishment. I suspect the latter. The author of "Zingis" left to the sprightly sallies of an unfettered fancy, would certainly make a more gainly figure in the grove of the muses. However, he has my hearty thanks for an hour's tolerable entertainment his labours afforded me.

"The letters," he adds, "of which I have read some quires, may all be authentic and true, for ought I know; but what imports to you or me, to pry into the private affairs of the unfortunate and ambitious Shah-zadah, the intriguing Rajah Cossim-aly-khan, or the villanous Soubah Nadir? The warrior-correspondents, Carnac, Caillaud, Yorke, Knox, &c. write all a pretty neat manly style. The Major makes no indifferent figure among them, I assure you, either in point of sense, courage, or consideration. His superiors speak of him with deference, and allow that his joining Major (afterwards Colonel) Yorke, with a party, so inconsiderable when compared with the vast numbers that opposed him, and the difficulty of the passes, equalled, if not surpassed any thing achieved in the whole war. His personal bravery (and indeed he appears to have killed two Indian chiefs with his own hand) is acknowledged to have been nothing to his prudence and conduct. You would be surprised at his letters; they have more elegance, sentiment, and propriety, than are commonly to be met with."

The distinction which was paid him by Mr. White, and the reputation of his abilities, procured him the acquaintance of Dr. Mackinlay, of Woodside, the Rev. James Scott, of Carluke, and other intelligent and respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and entitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted; which served to enlarge his knowledge of human life, and afforded him opportunities of indulging his speculations on conspicuous characters, for which he was admirably qualified by the quickness of his discernment, and the inquisitiveness which is natural to an active and vigorous mind. In every person, and in every occurrence he found something that deserved attention, and he regularly communicated his observations to the present writer, in a kind of weekly journal, written in a correct, easy, and simple style, and like his conversation, seasoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he so greatly excelled.

In his first letter to him, dated Milton, July 26. 1771, he gives the following humorous account of the apartment allotted to him, on the attic story. "After many a weary step, I had the good fortune to reach my apartment, 1° 15 and as many seconds, on this side absolute giddiness. In spite of the carpet, the chairs, the hangings, and a thousand fripperies with which it is decked, I suspect it is neither more nor less than a garret. I had not been six minutes in it, before I discovered to my sorrow, that I was not like to be its only inhabitant. A thriving family of swallows, with open mouth, saluted me very familiarly from the chimney, and an obliging colony of rats tired themselves very heartily to communicate to me an idea of a horse race, by scampering along the cieling. The familiarity of the one, and the sprightly humour of the other, could not hinder the exertion of a certain natural antipathy in my breast, towards the immediate expulsion of my brother garreteers. However, not to incur singly the odium of dislodging old tenants, I associated to me my trusty friends, the footman and the cat. William set on a large fire, with a design to send the swallows to their winter quarters, by fumigation or otherwise, while Tabby, with a very significant mew, gave her bearded cousins to understand what might be the fatal consequences of so preposterous a mirth persisted in."

In the beginning of his letter to him, dated August 29th, he reflects on the happiness which he derived from his periodical correspondence, in the following terms of exultation: "What a com-

portable thing it is for one that is obliged to act a borrowed part (and that a very dull one too) to break through the formal fetters that hang so heavy on him, and be at least one day in seven, himself. My countenance brightens, more manly spirits expand my heart, and every limb exults in its native freedom, and performs its office with greater alacrity. 'Tis here I breathe, and I don't know whether I can be said to live any where else. Here reason assumes a firmer tone, and judgment decides with proper assurance of men, manners, and things, her almost forgotten theme. Let me catch the propitious moment, and exhaust the friendly breast, ere "the curfew toll the knell" of departing liberty, and choke each glow of genius, in the cold, form-condensed atmosphere of a dining-room."

During his continuance with Mr. White, most of his time was spent in assisting the literary labours of his pupils, or in promoting the social pleasures of the family, by the vivacity and sprightliness of his conversation. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images, and his lively fancy, aided by a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them, with an amazing exuberance of humour and pleasantry.

His muse, however, was not idle. While he was practising the duties of his employment, and the arts of conversation, he dedicated a considerable proportion of his time to reading, and found leisure to write verses, with his usual promptitude of invention, and facility of composition.

The following instance, among others, is not incurious. In the autumn 1771, Archibald Hamilton, Esq. of the Isle of Man, and his new married lady, a daughter of the late Robert Dinwiddie, Esq. Governor of Virginia, were on a visit at Milton. It happened that Græme made one of the company at dinner, and being privately requested by Mr. White, to present the new-married couple with a poetical compliment, he retired to his apartment, and in little more than half an hour, produced a poem to *Archibald Hamilton, Esq. on his marriage with Miss Dinwiddie*, consisting of fifty-six lines, which displays a happy invention, and great command of numbers. Mr. Hamilton and his lady were highly pleased with his performance, and returned their acknowledgments in the following extemporaneous lines, expressive of their gratitude, and admiration of his genius.

Health to th' ingenious bard we grateful send,
Heav'n guard his talents and his life defend;
When themes so humble can inspire his lay,
And call such powers of fancy into play;
What notes sublime may we expect to hear,
His story's grace drawn from a higher sphere!

Thus encouraged and applauded, he continued to exercise his genius in poetical composition; and wrote his *Abra*, a fragment; *Alexis*, a tale; and some *verses to Mr. White*, in the couplet measure, which, from this time, he constantly used, with the single exception of the elegiac fragment on the *loss of the Aurora*.

He spent his time, upon the whole, not unusefully, nor unpleasantly; but neither the kindness of Mr. White, nor the docility of his pupils, could reconcile him to a state of dependence, nor restore the tranquillity of his mind.

In a letter to the present writer, dated August 21st, he observes, "In vain do you wrest a few innocent phrases in my last—in vain draw the flattering conclusion that I am happy—happy! dependence and happiness, I am afraid, are two incompatible things; I have ever found them so. Books, indeed, I have—Voltaire, Hume, Rapin, Robertson, Swift, Pope, Universal History, Biographia Britannica, Reviews, Voyages, and a thousand others; but where is the friendly face divine? Where is *Mira*? Where is every thing that can sweeten social life? As far as east is distant from, &c. But let me stop—I never touch that string, but it vibrates so long, that I become at the same time both wearisome and ridiculous. It ill becomes a pretender to philosophy to be dissatisfied with that station in the scale of society which Providence has assigned him. Though the most abject dependence, an artificial poverty of spirit, and the sneer of undeserved contempt, be objects, of all others, one should think, the least desirable to an ingenuous mind, yet 'murmur not,' says the Parenetic sage, 'nay, rather rejoice in thy prosperous fortune, thou gloomy child of discontent;

give her food, give her raiment, and nature is satisfied; thou hast these, thou hast more than these, *modo contrabe vela et vale*: thou hast no more to do, than just correct the dreams of an heated fancy, by the cool determinations of reason, and be as happy as a prince.' 'Tis a great pity that a thing so very obvious in theory, that the rawest student of moral philosophy comprehends it perfectly, should grow so cross, and wind itself into such a multiplicity of intricate warpings and implexures, as to defy the most patient and skilful unraveller, that ever whirled a philosophical windlass, to make so much of it as a bandage for the little finger of Affliction, far less a complete fearcloth for the leprous sons of Misfortune!—Tell me honestly, don't you think life is an insipid tedious, irregular, tragi-comic farce? The first act is an unincidental infantine piece of trifling low humour. The two first scenes of the second are tolerably pleasant and characteristical; the remaining ones become gradually more flat and uninteresting. The spectators and actors equally desire the catastrophe. It is delayed by incidents unpleasant and unexpected. We turn our eyes on the scenes that formerly gave us pleasure, and demand them with a vain *encore*! We demand impossibilities. The scenery is painted with fading colours; they glitter for a moment, and perish; and the most skilful painter cannot restore the transitory tints. What can we do? Why, just wish for the catastrophe again, and prefer our dark, cold, narrow, hereditary dwelling, to the magnificent wide illuminated theatre.—Away with life! I never think of it but it puts me out of humour. For the love of God write every week; it is all the comfort I have."

In the social circle, however, he was capable of putting on for a while the gay colours of mirth and cheerfulness, to cover that pensive melancholy, which the family had no opportunity of witnessing. Even on the distresses of his too susceptible mind, that fancy, in whose creation he so much delighted, threw a certain romantic shade of melancholy, which left him sad, but did not make him unhappy.

Meantime, the approbation which his compositions had received from Mr. White, and his friends, made him conceive a design of publishing a volume of poems, in which he meant to include the pieces which had appeared in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine," his *Elegies*, in conjunction with those of the present writer, on similar subjects, his version of *Musæus*, the *Student*, *Night-Piece*, *Alexis*, and other miscellaneous pieces. In the prosecution of this design he was warmly encouraged by Mr. White, who testified, upon every occasion, the utmost solicitude to promote his fortune and his fame.

It is a consideration mortifying to human pride, that fine talents and the most exquisite sensibility are but too often the predisposing cause of an insidious and fatal disease. The history of the human mind furnishes many examples of premature genius, not unfrequently connected with extreme weakness and delicacy of frame. This connection is not accounted for in the common systems of the animal economy, which suppose the growth of the body, and developement of the mental faculties to be progressive and proportional, till they reach the point of maturity. The body, it is said, shoots out till the age of twenty, and the solids are attaining a degree of density till thirty; when the flexible muscles, growing daily more rigid, give a *physiognomie*, or character to the countenance, and energy to the mind. Though something like this progress is observed to take place, especially among the individuals of our species, who arrive slowly at maturity, and are distinguished by longevity; yet it is observed, to be infinitely diversified in different persons, from causes not very obvious, nor of easy explanation. The most probable causes appear to the present writer to be chiefly physical; for in the cases of mental precocity that have fallen under his observation, the early proofs of reason and genius were connected with appearances of a more sensible organization, and more irritable nerves; and, most frequently, with that peculiar structure of the glands and lymphatic vessels, which gives a predisposition to *scrophula* and pulmonary consumption.

While the scheme of publication was ripening, he was seized with a fever and cough, which, almost unperceived, and for some time, without any positive pain, terminated in a pulmonary consumption; a disease to which his delicacy of frame and of mind gave him a peculiar predisposition, and of which he had always been particularly apprehensive; especially after it had deprived him of a brother and a sister, a few years before.

In a letter to the present writer, dated September 23. 1771, he expresses his feelings on this event in a strain of manly dignity and composure. "By little less than a miracle, I am en-

abled to communicate to you an event the most important that ever entered into our correspondence. You will pity me, yes, you will pity me, when you know that I am far gone in a consumption. I cannot walk three yards without being the worse of it. I have a prodigious pain in my head and breast, attended with a great difficulty in breathing. I sweat in the mornings, and have, in short, all the symptoms of a decline. I promise myself some advantage from riding, which exercise I begin to-morrow; as the Major and Mrs. White have been so good as set apart a poney for my sole use. If I live yet a week you shall have more—if not—Heaven be our portion.”

“Don’t you despise me,” he writes him October 13. 1771, “for my cowardice? It was nothing else kept me from writing to you. I can present a laughing face to all my acquaintances, and talk with my usual indifference about any thing whatever; but when I think of you, my heart fails me, and I cannot persuade myself that it is an easy matter to bid an eternal farewell to the man I love.—But I begin to feel rather too much for one in my way, and desperate as my case is, I am resolved to give my constitution fair play, at least for a few weeks; so back foolish tears to your hollow fountains, and since ye have shown yourselves so very forward on certain subjects, I will beware of you for the future. I need not tell you I am day by day approaching nearer and nearer to the perfection of leanness, a skeleton. I have not a pair of stockings that will clap to my legs, and my breeches are become the very picture of Captain Bobadil’s. A kind of pale yellow has taken possession of the hollow of my cheeks, which have by a natural sympathy subsided to the level of my eye-balls,—abscesses, I am told, are forming or already formed in my lungs. I don’t in the least doubt of it. I feel a mortal twang, I don’t know what to call it, about them. But be that as it may, I am resolved to die *secundum artem*, most methodically. I eat new milk and stew’d apples, ride two hours and a half every day, &c.—My room is on the first floor now.—I am used like an only son.—I am under great obligations to the whole family—Heaven reward them; I shall never be able! When will I see you? Some demon tempts me to add—never. God bless you, and preserve you for the noble uses of society, for which I was never designed.”

His decline, though slow and insidious, gaining a little ground every week, he saw death approaching, with his usual calmness and resignation, and now resolved to return home, to receive those attentions which his increasing weakness required, from the anxiety of parental affection.

He left Milton about the latter end of October, and for some time after he returned to Carnwath, made his daily excursions, and in December, was still able to walk a few miles; but every experiment of this kind was followed by fatigue, and commonly by a fit of fever considerably severe.

From this time to his death, the cough and night sweats continued to molest him; the complicated distress of which, aggravated by the discomforts and inconveniences of humble life, he bore with unexampled dignity and composure of mind. Hope, that commonly alleviates the sufferings of the consumptive, he renounced from the beginning; which at his years, and with his sensibility, the fires of literary ambition just kindling, and his wishes wrapt in the trance of fame, required an uncommon union of philosophy and religion.

He lingered through the winter, during which his strength sunk so much that he could no longer bear riding on horseback, nor walk without leaning on somebody’s arm.

In this state of helplessness and decay, he found some alleviation of his sufferings, in the familiar visits of Mr. White, and in the kind attentions shown him by his friends, Christie, Scott, Stodart, and Somerville, who frequently sat with him, and took particular pleasure in devising expedients to amuse him.

In the spring, he exercised his poetical talent, for the last time, in writing a complimentary poem to Major White, in which he drew the characters of Mrs. White and his pupils, in testimony of his gratitude for the friendship and benevolence, which served to lessen the wants and to sooth the severity of his illness.

As his life drew towards a close, his weakness increased by degrees, but his pains abated considerably; he retained his composure, as well as the full use of his rational faculties to the last. Nor did his wit and playful humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak. The present writer almost constantly sat by him during the three last months of his life. He expired his last breath, without a groan, in the morning of the 26th of July 1772, in the 22d year of his age. His life was virtuous and innocent, and his end pious and exemplary. He was buried

in the church-yard of Carnwath, without a stone to mark the place of his dust. His father died June 14. 1774, and his mother, December 6. 1788.

In the moment of recent grief for the loss of the associate of his childhood, his bosom-friend, and one of the pleasantest and most instructive companions that ever man was delighted with, the present writer found some consolation in the preservation of his poetical remains.

The collection of his poems, in which he had made some progress before the commencement of his illness, was completed by the present writer before his death, and published soon after, according to his intended plan, in one volume octavo, under the title of *Poems on Several Occasions, by James Græme*, Edinburgh 1773, with a preface, containing a short account of his character. The expence of the impression, which did not exceed three hundred copies, was defrayed by a subscription, promoted by Mr. White, and his literary friends, at whose solicitation it was undertaken, and to whom its distribution was confined. It was never advertised for sale. The profits of the publication were given to Mr. Walter Somerville, bookseller in Lanark, who was of the same village, a school-fellow, and common friend; and a man of great goodness of heart, and the strictest rectitude of principle. He died at Lanark in 1785.

The prefatory advertisement concludes with the following deprecatory wishes for the temerity of the present writer in giving to the world, the incorrect effusions of amorous tenderness, and the idle sallies of youthful and poetic fancy.

“The public must decide, whether the author and his friend have acted with judgment and propriety in the present publication. It is only hoped, from the general strain of the pieces, that this collection will furnish no unpleasing entertainment to the reader of sensibility. For him it is chiefly intended, and to him it is now inscribed, in the fond persuasion, that he will regard with candour, and cherish with respect, the simple effusions of fancy, friendship, and love.”

A brief account of his life and writings, drawn up by the present writer, was printed in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” for 1782, and has since been reprinted in the 12th volume of the “General Biographical Dictionary” 1784.

His poems, reprinted from the edition 1773, with some corrections, and additions, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry. The pieces originally furnished by the present writer, he has been prevailed with to preserve in this edition, though they have no pretensions to be retained, but the partiality of his friend to what he had attempted in verse, and the propriety of uniting compositions that have a personal, poetical, and sentimental relation, in the same publication. As he is to answer for them to the world, in justice to his friend, he has prefixed his name to them, though they might be easily distinguished by the diversity of subject, and manner, and added some pieces, written since his death, containing, either directly or incidentally, his tribute of sentiment to his memory; for which he flatters himself that he shall be excused by those who value talents, and honour goodness. Of the character of a poet he deems too highly to plead a title to it before the impartial tribunal of the public; which allows no mediocrity in poetry. Whatever is capable of delighting in an extreme degree, cannot with impunity fall short of the effect expected from it. But his failing to produce what he is supposed to promise, is not owing to a mistake of his powers. Though the transition is easy, from admiring poetical beauties, to believing ourselves capable of producing similar excellencies; yet the association of youthful study, and the aspirations of juvenile ambition, never led him to mistake the talent of writing smooth verses for poetical genius, or the vapid insipidity of rhyme for the genuine fire of poetry. The making and mending verses is not the business of his life. Amidst the severer studies, and laborious duties of a learned and useful profession, he cherishes the love of poetry and the liberal arts; without any ambition of being distinguished as a “two-fold disciple of Apollo.”

His character may easily be collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His person was manly and prepossessing. His eye was lively and penetrating. His features were pleasing and expressive, his gestures animated, and all his movements and expressions were marked by extraordinary energy and vivacity. In the fortune of his life and the fate of his writings, he resembles Bruce; and, like him, he was equally amiable and ingenious. His mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry indefatigable. He united acuteness of intellect with good sense, and sensibility of heart with correctness of taste and critical sagacity.

Though studious and learned, he was neither austere nor formal. In him the strictest piety and modesty were united with the utmost cheerfulness, and even playfulness of disposition. He had, what perhaps all people of observation have, a slight tendency to satire; but it was of the gentlest kind. He had too much candour and good-nature to be either a general satirist, or a severe one. Of persons notoriously profligate, or rendered impudent by immorality, breach of public trust, or ignorance, he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. The slightest appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarse manners, or blameable levity disgusted him. Like other votaries of the muses, he was passionately fond of rural scenery, and delighted in walking alone in the fields. By the villagers, to whom he was little known, his love of solitude was mistaken for an unsocial disposition. The reverse was his character. He was social, cheerful, and affectionate, and by those friends who thoroughly knew him, beloved even to enthusiasm. He practised every manly exercise with dexterity, participated in the amusements becoming his age, and particularly excelled in the games of chess and backgammon; but to games of chance he had rather a disinclination. In every thing he pursued he was indefatigable in aiming at perfection. The lowliness of his lot conspired with the simplicity of his heart, to possess him with an early veneration for the virtues and the writings of the primitive ages; and the nature of his studies afforded him the best opportunities to heighten and confirm that veneration, by enabling him to converse familiarly with the most celebrated writers of Greece and Rome. He read their remains with ardour, and imbibed their sentiments with enthusiasm; on them he formed his taste and improved his heart. In his admiration of Grecian and Roman liberty, he founded his ardent love of political freedom, and his peculiar attachment to the popular part of our constitution. He found the principles of good writing in Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cæsar, and others who are distinguished by a severe and majestic simplicity of style. But he was charmed above all others with the humane writers of the elegiac class. The wit of Ovid and the learning of Propertius were the qualities he least admired; but the tender simplicity of Tibullus affected him with the liveliest delight, as it was most congenial to the gentleness of his disposition, and exhibited the purest model of elegiac poetry. Time was not allowed him for going deep into French, Italian, and German literature; but he had read the best authors in these languages, in English versions.

From the gentleness of his disposition, the elegance of his fancy, and the classical simplicity of his taste, the style of his poetry took its character, which has more tenderness than sublimity, more elegance than dignity, more ease than force. Prompted generally by incident, and impatient of design, he wrote with more happiness than care. But all his compositions are distinguished by marks of genius and poetical feeling, with numbers animated and varied according to the subject. His thoughts are often striking, and always just. His versification, though not exquisitely polished, is commonly flowing and harmonious. His language is, in general, chaste, correct, and well adapted; in elegy frugal of epithet and metaphor; in blank verse and burlesque heroic, swelling and pompous, but not stiff or obscure. In some passages, he has not been so careful as might have been wished to choose perfect rhymes, or to avoid prosaic diction. All his pieces were written with surprising facility; most of them, as occasion suggested, being the production of an evening in bed, before he went to sleep, and, as his custom was, committed to any scrap of paper, or blank leaf of a book that came in his way in the morning. As these scraps received the first effusion of thought, unsubdued by the reiterated castigation of judgment, so they commonly remained, for he seldom could be brought to submit to the trouble of revising them. His last production was always his favourite; but it continued to please him no longer than it was new. The piece that dropped from his pen in the morning, after having been presented with eagerness, and read with transport to the present writer, was forgotten in the returning meditation of the evening, like the production of the preceding day. Of the incredible number of pieces he composed, the printed collection contains only thirty-eight elegies, and somewhat more than half that number of miscellaneous poems and translations; being all he designed for publication, or of which any complete copies have been preserved.

His *Love Elegies*, the most finished and the most pleasing of his performances, are mostly written in alternate rhyme, in the style of Hammond, whose simplicity and tenderness he has judiciously imitated, without adopting his Roman imagery derived from Tibullus, whom for the most part he translates. But as love is of no particular country, and its language universal, he confesses in his ad-

miration of Hammond, the sympathetic feelings of passion and of nature, so forcibly expressed in his elegies; a confession common to every reader of sensibility, whose sentiments have not been corrupted by literary prejudice, or perverted by the unmerited censure of Dr. Johnson. Sincere in his love, almost without example, he wrote to a real not a fancied mistress; and as he felt the distress he describes, he has few ambitious ornaments, but expresses the simple unaffected language of the tender passions. To his sincerity it is also owing, that the character of his elegies is but little diversified, presenting chiefly a recurrence of the querulous ideas of grief and disappointment, a repetition of the soft distress of ill-requited love, and a series of pathetic comparisons of the pretensions of birth and wealth, with the happiness and security of humble fortune, in which the preference is constantly ascribed to the latter, and the rights of sensibility asserted with persuasive energy.

Sublimar happiness can titles yield,
Can wealth or grandeur greater meed bestow?
Unbiaſ'd nature scorns the blazon'd field,
And every finer feeling answers, No!

Of his *Elegies, moral and descriptive*, the sentiments, in general, are pleasing and pathetic, and the imagery picturesque and beautiful. The *Elegy on the loss of the Aurora*, the *elegy written at Cuthally Castle, October* an *Elegy*, and the *elegy on Mr. Fisher*, deserve particular commendation. They unite poetical beauty with that plaintive tenderness which is the characteristic of elegy. The amiable humanity, and tender simplicity which distinguish the *Linnet an Elegy*, are attractive and affecting in the highest degree. Though the palm of merit in this species of elegy be chiefly due to Jago, he has not adopted into his performance the identical circumstances of fictitious distress employed by that poet, in his "Blackbirds," nor followed him in the train of his thoughts, or in the structure of his stanza. The sentiments arise spontaneously from the subject, which is new and happily imagined, and the pathetic touches and delicate strokes of nature are such as would not discredit the pen of the humane and ingenious "poet of the birds." They, who may think the supplemental stanza, offered by the present writer, unnecessary, are at liberty to reject it; as well as the pieces of the same class, under his name, the comparative inferiority of which cannot escape observation. For the sentiments, he flatters himself that he shall find an easy pardon. *Sylvia* and *Clara* were not the phantoms of his mind; but his life has been protracted till they have sunk into their graves, and his pity and his praise are but empty sounds.

Of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, the *Night Piece*, *Hymn to the Eternal Mind*, *Fit of the Spleen*, *Abra*, *The Student*, *Alexis*, *Verses to Mr. Hamilton*, and *Major White*, are chiefly distinguished for felicity of invention, seriousness of subject, and strength and elegance of composition. The poem on *Curling*, a winter amusement peculiar to North Britain, abounds with picturesque description and original imagery. But the subject being local and little known, the didactic and technical allusions, which are numerous, can only be understood by those who are acquainted with the manly diversion of *Curling*. His *Epistles*, *Songs*, *Anacreontics*, &c. display invention, and no small portion of that ease, vivacity, and delicacy, essential to success, in the lighter and less elevated productions of fancy.

His *Hero and Leander* is for the most part a translation from the Greek poem of *Musaëus*. Several passages in the original are omitted; others paraphrased, and some entire speeches and new circumstances introduced. Following, in some measure, a new plan, he laboured under several disadvantages, of which, in justice to himself, he gives the following account, in a familiar dedication to the present writer, omitted in this edition. "Ovid is far from being explicit. Had I known at what time the lovers lived, I might have introduced some of the public transactions of that period into the poem, and given it a greater air of probability. But all I could learn from him was, that they lived after the Trojan war. Perhaps my account of the matter may scarce appear an ingenious one, but I could positively give no better without running into *novel intrigue*, which the dignity of my numbers would not allow. Even where Ovid is explicit, I did not always find it convenient to follow him. Ovid has the *Nurse* in the secret. I, out of pure regard to *Hero's* tranquillity, have given her no knowledge of the matter. Ovid makes *Leander*, at the approach of winter, intermit his visits, which was absolutely necessary to his plan of epistolary correspondence. I had no such view, and therefore drowned him in the first storm I could conveniently raise.—The reasons I give for the *catastrophe*, or in other words, the *moral* of the poem, may probably awake a laugh in a

modern fine gentleman, but if you don't join him in it, a fine gentleman's laugh won't put me out of countenance." His version is in many parts happily executed, but is extremely unequal; the metre was, perhaps, injudiciously chosen, for a tale so romantic in itself, swelling with all the pomp of blank verse, is apt to grow into the idea of burlesque. But an easy flow of numbers, and a pleasing harmony of expression, make considerable amends for the diffusion which this occasions. Some of the speeches are exquisitely delicate and tender, and the description which opens the second book, is animated and poetical in an uncommon degree. The *moral* of the poem, contains a fine eulogium on conjugal love, which does honour to his sensibility and his virtue.

This celebrated love-tale is not the production of *Museus* of high antiquity, but of a grammarian of that name who lived in the 5th century. It was partly translated by Marlow, in his admirable performance entitled "the Sestiad," 1593, which was finished by Chapman, 1606, and highly merits republication. It was afterwards translated by Sir Robert Stapylton, 1647. The subsequent versions are too numerous to be specified.

To expatiate farther, in the strain of friendly panegyric, on the moral and intellectual character of Græme would be neither difficult nor unpleasing.

—————Juvat usque morari
Et conferre gradum—————

Virg. V. 487.

But to accumulate yet more instances, of his amiable worth and poetical genius, would extend this preface to an undue length. The present writer is loth to part with his subject; which, there are a few who know, is by no means exhausted. To Græme, and to every thing connected with him, he acknowledges he is partial; and they who have experienced the loss of a beloved friend, will not think the worse of him for having this infirmity. He can gain, alas! but little from his praise; but in stating his pretensions, and estimating his worth, he finds a pleasing, though a melancholy subject of remembrance. His mind is painfully soothed by a tender recurrence to those events which helped to fill up the vacuum of youthful studies and amusements, by the reciprocal exchanges of confidence and friendship. To him, his memory and his fame will be ever dear and precious, till his own remembrance, and other faculties, shall fail him,

"And o'er his head close the dark gulf of time!"

From the general commendation bestowed, by the partiality of friendship, on the compositions of Græme, particular criticism may make many deductions. Many of his performances, written hastily, at the age of eighteen, and of which his promiscuous studies and early death had prevented the revision, can scarcely be inspected with all the severity of criticism; and there is no reason to fear that it will ever be exerted against them. But, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, the general poetical merit of his compositions will be allowed to be considerably above mediocrity. That he had great force of genius, and genuine poetical feeling, cannot justly be denied; and there are scarce any of his performances that do not display a tenderness of sentiment, an energy of expression, a vivacity of description, and an apposite variety of numbers, which evince the vigour of his imagination, and the accuracy of his taste, and reflect much honour both on his heart and his understanding.

Whatever rank may be due to Græme, among the poets of our nation, his correctness of taste, variety of erudition, vivacity of imagination, tenderness of sentiment, felicity of invention, and facility in numbers, will be allowed to afford indications of a poetical genius, which, when matured by years, and improved by practice, might have produced something considerable, and to furnish an example of unnoticed ingenuity aspiring to literature and to poetry under the pressure of indigence, sufficiently interesting to learning and to benevolence, to justify the bringing his compositions forward to the attention of the readers of poetry, which may be the means of doing justice to his merit, and of preserving his memory.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere—————

Virg. VI. 815.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLING OF THE
CITY TO THE
PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN STOW
1618

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THE WORKS OF GRÆME.

ELEGIES;

MORAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND AMATORY.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

THE tuneful lark awakes the purple morn,
Returning plovers glad the dreary waste;
The trees no more their ravish'd honours mourn,
No longer bend below the wint'ry blast.

The Spring o'er all her genial influence sheds,
Her smelly fragrance scents the balmy breeze;
Her op'ning blossoms purple o'er the meads,
Her vivid verdure veils the robbed trees.

The airy cliff resounds the shepherd's lay,
Within it's banks the murmur'ing stream let flows;
Around their dams the sportive lambskins play,
And from the stall the vacant heifer lows.

The voice of music warbles from the wood,
Delightful objects crowd the smiling scene;
All nature shares the universal good,
And cold despair exalts no breast but mine.

Dismal to me appears the bloomy vale,
The haunts of pleasure sadden at my tread;
Unheard, unnoted, vernal zephyrs sail
The flow'ry waste, and bend the quiv'ring reed.

No more, enraptur'd with successful love,
I fit my numbers to the tuneful string;
No more pourtray the verdure of the grove,
Or hear the voice of incense-breathing Spring.

The torrents, whiten'd with descending rain,
The wave-worn windings of the wand'ring rill,
The flow'ry flush that liv'ries all the plain,
The blue-gray mist that hovers o'er the hill;

I sing no more:—But ravish'd from the maid
Who kindly listen'd to my faithful sighs,
I, inly grieving, droop the pensive head,
And mourn the bliss relentless fate denies.

ELEGY II.

TO MIRA.

THE cottage-swains, how exquisitely blest
With sun-burnt virgins in the prime of years!
A sigh obtains the fairest and the best;
At most, the pleading eloquence of tears.

No stubborn honour parts the willing pair;
No maiden barter happiness for fame;
No prideful demon whispers in her ear,
The long succession of a titled name.

O, had a turf-built hamlet's humble roof,
A shot-clad rafter caught your earliest view!
Or, sternly rigid, fortune scowl'd aloof,
Nor stamp'd with dignity a parent's brow!

Or had I (love demands the lowly boon)
Grown to maturity in splendor's ray!
In folly's tinsel tatters tript the town,
The pride of fops, and glitter of a day!

Had treasur'd gold improv'd my native worth,
Inglorious robb'd from Afric's ebony sons;
A ruin'd castle claim'd a father's birth,
Where jack-daws nestle, and the howlet moans!

But money'd merit, and paternal fame,
The gods to poor Alexis never meant:
He lives unstor'd; lost, alas! to him,
The herald's blazon and the painter's tint.

A soul unfully'd by the thirst of gain,
A bosom rising at another's woe,
He boasts no more;—his cottage bounds the plain,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

A mansion not unworthy of the fair:
Why blushes Mira at the simple tale?
Can all the pomp of dirty cities dare
Vie with the fragrance of the vernal vale?

But, nurs'd amid the formulas of pride,
You want the heart to own the man you love,
Walk with feign'd pleasure by the fopling's side,
And praise the nonsense which you disapprove.

The very vale, you tread with willing feet,
You seem to scorn, and wantonly prefer,
The dull rotation of a crowded street,
A shrill-pip'd actress, and a dancing bear.

Farewell, dear maid! some happier youth possess
The blooming beauties ne'er design'd for me;
May fruitful Hymen yield him every bliss,
And every joy I, hapless! hop'd in thee.

But, O, may none, invidious of your mirth,
Name lost Alexis on the bridal day !
For, could you, Mira, though obscure his birth,
Unpitied hear, a lifeless corse he lay ?

ELEGY III.

TO MIRA.

PRESENTS may buy Belinda's venal kiss,
And venal kisses charm the tasteless tribe ;
My delicacy calls for cheaper bliss,
And patriot distance scorns a paltry bribe.
The hill, that midway rears its lordly brow,
The torrent, headlong from its bosom roll'd ;
A gift, with reckless eye, like Celia, view,
And frown, forbidding, on the proffer'd gold.
Colin may con with care the flatt'ring lay,
With blushing roses vermilion Trulla's cheek ;
Bid unheaven'd graces on her bosom play,
And paint a goddess—for the girl is weak.
But other, Mira ! were Alexis' strains ;
No heav'n-bred virgin stuff'd his dreaming
head ;
Thy beauties, such as daily haunt our plains,
He sung—the graces of a mortal maid,
When lonesome with thee in the silent hour,
He hail'd no goddess,—but a girl embrac'd ;
Prostrated low, ador'd no heav'nly pow'r,
But clung transported to thy maiden waist.
And should the gods restore thee to my arms,
No fullsome flatt'ry should exalt my phrase ;
No epithetic nonsense daub thy charms,
Good sense thy beauty, constancy thy praise.
But vain the thought—I'll never see thee more ;
The gods decree it, and the gods are just :
For ever doom'd thy absence to deplore,
Till grief, flow-sapping, crumble me to dust.

ELEGY IV.

NIGHT, raven-wing'd, usurps her peaceful reign,
Sleep's lenient balsam stills the voice of woe ;
A keener breeze breathes o'er the lowly plain,
And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.
The paly moon through yonder dreary grove,
The screech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray ;
The plummy warblers quit the song of love,
And dangle, slumb'ring, on the dewy spray.
The mastiff, conscious of the lover's tread,
With wakeful yell the list'ning maid alarms,
Who, loosely robb'd, forsakes the downy bed,
And springs reserveless to his longing arms.
O, happy he ! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus toys endearing on the twilight green,
While all is rapture, Cupid's self approves,
And Jove consenting veils the tender scene.
O, happy he ! by gracious fate allow'd,
At dusky eve, to clasp the slender waist,
Press the soft lip, dissolve the silky shroud,
And feel the heavings of a love-sick breast.

Once mine the bliss :—But now with plaintive
care

I, lonely wand'ring, tune the voice of woe ;
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters
flow.

ELEGY V.

WITHIN this willow-woven bower
I'll lay my limbs to rest ;
And breathe the fragrance of the mead,
In orient colours drest.

Sacred to grief, hail, hallow'd spot !
Here, long inur'd to woe,
Alexis tun'd the plaintive reed,
By Medwan's mazy flow.

Reclining on this very sod,
While sorrow dimm'd his eyes,
He rais'd his suppliant hands in vain !
Relentless were the skies.

O, cruel, to refuse his boon !
How little did he crave ?
'Twas but the cov'ring of a turf,
Th' oblivion of a grave.

And still more cruel, to exile
The luckless lover so !
To drive him from the lovely haunts
Of solitary woe.

Here, memory of former days
Would cheer the musing boy ;
And o'er his melancholy spread
A transient gleam of joy.

But the wild hurry of a town
Recals no blissful scene ;
Starves fond remembrance, and affords
No leisure to complain.

The willows wav'd, by wanton winds,
Still shade thy sedgy shore ;
But rueful, Medwan ! are thy banks,
Thy muses mourn no more.

On yonder poplar's topmost bough,
Their airy harps are hung ;
And silence mutes on the mead,
Where midnight fairies sung.

ELEGY VI.

THE SUICIDE.

YES, gentle ghost ! I hear the solemn sound,
That nightly rouses to the scene of woe ;
I see the shade that beckons to thy wound,
While o'er thy grave the teary torrents flow.

Though screams the howlet from the dreary glade,
And croaks the raven from her bough-built nest ;
I'll bow me lowly o'er thy clay-cold bed,
And bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

Here ly'st thou, hapless ! (let me wipe this tear),
Where slowly creeping steals the silent wave ;
No pious parent deck'd thy early bier,
No maiden willows wither'd on thy grave.

In drear procession went no friendly train
Solemnly sad, or bade thy spirit rest;
But, hurrying on, a noisy crew profane
The coarse green turf threw careless on thy
breast.

Ghastly magnificent, no sculptur'd tomb,
In busto'd grandeur, courts the distant sky;
No veiny marble emulates thy bloom,
No mournful lay bedews the passing eye.

But lowly, Lucy! lies thy lovely frame;
The dust enclasps thee in a cold embrace;
Breeze-chaff'd beside thee mourns a falling stream,
And o'er thee lonesome waves the dark-green
grafs.

Why bare thy bosom, ting'd with vital gore!
Point to thy wound?—I hasten, gentle shade—
Despair invites—I learn her fatal lore—
With desp'rate hand thus urge the gleamy
blade.

Some woodland bard shall mourn our early doom,
Soft o'er our grave awake the plaintive strain;
Shall flit the meteor round our humble tomb,
And screaming goblins haunt the bloody plain.

Shall tell the shepherds, on this verdant swathe,
A dismal story of a luckless pair;
Whom, brought untimely to a violent death,
A mistress buried, and a fire severe.

ELEGY VII.

A FLEETING life of pain, is man's
Inevitable lot;
To-day is privy to our woe,
To-morrow knows us not.

Fate bids a snaky wreath of care
Entwine the vital thread;
And feel alike its baneful pow'r,
The death and bridal bed.

Hope gilds in vain the future hour
With blifs of ev'ry kind;
The wishful period wastes away
But blifs we never find.

In vain we strive to ease the smart,
And meditate repose;
In vain assume the face of joy,
The mask of human woes.

Who warring with a sea of ills,
Some weary days have past,
Will ever find the future day
An image of the last.

Till death, no more a tyrant, speed
The amicable blow;
Shut the sad scene of mortal life,
And terminate their woe.

O, happy he! above his peers,
The favourite of Heav'n,
To whom a certain place of rest,
An early grave is given,

Nor falling tear, nor swelling sigh,
That mourn an absent maid,
Tormenting fears, nor wishes vain,
Afflict his peaceful shade.

In sure oblivion of his woes,
He moulders into dust;
Spring's roses wither on his grave
And cheer his hov'ring ghost.

ELEGY VIII.

TO ALEXIS.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHEN rose-lip'd Health reveals her vivid bloom,
And Youth and Genius all their charms im-
part;

Why wears the face the discontented gloom?
Why, sadly sighing, heaves the pensive heart?

Can weeping melancholy's frantic train,
The brow deep-sadden'd, and the tear-swoln
eye,

Inva'de the vernal hour with plaint profane,
And pleasure, peace, and letter'd fame supply?

Mistaken friend!—it cannot, will not do;
Musing and sad, to murmur all alone!

'Tis fearful fancy guides your trembling view,
And from your bosom bursts th' unmeaning
moan.

What though you meet with fortune's frowning
form,

Pale envy's rage, and passion's stormy pow'r?
See slander's sons your fairest deeds deform,
And dark suspicion shade the social hour?

Soft pity best becomes the human heart,
And weakness claims the mild regarding eye;
And since the vernal day may soon depart,
Why should you strive to lengthen out the sigh?

For think, ah think! it will not always last,
This fleeting life you lov'd, and now deplore!
Soon will the swift-wing'd day of youth be past,
Soon fate o'erwhelm—and ev'ry joy be o'er.

'Twere better far to join the jocund throng,
Wind the wild walk along the summer lawn;
Toy with the fair sequester'd bow'rs among,
Or pour the lay at Mira's soft command!

What though no purpl'd king, nor titled fire,
Grace the long progress of your humble line;
No gazing crowds your glitt'ring pomp admire,
Or, prostrate low, misal your power divine.

What though no costly robe, nor shining ore,
Adorn your limbs, or heap th' o'erflowing chest;
The mules scorn the splendid pride of pow'r,
And shed their honours on the low-born breast.

Poetic youths, in many a lawn, and grove,
Musing, in tuneful transports, oft we find;
And oft the thymy heath they santring rove,
Or court, in wayward strains, the whispering
wind.

The sylvan choirs, that wake the vocal lay;
The crystal streams, that murmur as they flow;

The waving meadows, fragrant, fresh, and gay,
Have sweets the sons of grandeur never know !

Say, then, when nature spreads the pleasing theme,
And willing muses shed their genial art ;
Say, will you quench the heav'n-enlighten'd flame,
And bid lorn sorrow chill the glowing heart ?

Forbear, my friend ! the mournful sigh forbear ;
Too long hath sorrow held her baleful sway !—
See vengeful mirth her prostrate banners rear,
And force the fury from her realms away !

'Tis done—and pleasure takes her wonted stand ;—
I see the smile ;—I hear the sprightly song ;—
In ruddy circles crowd the jocund band,
And hail the numbers as they pour along.

Wide, and more wide, the vengeful victor flies ;—
I see the lovers seek their fav'rite grove—
In either bosom soft ideas rise ;—
In ev'ry accent breathes inspiring love !

'Tis just—indulge the long-forgotten feast,
With eager hand life's fleeting sweets receive !—
Soon may disease impair the vig'rous taste,
Dull ev'ry sense, and ev'ry pow'r deprave !

Ah ! could thy friend, in wonted ease reclin'd,
When health inspir'd, and pleasure led the day ;
Again enjoy the genial feast refin'd,
The mutual rapture, or the melting lay !

He would not restless roll his languid eyes,
With piercing pain exalt the cry of woe ;
And cheerless view involving tempests rise,
And vernal roses wither as they blow.

But pale disease exhausts him fast away ;
From him reviving joy will bloom no more ;
No muse melodious cheer the ling'ring day,
No lovely Clara learn her tender lore !

Dark is the dawning morn, that shone so fair ;
And sad the night that shed the balmy rest ;
And dim the radiant sun's refulgent glare ;
And bleak the field, in flow'ry fragrance drest !

Cold-hearted death, with wanly, glaring eye,
Forth from the gloom begins his destin'd way—
Soon will my lifeless frame forgotten lie,
Resign'd to native earth—a clod of clay !

Haply, with partial tenderness possess'd,
Clara may breathe one secret sigh sincere ;
And friendship strike the sorrow-sobbing breast,
And bid remembrance drop one pious tear !

But not unmindful of the life you love,
Leave each warm wish to cold complaint a prey ;
Follow, where pleasure's soft suggestions move,
And wipe the streamy tribute swift away.

ELEGY IX.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE weird sisters, on the dreary strand,
Forelaw this day, twining the fatal thread,
And would have stopt, but, urg'd by Jove's com-
mand,
They spun the rest, and weeping firm'd the deed.

O day accurs'd ! that saw her last adieu,
To maiden honour, innocence, and fame ;
Nor night's black mantle round thy visage drew,
Nor sent one cloud to cover Sylvia's shame !

On thee no morn shall rouse the grateful song,
No gladd'ning sun-beam wake the flow'ry dye ;
But Phœbus roll his rayless car along,
In awful sadness through the mirky sky !

Vile birds obscene shall range the sulphry air,
The boding raven spread her sooty plume ;
The shrivell'd bat, the moping owl be there,
And, clattering, add new horror to the gloom,

The hand of dread shall seal the lips of joy,
Pleasure, aghast, forget her syren song ;
Amazement petrify the festive boy,
And freeze the vig'rous spirits of the young.

Terror shall range the fav'rite haunts of love,
Fear's palsy'd arm embrace the poplar shade ;
The graves pale 'habitants traverse the grove,
While verdure withers at their baleful tread.

Not even more terrible that dreadful day,
When worlds shall stagger, and creation shake ;
When chaos shall echo, and archangels say,
“ Be time no more !—ye sleeping dead awake !”

ELEGY X.

IN THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE zephyrs, wak'd at spring's refreshing gale,
Flap their light wings, and fan the verdant vale ;
Where'er their balmy influence they breathe,
Green grows the grass, and flow'rets bloom be-
neath ;

In softer numbers rolling waters flow,
And ev'ry heart is freed from ev'ry woe ;
The feather'd songsters wanton on the spray,
Sport with their mates, and love their lives away :
From hill to hill the careless shepherd roves,
And gathers garlands for the maid he loves ;
With art he blends the flow'rs of diff'rent hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue.

O happy swain ! O swain secure of bliss !
The grateful girl will thank you with a kiss.
Come, gentle swain ! I'll join my toil with yours,
I'll weave gay garlands, and I'll gather flow'rs ;
Won with such gifts, Eliza may relent,
Forego her harshness, and her frowns repent ;
Pity my passion, and relieve my pain,
Nor let me sigh the live-long night in vain. [vice,
Ah, flatt'ring thought ! what garland, what de-
Can melt a bosom of unfeeling ice ?

Still might I hope more happy days to see,
Were she but cold and cruel unto me.
But the whole race alike her scorn and hate,
The gods themselves can hardly mend my fate !
Then ply your labour, shepherd, and be blest,
With some fair maiden of more tender breast,
While I indulge, in unavailing woe,
Another's joy, the only joy I know,

ELEGY XI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE clam'rous din of busy day is o'er ;
Night, downy-wing'd, resumes her silent sway

Soft o'er the village sheds the balmy pow'r,
And sooths with cheering dreams the hours
away.

The sons of labour o'er the homely straw,
Out-stretch'd at ease, in sweet refreshment doze;
And modest maids from moon-led swains with-
draw,

To bathe their lovely limbs in soft repose.

But what avail the silence-shedding eve,
The downy bed, or sleep's refreshing pow'r?
Awake to anguish and inglorious grief,
Sylvia bewails the solitary hour!

Still unbefriended, succourless, and sad,
Her lasting shame arrests her closing eye;
Pensively droops her weary-wakeful head,
And from her bosom bursts a bitter sigh.

Cease, Sylvia! cease the unavailing view,
Quit the sad theme, and close the cry of care!
Can ceaseless sighs unspotted fame renew,
Or sorrows mingled with the midnight air?

Ah no! 'tis past, th' irrevocable doom!
In vain the tear, in vain the plaintive lay!
When black dishonour spreads her cheerless gloom,
Returning fame ne'er sheds one genial ray.

The scornful look, the acrimonious taunt,
Pale envy's sneer, and scandal's busy tongue,
Will still the hapless maiden mourner haunt,
Proclaim her folly, and her shame prolong.

In vain the pitying pray'r, the wish forlorn,
The contrite tear, the penitential sigh;
Alike they smooth the wreathy brow of scorn,
Melt the proud heart, or loss of fame supply.

Yes, you may sigh, and mourn, and wish in vain,
Nor find a balm to sooth your growing grief;
Contempt will still perpetuate the stain,
Returning virtue vainly beg relief.

No soft distress can melt the stubborn race,
Th' unfeeling heart, the ear that will not hear;
Nor maiden honour, sunk in sad disgrace,
Draw down the cheek the pity-streaming tear.

Yet, while the proud, with rival scorn pursue
Your shameful fall, and, unrelenting, frown,
I'll drop a tear—'tis nature's tribute, due
To other's woes, and frailties not our own.

Yes, I will mourn thee, hapless, charming maid!
Soft o'er thy virtue pour the pitying tear;
Till low in earth thy sigh-shook frame be laid,
And kind oblivion close thy doom severe!

ELEGY XII.

THE FAIR.

THE sun shines potent from the mid-day sky,
His rays glance dazzling from the tinsel'd head,
The noon-tide fervour smooths the glossy hair,
And aids the blushes of the panting maid.

The rustic gallants, with their redd'ning prize,
Retire exulting from the dusty street,
Quaff the cool beer, and mix'd with kisses bland,
And forceful sighs, the tender tale repeat.

While coyly passive sits the modest fair,
With breast wild-throbbing, and dejected eye;

Or should she kind adjust the rosy lip,
Or court th' embrace, no envious tell-tale nigh.

On yonder board the bowl and tumbler mark
More costly liquor, and a richer Mifs;
Fast by her side the brawny stripling smiles,
Nor values sixpence, while he gains a kiss.

If such the blessings of a low estate,
Who would not joy to guide the shining share,
To whirl the flail, ingulf the polish'd spade,
Or tune the reed beside a fleecy care?

Name not the biting blast the peasant bears,
The face embrown'd, the blister-swelling hand;
A day like this rewards an age of toil,
Softens the voice of many a rough command.

But lo! appears amid yon jovial crew
A brow deep-furrow'd by the hand of care!
'Tis Damon's—sorrow blanks his native bloom,
And musing melancholy dulls his air.

In vain Dorinda, fondling, strives to ease
The sorrows rankling in his pensive breast;
In vain his cheek is pal'd with jocund blow,
In vain his hand with artful squeeze is prest.

No kind endearments will the youth return,
Though instant thus she courts the balmy bliss,
And oft averts the radiance of her eyes,
In fond expectance of the ravish'd kiss.

Be gallant, Damon! with the willing maid,
Like others, toy the laughing hours away;
Commix'd with rugged labour's lusty sons,
Why more refin'd and delicate than they?

Can the smooth pebble of the playful boy
For ever curl the surface of the deep?
Can Clara censure what she does not see,
Or read inconstancy upon thy lip?

Still art thou gloomy—consolation's vain:
Can consolation bring the virgin here!
Till then, you feel the weighty hand of woe,
And drop in secret disappointment's tear.

ELEGY XIII.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

WHEN virtue guards, and innocence protects,
The deadly musket and the sword are vain;
Fortune may frown, surrounding ills perplex,
The smile of conscience smooths the path of
pain.

Serenely brave, through Lybia's scorching wilds
The good man walks, nor dreads her brindled
brood,

Pursues his way where Indian never builds
His humble hut, and stems Orellan's flood.

A meagre wolf, a fiercer never den'd
In Alpin forest, or Helvetian hill,
Gaunt famine lengthen'd every claw to rend,
And hunger whetted ev'ry tusk to kill;

From me, unarm'd, with hideous howling fled,
Aghast, deserted his defenceless prey,
As in Virginian woods I lonely stray'd,
On Mira mus'd, and plann'd the plaintive lay.

Yes, lovely maid! ev'n here I feel thy pow'r,
Though kingdoms lie, and oceans rage between;
Revere thy virtues, all thy charms adore,
And wish thee present at each pleasant scene.

Wherever station'd by the will of Heav'n,
On Lybian deserts, or on Zemblan snows,
Wherever carry'd, or wherever driven,
Still shall thy absence number with my woes.

ELEGY XIV.

THE moon shines silv'ry on the limpid stream,
Scarce blush the flow'rs, in fainter dyes array'd;
The howlets, rousing at the friendly beam,
With lazy pinions scour the dusky glade.

The time-struck turret, on yon mountain's brow,
Projecting wide, embrowns the lowly vale;
The spiry column lessens to the view,
And bluish clouds the scatter'd huts conceal.

The younglings, ravish'd from the fleece-clad ewes,
Wake plaintive bleatings from the turf-built fold;

The moon-scar'd heifer hollow-murm'ring lows,
And drony beetles noisy wings unfold.

The lapwing, clam'rous, seeks her vary'd race,
Along the heath she shoots on sounding wing;
From where yon firs their shaggy sharp tops raise,
The widow'd turtles doleful dirges sing.

It was Eliza! in a night like this,
As calm the air, as clear the conscious moon,
The midnight mourner sung our mutual bliss,
And rivers lull'd us, as they slowly run:

When you around me threw your velvet arms,
Moist roll'd your eye, wild heav'd your snowy breast,

And gentle spoke, while reddened all your charms,
Words well remember'd, for you spoke and kiss'd.

"Before Alexis cease, in love's bright garb,
To be Eliza's dearest chief delight,
Shall cease yon twinkling stars---that glorious orb,
With silv'ry radiance to adorn the night."

But what avail, Eliza, all thy vows,
The soft endearments of thy faithless tongue,
Since for another all thy beauty blows,
Heaves thy fair breast, and warbles forth thy song?

The captive, fetter'd with the galling chain,
Immur'd in dungeons, and remote from day,
Should bright-ey'd hope her cheering influence deign,

The slug-furr'd concave echoes to his joy.

But hope no more illumines the future hour,
Despair invests it with her dismal shade;
Soon lay me low shall death's tremendous pow'r,
In long oblivion of the bridal bed.

I need no poison blended with the bowl,
No wound red-streaming from the pointed steel,
Grief chills the living vigour of my soul,
And round my heart death's leaden hand I feel.

ELEGY XV.

THE LINNET.

UNHAPPY and unblest the man,
Whom mercy never charm'd;
Whose heart, insensible and hard,
No pity ever warm'd.

Far from his dangerous abode,
Heav'n! may my dwelling lie;
And from his unrelenting race
Ye little warblers fly.

Though thick'ning hawthorns blend their boughs,
And furze wide spread around,
Yet build not there your downy nests,
Nor trust the faithless ground.

Although his smiling fields produce
The most, the fittest food;
Beware, beware, nor thither bring
Your young, your tender brood.

Behold a sister linnet there,
Laid lifeless on the green!
Fled is the smoothness of her plumes,
And fled her sprightly mien.

The grass grows o'er her ruffled head,
And many a tap'ring rush;
Though once a fairer, sweeter bird,
Did never grace a bush.

It was but yesterday she sat
Upon a thistle's top,
And ey'd her family pecking round:
Their support and their hope---

Each look, and ev'ry chirp, betray'd
A mother's fond delight;
To see them all so fully fledg'd,
And capable of flight.

Close in the middle of a bush,
With prickles thick beset,
She brought them forth; no savage boy
The wily nest could get.

Full twenty days, with pious bill,
Their gaping mouths she fed;
Till ripe, they left their hair-lin'd home,
Slow flitting as she led.

Joyful they flap'd their new-grown wings,
But happy for them all!
Had they but kept their native bush,
Nor seen a mother fall.

Blithsome she sat, and sweetly sang,
Nor dream'd of danger near;
How could she, conscious of no ill?
The guilty only fear.

But, prais'd for villany, alas!
Not innocence can shun,
Nor all a linnet's music ward
The schoolboy's lawless stone.

"Train'd by a rough unfeeling fire,
To cruelty and pride,
An infant ruffian passing by,
The harmless bird espied *."

* This stanza added by Dr. Anderson.

Conceal'd behind an hawthorn hedge,
He took his deadly aim;
Thick thick the feathers floated round,
And flutt'ring down she came.

Full fast her fearful younglings fly,
Into a neighb'ring shade;
Where low they cower disconsolate,
And mourn a mother dead.

Pensive they sit, with hunger pin'd,
Nor dare desert the spray;
Nor know they how to gather food,
No mother leads the way.

ELEGY XVI.

LAURA.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

DEEP in yon vale, where tow'rs the poplar tall,
And winds the flow wave down its crystal way;
A ruin'd castle lifts its hoary wall,
O'erhung with spreading pines, and beeches grey.

Where oft, responsive to the sprightly lay,
The light foot bounded o'er the festive floor;
And, shelter'd from the dog-star's sultry ray,
The jolly lordling led the revel hour.

Where oft, along the cool sequester'd glade,
The glitt'ring female train was seen to rove,
And warbled softly from the woodbine shade,
Were heard the vows of undissembled love.

But there, the song has now forgot to sound,
The gentle lovers there no longer sigh;
The mould'ring mansion howlets hoot around;
And echoing bowers to boding rooks reply.

There, oft, along the solitary green
The frightened shepherd hears the cry of care;
And fire-clad forms, and shadowy shapes, are seen
To walk the wild, or wing the mirky air.

There oft, contemplative of pomp and pow'r,
Time's wasteful rule, and fortune's fleeting day,
The muse-fir'd poet, at this solemn hour,
Sighs deeply sad, and plans the pensive lay.

Perhaps, now musing on the mould'ring wall,
The moss-grown roof, or ivy-mantled gate,
He eyes the crumbling fragments as they fall,
And vindicates the varying forms of fate.

Did Contemplation aid my mounting mind,
Or Fancy deign her eye-enlightening ray,
I oft wou'd loiter there, to thought resign'd,
And pour with rapture forth the moral lay.

But me no gifts the tuneful sisters give,
To grace the song with philosophic lore;
Fond love alone instructs me to deceive,
With wild-notes weak, the solitary hour.

All by the margin of this murmur'ing stream,
That through the lone-vale leads its winding
way,

Frequent I roam, in many a wayward dream,
Till twilight robe the glimm'ring groves with
grey.

Till Clara come,—my secret step to trace,
From scenes where joys in dull succession roll;
How sweet to fold her here in chaste embrace,
While rising rapture runs from soul to soul!

But who is she, along the op'ning glade,
Whose gentle form now rushes on my eye!
Low on the bank she leans her pensive head,
And pores upon the streamlet rolling by.

Fled are the charms which health and joy inspire,
Fled the fresh bloom, and fled the mirthful
mien;

Her eye beams mildly with a fading fire,
And slow tears trickle down her cheek serene.

'Tis Laura!—musing melancholy leads
Her frequent footstep o'er the lonely dale,
Where winding waters glide through gloomy
shades,

And pensive stock-doves pour their weary wail.

How chang'd from her, in beauty's brighter day
The pride and envy of each sparkling ball!
No sweeter tongue could chaunt the sprightly lay
No lighter foot could trip the festive hall.

The good, the gay, the graceful, and the young,
Submissive saw their rival charms surpass;
According praises flow'd from ev'ry tongue,
And hope, presaging, promis'd they should last.

And had she known the fly licentious art,
That gilds the praises of the rich and gay,
Free from dishonour's unrelenting smart,
She still had sung her smiling youth away.

But, unperceiv'd, the flatt'ring Flavio strove,
With soft deceit, to soothe her simple ear;
He bade the eye in melting fondness move,
And ev'ry word a winning softness wear.

The blooming prospect breath'd resistless guile,
The soft contagion ran through ev'ry pore;
Unhallow'd pleasure wore a woeing smile,
And, warmly wanton, urg'd the fyren lore.

She little knew, to dread the tempting round,
Where vernal flow'rets veil their venom'd hue;
But rashly burst th' irremeable bound,
And bade the haunts of hallow'd love adieu!

The fair illusion now dissolves away,
No sprightly music warbles from her tongue!
No gay assemblies wing the jocund day,
No fawning Flavio leads her steps along!

Far from the sparkling ball, the festive shade,
She wastes her days in solitude forlorn!
While weeping loves surround her sleepless bed,
And mourning graces cloud her joyless morn.

So fades a flow'r by deadly drought destroy'd,
Nor breathes one sweet of all its fragrance past;
So droops a tree by wint'ry winds annoy'd,
And sighs its ravish'd honours to the blast.

Entranc'd in pleasure's meretricious bow'r,
Where madness, mirth, and giddy riot rave,
Unfeeling Flavio laughs his conquest o'er,
And boasts the wound his cruel flatt'ry gave.

In vain, revolves her solitary day,
Her sleepless night and ceaseless sigh are vain;
Unheard, unnoted, roll their rounds away,
Nor shed one sorrow o'er the frolic scene.

Pity, perhaps, amid the mad career
Of magic raptures, circling wildly round,
Some future day may disenchant his ear,
And all the bliss of jovial joy confound.

Haply, when age with retrospective eye,
Reviews the arts that stain'd her spotless name,
Remorse may learn to breathe a bitter sigh
O'er the sad relics of her ruin'd fame.

For me, lone wand'ring in the twilight shade,
When solemn stillness holds her lonely sway,
May malice ne'er my musing mind invade,
Nor scorn loud-laughing, claim my gentle lay.

Be mine the heart that melts at others woe,
The hearing ear and pitying eye be mine;
With soft compassion may my bosom glow,
And grief sincere my feeling soul refine.

And may my maid, with sympathizing care,
A frail and feeble virtue full in view,
Just heave one sigh, and drop one tender tear!
To female fortune surely this is due!

So, may regarding heav'n our loves prolong;
So, when we sink in honour'd age to rest,
Some gentle bard may raise the mournful song,
And strew with sweetest flow'rs the feeling breast.

ELEGY XVII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JAMES FISHER*.

SOFT let me tread the hallow'd ground,
A druid's buried near!
And can I pass a druid's grave,
Nor drop a friendly tear?

Short is the path, and broad the way,
That leads unto the tomb;
The flow'rs of youth but seldom bud,
Or wither in their bloom.

The vernal breezes sweetly breathe,
And all their beauties wake;
When, lo! a storm descends, and they
Are ravish'd from the stalk.

Full many a youth in flow'ry prime
Indulges hope to-day,
Who never sees to-morrow dawn,
Death's unsuspected prey.

But while I weep in mournful strains,
O'er youthful years laid low;
Still let me pause, nor dare blaspheme
The hand that gives the blow.

How many diff'rent ills conspire
To sour the cup of life!
What various passions vex the breast,
With unabating strife!

The woes that harrow up the heart
Increase with ev'ry day;
Death is our only hope, and he
In mercy ends the fray.

* A student of divinity, in the University of Edinburgh, of distinguished abilities, and of agreeable manners, who was unfortunately drowned in the Clyde, between Lanark and Stonebyres, in 1769. He was the son of William Fisher, a respectable farmer in Covington. It is necessary to add, that the character of this pleasant, accomplished, and sensible young man, having been mistaken by some people, more prone to censure, than acute to observe, the Presbytery of Biggar denied him his probation; and he was meditating a voyage to America. His body was thrown on the land, about six weeks after the accident, and interred in the church-yard of Covington.

Hail! highly favoured of Heav'n,
Who safely on the shore,
Without concern, behold the wreck
That serv'd to waft you o'er.

But chiefly hail! lamented youth,
On whose green grave I lie;
While round me stalks thy pensive ghost
In fullen majesty.

No more shall malice wound thy fame,
Or envy's tale be spread;
For sacred is the silent grave,
And hallow'd are the dead.

No longer wilt thou, here and there,
An hapless wand'rer roam;
Earth lends her mantle and supplies
An unmolested home.

As, rescu'd from the bleaching wave,
Thy body turns to dust;
Rememb'rance oft will drop a tear,
And own thy fate unjust.

The traveller who passes by,
With weeping heart will read,
The mournful lay which marks thy tomb,
And soothe thy pensive shade.

EPITAPH*.

HERE lies, upon the lap of earth,
A youth unknown to fame,
Misfortune damp'd his lively parts,
And check'd his noble flame.

To malice, and to groundless hate,
A smile was all he gave;
And from regarding Heaven he gain'd,
In recompence, a grave.

The virtues that adorn'd his youth,
And mark'd his low estate,
Still, reader, keep before your eye,
And strive to imitate.

The frailties of unripen'd age
Consign to native earth;
Nor seek with sacrilegious hand,
To draw these frailties forth.

So may his lamentable fate
Upon you never fall,
Nor death surprise you unawares,
Without a timely call.

ELEGY XVIII.

WRITTEN NEAR THE RUINS OF CUTHALLY CASTLE†.

THE pale-ey'd moon serenest the silent hour,
And many a star adorns the clear blue sky;
While pleas'd I view this desolated tow'r
That rears it's time-struck tott'ring top so high.

Here was the garden, there the festive hall,
This the broad entry, that the crowded street;
The task how pleasant to repair its fall,
And ev'ry stone arrange in order meet!

* See Gray's Elegy written in a country church-yard.

† The ancient seat of Lord Somerville, near Carnwath.

The scheme is finish'd;—ages backward roll'd
And all its former majesty restor'd:—
Imagination hastens to unfold
The pomp, the pleasures of its long lost lord.

The voice of music echoes through the dome;
The jocund rev'lers beat the bending floor;
In golden goblets generous liquors foam,
And mirth, loud laughing, wings the rapid hour.

As fancy brightens, other scenes are seen;
No privacy can 'scape her eagle eye;
She follows lovers to the midnight green,
And throws a glory round them as they lie.

But mark the change!—the music swells no more
And all the dome another prospect wears;
Its master's blood distains the festive floor,
And mirth, loud-laughing, faddens into tears.

O, how unlike that gentle swain, who prest
His yielding mistress on the midnight green!
The lover now, in weeds of warriors drest,
Destruction threat'ning in his furious mien.

Unmov'd, he sees him murder'd in his prime,
And wipes the blood red-reeking on his sword;
His savage mistress hails the horrid crime,
And spurns the carcase of her late-lov'd lord.

But not unpunish'd is the guilty pair,
Imagination hurries on their end;
Behold the lifted falchion's deadly glare!
Now purple vengeance hastens to descend.

That stroke became thee!—pious was the deed;
So much an hapless brother's blood requir'd;
In vain let youth, in vain let beauty plead;
They pled for him, but pled, alas! unheard.

Still, still unwearied, restless fancy roams,
On swelling waves of wild vagary tost,
Calls sheeted spectres from the op'ning tombs,
And fills the tow'r with many a grisly ghost.

Pensive they stalk in melancholy state,
And to pale Cynthia bare their gaping wounds;
While many a heap'd ruin's moss-clad height,
In hollow murmurs all their woes resounds.

But whence that mournfully melodious song,
That voice of elegy so sadly slow
The certain symptom of a mortal wrong;
The dismal utterance of an earthly woe?

Haply, some plaintive solitary wretch,
The thread-bare mourner of a thread-bare tale;
Who nightly does the lunar radiance watch,
And join the howlet in his weary wail.

Grieving he sees the ravages of time,
The fleeting nature of terrestrial things.—
“In vain the stately palace tow'rs sublime,
“Low lie the labour'd monuments of kings.

“Where is the darling seat of scepter'd pride,
“Proud Babylon, with all her brazen gates?
“No pensile gardens grace the dreary void;
“There dens the dragon, with his scaly mates.

“Where the magnificence of Grecian fanes?
“No more the story'd pyramids we see;
“An heap of stones is all that now remains;
“'Tis all they are, and all Versailles shall be!

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“Where the fam'd structures of imperial Rome?
“Cæsarean theatres to contain a world?
“All, all are buried in one mighty tomb,
“All in one gulph of desolation hurl'd!”

Happy, if this should prove his only woe!
The death of theatres scarce could break my
rest;

From other causes all my sorrows flow,
Far other troubles tear my bleeding breast.
From love, from love, my nightly wand'ring
springs!

No slumber settles on my grief-worn eye;
Else not the ruin'd monuments of kings
Could tempt my steps below the midnight sky.

ELEGY XIX.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

FALSE and ill-grounded were my hopes;
My expectations vain;
Each step increases my complaints,
And nourishes my pain.

Here will I pause—this shady walk,
That variegated field,
Nor all the lovely landscape round,
Their wonted pleasures yield.

One black and universal cloud
Wide overspreads the whole;
Creation sickens, and is dark
And gloomy as my soul.

Clyde's plaintive wave, the fighting gale,
The warbler of each tree,
Sing one sad melancholy song,
In unison with me.

Why should I struggle with my fate?
Alas! where'er I go,
I groan beneath my sorrows weight,
And bear about my woe.

Yes, here I'll pause—and lay me down,
Nor ever hope relief!
But brood in silence o'er my ills,
And feed my growing grief.

If ye behold me, gentle peers!
Thus lowly as I lie,
Seek not to raise me from this turf,
In pity pass me by.

So may ye never while ye live
My many mis'ries prove,
And never never, weep forlorn
A luckless latent love.

Unhappy he! who danger sees,
Nor can the danger shun;
Who looks on beauty when it smiles,
And hopes, and is undone.

Yes, Clara smil'd; the smile I caught;
Red was her blush of shame;
But glad I caught the infant love,
And fann'd it to a flame.

Freely I took her to my arms,
Nor once of distance dream'd;
But every coming day and night
One scene of rapture deem'd!

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But soon, O! soon, the vision past,
The sweet enchantment broke,
Too soon we from this fancy'd bliss
To real woe awoke!

Disjoin'd by destiny's award,
Without one last farewell,
Far, far from the delightful scene
Disconsolate we dwell.

Disjoin'd! for ever if disjoin'd,
Of what avail this breath?
Better the cov'ring of a sod,
The dark cold house of death.

Yet, yet a little, and I leave
Mortality's low sphere;
Another world!—Say, Clara, will
You meet your Damon there?

No:—health and happiness be thine,
Thine pleasures ever new;
And while I live, my life shall be
One long, long sigh for you.

ELEGY XX.

Her starry mantle night aloft displays,
And all heav'n's azure reddens with her rays;
Silence and quiet stillness reign around,
Save where lorn Medwan sends a fullen sound:
The weary swains in silent slumbers lie,
Mute is each tongue, and clos'd is ev'ry eye;
All nature sleeps!—but still this troubled breast
Broods o'er its sorrows, and denies me rest;
Awakes me nightly to lament my woe,
Where green reeds rustle as the breezes blow.

O, Mira! come, O, cruel! come and see
The many mis'ries I endure for thee;
For thee, extended on this turf I lie,
Weep this big tear, and heave this mournful sigh.
'Tis thy disdain, my unrelenting fair!
Thus blues my breast, and rends my hapless hair:
Your chilling scorn, O! must I ever prove?
You sure might pity whom you cannot love;
Might heave one sigh, when all my sighs you see,
And give one tear of all I shed for thee.

Hold, hold, rash maid! my youth unripen'd
spare,
Another frown will drive me to despair:
Will bring me immaturity to the grave,
And hurl me headlong in the rolling wave.

ELEGY XXI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

GUILT's grim attendants crowd my loathing sight,
And lordly reason scorns my lowly love;
But all in vain! it pleads prescription's right,
No pow'r can quench it, and no force remove.

My thoughtless childhood suck'd the precious
bane,

With growing years the infant passion grew;
Now twisted to the fibres of my heart,
It laughs at reason with a scornful brow.

Though shame with redd'ning cheeks obscure her
charms,

And infamy her native beauties shroud;
The lovely Sylvia pictur'd in my breast,
Like mid-day sun dispels the dark'ning cloud.

The smile of youth still haunts my asking thought;
I hear the accents of the yielding maid,
And shrink below prevailing passion's pow'r,
What wise men dictated, and sages said.

ELEGY XXII.

At winter's numbing touch, the fields
Lie wither'd to a waste;
The trees their naked boughs extend,
Obnoxious to the blast.

The lifeless leaves blow here and there,
The sport of ev'ry wind;
And here and there the wood-birds flit,
But can no shelter find.

The skirting mountains, lately ting'd
With azure's airy hue,
In winter's hoary mantle clad,
Rise dazzling to the view.

Love, erst admirer of the plain,
To cottages retires,
Prevents the slumbers of the maid,
And kindles warm desires.

In the unfinish'd furrow lies
The plough, nor wounds the field;
The restless rivers cease to run,
In icy durance held.

Shorn of his rays, scarce does the sun
His glaring orb reveal;
But sudden sets:—Night fast behind
Unfolds her sable veil.

But, fields, rejoice! Behold the spring
(Though distant) genial glow;
Behold her verdant mantle spread,
Behold her blossoms blow!

Behold, the warblers to the wood
A-nestling fast repair;
Behold, disporting in the shade,
The loves and graces bare!

In mid-day splendor, see the sun
Melt down the mountain snow!
Impetuous, on every side,
The muddy torrents flow!—

But in misfortune's cold embrace
No comfort smiles on me;
Joy saddens at my look, I live
New mis'ries but to see.

Before me ev'ry prospect low'rs;
Not one propitious ray
Of hope beams on my darken'd soul,
To light me on my way.

Mira is absent!—all the same,
A field of flow'rs or snow;
Distant and neighb'ring fens afford
Like nourishment to woe.

ELEGY XXIII.

TO MIRA.

In the Manner of Ovid.

IN fruitful Clydesdale stands my native seat,
Mean, but not fordid, though not spacious, neat;
In Clydesdale, noted for its lovely dames,
And meadows, water'd with irriguous streams;
For juicy apples, and for mellow pears,
Firm-footed horses, and laborious steers.

In vain would Phœbus cleave the earth with heat,
Or scorching Sirius desolation threat;
In vernal pride still smiles the varied scene,
The fields still flourish, and the grass is green;
Refreshing rills meander all around,
And flow'ry turfs still shade the fruitful ground.

But what are meads or racy fruits to me,
When far remov'd from happiness and thee?
Each charming prospect changes to a wild,
And desolation reigns in ev'ry field.

Mira is absent!—though I dwelt above,
The dismal thought would sadden ev'ry grove,
Would change the hue of each immortal flow'r,
And star-stuck arches would appear to low'r.

But, wert thou there, the windy Alps would please,
Or Greenland, guarded with her glassy seas;
Thy presence would disarm the northern blast,
And melt the mountains of eternal frost.

How doubly pleasant, walking by thy side,
Were Medwan's meadows, and the banks of Clyde!
From blooming furze the linnet's matin lay,
Or lark's, swift borne on early winds away!

Come to my arms, my mistress and my wife!
Nor waste the morning of too short a life.
Where'er she comes, ye swelling hills subside!
And verdant valleys smile on ev'ry side!

ELEGY XXIV.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE wakeful clock proclaims the midnight hour,
The list'ning ghosts obey the solemn sound;
Now flocking forth from restless graves they pour,
And now they range their melancholy round.

Where'er the lonely wood-encircled dome
Upstairs its mould'ring moss-grown roof on high,
With footstep drear they sweep the silent gloom,
And wake pale horrors on the sleepless eye.

Perhaps the spot where first they drew their breath,
That saw them taste the sweets of cheerful day;
The spot where some fell ruffian gave them death,
And tore them from their blooming hopes away.

Fast by the stream whose drowsy waters flew
Darksome and dreary through the mirky vale,
Pensive they stalk, and murmur as they go
Unwearied wailings to the echoing gale.

Perhaps, when summer led the lengthen'd day,
And shed resistless round the sultry beam;
Languid they left th' insufferable ray,
To plunge and wanton in the cooling stream.

Fearless of fate, with far unequal arm,
Perhaps they prideful fought the farther shore;
In vain they fought,—in vain the loud alarm!—
The wave was ruthless, and they rose no more.

With fullen step, and terror-darting mien,
What crowds from ocean's oozy depths repair!
How many earth's unhallow'd fields resign,
To wail unnoted to the desert air!

From the lone church-yard's consecrated gloom,
Where grass-green graves in decent order heave,
The numerous victims of a milder doom
Their narrow cells with pensive pleasure leave.

Perhaps they hie them to their native grove,
Some fav'rite walk, or long-frequented scene;
Perhaps along the silent street they rove,
Or lightly trip it o'er the vacant green.

Perhaps (since memory of an earthly fire
Yet warms the bosom of the sep'rate mind)
They hover o'er some hoary-headed fire,
Or heart-dividing friend they left behind.

Or, as the rolling hours return the night,
In vehicles of air, unseen, they rove
Round some lorn maid, with fondly ling'ring flight,
Who mourns with many a sigh her ravish'd love.

No closing walls their airy forms restrain,
No rising hills nor rolling waves divide;
No dread have they of saucy-wreath'd disdain,
Nor fear the frown of unrelenting pride.

Delightful task!—by me envy'd in vain!—
Far, far remov'd, I plan the plaintive lay,
Where rising mountains rear their brows between,
And rolling waters mark the distant way.

And high-born pride, regards with scornful eye
The humble swain, the youth of low degree,
And deaf to love, and nature's forceful cry,
Exiles unhonour'd poverty and me.

Hence Clara wastes away her virgin bloom,
On distant plains, in solitude obscure,
Hence, all forlorn! I watch the midnight gloom,
And hence these melancholy musings pour.

ELEGY XXV.

TO ELIZA.

FAIR is Eliza in her lover's eye;
No maiden on our plains is half so fair;
I gaze with rapture on your charms, but sigh
To think that others may that rapture share.

I can't endure the cringing fawning race
That bow around you wheresoe'er you go;
Contract your sphere, be cautious how you please:
The man that smiles upon you is my foe.

Away, the empty bustle of a crowd,
The languid starv'ling pleasures of a town;
But take, O take us some sequester'd wood,
To unknown bliss, or but to angels known.

I do not seek the glory of the vain,
Nor court I envy from the stolen glance;
Poor is the gift, and little does he gain,
Who leads a civil mistress in the dance.

Be mine the silent ecstasies of love,
Too nice for utt'rance, too refin'd for view;
I'm blest indeed! (thus far my wishes rove)
If only blest with solitude and you.

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ELEGY XXVI.

OCTOBER.

LATE does the sun begin his shorten'd race,
Languid, although no cloud obscures the view;
The nipping hoar-frost veils the shrivell'd grass,
Where wav'd, erewhile, the cool refreshing dew.

Cold from the north his hooked atoms calls,
And ev'ry field in firmer fetters binds;
Rustling in show'rs the wither'd foliage falls,
Slow from the tree, the sport of eddy winds.

The birds, all flocking from their summer haunts,
On the rough stubbles pick the costly grain;
His deadly snares the cruel fowler plants,
And intercepts the wing that flaps in vain.

Hard is their fate—if we may call it hard,
To shun the rigid winter's coming storms,
When famine threatens in the farmer's yard,
And drifted snow the desert field deforms.

The most familiar of all birds of song,
Domestic redbreast, on the window sits,
While, seldom seen, though whirring all day long,
The active wren from hedge to hedge still flits.

In signs like these, the ploughman wisely reads,
Approaching winter, and provides a wife;
The joyless season passes o'er their heads,
Lost and unmark'd amid the sweets of life.

But wretched he, whom all the long dark night
Fate on a lonely couch has doom'd to lie!
Does Mira frown at what I trembling write?
If Mira frown, that wretched swain am I.

ELEGY XXVII.

TO MIRA.

Thy presence, lovely maid! exalts
My breast with harmless glee;
And the decayed face of joy
Renews at sight of thee.

Though harsh the utterance of my lips,
And fault'ring be my tongue,
Thy beauties harmonize my lay,
And linnets learn my song.

Incurtain'd in the shades of night,
I meditate thy charms;
Think on thy form, and slumb'ring feel
The pressure of thy arms.

Waking, the phantom fades away,
And scarce delusion seems—
O! hasten on the wings of wind,
And realize my dreams.

The sun arises, and the swain
Unto his labour hies;
The swathy herbage furs the mead,
The russet hay-cocks rise.

He downward tends on sloping wheels,
His glory gilds the west,
The joyful rustic leaves the rake,
And hastens home to rest.

But, in thy absence, unto me
No season brings repose

Alike, at morn or dusky eve,
I wrestle with my woes.

ELEGY XXVIII.

TO DAMON.

On his having addicted himself to the Study of Natural History.

COME, Damon! come, enough of wisdom's ways,
Of antic antres, and of grottos wild;
Suppose a daffodil design displays,
Or lily, lady of the flow'ry field.

Suppose a mite, like potentates and kings,
Can plead antiquity, and boast of birth;
That not a mushroom or a maggot springs
From the cold womb of uncreative earth.

Philosophy, and idle whim, away!
What is a mushroom or a mite to you?
"They mark intelligence."—But, Damon! say,
To love and nature is there nothing due?

Must Clara's beauties in their blossom fade?
The tears of sorrow dim her lovely eyes?
While you, insensible, disturb your head
With the genealogy of grubs and flies!

Recal her form, and feed on fancy's breast,
Unheard let Clodio tell his tasteless tale;
Her blooming beauties a divine repast,
An endless banquet, an exhaustless meal!

If fair to fancy, how exceeding fair
When given unclouded to your lawless gaze!
It comes—behold the bridal day! prepare
A long farewell to wisdom and her ways.

ELEGY XXIX.

CLARA TO DAMON.

AH, cruel change! from gentle to severe;
Change ever proves unfriendly to the fair:
Show me the man, the wond'rous man, whose mind
Alters to kinder sentiments from kind?
No, there is no such man; or, if there be,
Who would not wish the youth they love were he!
What maid would think she overdid her part,
To grasp the dear inconstant to her heart,
Discard each grim-ey'd guardian of her charms,
And fold, and closer fold him in her arms!

'Tis vision all! the same severe decree
Has ruin'd womankind that ruins me;
Fram'd, delicately fram'd, for social bliss,
We feel each finer passion in excess;
In love at length each female friendship ends;
We scarce distinguish lovers from our friends;
Nor have we learn'd, with philosophic pride,
From our's another's mis'ry to divide.
But man is fashion'd in a rougher mould,
Insensible at best, and always cold;
His lumpish soul no gen'rous wish inspires,
No pity melts, no heart-felt rapture fires;
Or, if for once it kindle into praise,
How soon the momentary flash decays!
Scarce have we time to hail the dawning light,
Ere the weak meteor vanishes in night;
With eager eyes we search around in vain,
And think to see it glimmering again!

Alas, how foolish! 'tis for ever gone,
 With the delightful hour in which it shone!
 Ah me! and must I never more prolong
 The night, in list'ning to my Damon's song!
 Alas! can love admit of no decrease,
 That too, too little! yet be render'd less?
 My happiness requires it should be so;
 It must, it shall! though worlds should answer, No.
 Yes, Damon, yes, a very weak excuse
 Will screen the silence of your faithless muse;
 Tell me on systematic plains you stray,
 "Borne on the wings of wisdom far away."
 But wherefore thus disturb my quiet? why
 Regard your failings with too nice an eye?
 Though gross be the deceit, if you deceive,
 I pledge my maiden honour to believe.

ELEGY XXX.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

YET onward leads the length'ning way,
 Perplexed and forlorn;
 And chilly blows the mountain gale,
 Around me restless borne.
 No vernal verdure, fresh and fair,
 Waves on the wat'ry ray,
 That frequent streaks yon gath'ring gloom,
 And frequent fades away.
 I see, wide-scatter'd here and there,
 Along the dark-brown waste,
 The faded furze, the wither'd fern,
 The rock moss-clad and vast.
 I hear the wild birds' wailing notes,
 Remurm'ring o'er the heath;
 Now to and fro they flocking flit,
 Or cower the bush beneath.
 In awful blackness rising round,
 I see the brewing blast;
 It howls from yonder hill's brown brow,
 And sweeps the sounding waste.
 Near, and more near, my pensive eye
 Remarks its rapid way;
 Now less'ning sinks yon grey-grown rock,
 Now viewless swims away.
 Resistless night is falling fast,
 To fill the frowning scene,
 And leaves no sheltering shade, to ward
 The swift-descending rain.
 I'll sit me down upon the heath,
 And wipe away this tear—
 The chill blast rages ruthless by,
 And horror meets my ear.
 Ah me! the big round briny drop
 Still gathers in my eye,
 And, from my boding breast expires
 Th' involuntary sigh!
 The twilight hour, with horror fraught,
 Is fleeting fast away;
 And fruitless flows the falling tear,
 That weeps my long delay.
 In vain across th' accustom'd green
 May Clara look for me!

Nor her, nor the dear face of man,
 My eyes will ever see!
 Surpris'd along the mid-way waste,
 Where driving tempests blow,
 The stern resistless stroke of fate
 Will lay my body low.
 I feel, I feel the chilling storm
 Obstruct my lab'ring breath;
 My shiv'ring limbs will soon be pale
 And lifeless on the heath.
 Unseen, unwept, no winding shroud
 Will my cold corse receive;
 No sad procession bear me on,
 To fill my father's grave;
 No rising stone reveal my name,
 Or make my merit known;
 No sculptur'd elegiac lay
 Lament my early doom.
 Extended o'er the howling heath,
 To bleaching blasts a prey;
 The wearing waste of with'ring winds
 Will moulder me away.
 If e'er to thee, in happier hour,
 My pray'r delightful rose,
 Pity my maid, mysterious heav'n!
 And swift my sorrows close.

ELEGY XXXI.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

BEHOLD, ye fair! yon melancholy maid,
 The tear just bursting from her downcast eye,
 Who on the willow leans her pensive head,
 "And pores upon the brook that babbles by."
 She, once like you, did laugh the hours away,
 Was often merry, and was seldom grave;
 Walks were not wanting to deceive the day,
 Nor love, I ween, to cheer the gloomy eve.
 The flow'rs of beauty blossom'd on her cheek,
 Men thought her witty, and she thought so too;
 She now and then would think, but oft'ner speak,
 And always did as other virgins do.
 When, lo! she fell, for passion was her guide,
 From seeming pleasure into real shame:—
 Sneer not, ye flaunting progeny of pride!
 In some black hour your fate may be the same!
 Weigh well your actions, ponder ev'ry deed;
 For future fame and future fortune, fear;
 And follow not where pow'rful passions lead,
 For fell repentance rages in the rear.

ELEGY XXXII.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

EXIL'D the social joys of life,
 I wander here forlorn,
 Around me headlong torrents roar,
 Nor gleams the distant morn.
 Why leaps my coward heart with fear?
 Though death besets my way
 No loving wife, no prattling babe,
 Bewails my long delay.
 Hackney'd in woe, my joyless youth
 Dissolves in briny tears;
 And withers on my downy cheek,
 The bloom of boyish years.

My earliest love, my only joy,
 Deserted virtue's lore;
 Ingulph'd in infamy she lies,
 To rise, alas! no more.

Tempests drive on, collect your rage,
 Howl, genius of the storm;
 Extend, ye rivers! o'er the waste;
 Come, Death, in any form.

Thanks, thanks, officious pow'r! you come;
 I feel thy friendly dart;
 Cold chills the current of my life,
 And freezes to my heart.

Farewell, thou canker of my hopes!
 My ruin'd maid! adieu;
 Welcome, forgetfulness of woe,
 And sleep for ever new.

ELEGY XXXIII.

TO CLARA.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Depriv'd of all that mortals hold most dear,
 The world's free converse, and the social ear;
 Depriv'd of ev'ry pleasurable scene,
 The forest's foliage, and the meadow's green;
 Where can this wretched bosom find repose?
 Without is wildness, and within are woes:
 To whom dissolve in sorrow's simple lay,
 And softly sigh its miseries away?

To whom but thee, where all my wishes tend,
 My lovely mistress, and my faithful friend:
 To whom but thee, of all the gods have left,
 The greatest blessing, and the latest gift.

Books, unperceiv'd, may steal the lagging hour,
 And fear the wounds they strive in vain to cure,
 May for a moment sooth the troubled mind,
 But still remains a dreadful void behind;
 The pliant passions, hinder'd in their course,
 Collect their rage, and strike with double force;
 Their waves repress'd, with double fury roll,
 O'erwhelm, confound, and stupify the soul.

Hard are the wayward fates, that thus oppose
 A mortal wight against immortal foes;
 That, unconcern'd, behold me from afar
 Waging an endless, an unequal war;
 Hard is my fate! yet never had my cry
 Impeach'd the rigid ruler of the sky;
 Never my murmurs, my complaints, been heard,
 Had thy sweet voice my drooping spirits cheer'd;
 Thy hands sustain'd me fainting in the field,
 My bleeding wounds thy wisdom's balsam heal'd.

Not such the happiness awaits my days,
 For ever banish'd from thy beauty's blaze;
 Weigh'd down by life's whole complicated woes,
 Never to rise from whence none ever rose!
 I slide, by all unnoted, to the tomb;
 Tir'd of the present, court a world to come.

Whate'er my hopes, forgive this parting tear!
 They soon shall wither on the mournful bier;
 Soon with this crazy frame for ever lost,
 Hide their aspiring turrets in the dust.

Farewell, dear maid! conjecture what I feel,
 In youth to bid the maid I love farewell:
 Farewell, dear maid! and never may'st thou be
 A pining, plaintive, dying wretch, like me.

ELEGY XXXIV.

FLED are the blossoms of each tree,
 And blasted ev'ry bough;

Silent and gloomy is the grove,
 And solitary now.

In vain I seek each fav'rite spot,
 That gave delight before;
 Dismal each fav'rite spot appears,
 And gives delight no more.

A prospect comfortless and sad,
 Long lengthens all around;
 And ev'ry passing streamlet gives
 A melancholy sound.

If on the azure of the east
 I fix my wand'ring eye,
 Love, grief, and Mira, fill my soul;
 I rave, I mourn, I cry.

And can I look to where the sun
 Directs his ev'ning ray,
 Nor call to mind an hapless friend*,
 Who lingers life away?

Yes, yes, I yield, unhappy youth!
 Whene'er I think of thee;
 I yield the dearly purchas'd prize,
 Superior misery.

But though unequal in the strife,
 I some distinction claim;
 Ills, and misfortunes not a few,
 Adorn my growing name.

Fate's iron pencil has engrav'd
 On either pensive brow,
 Some leading features of distress,
 Some well-touch'd tints of woe.

Alike black envy's blasting fang
 And rooted spite we prove;
 Alike we shed the secret tear
 Of disappointed love.

Alike, deceitful hope usurps
 Our unsuspecting breast;
 An artful minister of woe,
 Ingenious to molest.

An endless crowd of ills, a sad
 Variety of pain,
 Cross issues, and tormenting fears,
 Compose her dreadful train.—

Thrice happy they, who gain from heav'n
 A calm unruffled life,
 Of tearless sorrow, silent woe,
 Uninterrupted grief!

Abstracted from this busy scene,
 Agreed with all around,
 They steal from life, unfeeling pain,
 Incurable the wound.

Such be the tenor of my days,
 And such my latter end;
 And such (he asks no more) may heav'n
 Bestow upon my friend.

ELEGY XXXV.

ON COMING TO THE COUNTRY.

HAIL, dear companions of my youthful days!
 Frequented hills and natal valleys, hail!

* Dr. Anderson was then at Monkland Well, near Glasgow, for the recovery of his health.

Peace rest around!--while I incessant raise
My plaintive voice, and woes unweary'd wail.

Peace rest around!--the only boon I crave,
Is, undisturb'd, by yonder stream to stray;
To muse unnoted in the cool of eve,
Unnoted court the dawning of the day.

Why would you ask a melancholy man,
To number ills th' unhappy only prove?
The dismal tale would turn the wanton wan,
Infectious sorrow seize the group of love.

No, in my bosom let them ever rest;
A bosom that rejoices in the smart:
I grasp the dear destroyer to my breast,
And feed the passion which must break my heart.

Yes, Mira! yes, I hug thy faithless form:
See happy days,—days never meant for me!
Yet still I feel the rising, raging storm,
'Tis transport, joy, and death, to think on thee!

Death! let thy deep-dy'd purple garment flow,
The bloody dagger threaten in thy hand;
I fear thee not, array'd in weeds of woe;
Of woe, awak'd by Mira's own command.

ELEGY XXXVI.

By Medwan's solitary banks,
In vain I pensive stray;
And recollect each happy spot
Where lovely Mira lay.

Sad is the comfort, small the joy,
Remembrance can bestow;
A momentary gleam at most;
Short interval of woe!

Each waving willow brings to mind
Some fleeting pleasure past;
And ev'ry blooming flow'r recalls
Some joy for ever lost.

Ev'n Medwan, as in sudden haste
Her gloomy waters roll,
Points back to former days, and seeds
The sorrows of my soul.

Awak'd by mem'ry, sleeping cares
With keener violence wound:
Each lowly lily bears a thorn,
And briars are spread around.

Ye pleasing, lonely scenes! farewell;
Nor wake my waning woes;
Still let me shun your dang'rous path,
Nor hazard my repose.

Far, far remov'd from all your snares,
By unobserv'd degrees,
My troubled soul may sink again
To melancholy ease.

ELEGY XXXVII.

*On the Loss of the Aurora, with the Indian Super-
visors, 1769.*

ARE there, who, lost to all their country's charms,
To friends, companions, and their native home,
Who burst, unfeeling, from a parent's arms,
And, mad for gold, in foreign regions roam?

Mean is their aim, if gold alone allures;
If glory fires not, nor their country's love:
On such the Indian nightly curses pours,
And calls red vengeance from the courts above.

Alas! how many, lost to honest fame,
On Guinea's coast have courted black disgrace;
Have render'd infamous a Briton's name,
By lording lawless o'er a feeble race!

How many, ev'n on India's farthest shore,
Have robb'd the helpless native of his own!—
Not such the generous band, Aurora bore
To honest industry and fair renown!

Each breast beat faithful in its country's cause,
Each heart was warm with love of human kind;
Keen to establish equitable laws,
They chode the failing breeze and lagging wind.

Not always in the bark where virtue sails,
Does smooth-brow'd safety at the helm preside;
Not always is she fann'd with prosp'rous gales,
Since death's dark waves oft dash against her side.

Since oft on rocks, to charts and maps unknown,
The hapless vessel suffers sudden wreck:
Nor is it virtue that can save alone,
When all around the wat'ry pillars break.

Were virtue pow'rful o'er the stormy deep,
Aurora on its bosom ne'er had lain;
Nor mothers taught their infant babes to weep
For fathers tossing on the wat'ry main*.

ELEGY XXXVIII.

On Medwan's solitary shore
No gaudy blossoms blow;
And silent is its leaf-lin'd bow'r,
Or but repeats my woe.

The fairy forms that revell'd here,
In fancy's fair array,
No longer soothe the list'ning ear
With love's alluring lay.

Sullen they leave their fav'rite scene,
To sorrow's cruel crew;
But fate prepares another plain,
Ye friendly fays! for you.

Behold, by Tweed's translucent stream,
Eliza builds your bower!
There shall you feed the secret flame,
While singing swains adore.

But me, what guardian god shall guide
Through this perplexing path?
Here walks wan Want, with giant stride,
And here Despair and Death.

In woe's wild windings, luckless lost,
The fruitless search I drop—
She dwells not on this dreary coast;
No happiness I hope.

The gods no fairer fortune give
I'll bless the breeze that blows;

* In December 1769, the ship arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence it sailed soon after, but was never heard of afterwards. It is generally supposed to have taken fire, and that all the crew perished.

And spend the ling'ring life I live
In friendship with my woes.
With Want, I'll speak of former days;
With Death, of bliss above;
But, with Despair, I'll wond'ring trace
The luckless lot of love.

ELEGY XXXIX.

FATE, when you forc'd me from the weeping
maid,
Patient I bare it, nor did once repine:—
"Although depriv'd of love's solace, (I said),
The sacred joys of friendship shall be mine.

"Above each trifling wish, each low concern,
In peaceful solitude's untrodden path,
With virtuous Damon wisdom's ways I'll learn,
And coolly wait the timely stroke of death."

"Grant, while I live, the converse of my friend,
And, O, be few the days I'm doom'd to live."—
Such was my pray'r, in lowliness of mind,
No greater boon I ask'd the gods to give.

In vain I pray'd, my woes were not complete,
Nor yet the cup of misery was crown'd;—
Poverty lurk'd in solitude's retreat,
And push'd me, ling'ring, from the hallow'd
ground.

Where shall I wander? to what distant shore,
Where friendship's heav'nly radiance never shone,
Carry this woe-worn carcase, never more
To feel its influence as I have done?

What generous hand will point me out the dome
Where independence and each virtue dwell?
Through India's sultry regions shall I roam,
Or cower contented in the hermit's cell?

Vain is the search: for, who will condescend
To guide the wand'rings of a wretch so mean!
Restore, kind Heav'n! my best, my only friend,
And let want sweep me from the puzzling scene.

ELEGY XL.

BENEATH this mossy oak's embow'ring shade,
Where Clyde majestic rolls his lengthen'd
stream,
I've found a seat for tender sorrow made,
On which the sun ne'er shed one genial gleam.

Hail, gentle genius of this mournful bow'r!
Who mingles tears with ev'ry plaintive guest;
Say, did you ever, by your friendly pow'r,
Serene the passions of so sad a breast?

Say, skill'd in woes which ancient lovers bare,
Lovers to black oblivion long consign'd;
Can all their complicated ills compare
With my unmingled misery of mind?

When future lovers shall lament their fate,
Beneath the shadow of this aged tree,
The dismal story of my woes relate,
They'll cease to sorrow when they think of me

Tell them, Eliza was my earliest love;
Tell, how my humble passion she repay'd;
When lawless ruffians rush'd into the grove,
And forc'd to distant climes the hapless maid.
Then onward lead them to yon hillock's height,
Whose grass long-rankling drinks the sullen
wave,
And, weeping, bid the verdant turf lie light,
And plant the wat'ry willow round my grave.
So may they all escape my timeless end,
And never, never, my misfortunes feel;
Ne'er lose a mistress,—ne'er lament a friend,—
Nor bare their bosoms to the fatal steel.

ELEGY XLI.

FAREWELL, companions of my secret sighs,
Love-haunted streams, and vales besprent with
dew!

Pensive, I see the ridgy hills arise,
Which must for ever hide you from my view.

A fleeting shadow was my promis'd peace,
The baseless fabric of a dream, my rest;
I laid me down in confidence of ease,
And needless sorrow burst my bleeding breast.

See, yonder fleets the visionary scheme,
The fond illusion of a simple mind—
The sweets of love,—the solitary stream,
The fragrant meadow, and the whispering wind,

Say, my Eliza, was it fancy'd bliss
You us'd to picture by yon falling rill?
O, say, where is it?—must it end in this?
O, still deceive, and I'll believe you still!

Say, fortune yet has happier days in store;
Days big with transport, and with raptures new;
O! say I'm your's; I ask, I hope no more;
But only say so, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my distemper'd brain,
On seas of fancy and vagary tost?
Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
And love and rapture are for ever lost.

ELEGY XLII.

TO MIRA.

KNEELING before the Majesty of Heav'n,
For gilded roofs my prayer never rose;
I ask'd no fertile field's delicious fruit,
Nor bent a wish to all a Florio plows.

With thee to share the calmer joys of life,
On thy soft bosom wear my age away;
And timely tott'ring on the verge of fate,
Look back with pleasure on each well-spent
day.

I ask'd no more:—Of what avail to me
The transient honours of a fleeting hour;
The cumb'rous trappings of a large estate,
The painted hanging, and the marble floor?
Can riches blunt the dreadful dart of pain;
Or check misfortune in her mid career?
Dispel the terrors of approaching fate;
Or snatch their owner from the mournful bier?

Let want expose me to the world's contempt,
 And poverty in all her rags invest;
 Return,—and let the foolish world despise;
 Return,—in spite of poverty I'm blest.
 If Heav'n, averse, reject my earnest pray'r,
 And fortune fix me in these distant plains,
 Cease, cease, dread sisters! your ungrateful toil,
 And burn the luckless thread that yet remains.

ELEGY XLIII.

TO MIRA.

In the Manner of Tibullus.

WHY, Mira! why this useless waste of time?
 To round your nails with artificial care,
 To smear your lovely locks with fulsome grime,
 And add false ringlets to your glossy hair?
 The irksome task of meditating dress,
 Each sacrifice to fashion's labour lost;
 The more you strive to please, you please the less,
 When unadorned, then adorn'd the most.
 Let the stale virgin, with cosmetic art,
 To wonted bloom the faded cheek restore;
 In gorgeous garments strive to gain a heart,
 Who dares not trust her native beauties more.
 Rouge, and false ringlets certainly were meant
 For cheeks turn'd yellow, and for locks turn'd
 gray;
 The fringed petticoat, to hide within't
 A leg that's clumsy, or a foot that's splay.
 Some hoary beldam, in the natal hour,
 Mumbled her incantations o'er your head;
 Some beldam, skill'd in every simple's pow'r,
 That grows unnoted in the vernal mead.
 I wrong your sacred beauties, and profane
 Their mystic energy to raise desire;
 Yes, magic spells and potent herbs were vain,
 Your native charms, without enchantment, fire.
 Come, Mira! come, while in your beauty's pride
 Indulge to love; away with meaner things;
 In raptures lost, in love's embraces ty'd,
 How silly grandeur, and the wealth of kings!
 Let driv'ling dotards buy the stately dame,
 To watch the foibles of declining years;
 To wipe with duteous hand the ropy phlegm,
 And wrap the flannel cov'ring round their ears.
 To listen sleepless to the midnight moan,
 Requires a jointure, and a rich reward;
 And say what settlement can e'er atone
 For the gruff violence of a grisly beard?
 But to enclasp the polish'd limbs of youth,
 To share the secrets of a tender breast,
 Where every thought is constancy and truth,
 And each wish rises to make Mira blest!
 Sublimar happiness can titles yield?
 Can wealth, or grandeur, greater meed bestow?
 Unbias'd nature scorns the blazon'd field,
 And ev'ry finer feeling answers, No.

ELEGY XLIV.

WHILE sad I stray in solitary grief,
 Where wild woods thicken, and where waters
 flow;

No hope prophetic ministers relief,
 Nor thought presaging mitigates my woe.
 The dismal prospect thick'ning ills deform,
 Black, and more black, each coming day ap-
 pears;
 Remov'd from shelter, I expect the storm,
 And wait the period of deceitful years.
 Soon may it come:—and, O, may Mira soon
 Forget the pleasures she has left behind;
 All that at first her virgin graces won,
 And all that since engag'd her youthful mind.
 What is Alexis? what his boasted love,
 The banks of Medwan, and the vales around?
 But a fair blossom in the dreamer's grove,
 That sudden sinks, and never more is found.
 Yes, yes, dear maid! the happiness of youth
 Is but the rev'ry of a real dream;
 We catch delusions in the guise of truth;
 A lover's raptures are not what they seem.
 But yet a little, and the eye of age
 Dissolves the phantoms to their native air;
 A new creation opens on the sage,
 Another passion, and another fair.
 Forgive my weakness, for 'tis surely weak,
 To teach, and yet despise the prudent part;
 I feel, alas! I feel it as I speak;
 This is a language foreign to my heart.
 Her rigid lecture reason reads in vain,
 Cold are her precepts, and her comforts cold;
 I would not barter poverty and pain
 For Clodio's wisdom, or for Florio's gold.
 One only boon is all I ask of thee;
 When in the mansion of the peaceful plac'd,
 O, do not shed one precious tear for me,
 But let my sorrows in oblivion rest!
 As in the bosom of unwater'd wilds
 A lowly lily languishes unseen,
 And soon to drought, unknown, unnoted, yields,
 Leaving no traces that it once had been.

ELEGY XLV.

YE dreams of bliss, and flatt'ring hopes, that wont
 With momentary joy to ease my care,
 Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and despair.
 Well pleas'd, I saw your airy bubbles blown,
 Seemingly fair, and deck'd with many a ray;
 But, lo! the tempest rose, and they were gone,
 Broke and evanish'd in a single day.
 Peace, base-born wishes, sprung from selfish pride!
 Will fate reverse her positive decree?
 Yon hill divides us, and will still divide,
 Nor bend its lordly brow to pleasure me.
 Yes, far beyond yon hill's aspiring height,
 Which, to the orient, bounds our utmost view,
 Where other streams reflect the morning light,
 And other mountains are array'd in blue;
 Mira now listens to the midnight knell,
 By little rills that mimic Medwan's flow;
 And bids sublimely sad the spinet swell,
 The solemn notes of sympathetic woe.
 Enough, dear maid! to constancy and love,
 To tender parents surely something's due;
 Let others taste the joys I cannot prove,
 The happy man whom fortune means for you.

O! bring not down, with unavailing tears,
 Their hoary heads with sorrow to the grave;
 Let not thy grief afflict the full-of-years,
 But grant the grandson whom they justly crave.
 One thought is all I ask; if marriage vows,
 And jealous Hymen, shall admit of one;—
 One only thought,—in mem'ry of my woes,
 One thought,—in pity of a wretch undone!

ELEGY XLVI.

SAY, have I sworn deceitfully to heav'n,
 Or yet profan'd the deities of love?
 Has one injur'd me, and not been forgiv'n
 Or, want neglected, drawn the wrath of Jove?
 If so, let years in painful penance pass,
 And midnight pray'rs the grievous sin atone;
 My youthful strength let pining sickness waste,
 And tort'ring aches prey on ev'ry bone.
 But spare, O spare, the lovely guiltless maid!
 Why should she suffer for another's fault?
 Is this the due of matin prayers paid,
 Of purest piety, and untainted thought?
 The dire disease deforms each lovely limb,
 Death's pallid yellow overspreads her face;
 Vain are my vows; for what can soften him,
 The unrelenting butcher of the race!
 Farewell, dear maid! again, again, farewell;
 Nor doubt thy lover will survive thy death:
 One fatal hour shall ring our solemn knell,
 One grave shall hold, one turf shall cover both.

ELEGY XLVII.

TO MIRA.

By the remembrance of our secret joys,
 And all the hallow'd mysteries of love;
 Thy blooming beauties, and unsully'd fame,
 The rolling river, and the conscious grove;
 Forgive my fears, from too fond passion sprung,
 Nor blame thy lover, if he dares complain—
 The wonted favours you deny me now,
 Are they not lavish'd on a richer swain?
 When prideful Florio exulting boasts
 His lowing herds, that blacken all the lea,
 Numbers his boundless stores; is he receiv'd,
 Or heard with cold civility, like me?
 Shook by disease, you late desponding lay,
 Wan was your cheek, and hollow was your eye;
 Relenting Heav'n beheld my pious grief;
 A lover's grief is grateful to the sky:
 Straight on your cheek the faded roses bloom'd,
 Your wither'd eye-balls sudden moisture lav'd;
 And shall another riot on these charms,
 Possess these beauties which my piety sav'd?
 Think not, false maid! Alexis, unaveng'd,
 Will bear the pangs of ill-requited love;
 O! timely shun the blasting curse of Heav'n;
 An injur'd lover has a friend above.
 Why check that tear, repress that swelling sigh?
 Hail, happy omens of my future bliss!
 Flow, quicker flow, ye sweet repentant tears!
 Ye cannot flow so fast as I can kiss.

ELEGY XLVIII.

TO MIRA.

AND were the fond, the tender things you said,
 Your vows, confirm'd by ev'ry pow'r above,
 The mimic raptures of a longing maid,
 To waste the tedious intervals of love?
 When, warmly wanton, round my neck you hung,
 For fawning Florio was the favour meant?
 'Twas injur'd I the mournful harp that strung;
 But fell yon tear because of my complaint?
 The winning muse I, hapless! woo'd in vain;
 Ascrib'd to Florio was the melting lay;
 I till'd in sorrow, and I sow'd in pain,
 A foreign hand the harvest swept away.
 Ungrateful maid! for thee, with wakeful care,
 I plann'd the pleasant, elegant retreat;
 For thee the lowly cottage did prepare,
 That might eclipse the dwellings of the great.
 As, hand in hand, we left its hazel bourne,
 This was design'd our walk at early dawn;
 Here, sweetly sings the linnet from the thorn,
 And mazy Medwan laves the lily lawn.
 Dismally shaded with surrounding yews,
 And lonely, rises Florio's Gothic dome;
 With dead men's bones each walk the sexton strews,
 And ev'ry prospect beckons to the tomb.
 But if such scenes to Mira's eyes are fair,
 If such the paths her feet delight to tread,
 Despis'd Alexis will attend her there,
 Perhaps so happy as to please when dead.

ELEGY XLIX.

TO MIRA.

If you in fancy's ever-blooming scenes,
 Contemplative of future grandeur, rove,
 Delighted gaze on Florio's wide demesnes,
 And blush to recollect an humbler love;
 'Twere rude, dear maid! to break the golden
 dream,
 To sweep the gaudy equipage away;
 Sully the massy plater's silver gleam,
 Or grind the China to its native clay.
 Be far from me th' invidious, cruel task,
 To point the flaws which fancy's colours hide!
 Too soon experience will remove the mask,
 And show the nakedness of pompous pride.
 But if you cherish in your faithful breast,
 The pleasing memory of former days,
 Kindly recal each sacred promise past,
 And only fate our happiness delays:
 My willing muse shall speed the tedious hour,
 And cheer your solitude with pious care;
 At noon attend you in the woodland bow'r,
 And add fresh fragrance to the ev'ning air.
 Still true to virtue, let us shun the bait
 That from her paths would tempt our steps astray;
 Still for a favourable issue wait,
 And through each difficulty edge our way.
 Misfortune's waves may overwhelm a while,
 But buoyant virtue will emerge at last;
 The time advances that rewards our toil,
 And blots from memory the sorrows past.

ELEGY L.

TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXIS.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WIDE o'er the windings of the shadowy vale,
 Silence afar extends her lonely sway;
 Save where the west wind whispers to the gale,
 Or fans, with downy wing, the dewy spray.
 Save, where responsive to the blackbird's note,
 The bower of echo murmurs to the grove,
 And the hoarse raven pours her boding throat,
 As through the gloom her rustling pinions rove.
 Save, where soft warbling on the hawthorn spray
 The nightingale does to her grief give vent;
 And the icar'd owl on lazy pinions grey,
 Slow-sailing, makes her querulous complaint.
 Led by the light of Vesper's twinkling urn,
 That gilds the pale gloom gathering o'er the skies;
 My lonely steps to these lov'd scenes return,
 While low in earth, my lost companion lies!
 Here, broader spreads the lowly creeping thyme,
 Here, fairer lilies, fresher daisies, grow;
 Here, springs the pride of Flora's flow'ry prime,
 Blue hare-bells bud, and purple v'lets blow.
 And here, the willows weave a thicker shade,
 And here, the hawthorns wear a whiter bloom;
 And milder, o'er the many-colour'd mead,
 The blossom'd furze exhales a fragrant fume!
 Hard by the stream,—that down its winding way,
 Frequent has led his musing steps along;
 That heard the music of his earliest lay,
 And with its murmurs melodiz'd his song!
 Hard by the stream,—within this leaf-lin'd grot,
 Where clearer by, the crystal waters creep;
 I've found the seat Alexis frequent sought,
 Slowly descending from yon upland steep.
 Hail, hallow'd seat! so lonely and serene!
 Sequester'd stream, and verdant valley, hail!
 Still may the willow grace your windings green,
 And still the hawthorn whiten o'er your dale.
 For oft, on Medwan's willowy banks, the fire
 Of dædal fancy has inspir'd his song;
 And oft the sacred veh'mence of his lyre
 Has chas'd the white-wing'd minutes swift along.
 Though now no naiad trace this green retreat,
 Nor fairy footstep mark this mazy way;
 At eve's chaste hour, I'll seek his hallow'd seat,
 And waste in pensive thought the close of day.
 Though fancy on my eye her fairy field,
 Fraught with the sweets of song, may not unfold;
 Sorrow restrain the muse's roving wild,
 And melt to languor down her ardour bold;
 Out-stretch'd, beneath this willow-woven shade,
 In flaunting pride unprofitably gay,
 Mem'ry will wake the white-wing'd minutes fled,
 And point each spot where musing late he lay.
 Still, still, unwearied, wander o'er and o'er
 Each haunted walk, and long-frequented scene;
 And, true to friendship's never-venal lore,
 Pour fondly forth one tributary strain!
 Yes, Medwan! yes, along thy lengthen'd vales
 Winding and wild, I'll mark thy mazes dear;

And while thy banks and sweet sequester'd dales
 Swell on my sight, I'll drop one tender tear.
 For here his foot has now forgot to stray,
 In love-lorn mazes winding sweetly wild;
 No sedge-crown'd naiad listens to his lay,
 Melodious warbled o'er th' accustom'd field.
 While op'ning youth reveal'd each manly grace,
 Flush'd the plump cheek, and spread the vermil hue,
 Gave the rapt eye with glowing warmth to trace
 Life's fair enchanting prospects full in view:
 Uprose disease, and rose with aspect wan,
 Consumption, slow, resistless, and severe!
 Swift, as she rose, each flatt'ring prospect ran,—
 And left me disappointment's bitter tear!
 It nought avail'd, that virtue gave him worth,
 That genius deign'd her eye-enlight'ning ray;
 Or Mira led his frequent footstep forth,
 Where woven willows fringe the wat'ry way!
 I saw him sink! I saw him yield his breath,
 Stretch'd in yon lone cot's dim-discover'd shade!
 And, like the swain who dies a vulgar death,
 Low in yon church-yard green I saw him laid!
 I saw a mother close his eye to rest!
 I saw a sister stretch him on the bier!—
 Still the remembrance rushes on my breast,
 And widow'd friendship drops another tear!
 And sure, when youth is snatch'd from fame's fair
 meed, [glow,
 Friendship's soft warmth, and love's congenial
 And in the narrow grave untimely laid,
 A sigh should murmur, and a tear should flow.
 With uncouth rhyme, even I may deck the sod;
 With honest grief even I may wet the bier;
 And oft, where sleeps the learned and the good,
 Give humble verse, and drop the tender tear.
 The widow'd turtle oft is heard to mourn
 Her hapless consort's melancholy fate;
 And oft the plaintive blackbird droops forlorn,
 In the lone shade, and does her grief relate.
 Yes, my Alexis! while to me 'tis giv'n
 On life's lorn way to wander, and to weep!
 Ere, due to fate, descends the hand of heav'n,
 To close my lids in everlasting sleep:
 Oft will my feet at morn's returning dawn,
 With duteous steps to thy sad urn repair;
 And sweep the dew-drops from each haunted lawn,
 In fond remembrance of a friend so dear!
 Oft by the margin of this lonely stream—
 What time meek twilight brings the solemn hour;
 Mindful of thee! I'll sit, in wayward dream,
 And oft these melancholy musings pour—
 Short is the date to youthful hope assign'd!
 Swift is the hour to dædal fancy due!
 To-day we fold an heart-dividing friend,—
 To-morrow mourn him ravish'd from our view!
 Hear this, ye young, and trust your hopes no more,—
 Though flush'd with health each roseate feature
 bloom—
 With hasty lapse some fleeting years are o'er,
 And lo! we slumber in the silent tomb!
 Hear this ye proud,—and ponder as ye hear,—
 Though your light hearts now leap with tran-
 sport high,

Though now ye wanton in your bright career,—
Alike we suffer,—and alike must die!

Youth's tow'ring hope, and learning's copious store,
Pride's thought sublime, and beauty's kindling
bloom;

Serve but to sport one flying moment hour,
And grace with short-liv'd verse the frequent
tomb.

Inclin'd to error, mortals still mistake,
Expecting solid happiness below;
Made drunk at fancy's feast, we sleep, and wake
From visionary bliss, to real woe.

ELEGY LI.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARGARET GREY*.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE muse, ere-while, who pensive strains essay'd,
Sigh'd as she sung, and rov'd the deep'ning shade,
O'er death's dread empire cast a mournful view,
And mark'd the dying groan Alexis drew;
With weary wing again pursues her flight,
Where death's dim shadows float in endless night,
And, softly sighing, as she sends her eye
O'er the lone spot where Stella's relics lie,
Stoops, weakly hov'ring, o'er the awful scene;
Yon yew, wild-waving o'er the glimm'ring green,
Where circling fods, in decent order laid,
Now hide, for ever hide, the hallow'd dead!

Yes, pensive muse! indulge another tear!
The dust of gentle Stella moulders here!
Grac'd with each gift the gayer world admires,
Beauty that warms, and elegance that fires;
Adorn'd with all that milder worth can give,
That lore which teaches how to love and live!
Good nature, smiling with unclouded eye;
Religion, pointing to her kindred sky,

* Daughter of John Grey, Esq. of Alnwick, in Northumberland, of the family of Howick, distinguished by the military services of Sir Charles Grey, K. B. and the constitutional principles, and parliamentary eloquence, of his son Charles Grey, Esq. M. P. She died of a consumption, December 16. 1773, in the 25th year of her age. Her mother, the eldest daughter of James Scott, Esq. of Alnwick, agent to the Duke of Northumberland, died May 21. 1773. Her only sister, Anne, was married to Dr. Anderson, September 25. 1777, and died of a consumption, December 25. 1785, in the 39th year of her age; leaving three daughters; two of whom, Anne-Margaret, and Margaret-Susannah, yet survive. When the life which made his own life pleasant, was at an end, and the gates of death closed upon his prospects, he sought a vain relief from his misery, by composing the long digressive "Monody to the memory of a Beloved Wife," mentioned in the "Life of Langborne." The loss of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state in which the mind looks abroad, impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss,—to aggravate regret for what cannot be repaired,—to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here, but languishment and grief!

"Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio."

Taste, unasham'd at virtue's shrine to bow;
Love, undismay'd with friendship's fires to glow;
Sense without pride, and prudence without art,
The softest bosom, and the kindest heart!
Behold her now, in youth's delightful morn,
From life's fair, flow'ry, flatt'ring prospects torn;—
Stretch'd where lone silence haunts the solemn
yew,

And tufted grass waves wet with baleful dew!
How fleet is life! how frail this boasted
breath!

In op'ning youth invades the blast of death!
We flourish like the vernal foliage, blown
By the warm influence of a nearer sun;
A while we bask in spring's enliv'ning ray,
And in sweet indolence imbibe the day;
Anon we fall! and ere the summer sun
The short-liv'd glory of our youth is gone!

Avails it ought, ye sister-beauties! say,
To lead the dance, and chant the sprightly lay?
Avails it ought to boast superior grace,
The sparkling eye, the ruby-tinctur'd face?
Can charms like these prolong the parting breath,
Soothe aching pain, or stop the stroke of death?
Ah! no—though virtue, innocence and truth,
Improv'd these charms, and flush'd the bloom of
youth;

Though sweetest manners, gentlest arts combin'd,
Rul'd ev'ry grace, and ev'ry grace refin'd;
Consumption flow extinguish'd nature's fires,
And Stella's self in cruel pangs expires!

Vain is the hope to ward the destin'd blow,
That, undistinguish'd, lays the loveliest low!
All, all must number with the silent dead,
O'er ev'ry eye be mortal darkness spread!
All sloop to moulder in one common dust,
Who charm but little, or who charm the most!
Death, hov'ring round, prevents with nimble dart,
The bloom of beauty, and the pride of art!
Stops the soft cadence of the tuneful tongue,
And treats alike the poet and the song!

Ye weeping pair! whose breasts are doom'd to
know
The burst of anguish, and the sigh of woe!
Restrain your grief!—though sure to grief is
giv'n

A decent measure from indulging Heav'n:—
A mother's pang, a sister's parting tear,
Suit Stella's doom, and grace her fun'ral bier,—
But sighs that wild from plaintive bosoms flow,
Tears that distil from long-indulged woe,
Arraign the rule of all-directing Heav'n,
To whom ye owe that Stella once was giv'n!
Know, all its ways are righteous, good, and wise,
Though undiscern'd by mortals' darken'd eyes!
Nor think unwelcome sped the fatal dart,
That, heav'n-directed, struck at Stella's heart;
For, not to Stella gloom'd that mournful day,
That tore her from your weeping eyes away!
Believe the muse, who borne on faith's bright wings,
Beheld the visionary scene she sings:
Soon as her soul forsook the cumbrous clay,
Burst into air, and soar'd unseen away,
Attendant seraphs led her upward flight
From earth's low orb, and scour'd the shades of
night;

Before her bright unbarr'd the shining seats,
Where white-rob'd mercy guards the golden gates;

Unveil'd to view the ever-blooming bow'rs,
Where saints and seraphs hymn the raptur'd hours:
"Go to the mild and good," th' Almighty said,
The mild and good embrac'd the fainted maid!
Now hymning high, she joins th' angelic throng,
Who pour with rapture forth th' eternal song,
And fainted choirs, who mix their grateful lays,
With harpings high of everlasting praise.

This verse be thine! lamented maid! receive
The last sad tribute that the muse can give!
The muse, who once inspir'd with sprightlier pow'r,
Sung livelier lays, and cheer'd your languid hour!
Now weak of wing, and unprepar'd to fly
Where fancy steers her tow'ring flight on high,
Broods, fondly hov'ring, where your ashes rest,
And bids the turf lie lightly on your breast.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

To speed the luckless moments, heavy-wing'd,
And from the drowsy monarch glorious steal,
And dark oblivion drear, the silent hour,
To meditation sacred and the muse;
In grave abstraction from the noise of life,
Thus let me frequent brush the dewy brake,
And, lonely devious, urge the darksome step,
Where, rising gradual, tow'rs the shrubby hill.

Now, night's vicegerent, silence, awful pow'r!
In sage solemnity, and pomp august,
Brooding, retir'd amid immanent glooms
Horrid, holds her solitary reign,
While yielding nature owns her potent sway.

The scold's loud 'larum, and the dinful mirth
Of lawless revellers, plague not the ear:
And rock-born echo, daughter of the hill,
The dupe of empty clangour, answers not
The ox's bellow, or the horse's neigh.

Not one rebellious murmur wide around
Affects the sense; save from an aged fane
(Whose rocky ruins, honour'd in decay,
Rise venerable, furr'd with drawling slugs),
Her lone retreat, the melancholic bird
Portentous and obscene, the hooting owl
Of formal phiz, in grave discordance hails
The full-orb'd moon, who now from orient climes
Drives slowly on, in majesty sedate,
Her silver wain; with noiseless flight they cleave
The blue expanse, her coursers eagle-wing'd.

Shook from night's fable skirt, the blue-gray
cloud

Rests on the hill, slow creeping to the vale.

Athwart the vault ethereal, airy borne,
The streamy vapours, carv'd to giant forms
By rural fancy, playful, wheel convolv'd,
Portending hunger, pestilence, and death:
So dreams the gloomy peasant, labour-worn,
Who, from the turf-clos'd window's scanty round,
With grave regard the novel wonder views,
And, ruminating sad, bewails the times.

The red-blue meteor, daughter of the marsh,
In dance irreg'lar sweeps the rusby vale,
While hell's grim monarch (so the vulgar deem),
Rides in the glimm'ring blaze, with purpose drear,
And murderous intent, and frequent drowns
The heedless wand'rer in the swardy gulf.

Now light-heel'd fairies ply the circ'lar dance,
With sportive elves, upon the midnight green;
While screaming hideous, from the dismal bourn
Of desolated castles, goblins pale,

Bloody and gaunt, the progeny abhorr'd
Of superstition, hell-engender'd pow'r,
By cunning monks conjur'd from lowest Styx,
Affright the maudlin rustic!—Now solemn,
To fancy's morbid eye, the sullen ghost, [stalks,
In sheeted grandeur through the church-yard
Horrendous, muttering to the sick'ning moon;
Until the bird of Mars with noisy clap,
Arrousive of the dawn, shall crow aloud.

Now scandal's votaries, of flippant tongue
And haggard look, low-bending o'er a fire,
Almost extinct, beneath a cloud obscene,
Tobacco-form'd, sit planning future lies.

With bolts and double doors in vain secur'd,
Gray-headed av'rice on the elbow rais'd,
Distrustful listens to the plaintive breeze
That howls without, while to his jealous ear
A dire divan of hellish ruffians curs'd
Debate the future breach: mad at the thought,
With palsy'd arms, new-strung from fear, he
grasps

His money-bags, and swears they shall not have [em.

Now in his rev'rend study, cobweb-lin'd,
Beside a paly lamp, with bitten nails,
The meagre student o'er a folio sits
Of sagest bulk, in meditation deep:
Weak nature oft invites to sweet repose,
And bids restore the labour'd volume huge
To worms innate; but o'er his fancy come
The patron's money'd aunt, his future spouse,
The glebe, the solemn fables, cravat starch,
And urge some pages more; till rushing prone
The classic cruise, in hapless station plac'd,
In fragments scatter'd lies, and victor sleep
His triumph trumpets from the vocal nose.

Now, by the willow'd brink of wand'ring streams,
The woe-worn lover walks with varied pace,
Muttering his wayward fancies to the wind,
Obtesting heav'n, and cursing ev'ry star
That low'r'd malicious on his hopeful flame:
Or in a moss-lin'd cave, below an oak
Of ancient growth, he plans the song of woe,
The word-weigh'd elegy of liquid lapse,
And cadence glib: or, weary'd to repose,
His sigh-shook frame lies blisfully entranc'd
(For so he dreams), in fair Cleone's arms.

ABRA*. A FRAGMENT.

I sought repose from love's perplexing cares,
His groundless hopes, and still more groundless fears;

* See Prior's Solomon.

The luscious nights with Zion's monarch past,
In spite of ev'ry art grew stale at last,
I long'd in solitude to doze the day,
Nor languishingly dull, nor vainly gay;
Now in grave contemplation strive to scan
That charming, teasing, froward creature, man;
And now with dancing damsels plant a net
Before the unsuspecting monarch's feet;
For still (whate'er I thought), my tender breast
In silent sighs too warm a love exprest;
Still too much fervour wanton'd in my blood,
To act with rigour the affected prude.

But bent my fond indulgent spouse to vex
(For, come what will, we wives must have our
freaks),

To Sharon's pleasant palace I retir'd,
Of thousands admirable, most admir'd;
Tyre's dædal sons, with learned wonder gaze,
And almost deify the dome they raise;
The humble Hiram scarce will own his plan,
Content to be a mason and a man:
On ev'ry side extends a verdant mead,
With all the charms of various nature spread:
Here strays a limpid stream, whose mazy course,
Is mark'd with willows, fragrant shrubs, and
flow'rs;

And there, in distant perspective arise,
Groves, castles, mountains, mingling with the
skies;

The nice proportion, and the chaste design,
May charm an artist's eye, but charm'd not mine;
'Twas Ophir's jewels, and Arabia's sweets,
That lifted Sharon o'er a thousand seats;
Whatever pamper'd females hold most rare,
Of all th' advent'rous merchant brings from far,
A gallant monarch joy'd to place it there.

On the embroider'd couch myself I flung,
Inviting sleep, surrounding damsels sung;
Be rural peace and innocence the theme,
Lest love (said I), usurp my coming dream.
Obedient to my voice at once they raise,
In choir consenting, their harmonious lays:
Now white-rob'd candour, and his blithsome
peers,

O'er temperance's cup forget their years;
Forget each wayward, frowning fortune past,
And thank just Heav'n, that will reward at last.
Now healthy labour, and his russet wife,
Snatch the coarse meal, nor wish a happier life,
Bless the kind hand that, with assiduous care,
Still crowns their table with delicious fare;
But low, in gratitude for what they have,
To have no less, the only boon they crave.
While now beneath a spreading fig-tree's shade,
The shepherd-swain is indolently laid;
Sportive around his little lambkins play,
And all heav'n's music warbles from the spray:
In distant perspective the wolf appears,
Who drinks the pleasing sound, and softens as he
hears.

Sleep that, unask'd, annoints the peasant's eye,
And spreads his wings where labour's children lie;
At bashful distance stands, nor dares approach
The lusty lady on her lazy couch;
In vain invok'd! no sleep, no slumber came,
To pour their balsam on my weary'd frame;
Each various posture, each device I try'd,
But in each posture was repose deny'd:

Mad at my fate, now here, now there, I tost,
Curs'd the whole world, but curs'd myself the
most;

Pray'd sudden ruin on our race in rage,
Nor spar'd my lovely Solomon the sage.
"The sky, however clouded, soon will clear,"
Said Father David, that illustrious seer;
And, says his son, "The most impetuous blast
"Will spend its fury, and subside at last."
So, after swearing, raving, all in vain,
What could I do, but be—myself again?
My native tenderness awak'd in sighs,
And all the woman lighten'd in my eyes;
"Which of thy daughters, Zion, canst thou tell,
"Detains that lover who once lov'd so well?
"Why lag these feet that once outstript the wind?
"Slow are his steps that leaves a heart behind:
"Who could have thought he e'er would prove
"untrue,

"So firm the sanction, and so great the vow!
"By Jacob's God, the dreadful God, he swore,
"The holy temple, and the mystic gore;
"By David's throne, the Majesty Divine,
"Which through all ages shall adorn his line,
"Ever to love me, concubine or wife,
"Or to be blotted from the book of life.
"Rash was the oath—if Heav'n the forfeit spare,
"Thy spouse will pardon, and do thou repair;
"A very little will my claims content,
"Tis no great matter sure—be complaisant.
"How could, alas! my single charms prevail
"Against the thousands of thy great serail?
"But still one night, or two, or more than two,
"I may at least insist on as my due."

Thus of feign'd falsehoods did my tongue com-
plain,
While all my heart was harrow'd up with pain;
My troubled thoughts still chang'd from this to
that,

I fear'd, I hop'd, I wish'd, I knew not what:
But hark! is this my royal lover's voice?
"Awake, my fair! my best lov'd, arise!
"A chilly tremor o'er my frame is spread,
"And night's unwholesome damps are on my
"head."

The well-known sound went thrilling to my heart
Though still I meant to act the prudish part;
I strove my rising tenderness to hide,
And with affected coolness thus reply'd:
"You come, my dear, at an improper hour,
"However willing, 'tis not in my pow'r;
"Indeed it is not—I have wash'd my feet
"With precious ointments, and with odours
"sweet;

* * * * *

CURLING.

FRETTE to atoms by the poignant air,
Frigid and Hyperborean flies the snow,
In many a vortex of monades, wind-wing'd,
Hostile to naked noses, dripping oft
A crystal humour, which as oft is wip'd
From the blue lip wide-gash'd: the hanging sleeve
That covers all the wrist, uncover'd else,
The peasant's only handkerchief, I wot,
Is glaz'd with blue-brown ice. But reckless still

Of cold, or drifted snow, that might appal
 The city coxcomb, arm'd with besoms, pour
 The village youngsters forth, jocund and loud,
 And cover all the loch: With many a tug
 The pond'rous stone, that all the summer lay
 Unoccupy'd along its oozy side,
 Now to the mud fast frozen, scarcely yields
 The wish'd-for victory to the brawny youth,
 Who, braggart of his strength, a circling crowd
 Has drawn around him, to avouch the feat:
 Short is his triumph, fortune so decrees;
 Applause is chang'd to ridicule, at once
 The loosen'd stone give way, supine he falls,
 And prints his members on the pliant snow.

The goals are marked out; the centre each
 Of a large random circle; *distance scores*
 Are drawn between, the dread of weakly arms.
 Firm on his *cramp-bits* stands the steady youth,
 Who leads the game: Low o'er the weighty stone
 He bends incumbent, and with nicest eye
 Surveys the further goal, and in his mind
 Measures the distance; careful to bestow
 Just force enough: then, balanc'd in his hand,
 He flings it on direct; it glides along,
 Hoarse murmuring, while, plying hard before,
 Full many a besom sweeps away the snow,
 Or icicle, that might obstruct its course.

But cease, my muse! what numbers can describe
 The various game? Say, canst thou paint the blush
 Impurpled deep, that veils the stripling's cheek,
 When, wand'ring wide, the stone neglects the
rank,

And stops midway?—His opponent is glad,
 Yet fears a sim'lar fate, while ev'ry mouth
 Cries, off the *bog*,—and Tinto joins the cry.
 Or couldst thou follow the experienc'd play'r
 Through all the myst'ries of his art? or teach
 The undisciplin'd how to *wick*, to *guard*,
 Or *ride full out* the stone that blocks the pass?

The *bonspeel* o'er, hungry and cold, they hie
 To the next alehouse; where the game is play'd
 Again, and yet again, over the jug;
 Until some hoary hero, haply he
 Whose sage direction won the doubtful day,
 To his attentive juniors tedious talks
 Of former times;—of many a *bonspeel* gain'd,
 Against opposing parishes; and *shots*,
 To human likelihood secure, yet storm'd:
 With liquor on the table, he pourtrays
 The situation of each stone. Convinc'd
 Of their superior skill, all join, and hail
 Their grandfires steadier, and of surer hand,

TO A FLY.

LEAVE this pale, this bloodless cheek,
 Foolish, noisy, flutt'ring thing;
 Haste where fresher features call thee,
 Flitting on thy azure wing.

On yon verdant bank reclining,
 See Eliza's charms invite,
 But, content with perching on them,
 Stop, nor cruel seek to bite.

Safely suck the pearly moisture
 On her jutting rosy lip;

Fan nor handkerchief oppose thee,
 See the maiden's fast asleep.

Fraughted with the pilfer'd fragrance,
 Come and perch on me again;
 Fear not on my lip to fasten;
 Never fear, I won't complain.

But if still thou buzzeest round me,
 Quickly, quickly thou shalt die;
 Thus, between my hands I'll crush thee,
 An untow'ring vulgar fly.

THE STUDENT.

REMOTE from schools, from colleges remote,
 In a poor hamlet's meanest, homeliest cot,
 My earliest years were spent, obscurely low;
 Little I knew, nor much desir'd to know;
 My highest wishes never mounted high'r
 Than the attainments of an aged fire;
 Proverbial wisdom, competence of wealth,
 Earn'd with hard labour, and enjoy'd with health,
 Blest, had I still these blessings known to prize!
 More rich I sure had been; perhaps more wise.

One luckless day, returning from the field,
 Two swains, the wisest of the village held,
 Talking of books and learning, I o'erheard,
 Of learned men, and learned men's reward:
 How some rich wives, and some rich livings got,
 Sprung from the tenants of a turf-built cot:
 Then both concluded, though it ruin'd health,
 Increase of learning was increase of wealth.
 Fir'd with the prospect, I embrac'd the hint,
 A grammar borrow'd, and to work I went,
 The scope and tenor of each rule I kept,
 No accent mis'd me, and no gender 'scap'd;
 I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
 Turn'd o'er Stobæus, and could Suidas quote;
 In letter'd Gellius trac'd the bearded sage,
 Through all the windings of a wise adage:
 Was the spectator of each honest scar,
 Each sophist carry'd from each wordy war;
 Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
 The mustiest volume of the mustiest stall;
 Where'er I turn'd, the giant-spiders fled,
 And trembling moths retreated as I read;
 Through Greece and Rome I then observant
 stray'd,

Their manners noted, and their states survey'd;
 Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
 Their helmets polish'd and emboss'd their shields;
 With duteous hand the decent matron dress'd,
 And wrapp'd the stripling in his manly vest;
 Nor stopt I there, but mingled with the boys,
 Their rattles rattled, and improv'd their toys;
 Lash'd conic *turbos* as in gyres they flew,
 Bestrode their hobbies, and their whistles blew:
 But still when this, and more than this, was
 done,

My coat was ragged, and my hat was brown.

Then thus I commun'd with myself: "Shall I
 "Let all this learning in oblivion die;
 "Live in the haunts of ignorance, content
 "With vest unbutton'd, and with breeches rent?
 "None knows my merit here; if any knew
 "A scholar's worth would meet a scholar's due.

"What then? The college! ay, 'tis there I'll
"shine,

"I'll study morals, or I'll turn divine;
"Struck with my letter'd fame, without a doubt,
"Some modern Lælius will find me out:
"Superior parts can never long be hid,
"And he who wants deserves not be fed."

Transported with the thoughts of this and
that,

I stich'd my garments, and I dy'd my hat;
To college went, and found, with much ado,
That roses were not red, nor vi'lets blue;
That all I've learn'd, or all I yet may learn,
Can't help me truth from falsehood to discern.

All mere confusion, altogether hurl'd,
One dreary waste, one vast ideal world!
Where uproar rules, and do you what you will,
Uproar has rul'd it, and will rule it still.
Victorious *ergo*, daring consequence,
Will ever be a match for common sense!
To lordly reason ev'ry thing must bow,
The hero liberty, and conscience too;
The first is fetter'd in a fatal chain,
The latter, gagg'd, attempts to speak in vain.

Locke! Malebranche! Hume! abstractions
thrice abstract!

In reason give me what in sense I lack;
I feel my poverty, and, and in my eye,
My hat, though dy'd, has but a dusky dye,
"Mistrust your feelings, reason bids you do."—
But, gentlemen, indeed I cannot now;
For after all your *ergo's*, look you there!
My hat is greasy, and my coat is bare.

Hail moral truth! I'm here at least secure,
You'll give me comfort, though you keep me
poor.

But say you so? in troth 'tis something hard,
Virtue does surely merit a reward.

"Reward! O, servile, selfish; ask a hire!"
Raiment and food this body does require:
A prince for nothing may philosophize,
A student can't afford to be so wise.

Sometimes the Stoa's gloomy walks I try'd,
Wrinkled my forehead, and enlarg'd my stride,
Despis'd ev'n hunger, poverty, and pain,
Searching my pockets for a crust in vain.
Sometimes in Academus' verdant shade
With step more graceful I exulting stray'd,
Saw health and fortune join'd with happiness,
And virtue smiling in her social dress;
On me she did not smile, but rather lour;
I still was wretched, for I still was poor.

Sworn to no master, sometimes I would dwell
With Shaftesbury, sometimes with Mandeville;
Would call at ev'ry system on my way,
And now with Leibnitz, now with Manes stay;
But after all my shiftings here and there,
My hat was greasy, and my coat was bare.

Then I beheld my labours past, and lo!
It all was vanity, and all was woe;
I look'd on Learning, and her garb was mean,
Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks were lean;
Disease and famine threaten'd in her train,
And want, who strives to hide her rags in vain;
Her lurid brow a sprig of laurel brac'd,
On which was mark'd, 'Unpension'd and unpiac'd.'

I turn'd to Ignorance; and lo! she sat
Enthron'd beneath a canopy of state;
Before her riches all his bags unty'd,
And ever and anon her wants supply'd,
While on a smiling plentitude of face,
Was clearly read, "A pension and a place."

A FRAGMENT.

THE world was all before me where to choose,
I scorn'd the shelter of a vulgar house,
So well assur'd (assur'd I was) each door
Was open to receive the learn'd and poor;
But none (alas! I felt it, for I try'd);
My learning valu'd, or my wants supply'd
Here star'd grim poverty, pale famine there,
When love and Mira sav'd me from despair.
Chas'd the lean phantoms from my frightened mind,
While all was love and gratitude behind,
Extinguish'd hope rekinkled in my breast,
And maudlin reason rav'd at fancy's feast;
Ages before it dwindled to a day,
And bliss's barriers felt a swift decay;
Whatever's dear and valuable in life,
The lisping infant and the loving wife,
Were all contracted to a moment's space,
And ev'ry one, that precious moment was:
To perfect happiness, ideal, grew,
And vague futurity was chang'd to now.

Then said I, in the fullness of my soul,
"No grief shall sway me, nor distress controul,
"Here, will my sorrows find eternal pause;
"Here, am I free from fortune and her laws;
"A source of joy within myself I find,
"And surely fortune cannot change my mind;
"This bliss shall comfort me when all is gone,
"So intellectual, so all my own."

O, lost to wisdom! to experience lost!
Fortune sways all, but sways the passions most;
On foreign dainties live the beggar train,
The mean dependants of a mobile scene;
Now triumphs this, now that again prevails,
As fortune swells, or does not swell our sails;
And who would make them subject to the mind,
May fether torrents, or may rein the wind.

"What!" cries some Stoic of the awful brow,
Who dreams he conquers—when he never knew—
"Are not the passions servants to my will?
"This, I may spare, and that I too may kill;
"May raise the feeble, and may curb the strong."
No doubt! and charm the deaf man with a song.

Vain, foolish sage! (a sage can have no gall);
Vaunt not your vict'ries, apathy does all;
Born without feeling, never did you feel;
Great the physician, who the whole can heal!

For me, I ask no philosophic face,
Content to be the various thing I was;
To be in each extreme, and each excess,
Sometimes of misery, sometimes of bliss:
Now calmness all, now altogether tost,
Now shelter'd from, now driven by the blast;
Now in possession of my Mira's charms,
Now rudely ravish'd from her longing arms.
Such I have been, but such no more will be;
At length safe landed from the raging sea,

My days in one unbroken tenor flow,
Each the true picture of another's woe;
No room for hope, no remedy for care,
All, all is swallow'd up in deep despair!
Yet not from me the mighty change did spring,
I neither impt nor cropt his eagle wing;
'Twas fortune first gave hope her darling flight,
Then brought her headlong from the giddy height;
Bade sky-blue hills around the maid ascend,
And pride's strong bulwarks ev'ry where defend.

O, heav'nly goddess! not that wanton dame,
Who blindly scatters beauty, wealth, and fame;
But thou, (whoe'er thou art), whose eye surveys,
And human actions yet in embryo weighs,
Whose boundless wisdom still the best intends,
By fittest means effecting fittest ends;
Level each rock-built barrier, and remove
Whatever mars the success of my love:
But if thou see'st it good to vex me still,
O, grant submission to thy holy will!
To human weakness human crimes translate,
And nature from rebellion separate;
So shall my hopes fresh vigour yet attain,
Rise to new heights, and never sink again.

RONA:

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

"THE noise of war is on the breeze,
"And can Hidallan stay?"
"My soul is in the strife of shields—"
He spoke, and burst away.
O! where shall Morna's maid repose,
Till heroes have their fame?
On Morna's silent hill of hinds,
Or by its rushy stream?
But what if in the hour of blood
The lovely hero fall?
While some dark warrior hangs his shield
A trophy in his hall!
Leave, slumber! leave the eye of tears,
Forake my limbs, repose!
Lean, love-born maidens! from your clouds,
And aid me with your woes.
Fair was Hidallan, as the flow'r
That dyes the dusky heath;
But raise not, bards! the mournful song
Around his stone of death.
How fell the hero? In his might,
Amid his growing fame!
Not feeble was Hidallan's foe,
His sword a meteor's flame.
No more shall Morna's hall rejoice,
The feast of shells be spread;
The sigh of Rona's secret soul,
In death's dark house is laid.
Lour not on Rona from your cloud,
The rolling of your rest!
Not weak, Hidallan! was my fire,
No fear disturb'd his breast.
In aged Cairbar's lonely hall,
The strife of heroes rose;
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His was Rivine's stolen glance,
And many were his foes.

In strength he grasp'd his sword of fire;
The stoutest started back:
Not weak, Hidallan! was my fire,
Nor is his daughter weak.

Ah! whither rolls thy airy hall?
The sky its blue resumes;
Her father's sword prepares the cloud,
On which thy Rona comes.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHILE some, in all the luxury of health,
The pride of pleasure, and the pomp of wealth;
Inglorious, rous'd at passion's frantic call,
Soak o'er the bowl, or madden at the ball,
Triumph illiberal o'er the simple maid,
By love, or promise, to their arms betray'd;
Some painted trifle with anxiety chase,
Or wallow fulsome in the lewd embrace,
By foul debauch and worthless seats secure,
Remorse vindictive in the sober hour;
The grave associate of the good and sage,
Or nerv'd with youth, or silver'd o'er with age;
Through giddy life you urge your steady way,
While conscience cheers the night and glads the
day;
In vain assail the vanities of youth.
You mark their progress, and you check their
growth,
From learning all its formal pride remove,
Guard cheating friendship, fether stubborn love.
O! could I thus th' impetuous passions crush,
Stifle the sigh, and curb the secret wish;
By reason's sway this love of self controul,
This blaze of youth, and impotence of soul;
Repress the frothy insolence of fame,
The sigh that heaves for an immortal name;
I would not restless, midnight vigils keep,
Nor from my pillow drive encroaching sleep;
To the tenth stanza elegies prolong,
Nor clothe my woe in all the pomp of song;
With joyless step an airy prize pursue,
Which mocks my grasp, yet glitters in my view;
Admire a virgin whom I see no more,
Hills rise between us, and deep waters roar,
And, worse than streams and mountains, still divide,
The daughter's piety, and the father's pride.

ON ENVY.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

You're right, my friend:—I'll ask no longer,
Whence our sorrow, whence our woe?
'Tis envy:—yes, you do not wrong her,
All our ills from envy flow.
Young ladies, at the playhouse shining,
Seem the happiest beings there,
But yet, at home, they sit repining,
At one fairer, or as fair.
The hall when powder'd chaplains visit,
Ruffles streaming at their breast,
Each shabby student, sighing, sees it,
And concludes the puppies blest.

But mark them in the nurs'ry moping;
 Presentations fire their brain;
 The hale incumbent's long a-dropping;
 Waiting-women sooth in vain.

The modest bard, whose num'rous numbers,
 Draw'rs and trunks from critics screen;
 What can break his midnight slumbers?
 Writers in the Magazine.

Why, let him be the man he envies,
 Weekly spread his oily odes;
 Yea, let no critic strictly canvass,
 Zephyrs, meads, or groves, or gods.

Say, sleeps he sound? or needs he poppy?
 Something does his brow engloom;
 He still is wretch'd,—and who is happy?
 Beattie, Ogilvie, or Home?

Away, ye whining self-tormenters!—
 Come, ye sons of meek content!
 Whose bosoms envy never enters,
 Clown, philosopher, or saint:

And lead me to her hermit dwelling,
 Lonely, sure, the matron dwells;
 Far from peevish, raving, railing,
 Poets, students, beaux, or belles.

From the happy number dash me;
 Friend! you find I'm envious too;
 What!—not believe I'm envious!—bless me!
 Don't you see I envy you?

SONG.

A GIRL that is sensible, lovely, and rich,
 Might ev'n claim a poor poet's respect;
 But ugly, the ignorant, penniless b——
 He at least may despise and neglect.

What though at the table his linen be foul,
 And his hair bristle up like a brush;
 In his rat-peopled room he's a resolute soul,
 And values no misling a rush.

What though he should be but an ass at a bow,
 And what though he bow not at all;
 Full many, I wot, that can bow them full low,
 Are neither so wise nor so tall.

Some pert little monkey may laugh at his looks,
 And many sneer at the length of his face;
 But I'll lay you the odds, would he leave but his
 books,
 She would laugh at her lover in lace.

The sober grave matron, that peeps o'er her spectacles,
 And is shock'd at the dust on his shoes;
 Would she cast but an eye on her own yellow cheeks,
 Never more would she do as she does.

Fy, for shame, Mrs. Harridan! how can you talk
 Of a manner so fine, so genteel!
 Who the deuce would not dust all his shoes in a
 walk,
 To avoid the damn'd clack of a mill!

A truce with your merriment, gentlefolks all!
 That silly-like lad that you see,
 Has oft rais'd a laugh in an handsomer hall,
 O'er a cup of far better than tea.

Though his phiz be so formal, so mute be his
 tongue,
 He can speak, and, nay more, he can smile;
 As wise as your wisest has hung on his song,
 And a fairer embrac'd him the while.

Shorten not your dear noses, my ladies! in scorn,
 He has kiss'd lips as ruddy as yours;
 Yes, though they were fresh as the midsummer
 morn,
 And array'd in the glory of flow'rs.

"Some juicy young milk-maid, the pride of the fold,
 The toast of some ale-drinking ring:"
 Nay, stop till you hear all her merits be told;
 She could curt'sy, could dance, and could sing.

Forgive me, Eliza! yes, you can forgive,
 Though I praise you for what you despise;
 The soft graces that breathe in your bosom, and live,
 They have not, and how can they prize?

Was it not for Eliza, the rigour of fate
 Would soon bow me down to the grave;
 Alexis is lost, if Eliza forget,
 He is lost, for she only can save.

TO MISS ———.

Thrice, lovely Sylvia! fairest of the fair;
 Fond Damon's favourite, and the muse's care!
 Propitious hear; nor, blooming maid! complain,
 To find unequal to your praise my strain.

With ease I paint the mazy prattling rill,
 The woods and tow'rs that crown the craggy hill;
 The various blossoms that adorn the spring;
 But Sylvia's charms what raptur'd youth can sing?

What straining bard exalt his daring aim,
 In just proportion to his lovely theme?
 Your beauties crowd—which first shall grace my
 song,
 Your blushing cheeks, or pretty lisping tongue?

Those blushing cheeks where modest charms gam-
 bol;
 That lisping tongue, which steals the ravish'd soul;
 Your brow smooth polish'd, or your bosom fair,
 Or flowing tresses of your silver hair?

Your shapely leg, or still more shapely thigh,
 Or the mild radiance of your lust'rous eye?

Shall I ransack the grave for blooming maids?
 For glowing virgins search th' Elysian shades?
 Rouse from dark night the bright Laconian dame;
 Or the chaste object of Apollo's flame?

Can Spartan Helen, Daphne, blushing fair!
 With thee in charms or modesty compare?
 No; let them rest conceal'd from mortal view,
 In all but fame inferior to you;

Nor long in that, if flowing numbers save
 From blue oblivion, and the dusky grave;
 If wit and worth distinguish'd honours claim,
 And heav'nly shape entitle maids to fame.

Shall I bring down from Atlas' shady height,
 Where blest immortals wanton in delight,
 Where nectar circles as the thund'rer nods;
 The happy fair that charm the happy gods?

Expose to fight the ruddy Cyprian queen,
 With graces dancing on th' enamell'd green;
 Bid chaste Diana stalk, with maiden pride,
 Athwart the lawn, with quiver by her side,
 Her virgin tresses floating loose behind,
 Kiss'd by each gale, and rais'd by ev'ry wind;

Bid all that's grave, majestic, noble, wise,
 Beam forth effulgent from Minerva's eyes?
 Stamp female grandeur on Queen Juno's brow?
 On Hebe's cheek display the rose's hue?
 Vain were the care—for not the queen of love,
 Or sister-wife of all-controuling Jove;
 Or she that stately scours the grassy plain,
 And counts her days by spotted lynxes slain;
 Or she that pours (when gods expand their soul)
 The sparkling nectar from the copious bowl;
 Or she that dares paternal thunder wield,
 And urge the chariot through the martial field;
 Or equal worth, or equal beauty, share
 With thee all-lovely, all-accomplish'd fair!
 But why in vain produce my tortur'd rhyme,
 Abuse your patience, and consume your time?
 One single verse will better paint your charms,
 You, only you, are worthy Damon's arms.
 1767.

TO MISS E——B——.

EASY to learn the flatt'rer's artful tale,
 Learn the soft phrase that soothes the simple ear;
 Of all its beauties strip the flow'ry vale,
 In honour of the maid we hold most dear:
 Suns might with ease be liken'd to your eyes,
 And either breast a marble pillar rise.
 But would Eliza listen to the lay,
 Read, blushless read, what others might ad-
 mire;
 Own the weak folly, wash its faults away,
 Warm'd with the wildness of a lover's fire;
 No, rather would you scorn the varnish'd tale,
 "Equal to most, you want not to excel."

SONG.

WHAT softness of numbers, what sweetness of
 song,
 What thoughts that are handsome and pretty,
 Can justly describe all that's lovely, and young,
 And all that transports me in Betty.
 The least of her beauties what figure can fit;
 What compare with her ringlets so jetty!
 What then can be said of the goodness, the wit,
 Of the graces and virtues of Betty?
 I look'd on the virgin, and wander'd no more
 Through the delicate dames of the city;
 Because, all I sought for, and valu'd before,
 Was entire and complete in my Betty.
 If ever I serv'd you in pureness of heart,
 Ye supreme and subordinate deities!
 Health, pleasure, and peace, to the maid still im-
 part;
 For my life is bound up in my Betty's.

TO MISS M——M——

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

POETIC art, with mimic tints, may trace
 Each brighter beauty blooming on thy face;
 Give to the dazzling verse, or glowing lay,
 Graces that warm us with a fainter ray.
 Yet, what presumptuous imitative art
 May trace one beauty breathing in thy heart;

Awake these graces, that, in modest guise,
 Charm ev'n unknown, and ravish by surprise,
 Give all their sweetness, all their tender ease,
 In equal numbers equal pow'r to please?
 Boldly they dare description's softest lay,
 Borne on the wings of wonder far away;
 O'er all the bounds that mark the muses' reign,
 Nourish their rapture, or inspire their strain.

SONG.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE tongue of the witty, the eyes of the fair,
 And the pride of high damsels may plague you;
 Nor pert, nor affected, nor prudish her air,
 But modest and free is my Peggy.
 Refin'd sensibility brightens her looks,
 Smiles dwell on each delicate feature;
 Her language is plain, not the language of books,
 But the language of truth and good-nature.
 Ye frowning pretenders to virtue severe,
 Ye subduers of passions that drag you;
 Away with your rigour, ye never need fear
 To love and to feel like my Peggy.
 When flow'rs spring apace in the late-loosen'd
 field,
 And the fragrance of meadows invite us;
 Why censure the favours my Peggy may yield,
 Since hallow'd the ties that unite us?
 Envy may lurk in our woodland retreat,
 And malice may blacken conjecture;
 But nothing our raptures, our bliss shall abate,
 For innocence is our protector.
 O ye! by whose bounty and goodness we live,
 By your goodness and bounty I beg you,
 Health, strength, independence, and honesty give;
 And make me a match for my Peggy.

THE CONTRAST.

WHAT now avails to gain a woman's heart,
 The sage's wisdom, or the poet's art!
 Pox on the times! the genius of old
 Would whip you off a girl in spite of gold;
 In spite of liv'ries, equipage, and lace,
 And all the Gothic grandeur of a race.
 But now the mill'ner's 'prentice, with a sneer,
 Blessing herself, cries, Heav'ns! what have
 we here?
 A man of rhyme, worth—fifty lines a-year.
 Our wit still pleases; but 'tis devilish hard,
 What saves the elegy should damn the bard;
 That gains access to dressing, drawing-rooms,
 A wish'd-for, welcome guest where'er it comes;
 But me, the luckless author, scorn'd and poor,
 Each surly porter drives from ev'ry door.
 Conscious of secret worth, I hurry home,
 And now the master damn, and now the dome;
 Firmly resolv'd, whatever shall betide,
 No more to ask what has been once deny'd;
 Resolv'd, indeed! but ev'ry pow'r above
 Laughs at your weak resolves, and chiefly love.

"Brush the brow's hat, and darn the breeches
 "Knee;
 "The wealthy, pride may suit, but suits not thee:
 "Papa, I own, look'd mighty 'bur and grim:
 "But if the daughter smile, a fig for him!
 "Mark'd you the secret motions of her eye?
 "How kind yon glance had been, had none been
 "by!
 "Yon proud reserve, yon shyness, I could swear,
 "Is prudence all, and pure pretence with her:
 "'Tis right—old fellows that can thousands give,
 "May claim, at least, some rev'rence while they
 "live;
 "A few, few years lays Fuscus in his grave,
 "And Mira's yours, perhaps, and all he gave!"
 Intent on future harm, thus said the god
 Who bends the stubborn purpose with a nod;
 Constrains the stiffest gladly to obey,
 Makes the gay gloomy, and the gloomy gay.
 Resist who will, too well I knew his pow'r,
 In vain resisted, to resist it more!
 My hands instinctive, at the forceful call,
 At once seize gloves, and hat, and staff, and all;
 Then forth I walk, and ever, as I go,
 Con o'er my manners, and practise a bow;
 Spread, careful spread, the cravat on my breast,
 As prim and formal as a parish priest.
 The knocker clacks—"Who's there?"—"Is
 "Miss within?"
 "Confound the booby, what a monstrous din!
 "She has no time, she says, to speak with you;
 "For Mr. Florimel came here just now."
 My heart beat thick, and ev'ry word he said
 Distain'd my hollow cheeks with foreign red;
 O, brutish times! and is that thing of silk,
 That sapless sipper of an ass's milk;
 That tea-nurs'd grinner, whose consumptive
 cough,
 Should he but mint a laugh, would take him off,
 Prefer'd to me! in whose athletic grasp
 Ten thousand buzzing beaux were but a wasp.
 Sure wit and learning greater honour claim;
 No wit, no learning, ever smil'd on him:
 I'll lay my Lexicon, for all his airs,
 That fellow cannot read the arms he bears;
 Nor, kneeling, Mira! on his trembling knee,
 Explain one half of all he says to thee.
 "No matter, he has gold; whose precious hue
 "Is beauty, virtue, wit, and learning too:
 "O, blind to worth! what lovelier than a chaise,
 "Two bowing footmen, and a pair of bays?
 "What virtue like an handsome country-seat,
 "A good per annum, and a course of plate?
 "And then for wit—a clever library;
 "He cannot read a book; but he can buy:
 "A fig for learning! Learning does he lack,
 "Whose factor both can write and sign—a tack*?
 "Besides, you know, for ten or less per ann.
 "Even you or any scholar, is his man."
 Bear me, ye gods! O, bear me where you
 please!
 To unknown regions, over unknown seas;
 Place me where dews refreshing never drop,
 On Niger's banks, a swarthy Æthiop;

* A Scottish law-term, for a lease.

Or melt me to the fashionable size,
 Below the scorching heat of Indian skies:
 No; there, ev'n there, the lust of gold prevails,
 Each river groans with ships, each breeze with
 sails:
 The land abounds, nay ocean's farthest creeks,
 With dirt that's sought for, or with dirt that seeks.
 Fix me an iced statue at the pole,
 Where winds can't carry, and where waves can't
 roll;
 To man, to greedy man, your bard prefers,
 White foxes, sables, ermines, cats, and bears,
 And all the furry monsters Greenland can call
 hers.
 Or, is the boon too great for gods to give?
 Recal the mighty word that bade me live:
 So, in the dust forever shall I shun
 That worst of evils that affronts the sun,
 A fool whose crimes, or father's have made great,
 Spurning true genius prostrate at his feet.

ANACREON, ODE II. IMITATED.

TO BAVIUS.

KIND indulgent nature gives
 Her favours to each thing that lives;
 Her hand impartial envies none,
 Each son of her's an only son.
 "Her gifts are various."—True, indeed;
 But various is each creature's need:
 Pride and tatters, scholars claim;
 Blockheads, family and fame;
 City coxcombs, impudence;
 Plodding peasants, common sense;
 Statesmen, promises and lies;
 Sages, cockle shells and flies;
 Parsons, gravity of face,
 And avarice, that saving grace;
 Wits, and bucks, and bloods, and smarts,
 Rags, and oaths, and ruffled shirts;
 And all Apollo's flying fellows,
 Laurel crowns and empty bellies.
 In short, what mortal does not share
 Of nature's fond maternal care?
 Ev'n, Bavius, you, whom hardly we
 Admit her offspring, hardly she;
 (No wonder, certes, for you were
 Beholden more to chance than her):
 Yet from the tender matron got
 Want of ear and strength of throat,
 Staring, silly ignorance,
 Nor common, nor uncommon sense.
 Go on, industrious chief! go on;
 First merit, and then wear the crown!
 Another stab for ay secures
 The spoils of murder'd muses yours.

TO MARTIN WHITE, ESQ.*.

UNTIMELY death too oft attends the brave;
 "The path of glory leads unto the grave,"
 Too oft, when war's alarming din is o'er,
 Want waits the hero on his natal shore;
 And what's more dreadful to a gen'rous mind:
 Scorn, from the basest, meanest of mankind,

* Of Milton, Lanarkshire.

But kinder fates (and kinder fates are due),
O, ever-honour'd White! distinguish you;
The laurels reap'd by Ganges' sacred flow,
In all their verdure still adorn your brow;
Respect and plenty former labours crown,
And envy mutters---They are fairly won.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

THE sun was hast'ning to the main;
His beamy radiance play'd
Upon the mountain's edge; the plain
Confess'd a deeper shade.

The chant of birds, from vocal groves,
Harmonious swell'd the breeze;
The shepherds sung their rural loves,
And all around was peace.

When on a bank, where purple flow'rs
With blushing lustre shone;
Dissolv'd in woe, thus Sylvia pours
In air her plaintive moan.

"Once, downy-wing'd, the moments stole
Away, with headless flight;
And suns would warm the western goal,
Before I dream'd of night.

To range the mountain's bloomy side,
And mark where daisies grew,
Or cull with art the meadow's pride,
Was all the care I knew.

Or if another shar'd my breast,
It was by Damon led,
To search at eve the linnet's nest,
And see the bow'rs he made.

But, sad reverse! I now forlorn
Weep out the live-long day;
See joyless gleam the ruddy morn,
Joyless the ev'ning ray.

No op'ning blossoms braid my hair,
Or on my bosom shine;
No Damon deigns the name of fair,
Pressing his lips to mine.

For, ah! by cruel guiles misled,
In guardless hour I fell;
The joys of love and youth are fled,
With innocence to dwell.

No beam of hope illumines my soul,
No ray of future bliss;
But ev'ry sun must cheerless roll,
In sorrow black as this.

Damon! a maid whose beauties bloom
Unfulfill'd by a crime,
Shall wipe your tears for Sylvia's doom;
And tears her fate may claim!

Yet, lovely youth! when in the grave,
Where soon I'll seek for rest,
O, bid the mournful cypress wave,
To shade my clay-cold breast!

And, mindful of our young amours,
Come each revolving year,
And strow my sylvan tomb with flow'rs,
Nor check the pitying tear."

TO ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, ESQ.*

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH MISS DINWIDDIE †.

I YIELD, I yield, 'twere madness to contend,
When most admire you, and when all commend!
I yield, and own, whatever sages write,
A multitude for once have judged right.

The seeds of genius nature did supply,
Their growth was guided by a parent's eye
Nice to discern, and studious to improve,
Each modest wish he rais'd to gen'ral love;
To virtue pointed each luxuriant spray,
Nor coldly show'd, but ardent led the way.
The fire, the son, the world with wonder view,
And all the father they foresaw in you:
Foresaw that generous expanse of soul,
That warm benevolence, which grasps the whole;
O'erlooks distinctions of belief or race,
And closes systems in its wide embrace;
Foresaw that nameless virtue, little known,
Which hears another's praise, nor seeks its own;
Confirms th' applauses grateful hearts bestow,
Grieves at no joy, nor joys at any woe:
Foresaw, in embryo, all that ever can
Give grace to youth, and dignity to man;
The godlike fruits religion's garden yields,
When conscience guides the knife which reason
wields.

With wonder they foresaw, and wond'ring see
Each worth (if worth so great can greater be)
Improv'd in kind, and heighten'd in degree.

Such virtue, spite of trial, still unquell'd,
Benignant Heav'n with gracious eye beheld;
"Shall he at once our happy mansions tread,
From life's low cares and flesh's fetters freed?
Or rather, with some kindred spirit know
All that can be conceiv'd of heav'n below?
'Tis fix'd; and who shall question Heav'n's
award?"

"Be Miss Dinwiddie his divine reward."
Sure virtue somehow mixes with the blood,
Runs in a line, and marks whole kindreds good;
Else, whence is none among your num'rous friends
But to his ancestors new lustre lends?
Else, whence were you and your accomplish'd bride
At once by virtue and by blood ally'd?

May ev'ry blessing, each domestic sweet,
Concur to crown an union so complete;
May ev'ry moment, as it passes by,
Disclose new raptures to the ardent eye;
May years revolving ever find you blest,
Your prospects blooming, and your joys increas'd;
Till bounteous Heav'n exhaust its ample store,
And mortal weakness can receive no more.

Forgive the freedom of a bard unknown,
Nor check his mounting spirits with a frown;
Fain would he fashion his untutor'd lays,
To honour virtue with deserved praise:
But fruitless prove all efforts to arouse
The lifeless languor of a mourning muse;
His genius scanty, and but small his skill,
The last in merit, but the first in will.

* Son of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, minister of Douglas.

† Daughter of Governor Dinwiddie.

ON MISS AGNES SMITH*.

As some fair flow'ret on a lonely vale,
Grows safely, shaded from each rougher gale;
No vagrant bee is on its bosom found;
Enamour'd fairies haunt the hallow'd ground,
Smelling the breeze that spreads its virgin sweets
around.

So pure, so sweet, so lonely, and so fair,
Melinda grows, beneath a parent's care;
I ask but in her presence thus to be,
'To breathe her air, and all her charms to see:
Had angels envy, they would envy me.

LINES†

BY WRITTEN AT BAMBURGH CASTLE, 1789.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

As in some vale, remote from human eye,
Nurs'd by the vernal shower and genial sky,
A primrose rears its unregarded head,
Beneath the shelter of some hawthorn shade,
Unseen, its unpolluted bloom displays,
And wastes, unheeded, its ambrosial days;
No vagrant wing is on its bosom found;
No vagrant foot invades the lonely ground;
The breeze, enamour'd of its virgin bloom,
Fans its sequester'd breast, and breathes its sweet
perfume.

So pure, so sweet, so lonely, and so fair,
Sophia grows beneath some angel's care!
Sooth'd by the balm that sea-born breezes bring,
When zephyrs sport on aromatic wing;
And, safely shelter'd from the wint'ry blast,
That sweeps, resistless, o'er the wat'ry waste,
Grows unregarded on this rocky steep,
That overhangs th' inhospitable deep,
Echoing the murmur of the surging wave,
And howling winds that o'er the world of waters
rave!

TO MARTIN WHITE, ESQ.

Fond the attempt—in measure meet to dress
The various features of your various bliss!
To make you now the gard'ner's garments wear;
Now follow slowly the laborious steer;
Now in Hesperian groves transported stray;
Now to the upland wind your weary way;
An irksome task; yet tasteless were the wight
Who would refuse it for so fine a sight;
Around in various perspective arise
Woods, rivers, mountains, cottages, and skies.

Her choicest gifts to you Pomona yields,
And Indian harvests whiten o'er your fields;
Not richer crops by Ganges' sacred tide
Reap Brama's sons, than grace the banks of Clyde.

Nor be the labour of the ax forgot,
Nor the least shrub that shades the charming spot;
Trees pil'd on trees defend the happy seat,
"Its summer's shadow, and its winter's heat."

What yet remains to make you fully blest,
To still the cravings of a feeling breast?

* Daughter of Mr. Hugh Smith of Carnwath.
She died of a consumption in 1771.

† Imitated from the foregoing verses.

The lovely confort, social and serene,
Deep read in books, nor of her reading vain:
Yet not from books is choicest knowledge drawn,
Untutor'd thought oft more than learning can;
Nor yet on learning's tow'ring branches grow,
The fittest garland for a female brow;
Minerva's arts all other arts excel,
To net with grace, and ply the needle well;
With nicest care the filmy thread to draw;
Direct the maids, and give the dairy law;
See that clean hands the curdling liquid press,
And mould to various forms the churn's increase.
Yet ev'n these housewife arts, though great, were
vain,

Did not good-nature follow in the train; [care;
It follows!—Mark that brow unwreath'd with
None but the gentlest passions harbour there!
So kind her look, so temper'd with reserve,
We hope her love, yet wish most to deserve;
Ever the same, no forms can discompose,
The chaise's rattle, nor the brush of clothes;
With the same ease she welcomes ev'ry guest,
But still the worthiest is receiv'd the best.

Luckless the wight, however great her charms,
Who takes a barren mistress to his arms!
Cold are the pleasures of the nuptial bed,
That never ask Lucina's friendly aid;
Though fortune should all other gifts bestow,
These very gifts would but increase his woe;
"What, shall a stranger reap these fertile fields?"
"An alien gather what my garden yields?"
"Some shabby cousin, scarcely known by name,
"Flaunt in my clothes, and propagate my shame!"
But happy he, who in his warm embrace
Clasps the fair mother of a lovely race;
His joys are ever growing, ever new—
And glad am I that happy man are you!

See, fondly playful, hanging by her side,
The father's darling, and the mother's pride,
Kind-hearted Harry, form'd for calmer life
Than the bar's bustle, or the soldier's strife;
For private friendships form'd, and virtuous love,
And all the native passions of the grove.
But yet perhaps revolving years may trace
On each soft feature a more manly grace,
And then his father's footsteps he may fill,
And Milton's owner be a hero still.

See Betsey, careless of her growing charms,
Hug puffy, purring peaceful in her arms;
Arms that, when some important years are run,
Shall bless some hero, or some hero's son.

Aside, in silent muse, see Tommy stands,
Doom'd from his birth to visit foreign lands;
A sturdy boy, undaunted, void of fear,
Dreading alike a faggot and a spear;
Frank as a soldier, honest as a tar,
Equally fitted for the sea or war.

What, little Martin! can be said of thee?
A stranger I to thee, and thou to me!
May Harry's virtues animate thy breast,
And then thy father must be fully blest.

Thus I, enamour'd of my theme, pursue
A task my gratitude prescrib'd—not you:—
Should any, too severe, deride my strains,
And think you poorly paid for all your pains,
Tell them (perhaps they'll mind it while they live),
'Twas all a grateful dying bard could give.

April 1772.

DAMON; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

GREY twilight had begun her dusky reign,
Veiling the glories of the vernal year,
When from the village, his frequented walk,
Pensive and slow, the youthful Damon stray'd,
Along the windings of his native stream.

His downcast visage, clouded, pale, and wan,
Confess'd a bosom pierc'd with pining woe;
The jocund look, the joyous smile, were fled,
Fled the rapt eye that spoke the social soul:
Silence he sought—and his woe-deafen'd ear,
Long unaccustom'd to the melting voice
Of mirth and gay festivity, was wont
To court the murmur of the falling stream,
And list attentive to the breeze of eve;
While many a sigh sobb'd from his pensive breast,
And many a murmur mutter'd from his tongue,
And ever and anon the big round drop,
Unconscious, trickled from his tearful eye.

Onward his step had negligently stray'd,
To where the stream with deeper murmur flow'd,
Incessant rushing o'er a pebbly bed.
There the pale gloom, the lonely rolling stream,
The awful horrors of the waving wood,
Inspir'd his soul with a congenial dread,
And rous'd the secret sorrows of his mind:
He stop'd—he gaz'd—he tore his flowing hair,
He bar'd his bosom to the dewy breeze,
And wildly heaving his distemper'd breast,
In woeful accents breath'd this mournful tale.

"Forlorn, dejected, hapless, here I roam!
No friendly hand to guide my wand'ring step,
No kindly gleam to light my onward way,
No feeling heart to share my piercing grief,
Or shed the balm of consolation mild!
O, silent night! extend thy peaceful gloom;
Wrap my musing melancholy head;
Shade all the horrors of my painful heart,
And take, O! kindly take, my rising sighs.

"Propitious fortune smil'd not on my birth,
No lineal honours grac'd my lowly name;
Remote from greatness and luxurious ease,
The pomp of grandeur, and the pride of wealth,
My youth was rear'd in solitude obscure,
And partial nature crown'd my humble lot
With love alone!—In vacancy of mind,
For ever then my lightsome spirits flow'd,
Obsequious dancing to the pleasing call
Of laughing hope, tranquillity, and ease:
The morn unclouded fled serene away,
In friendly, social, heart-exulting joy;
The blooming, modest, rosy-smiling look;
The easy, artless, unaffected grace
Of spotless beauty; the enchanting glance
Of simple virtue, innocence, and love,
Shone ever radiant on the evening hour!

"Say then, when prostrate on the humble earth
Was e'er, O heav'n! my voice imploring rais'd
To thee for honour, wealth, or gaudy fame?
From my warm heart did e'er one murmur flow,
'Gainst the fair form of that unerring law
Which sways my being with mysterious rule?
No; rather, did not calm contentment hush
Each rising wish? or if one wish escap'd,
Its frail ambition sought no higher boon,

Than, safely shelter'd in my native vale,
Remote, obscure, inglorious, and unknown,
That lasting love might crown my peaceful night,
And Sylvia gladden all my days with joy.

Burst, burst, my heart!--regardless Heav'n
averse,

Despis'd my humble pray'r!--The modest rose
That early blossom'd on her vermilion cheek,
And, op'ning, promised a future flow'r,
To smile delightful many a summer sun,
At guilt's fell touch, all withered and wan,
Droops its pale head, and fades away forlorn!

But let me not impiety to guilt
Presumptuous add, and causeless charge on Heav'n
The wicked purpose and the perverse deed!
Why should a worm, with daring breath, pre-
sume

To blame the course of ever-mystic pow'rs?
And prideful swelling on the feeble plume
Of reptile reason, screen with cobweb veil
This sacred truth,—that Providence is just?
No—It was pride, that tow'ring soar'd aloft,
Arous'd misfortune—who with frigid touch
Benumb'd its wings, and roll'd it in the dust!

But why—ah, whither roves licentious thought?
Still rebel passions rule my madding soul!
Still strays my heart!--though ever on my ear,
Soft-breathing from the lips of hallow'd Truth
And heav'n-descended Reason, sweetly low,
These sage dissuasive accents seem to say:—

"Go, take a manly courage to your breast,
"Nor stray, sad sorrowing, by the lonely stream;
"See, art and science spread their grateful store,
"And all the muses all their sweets display,
"And court you, beck'ning to their tuneful cell:
"Forego the dear delights of early love,
"Unhallow'd by the fair esteem of virtue;
"And learn that lore divine, the bounteous pow'rs
"Bestow, to bless the fav'rite sons of earth."

I come, ye gentle monitors! I come!
But, ere I go, permit this tender sigh,
This swelling tribute of a parting tear:
The hour will come, when, sunk in silent rest,
My heart will cease to beat, my eyes to weep,
And claim the pious drop I now bestow.

"I rave, I rave! the doleful hour draws nigh!
Already dire affliction saps my frame;
My vitals languish, all my pow'rs decay:

"I leave you, Sylvia! ne'er remember me;
Forget, when I lie mould'ring in the grave,
How much I lov'd you, or how much I mourn'd.
In rural ease and calm retirement blest'd,
Haply some wealthier, happier youth may 'njoy,
In after-time, what fate denies to me:
But cease the sigh to heave, the wish to breathe,
Again to wander through the guileful rounds
Of fashion, folly, vanity, and vice!
May love, esteem, fair truth, and social joy,
Attend you peaceful through the vale of life;
May Heav'n, benignant, smile on all your ways,
And virtue light you blameless to your grave!

"'Tis there we'll meet:—'Tis there one com-
mon fate

Will mix our ashes in one common dust!
I go before!--I waste---I die apace!
Farewell, ye wilds! and thou sequester'd stream
The secret witness of my woe, farewell!

And thou, for whom I liv'd, for whom I die,
Sylvia, farewell! and all the world, adieu!"

ALEXIS:

OR, THE CONSTANT LOVER. A TALE.

Is there who scorns a constant lover? here
I claim his censure, and demand his sneer;
That thing am I, and bold enough to own,
Where once I fix my love, I still love on:
Sway'd by no accidents of coy, or kind,
With all my strength, my heart, my soul, my
mind.

In *anno* sixty — (four years ago),
My hat, ods me! was then a very beau;
No shears had yet curtail'd its copious brim,
Nor gray-groat dresser spoil'd its welted trim;
My face secure (my face it then could hide),
Beneath its shadow sun and wind defy'd:
My lips no paly scurfs, no blisters knew,
And each plump cheek preserv'd its native hue.
In sixty — (about this very time,
The meadows and my hat were in their prime),
I saw my Betsey first, a strapping lass,
Not quite a beauty, and not quite an ass;
Her feet, though clumsy, and her ankles more,
Silk shoes atton'd for, for silk shoes she wore;
Perhaps above some faults might too be spy'd,
If aught can be a fault that fringes hide;
The napkin floating white, like morning snow,
Made large amends for what was dun below;
And the fair pendants glitt'ring in her ear,
Conceal'd the dirt, if dirt indeed was there:
If music's sweetness flow'd not from her tongue,
Nor Philomela warbled as she sung;
Yet was, I ween, her voice both shrill and loud,
And well could quell a kitchen's ev'ning crowd;
The laughter's giggle, and the laugh'd at's pout,
Struck with the sound sublime, alike were mute:
Ev'n pots and gridirons, if a word she spake,
Felt thrilling tremors to their centre shake.
I saw, I blush'd, and (mark, my hat was new),
To a kind curt'sy made as kind a bow;
Some distant words, then compliments ensu'd;
I wrote divinely, she divinely sew'd:
Then whip, ere either minded where we were,
I grew a lad of parts, and she grew fair.
"I never spent so pleasantly an hour;"
And, "Ma'am! I ne'er was proud of praise be-
fore."

"Sir, was it really you the sonnet wrote?"
"Such beauty, Ma'am, can raise the flattest
thought."
"A copy, Sir!" — "'Tis at your service, Ma'am."
"And if you please, Sir, let it have your name."
Such was our first, our secret interview,
Such virtue has a welted hat, when new!

Though dark and gloomy was my lonely hall;
Though rotten was the roof, and rent the wall;
Though nothing it contain'd of human use,
But lank and feeble was each hungry mouse;
So lank, so feeble, they had surely died,
Had not my books life's ebbing stream supply'd:
Yet ever after, morning, eve, and noon,
Its humble floor was sweep'd with Mira's gown.
Nay, scarce an hour but from the spider's haunt
She wanted something, or would seem to want

(The spider's haunt my hall, nor named wrong,
And vulgar Bess was Mira still in song).
In easy lapse our moments onward roll'd,
She grew more yielding, and I grew more bold;
The cheek, the hand subdu'd, but fan my fire,
Still higher seats I meditate, and higher:
The lips capitulate, I storm the breast;
But Honour's manly counsel sav'd the rest:
Yet what by day he impudence had deem'd,
With fame unblench'd we in darkness dream'd.

Think not, licentious profligates profane!
I mean to warm you with a wanton strain;
Pure as Clyde's crystal shall my numbers flow,
In all the native innocence of woe!
Hail, virgin goddess of the streaming eye!
Who cheer my solitude with many a sigh;
Who shed your softest influence on my head,
And drive foul passion from thy cypress shade;
My friend, my sole companion, and my queen!
Life of my song! which else had lifeless been;
Hail to your dark domain! your kingdom come,
And wrap all nations in one friendly gloom:
So shall rude riot wholly disappear,
Nor foul-mouth'd folly wound the modest ear;
The rake with wonder feel each wish refine,
And ev'ry breast be innocent as mine.

Yes, it is innocent; dejecting woe
So found it, and I trust will leave it so:
Ev'n Mira, cruel, faithless as she is,
Will do me justice, and acknowledge this.
Mira! that word recalls my wand'ring song,
And points to days when my old hat was young;
When all was rapture, and the beardless bard
To city fops and country squires prefer'd.

But nothing under heav'n is constant found;
For ceaseless rolls the wheel of fortune round:
Now stand we trembling on the top, and now
The low is lofty, and the lofty low!
This useful lesson what I tell will teach,
A truth old hats, as well as Plato, preach.

O, lust of wealth! what evils spring from thee!
A curse to all, a double curse to me;
The term drew nigh, and frugal was the squire,
I would have rais'd, he would not raise my hire;
With heart-felt grief I saw my coat decay,
My only coat grew barer ev'ry day;
My breeches too the taylor's art surpass'd,
Fast as he sew'd, they ran to rags as fast:
Autumn's bleak rains descend—where'er I go,
Water and dirt at once pervade my shoe:
A father's fears I for my stockings feel,
And hang in sorrow o'er each helpless heel;
Distant, far distant, from a sister's care,
My stockings, now a solitary pair!
My hat and vest, though decent, still, I said,
Must too decay, as others have decay'd;
Terrestrial is their birth, and, soon or late,
Terrestrial hats and vests must yield to fate!
Time, ever hurrying, brings the period on,
When this shall turn to rags, and that be brown.

Consider, Sir (I said with deference due),
The sum of all my services to you;
The tedious days in close confinement spent:
With all the humble patience of a saint;
The boys were restless, and the nursery near,
But did their roarings ever reach your ear?
Or did the swollen eye and blubber'd cheek
Ever the rigour of my tribe bespeak?

No, Heaven can witness, gentle was my rule;
 That of a drawing-room, and not a school.
 Consider then, nor blame me if I'm free,
 How coarse my fare has been, how small my fee!
 I never drank what for your use was brew'd,
 Nor was one offal from your plate my food;
 The barley of your fields supplied my bread;
 The water of your well my thirst allay'd;
 And then my wages—so exceeding poor,
 The meanest scullion in your house has more:
 The former I might bear, the latter too,
 If all my clothes would last forever new:
 If heaven with hoofs would harden either foot,
 And shag me o'er with an immortal suit.
 But Sir, you see (with that I turn'd me round)
 This body can't be cover'd with——
 For other——it will not do for less—
 I might afford a pretty decent dress;
 Might yet a student among students shine,
 Nor with my rags affront the favouring Nine:
 Think not my shabbiness of mean concern,
 If I be shabby, will the children learn?
 No; be assur'd Sir, every growing rent
 Grows certain ruin to my government:
 The hour will come,—nay 'tis already here,
 When they will scorn the man they should revere,
 Will sily draw each beggar-patch aside,
 And most expose what most I wish to hide.

Thus I submit—'Squire Fuscus answer'd fierce,
 "You and your favouring Nine may ——,
 "Take the old ——, and welcome; but if not,
 "Go and be —— I wont advance a groat."

Rous'd into rage, I dropp'd the deference due,
 And all the scholar open'd to my view;
 Below my notice, Sir, I scorn debate,
 Though made my master by the frown of fate.
 Gods! let my poverty for ever last;
 Each coming day add sorrow to the past:
 Let labour bend me o'er his heavy spade;
 Woe's cup be mine, and mine affliction's bread;
 But never riches to my pray'rs impart,
 And in your wrath deny a gen'rous heart.

This said, I scornful from the squire withdrew,
 Nor fear'd the furlly terrors of his brow;
 My books I bundled up without delay,
 Nor could ev'n Mira's tears command my stay:
 "Dear, lovely maid! my race of bliss is run;
 "Heav'n bids us part; the will of Heav'n be done;
 "Though joy shall never light my mornings more,
 "Nor sooth my slumbers in the silent hour;
 "Yet shall some gleams of comfort touch my
 "mind,

"To think you once were faithful, once were
 "kind.

"Farewell! and, oh! may ev'ry pow'r above
 "That smil'd propitious on our rising love,
 "With ev'ry blessing, ev'ry good reward,
 "Your gen'rous friendship for a friendless bard."
 I weeping said, and grasp'd her to my breast,
 While broken sobs and kisses spoke the rest.

"Farewell, Alexis!—must I say farewell
 "To him I've ever lov'd, and lov'd so well!
 "Farewell! since thus my cruel stars ordain;
 "Stars still regardless of a lover's pain:
 "But by the mem'ry of this last embrace,
 "Our nights of rapture, and our days of bliss;
 "By the immortal fervour of your lays,
 "And ev'ry monument of Mira's praise;

"When ravish'd from these arms, I know not }
 "where, }
 "Beware, thy weeping Mira bids beware!
 "Of wit's enchantment, and of beauty's snare;
 "Bethink thee of thy vows of endless love,
 "These vows now register'd in heav'n above;
 "And ere the subtle syrens lay their lure,
 "Prevent its malice, and apply the cure:
 "Thus shalt thou, after various fortunes past,
 "Come undebauched to my bed at last:
 "Thine is my heart, and thine my hand shall be,
 "My life, my happiness, depends on thee!"

Such were her words.—Philosopher severe!
 Thou hard of credit, and of captious ear!
 Say, would'st thou, in the wisdom of thy youth,
 Have sought a Sorites to prove their truth?
 If so, indeed a very sage thou art,
 And triple adamant environs thy heart;
 With praises due thy prudence I commend;
 But may'st thou, Zeno! never be my friend.
 For me, with all my weaknesses content,
 Soon as I heard, as soon I gave assent;
 The sighs and tears that with each word increas'd,
 Were demonstration to a feeling breast.

What pity, Heav'n! the morn of all thou'st
 made,
 The radiant image of thy starry head;
 What pity woman, woman so divine!
 Should want a will immutable as thine;
 Then through our groves would plaints of false-
 hood cease,

And rills, unswell'd with sorrow, seek the seas;
 Each gale on lighter pinions scour the skies,
 Nor sweat beneath a load of groans and sighs.
 Passion their counsellor, and whim their guide,
 Their friends and fav'rites, vanity and pride;
 No wonder women, angels as they seem,
 This just now fit, unfit next moment deem;
 No wonder Mira, with each grace adorn'd,
 A day, one tedious day my absence mourn'd;
 A day, one tedious day, resolv'd to keep
 Her vows; but lost them with her morning's sleep.

Spruce from the city came a gaudy wight,
 His hat was finer, and his hands more white;
 A softer tinge each sickly feature spread,
 Crisp'd were the hoary honours of his head;
 A gilt staff trembled in his feeble hand,
 To him a staff, to me it were a wand;
 He came, he bow'd; than me he better bow'd;
 Nay, bent the knee; and bend it well he cou'd:
 She smil'd, she curtsy'd; and, (alas, alas!
 That I should live to sing so sad a case!)
 She granted ev'ry favour in an hour,
 That cost me many months to gain before!

A woman once inconstant's always so;
 One bound'ry broke, no other bounds they know:
 Thus sheep, if once they break the turf-built fold,
 No whins can scare them, and no dikes can hold.

The coxcomb Florio, so prim, so neat,
 Soon shar'd his clumsy ragged rival's fate;
 Out-bow'd, out-kneel'd, by one of rustic garb,
 Who snapt to seize the bait, but seiz'd the barb;
 Long pin'd in thinner air the foolish fish,
 To gain his shelt'ring mud was all his wish;
 Once more below his sunless bank to lie,
 In listless, lazy, loitering apathy.
 In vain! when Mira ey'd the useless prey,
 Far on the shore she flung the thing away.

Irk some the task, and tedious were the tale,
Words would grow scarce, and pen and ink would
fail;

Nay, life's short period hardly would suffice,
To give the sum of her inconstancies.
Yet still I love her; do I what I will,
Some magic influence attracts me still;
Attracts me still, and with a force as strong
As when my hat, my welshed hat was young:
Else, why these sighs that labour in my breast,
That seek for vent, and wish to be exprest?
Soon as I reach my solitary hall,
Ye sighs burst forth! ye teary torrents fall!
There no rude swain shall mock your tender moan;
Your lovely sorrow suits with love alone.

Sept. 6. 1771.

SONNET.

FAREWELL, disturber of my rest,
Success less love! adieu;
With hopes, and jealousies, and fears,
And all your happy crew.

Farewell, the mournful midnight lay,
The elegy of woe!

And all the dismal ditties, sung
By Medwan's mazy flow.

Hail, sober dulness! ever hail,
My only, last relief!

Thy serious fons in peace repose,
Insensible of grief!

No studied harmony of sound
Their passions e'er refin'd;
Nor melting melody of woe
E'er touch'd their callous mind.

Alike to them, when nature's call
Ferments their boiling blood,
Whether Belinda smile or not;
Another is as good.

The various ills of love and life,
The thinking only know;
And sensibility is join'd
Eternally with woe.

At first, the little ills of love
My bosom hardly wrung;
But lo! they gather'd strength, and grew
Important as I sung.

Thus, under a physician's care,
Intent on fame and fees,
The titubation of a pulse
Increases to disease.

He talks in all the terms of art,
And wags his mystic head;
While patients tremble for their life,
And think they're really bad.

TO MISS ———

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

LET gentle youths dissolve in am'rous fires,
And breathe in melting lays their soft desires;
With songs of wit, and sonnets void of care,
Gay as their hopes, and as their hearts sincere;
To spotless charms unfading trophies raise,
Of real love and undissembled praise:

Be theirs the blessings they deserve to prove,
The garland gather'd from the myrtle grove;
The gracious glance of condescending maids;
Love long to last, and fame that never fades:
For them may Venus light the genial bed,
By hallow'd Hymen honourable made;
And crown th' embrace of many wedded years
With gen'rous sons, to emulate their fires;
Like them be blest with all their wishes crave,
A parent's joy, and age's honour'd grave.

Far other hopes my hapless breast inspire;
Far other themes demand the muse's fire!
With me the dear rewards of love are o'er;
For me the myrtle garlands bloom no more!
In cheerless darkness sinks the shining scene,
Where soft affection held her early reign;
And chaste enjoyment shed her constant ray,
To light, with radiance mild, my years away!

Oft, as unseen, I seek the shady grove,
Scenes of young joy, and haunts of early love;
The painted meadow, or the purling stream,
Where fancy feeds, and where the muses dream;
Where laughing loves and naked graces play
In sportive gambols all the live-long day:
Sudden I see your fancy'd form arise;
See blooming beauties skim before my eyes;
See ev'ry love, and ev'ry charming grace,
Smile in your eye, or languish on your face.
I closer gaze—when, lo! a mournful train
Of weeping virtues cloud the radiant scene!
Nor love, nor blooming beauty straight appears,
But ev'ry look a dismal horror wears;
Obscur'd by guilt, the dimpling smiles decay,
And all your glowing graces fade away!
Sad, then, I sit me down;—or wand'ring rove
Through ev'ry walk, and weep our ruin'd love:
While conscious bow'rs, and love-frequented shades,
Long-winding walks, and intermingled glades,
In fond remembrance op'ning to my view,
Refresh my sorrows, and my sighs renew;
Deep plaintive murmurs perish on my tongue,
Or flow away in melancholy song;
While all around the pensive groves complain,
Sigh ev'ry sigh, and murmur ev'ry strain!

But, Sylvia, what avails the murmur'ing glade,
The sighing grove, or sympathizing shade?
Their seeming sorrows unsuccessful prove,
To sooth the woes of disappointed love;
To bid the black-wing'd seasons backward roll,
Clear the foul stain, or wash the guilty soul;
To beauty's form fair innocence restore,
Hush the false tongue, bid slander wound no more:
Your crimes, your follies, rise in endless view,
And my heart swells, my tears flow forth for you!

For you!—but why invite you forth to rove
Through scenes of sorrow and desponding love?
Scenes that (for so the ruling powers decree)
Must still be view'd, and still bewail'd by me!
Enough for you—with solitary care
To view your fall, and shed a secret tear;
Careless of what the mourning muse may say,
When wild with sorrow bursts the love-lorn lay!
Enough for you—whenever my thoughts I cast
On all the joys of youth and virtue past;
When I reflect (forgive this swelling sigh,
And this big tear just trickling from my eye),
When peaceful innocence and pleasure play'd,
With gentle love beneath our native shade;

And bade our hearts, to grief or care unknown,
 Confess their charming influence alone!
 Enough for you--to grant the meed I crave,
 For me the willow's paly wreath to weave;
 And softly bind it on my youthful brow,
 Mark of my pain, and merit of my woe!
 This sad indulgence will reward my lays,
 Approve my grief, and gives me all my praise;
 So, when your sorrows cease, for cease they must,
 And your fair form shall moulder into dust;
 May some sad youth, by pity's lore improv'd,
 By virtue honour'd, and the muse belov'd,
 Due to your fate, devote the mournful line,
 And join your mem'ry as your love to mine.

To mine!--ah, no! withdraw the wishful eye,
 Check the soft tear, and still the rising sigh;
 Scatter the willow wreath you weave for me,
 Who, idly raving, pour my plaint to thee!
 To thee! who doated on my strains before;
 To thee! who never shall behold me more;
 Praise all your virtues, number all your charms,
 And fold, untainted, fold them in my arms!

'Tis o'er, alas!--the dear delusion's o'er;
 Returning reason re-assumes her pow'r;
 Before her swift the magic scenes decay,
 That fancy gilded with delusive ray;
 Your guilt, your shame, arising to her view,
 She tears the veil, and paints their real hue;
 Unmantled follies stand around confess,
 And wounded honour bares the bleeding breast;
 While none remains of all the tender train,
 But soft-ey'd pity's idly ling'ring strain!

Farewell, weak maid! unmercifully long,
 I pain your ear with an ungentle song;
 But, ere I leave you, listen to the lay
 That wears no woe, and weeps no worth away;
 Friendship refin'd inspires the serious theme,
 And reason lights it with her radiant beam;
 While the big thought is lab'ring in my breast,
 That soon the poet, soon the song will rest,
 Soon will my sorrows, my reflections, end;
 You lose a lover, and lament a friend!

Where meek-rob'd penitence, of placid mien,
 Her eye mild-beaming, and her brow serene,
 Sedately sits, uplift a sigh sincere;
 Her smile alone will ruin'd love repair;
 Smooth the rough path that leads to virtue's
 god,

And urge you ling'ring on the arduous road;
 Your wav'ring soul with confidence confirm,
 Inspire with caution, and with courage arm;
 Bid it at vice with indignation rise,
 Scorn all below, and hope its native skies,
 Contemn the pleasures that arise from sense,
 Dare to be good, and aim at excellence.
 And though condemn'd by dooming pow'rs above
 To live far distant from the man you love;
 The irksome path of life alone to tread,
 No friend to counsel, and no hand to lead;
 Regarding Heav'n will glad your weary way,
 And blaze around a reconciling ray;
 Winning and kind, the wand'ring wish reprove,
 And grant in grace what is deny'd in love;
 Mild to forgive, and piteous of the past,
 Release from life, and crown with joy at last;
 Command the blow that turns your frame to dust,
 Bids grief subside, and ev'ry sigh be hush'd;

Bids sure oblivion o'er your follies creep,
 And lull you peaceful in eternal sleep.

Sept. 5. 1769.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHILE youth yet scampers in its wild career,
 And life's mad bustle vibrates on our ear;
 While frolic's looser merriments delight,
 And delicacy yields to appetite;
 Why strives my friend by studies too severe,
 To antedate the tyranny of care?
 To weaken principles already weak,
 The very principles by which we act?
 These bug-bear passions that affright you so,
 Procure us all the happiness we know;
 From their repose results the calm of life,
 But greater bliss accompanies their strife;
 And when their gen'rous efforts you subdue,
 You only do what sager time would do;
 If war was destin'd for each living wight,
 Why has not nature arm'd us for the fight?
 Chastis'd the flowing current of our blood,
 And disengag'd us from the fair and good?
 Each human heart in Stygian armour dress'd,
 And lin'd with triple brags each ruffian breast?
 How happy youth! if youth its bliss but knew;
 Theirs is the present, theirs the future too;
 Where'er they turn, enjoyment courts their eye,
 Enjoyment not forbidden by the sky:
 Here, walk the fairy fancies of the grove,
 Young friendship leaning on the arms of love;
 There, fame in air displays the gaudy crown,
 By sages, heroes, poets, patriots, won.
 Come, let us now each pleasant scene enjoy,
 Ere age's wither'd hands their sweets destroy;
 Sweep all away, and nothing leave behind
 But philosophic apathy of mind.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

ALL on the grass-green margin of Clyde,
 A fair maiden disconsolate lay;
 Red-swoln was her eye with the salt trickling tear,
 And her cheek was as pale as the clay.

Wither'd and wan was her rose-red lip,
 And the charms of her youth were all flown;
 Like a flow'r that is scorched by the mid-summer
 heat,
 Or is plucked before it be blown.

Loose on her neck hung her long long hair,
 No green garland the ringlets combin'd;
 Of Damon's false vows, and his late pledged troth,
 And of mis'ry, she sung to the wind.

"Clyde, Clyde! roll on your clear crystal waves,
 (It was thus with a sigh she began);
 But roll where you will, you never will find
 Such a lovely and faithless young man.

Beware, O! beware, ye fond, fond maids!
 O! beware, and take warning by me!
 Nay, trust not a swain though he swears to be
 true,
 They are false, but not lovely as he.

It was in yon oser leaf-lin'd bow'r
O! too well I remember the place; [twigs,
For my own fingers wove the green bending
And he cover'd the benches with grafs:

That he took me in his soft circling arms,
And did fondlingly kiss me the while;
But beware, O! beware of the heart-stealing
kiss,
For men kiss where they mean to beguile.—

Sylvia! to hang on thy lily-white neck,
And to press thy fair bosom to mine,
Is enough; yes, away with base dirty pelf,
'Tis enough, 'tis enough to be thine.

Proud damsels may deck them in fine rich array,
And ev'ry rude feature adorn;
But can riches, or pride, e'er attire them like
thee,
In the purple and freshness of morn?

' Away, foolish grandeur! I'll ne'er change my
love,
' Or this kiss, this sweet kiss, be my last:—
' Yes, the gods who do look through this leaf-
lin'd bow'r
' Can bear witness how truly I'm blest.'

Such, such were his words, then more close to
his breast,
With full many a sigh he me drew;
So kind, so sincere, and so hearty they seem'd,
That I could not but think they were true.

Ask not, O! ask not, ye four four maids,
If more than a kiss he did won;
Think, but think on the place, and the dear,
dear youth,
And then tell me, what would you have done?

How frail and how feeble a fond maid's bliss,
Overturn'd by all breezes that blow!
How weak is the barrier, how narrow the line,
That does sep'rate our love from our woe!

Where are ye now, ye false flatt'ring joys!
Ye prospects of pleasures unknown?
Like Damon, ye faithless have left me to weep,
And ye with him to Clara are flown.

O! do not receive them, thou rash, rash maid!
Or, farewell thy quiet of mind;
They may charm for a little, but yet, yet be-
ware
Of a poison that festers behind.

Look but on me; nay, nay, never fear,
I'm a rival you scarcely can dread;
No roses now bloom on this pale lily cheek,
Nor is mine the fair flock that I feed.

Look yet again, and tell unto me,
And, O! see it be truth that you tell;
Can your fondness secure you the false wand'ring
swain,
When I'm thus but for loving too well?

Away, haste away, ye slow, slow hours!
And be dipt, O you sun! in the sea:
Ah me! I but rave; for the time is no more
When the ev'ning brought comfort to me.

Sad, ever sad!—is there no kind cure?
Not a balsam provided for woe?
O, tell me, some angel! in what happy clime
Does the precious remedy grow?

Kindly remember'd, thou fire-clad sprite!
It is there, it is certainly there;
And soon will I seek in the cold darksome grave
For a balsam to love and despair."

HYMN

TO THE ETERNAL MIND.

HAIL, source of happiness! whate'er thy name,
Through ages vast succession still the same;
For ever blest, in giving others bliss
No boon thou askest of thy reptile race;
Their virtues please thee, and their crimes offend,
Not as a governor, but as a friend:
What can our goodness profit thee? and say,
Can guilt's black dye thy happiness allay?
Raise vengeful passions in thy heav'nly mind,
Passions that ev'n disgrace the human kind?
No: are we wise? the wisdom is our own;
And folly's mis'ries wait on fools alone:
We live and breathe by thy divine command,
Our life, our breath, are in thy holy hand;
But something still is ours, and only ours,
A moral nature, grac'd with moral pow'rs,
Thy perfect gift, unlimited and free,
Without reserve of service, or of fee.
Poor were the gift, if given but to bind
In everlasting fetters all mankind!
To bind us o'er to debts we ne'er could pay,
And for our torment cheat us into day!
Not thus thou dealest, sure it is not thus,
Father beneficent! with all, with us!
Thou form'd'st our souls susceptible of bliss,
In spite of circumstance, of time and place;
A bliss internal, ev'ry way our own,
Which none can forfeit, is deny'd to none;
For ever forfeit; for our freedom's such,
'Tis scorn'd or courted, still within our reach;
And if we sink to misery and woe,
Thou neither made us, nor decreed us so;
Perfection in a creature cannot dwell,
Some men have fallen, and some yet may fall;
Many the baits that tempt our steps astray,
From reason's dictates, and from wisdom's way.
But, hail, Eternal Essence! ever hail!
Though vice now triumph, passion now prevail;
Though all should err, yet all are sure to find
In thee a father! and in thee a friend!
A friend, to overlook the mortal part,
The crimes, the follies foreign to the heart.

A FIT OF THE SPLEEN.

WHAT is this creature man, who struts the world
With so much majesty?—A frightful dream!
A midnight goblin, and a restless ghost;
Leaving the dismal regions of the tomb,
To walk in darkness, and astonish night,
With hideous yellings, and with piteous groans!
The radiant orbs that glitter o'er your heads,
What are they more than lamps in sepulchres?

That shine on 'dead men bones, and point out death,

Misfortune, sorrow, misery, and woe,
And all the sad innumerable ills

That blazon the escutcheon of mortality!

A horror visible! than which the shades,

The thickest midnight shades, Cimmerian glooms,

Were clearer sunshine, and more wishful day!

The mountain's fragrance, and the meadow's growth,

The vernal blossom, and the summer's flow'r,

Are but funereal garlands, nature strows

Munificent on this stupendous herse,

This decorated prelude to the grave;

Insatiable monster! yawning still,

Unfathomably deep!—A little while,

And lo! he closes on the painted scene,

And, surfeited with carnage, yawns no more!

Say, what is life?—this privilege to breathe?

But a continued sigh—a lengthen'd groan—

A felt mortality—a sense of pain—

A present evil, still foreboding worse—

A church-yard epitaph—a plaintive song—

A mournful universal elegy.

We ever read, and ever read with tears!

HERO AND LEANDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

From the Greek of Musæus.

Κιδνὴ κακοὶ φθέρουσι γυναῖκα ἥδ' αὖ μῦθος

Νυμφὴ Νυμφὴ φθέρουσι — NAUM. GNOM.

BOOK I.

SING, heav'nly maid! the memorable lamp

Conscious of secret loves, and the bold youth

Who nightly brav'd the horrors of the deep,

Courting a dark embrace, and silent joys,

On which the morn immortal never dawn'd;

That famous lamp, by whose auspicious ray

The amorous Leander safely swam

To ancient Sestos, and the longing arms

Of his fond mistress, who with watchful care

Tended its nightly radiance, and renew'd

Its failing flame; till one malignant hour

Saw it extinguish'd, and Leander dead.

Fast by the margin of the sounding deep,

In a sequester'd tow'r, a rev'rend pile,

The work of other days, belov'd of all,

The modest priestess of the Cyprian queen,

Fair Hero dwelt; unspotted was the maid,

And unexperienc'd in the dangerous sweets

Of mutual love. She shunn'd the secret haunts

Of guileful pleasure, where her wanton peers,

To youthful dalliance, and illicit joys,

Gave up their vanquish'd souls. But in the fane

With duteous hand on Venus' altar burnt

The fragrant produce of Sabæan groves,

Propitiating the goddess, and her son

All-conqu'ring love—Relentless, savage pow'r!

Could not the piety of the lovely maid

Unbend thy stubborn bow? her pleading tears

Avert thy fatal arrows?—No: she fell

The hapless victim of thy cruel art.

Now came the day through Asia's wide domains

To Venus sacred, and the purple wounds

Of beautiful Adonis.—All the youth

Of sea-girt Cyprus and Hæmonia come

To hold the festival.—Each virgin leaves

Her dance unfinish'd on thy fragrant top

Libanus! and thy soft luxurious sons

On the tall cedars hang their useless harps

And throng to Sestos.—All whose tender breast

Exults impassion'd at the pow'ful glance

Of female beauty on the Phrygian plains,

And thine Arcadia! but chiefly thine

Delicious Daphne! Syria's blissful grove

Crowd thither also; and along with these

The youth of Abydos, scarce disjoin'd

By Hellespontic straits from Europe's shores,

And ancient Sestos*.—Hero through the fane,

In all the majesty of beauty walk'd,

Performing ev'ry rite; her blushing cheek

Shed a soft lustre round; as when the sun

Gilds with his early beams a vernal mead,

Where, dropt with dew, the rose and lily blend

In sweet assemblage.—Loosely thrown behind,

A snowy garment brush'd her stately steps,

With silver fringes deck'd.—The graces smil'd

In ev'ry feature, ev'ry look;—ease sat

On ev'ry limb;—each attitude confess'd

A priestess worthy of the queen of love.

Each youth is fill'd with ravishment, each breast

Heaves with desire.—Where'er the virgin goes,

She quickly spreads the soft contagion round;

And pray'rs like these are heard through all the

fane.

"Cytherean Venus, or if Ida's grove,

"Or Carian Cnidus, please thee more! attend

"My earnest suit.—Be this! be this the maid

"Destin'd for me, when in the fated hour

"I kindle up the Hymeneal torch,

"And leave thy altars; if, like one of us,

"The earth's increase suffices for her food,

"And nourishes her lovely frame:—But if

"(As is more likely) an immortal she

"Of thy celestial train, be such the fair,

"Th' immortal fair, the fates have mark'd my

"wife."

Such was the universal pray'r.—But thou,

Leander! fir'd with a sublimer flame,

And inextinguishable ardour, didst

Greatly resolve to gain the beauteous maid,

Or fall the victim of a fruitless love.

The uncorrupted torch of pure desire

Flash'd in his eager ear; his bosom glow'd

With an unusual warmth;—a conscious blush

Suffus'd his burning cheek, and trembling seiz'd

His loosen'd knees, and shook his manly frame.

Thrice he attempted to accost her, thrice

Amazement, fear, and reverence repress'd

His meditated words.—At last his love,

Impatient of controul, o'ercame his fears.

Veiling his real intent in artful guise

Of curious inquiry, with silent tread

He steals to where the maiden stood, amid

A menial train.—He joins himself to these,

Feigning some matter of discourse.—Meanwhile

* The strait is only half a mile over, about three miles from the Dardanelles, where the ruins of these cities are to be seen.

The deep-drawn sigh, the languishing regard,
The downcast pensive look, and frequent blush,
Soliciting attention, did attract
Her serious notice;---then, less fearful grown,
He rais'd his eye, while ev'ry wishful glance
Betray'd his inmost soul.---She, not unpleas'd,
Beheld his infant-love, and nought averse
To the soft intercourse, with a regard
Of infinite complacency receiv'd
Each token of his passion:---Oft she veil'd
In virgin modesty her blushing cheek;
In vain she veil'd! her bosom's tell-tale heave
Past not unnoted; ev'n the very blush,
But ill conceal'd; each favourable sign
Did not escape a lover's watchful eye.

Now night in silent majesty advanc'd,
Wrapt in her starry mantle:---Hesperus,
Propitious to love, with grateful blaze
Flam'd on heav'n's azure front.---The menial train
Forsook the mistress;---ev'ry thing conspir'd
To further his design.---He boldly seiz'd
Her lily hand, and press'd it to his lips
With many a gentle squeeze, and sighing soft,
Whisper'd his tender passion in her ear.
She, fullenly indignant, did withdraw
Her lovely lily hand:---He, nought dismay'd,
Still persever'd, and by the silver fringe
Of her white garment, dragg'd the bashful fair,
Apparently reluctant, from the crowd
To the dread *penetralia* of the fane;
Where she at length gave loose to her complaints,
And chid Leander thus:---Rude stranger, say,
"Whence this presumption? Think you me so
"light,

"So cheap a thing, so impotent of soul,
"As to be won by ev'ry breath of praise?
"To stoop and listen to the tedious tale
"Of ev'ry fulsome flatterer? away!
"And dread the vengeance of a pow'rful fire."
Thus she in maiden dignity; nor wish'd
Her threats successful. While in soothing mood
Leander thus began; and, speaking, kiss'd
Her fragrant neck. "O fair above the sex!
"Upon my heaving breast, immortal bliss
"And real rapture let me ever drink
"Delighted;---ever dwell upon thy lips
"In sacred transport:---Thus to clasp thee---thus
"Embrace thy charms, is happiness beyond
"The narrow limits and invidious bourn
"Of weak mortality.---I feel my soul
"Glow with diviner fire, and soar above
"This humble scene of things.---Depriv'd of this,
"Not all the treasur'd ore, nor num'rous herds
"That graze a thousand hills, nor gilded state
"Of purpl'd tyrants, nor the olive crown
"Gain'd with th' applauses of assembled Greece
"On the Elean plains, could ever draw
"One wish of life, to tread its irksome rounds!
"To crawl the reptile prey of ev'ry care,
"So fall'n from what I am! so abject!--Yes,
"I'd rush on non-existence, and defy
"The silent regions of the dead, to show
"In all their bounds a misery like this.
"If I must lose thee, call thy father in
"While yet I hang upon thy neck and quaff
"Immortal pleasures; let him stab me here;
"I'll thank him for his pains, my latest breath
"Shall bless the hand that gave the timely blow.--

"But why this dismal apparatus? why
"This melancholy prospect---this expence
"Of dreadful images? What hinders now
"The sweet indulgence of a lawful flame?
"The time, the place, but most of all the voice,
"The silent pow'rful voice of nature calls
"Sweetly persuasive on us, to obey
"Her pleasant sacred mandates, and fulfil
"Her sovereign decree.---Black darkness round
"Extends a negro-covering, and secures
"Our mutual transports from the impious eye
"Of envious cens'ring man;---and hov'ring near
"The smiling goddess from her dove-drawn car
"Looks down complacent, and approves each joy,
"Each heart-felt rapture of her youthful guests."
Thus he impassion'd spoke.---While ev'ry word,
Each glowing kiss, and ev'ry mournful sigh,
More prevalent than words, the winning speech!
The soft pathetic eloquence of love!
Found but too easy credit.---On the earth
She fix'd her azure eye, and passive stood
In bashful silence;---silence, the consent
Of yielding maids unpractis'd. Oft she drew
Around her snowy breast the loose hung robe;
As oft th' invidious garment was remov'd
By vagrant hands licentious. Then at length,
Though too, too late! collecting the remains
The last weak efforts of a virgin shame,
She push'd him gently from her, and bespoke
The lovely stranger thus:---"In vain you know
"Each passage to the heart! in vain possess
"The various eloquence of words! perhaps
"The next propitious gale may waft you hence
"A faithless wand'rer, leaving me to mourn
"Your broken vows, and ev'ry holy bond
"Transgress'd; each holy bond, and ev'ry vow,
"In secret darkness sworn:---For open rites,
"And Hymen's outward pomp, my wayward
"fate
"And an inexorable fire deny!
"Say, if an exile from your natal shore,
"A sojourner in Sestus, could your tongue
"Conceal the favours of a loving maid,
"And give to deepest night each fond excess
"Of her affection? Ah! the tongue of man
"Is prone to scandal:---Could you hear me prais'd
"For modest charms and chastity, nor yet
"In youthful pride betray me to the world?
"Perhaps I ev'n might trust you.---But declare
"Your name, your country, and your father's
"house;
"For mine you know:---Illustrious Hero I,
"The priestess of this fane, condemn'd to dwell
"By cruel parents in a lonely tow'r
"By the rough Hellespont; far, far remov'd
"From the society of man, and all
"My maiden equals! Nightly in my ears
"The hollow winds sing mournful, and the wave
"Beats on the rock below with horrid clash,
"And shakes the aged dome;---while on my
"couch,
"My solitary couch, I trembling lie,
"And mourn my luckless fate with many a tear."
Thus blushing she.---And thus the amorous youth
Incontinent returns:---"Down, coward fear!
"Let angry tempests rage, and ev'ry wind
"Turmoil the surgy deep, I'll boldly cleave
"The founding waters.---What is danger? what

“ Death, in his form most frightful, when com-
 “ par’d
 “ With the sweet hope of losing all my cares
 “ In purest ecstasy and chaste delight
 “ On my fair Hero’s bosom? Yes, dear maid!
 “ I’ll nightly swim the Hellespont to thee,
 “ And bless his boist’rous billows, and his shores
 “ Rocky and steep, that graciously afford
 “ An opportunity to try my love.
 “ In strong Abydos, the conspicuous dome
 “ Of my old sire Euryalus the sage,
 “ An honour’d name, who haply now laments
 “ In cheerless solitude Leander’s stay,
 “ His lov’d, his only son, stands eminent
 “ Just opposite to this, and clearly mark’d
 “ By day; now buried in impervious shade.
 “ Doubt not my pledged faith;—do only thou
 “ Let a pale lamp extend a glimm’ring ray
 “ Athwart the midnight gloom, to point the path
 “ And guide my doubtful course.—I ask no more,
 “ But leave the rest to providence and heav’n.”

Struck with amazement at so bold a thought,
 So daring a resolve, she grasp’d the youth
 Close to her panting breast, and kindly wish’d
 The gods would prosper the attempt.—She fear’d
 There might be danger in it;—yet she hop’d
 The sea-born Venus would confirm his nerves,
 And smooth the deep before his active arm.

The night was far advanc’d. Leander’s mates,
 Impatient to be gone, in noisy haste
 Call’d loudly on him: The ungrateful sound
 Reach’d his unwilling ears; he sudden snatch’d
 A parting kiss, and join’d the clam’rous crew.
 While sad and pensive Hero left the fane,
 Revolving in her mind the midnight lamp,
 The dangers of the deep, its rocky shores,
 And all that might obstruct Leander’s love.

BOOK II.

Now rising ruddy from Tithonus’ bed,
 The young Aurora urg’d her dappl’d steeds
 Along the broad celestial way, and chas’d
 Reluctant darkness to the western world;
 Each fragrant flow’ret of the humble vale
 With pearly dew-drops hung, a deeper blush,
 A fresher glow assum’d, and sun-burnt hills
 A greener mantle wore.—The sons of Greece
 Forsook the downy couch, and rang’d the wood
 Profuse of melody; or arduous scal’d
 The verdant summit, or more gently trac’d
 The flow’ry mazes of some murm’ring brook,
 As chance or fancy led. But by the shore,
 Apart from all, Leander thoughtful sat,
 And on fair Hero’s lonely mansion fix’d
 His eye unwearied, wishing for the dark,
 The favourable hour, the hour of love:
 His unbent bow and harmless quiver lay
 Neglected on the rock, while round his head
 Unhurt, the sea-mew and the screaming hern
 Skim’d with incessant clang.—No more his soul
 Pants for the bloody cestus, or exults
 To hurl the jav’lin, or the weighty disk,
 Beyond his peers:—In vain his mettled steeds
 Demand their wonted course, and neighing paw
 Their stalls indignant; he regards them not:
 His secret nuptials, and his spouse’s charms,
 Yet unenjoy’d, engage his ev’ry care,
 And vindicate each thought.—At last arriv’d

The long-expected hour.—Solemn and slow
 Night reassum’d her ebon throne; the breeze
 Blew keener from the shore, and onward roll’d
 More lengthen’d billows; while the wither’d
 grass

Long-rankling on the sea-beat cliff, in strains
 More sadly-pleasing sooth’d the pensive ear.
 Athwart the silent face of night, now gleam’d
 The red-blue taper, with a sickly ray
 Diffus’d around; not much unlike the sad,
 The dreary glare of bearded comets, seen
 By the observant sage to shoot along
 Their lengthen’d orbits of an hundred years;
 Immensely rapid!—Straight Leander hail’d
 The glad appearance, and his filken robe,
 Of thinnest texture from the Tyrian loom,
 Buoyant and light, collected on his head,
 He careful bound; in act to plunge he stood,
 Reckless of danger, when a threat’ning wave,
 Of more than usual bulk, enormous, dash’d
 The murm’ring shore, and cover’d all his limbs
 With floating sea-weed; then a sudden fear
 Congeal’d him to the rock; with both his hands
 Immoveable he clung. But soon his love
 Restor’d his wonted warmth:—The ridgy waves
 Forfaken by the gale subsiding sunk
 To sweet repose, on the unruffled breast
 Of their cerulean fire; with active bound,
 And arms extended, from the craggy shore
 He leapt impetuous, while the closing main
 Resounded to his fall; the gathering foam
 In shining circles girt his manly neck
 Emerging from the water.—But the maid
 By the pale lamp stood watchful, and would oft
 Oppose her mantle to the eddy breeze
 Threat’ning its friendly radiance; or would steal
 With silent steps to where the aged nurse
 In peaceful slumbers clos’d her rheumy eyes;
 Lest haply some returning flow of phlegm,
 Some periodic gout, or racking ach,
 Should rouse the testy matron, and betray
 Their secret correspondence.—Thus employ’d,
 Breathless and spent with toil, Leander reach’d
 The wishful harbour: To the nuptial couch
 She led him, leaning on her breast, and wip’d
 The brine offensive from his shiv’ring limbs,
 And wrung his lovely locks; a pleasant task!
 A grateful labour! interrupted oft
 With mute embraces: then she on his head
 Pour’d precious ointment, and the soft’ning balm,
 Of Syrian groves, most savoury, and cheer’d
 His drooping spirits thus:—“ My charming youth
 “ Much hast thou suffer’d, well approv’d thy faith,
 “ But now ’tis past, the mighty danger’s o’er!
 “ The couch is ready, and thy spouse’s arms
 “ Are open to receive thee; here enjoy
 “ The happy fruits of all thy hardy toils.
 “ Here, Leander! let me lull thy soul
 “ In blest oblivion of the wind and wave.”
 Restor’d to wonted vigour, and improv’d
 In manly graces, he no longer shunn’d
 The fond, the am’rous contest; but unloos’d
 The maiden girdle.—Silent were their joys!
 No chosen youth with melody and song
 Led up the mazy dance; no sacred bard,
 Inspir’d of heav’n, attun’d the melting lyre
 To hallow’d numbers, and the hidden sweets
 Of Hymen’s mystic kingdom, the domain

Of lawful pleasures!--With the fragrant growth
Of blushing meadows, and the verdant boughs
Of spreading palms, no virgin train adorn'd
The nuptial couch;---no venerable fire,
No rev'rend mother, sung with quav'ring lips
The wishful Hymeneals; and no torch
Illum'd the bridal chamber:---Darkness veil'd
The happy pair, and conscious night diffus'd
Her shadows round them; while, unseen, un-

heard,
The sylvan deities, to celestial airs,
Light swept the floor in an immortal dance.
But drowsy Somnus by Almene's couch,
Fair Hero's guardian, took his silent stand,
And bath'd her temples in the pow'ful juice
Of midnight herbs, inducing sweet respite
From all the dread infirmities of age,
The panting asthma, and the piercing pain
Of joint contrasting aches; where'er it sheds
Its balmy influence, no scalding rheum
The deep sunk eye-balls streaks with fiery red,
Averting peaceful slumbers.---Soft she lay
While not a sigh or mournful groan disturb'd
The blissful vigils of ecstatic love.

Such were Leander's nightly toils, and such
Their glorious recompense.---But righteous Heav'n
Oft most severely punishes the crimes
It seems to prosper: lawless were their joys,
From selfish passion sprung; the sage advice
Of parents was not ask'd: The marriage rites,
Of more than human origin, the bond,
The sacred bond, connecting man and wife
In holy union, and the fruitful source
Of all society, the sole defence
Gainst an uncertain progeny, untrain'd
And fatherless, the burden of a state;
The marriage rites, that point the nearest road
To real rapture and unblended bliss,
To perfect friendship and parental love,
The noblest passions of the human heart,
Refin'd from all the dregs of gross desire,
Were disregarded---Now the winter hour,
Cold and uncomfortable, came, o'ercast
With low-hung vapours, rousing from their caves
Where they had slept the summer suns away
In inoffensive peace; the raging storms
Confus'dly hurrying through the murky void
Clouds roll'd on clouds.---The troubled ocean felt
The universal violence descend
To his profoundest depths, and furious pil'd
High tow'ring waves on tow'ring waves high-
heap'd,

A wat'ry Caucasus! deform'd with mud
And ooze unfightly; threat'ning loud to pour
The blacken'd deluge on the frightened shore,
Aiding the wild commotion.---On the rock
The ship is dash'd impetuous: from the shore
The pensive sailor sees the floating wreck
Wide-scatter'd round, and shuns the faithless main.
Not so Leander: the accustom'd lamp
Beam'd through the horrid gloom;---he fearless
plung'd
Into the Hellespont, impell'd by fate,
And love, as strong as fate.---From wave to wave
He bounding flies before the howling winds,
Now here, now there, as this or that prevails;
Undaunted still, he put forth ev'ry nerve,
Exerted ev'ry sinew, fixing still

His steady eyes upon the trembling ray,
Oft intercepted by the heapy surge.
Loud and more loud the bellowing tempest rag'd,
Whilst, corresponding with each dismal blast,
The bulky billows heav'd in dreadful dance.
Weary'd and faint with bootless toil, his limbs
Refus'd their office, and his feeble arms
Cleave to his panting sides.---Then suppliant thus
His pray'r to Neptune, and to ev'ry nymph
Inhabiting the deep, and ev'ry wind,
But chiefly blust'ring Boreas, he address'd:
"Once more, ye pow'ful deities! once more
Indulge a lover's wishes; yet again
Let me embrace my Hero, let me give
One parting last embrace; and since this life
Is due to destiny, in my return
Let Ocean sink me to his lowest bed."
Thus he, alas! in vain; unhappy youth!
Nor god, nor nymph, nor blust'ring Boreas heard
The modest pray'r.---Unable to elude
Their sweepy force, each raging billow drove
Resistless o'er his head, emerging scarce
After long intervals;---while the rough winds
Extinguished the lamp, and with it all
His hopes of safety.---"Heav'n! (he said), I yield,
Nor struggle longer with my fate---Adieu,
My lovely Hero!--but, ye stormy winds,
O bear me, bear me from the Sestian shore!
Suffice one lover's death"---The greedy wave
Clos'd on the rest!--Already morning dawn'd,
Joyless and sad, when lonely in the tow'r,
Feigning Leander's tread in ev'ry blast,
Hero sat pensive, whilst foreboding sighs
Did shake her tender frame; impatient grown,
She from the window view'd the frightful deep,
High-swell'd and hoist'rous.---Who can describe
Her soul's distress? But what must she have felt!
What suffer'd! when she saw his mangled corse
Dash'd on the rock below!--She from her breast
The various garment tore, and headlong leapt
The height prodigious!--Side by side they lay;
A loving pair, united ev'n in death.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

How happy, O how happy, if he knew
The ills of higher life, the husbandman;
Whose yellow harvests, by his labour rais'd,
Supply his frugal board,---whose crystal streams
At once enrich his lands, and heaven's best boon,
Health's rosy balsam, to their master give;
Beyond the frown of greatness---aught beyond
That wealth can furnish, or that power can give,
But festers in the bosom, and but feeds
The gluttony of appetite, or struts
The drop'd belly of impure desire.

ON VISITING CARNWATH SCHOOL, 1769.

DULLNESS avaunt!--Cimmerian spectres hence!
The surgy surface of the miry lake
Subsides, horrendous, to receive your fall,
And mirky hell, unfathomably deep,
Yawns for her sable sons, with parent care
Already, hunger-pin'd, with horrid yell
Re-echo'd by the adamantine roof
Of ancient Erebus, the infernal hound

Expands his jaws to welcome your return—
And ah! return ye must—if enter here—
Conscious of former worth, this aged house
Contemptuous totters on its mould'ring base,
Threat'ning destruction to the idiot crew
That with pedantic orgies shall profane
Its hallow'd bourne—where infant genius bloom'd.

Here grave PHILANDER*, elegantly good,
And even in boyish years, maturely wise,
Felt kindling in his breast th' ethereal flame
Prompting to generous deeds—
And with the balm of mediation heal'd
The petty discord of his quarrelling mates,
Or rescu'd with the manly hand of power
Defenceless childhood from the scourge of age.

Here THYRSIS† ravish'd with the sweets of
sound,
To indigested numbers tun'd the lyre;
Gaily melodious while with patient charms
His light Belinda flutter'd in the lay.

Here gay FLORELLO‡, of more open front,
And sweeter manners, cheer'd his crowding mates,
With tale facetious, or with equal care,
Set limits to the race, while rival maids
Admir'd the beauty of the gallant boy.

Here O! illustrious and lamented youth!
ASPASIO§! all these lovely virtues dawn'd,
Which gain'd thee friendships in a foreign clime,
And drew compassion's tears from stranger eyes,
To see thee, all amid thy blooming hopes,
Struck immaturally from the ranks of men!

Here DAMON|| stemm'd the estuating tide
Of boyish follies, and industrious scann'd
The feats of classic chieftains; early warm'd
With Roman liberty, and Grecian arts:
Or, variously character'd his brow
Stalk'd, indolently thoughtful, dreaming much
Of Hæmus's Pindus, and the holy hill
Of Phocis, water'd with Castalian springs.

And here ALEXIS¶ trifled many an hour,
Reckless of science and the laurell'd maids,
Till late reclaim'd by DAMON's friendly care,
He turn'd the volumes fraught with ancient lore;
And not unfavour'd by the god of song,
To artless numbers tun'd the doric reed.

* The Rev. James Somerville, now senior minister of
Stirling.

† Mr. John Inglis, master of the grammar-school of
Cannongate, Edinburgh, and author of "The Patriot,"
a poem, printed in 1777. He died in 1786.

‡ Mr. Walter Somerville, bookseller in Lanark.
He died in 1783.

§ Mr. John Melrose. He was bred a surgeon at
South-Shields, attended the medical classes of Edinburgh,
and afterwards settled in Jamaica, where he died in
1766. He was eminently skilled in polite literature,
medicine, botany, and natural history. Some time before
his death he was employed in collecting materials for a
natural history of Jamaica. He contributed not a little
to lead the author, and Dr. Anderson (his cousin-german)
to the love of reading, and the study of history and
poetry.

|| Dr. Anderson.

¶ The Author.

VOL. XI.

INVOCATION TO THE ELEGIAC MUSE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

HAIL! soft-ey'd, tender, melancholy maid!
The poor man's comfort, and the lover's friend!
Give me thy sacred solitudes to tread,
And on thy wildly wand'ring steps attend.

Say, if thou choosest in the Cean grove
With musing step to weave thy winding way?
Or rather, through the labyrinths of love,
Pensive with thy Callimachus dost stray?

Hark! hark! from Pontus came that doleful
sound?

Was't thou, or Ovid that inspir'd the string?
The solemn music saddens all around—
Not thus the wanton miscreant us'd to sing!

Say, shall I seek thee in the breezy glade,
Where thy Tibullus sigh'd his simple song?
It suits thee well to sooth so sweet a shade,
And guard the relics of the fair and young!

Or, sit'st thou musing in the desert dome,
Where learn'd Propertius fill'd th' labour'd lay?
Or, with Catullus, o'er a brother's tomb,
Sigh'st thou sad dirges to the crumbling clay?

Lo! the last glimm'rings of departing day,
Streak the smooth surface of the shadowy stream;
The weary hedger homeward plods his way,
And down the rough slope nods the tinkling
team.

Now dost thou loiter o'er the hallow'd bourne,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
And hear thy Gray, in moral musings mourn
The peaceful peasants in their cells that sleep?

Or say, sequester'd from the dinful roar,
Which tasteless crowds uninterrupted send,
Meet'st thou thy Shenstone in the rural bow'r,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills de-
fend?

Or, deeply shelter'd in the solemn shade,
By noble Temple's gen'rous friendship wove,
Hear'st thou thy Hammond tune his tender reed,
As through the gloom his love-lorn footsteps
rove?

Or, all attentive to the lonesome note
That bursts obscure from Medwan's mazy vale,
Hear'st thou thy Græme, in many a love-sick
thought,
Pour pensive forth his sweetly-vary'd tale?

Ah! does thy foot his favour'd haunt forego,
Led where loud wailings pierce the midnight-
gloom—
Hear'st thou the knell of death, the shriek of woe,
Tell to the hollow gale his timeless doom!

That tear becomes thee—gentle was thy Græme!
Soft were his woes, and sweet his warbled
lays!

Yet lasts his love, and lasts his noble flame,
Blest in the strain that lives to latest days.

G g

Me unambitious, as I breathe my moan,
Nor laurell'd name, nor honour'd meed inspires:
Me it delights to murmur all alone,
True to my love, and faithful to its fires.

Deep in the bosom of this moss-lin'd grot,
Whose verdant side unhallow'd waters lave,
Where never poet pour'd the plaintive note,
Nor ling'ring lover lull'd the lonesome wave—

If e'er, outstretch'd beneath the midnight sky,
Musing, erewhile, I mark'd thy visions dear;
If e'er, when wayward beauty drew my eye,
According murmurs met thy soothed ear!

Deign, meek-ey'd maid! with musing footstep
slow.

Pale face demure, and mien solemnly sweet!
Deign, now invok'd, to harmonize my woe,
Sooth my sad sighs, and guide my wandering
feet!

1773-

THE VISION,

TO MR. JOHN GRÆME,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THOU friend! for whom the languid muse a-
wakes

Her buried fire, and strikes the jarring string,
Propitious listen to the feeble lay,
The backward virgin trills at your command;
She, pensive stretch'd on sloth's inglorious couch,
In secret sighs bewail'd Alexis' fate,
And Nancy's absence ineffectual mourn'd;
Till you, invidious of her sad repose,
To wonted toils impell'd the listless maid,
Reluctant rousing at the friendly call.

When shady night her dewy pinions spread,
Involving deep the summer-painted vale,
And verdant mountain in her formless gloom;
Damon, a youth of melancholy mien,
Who erst, ambitious of the myrtle wreath,
Tun'd his weak reed where Medwan's waters
lave,

Bow'rs built by fays, and fields renown'd in song;
Hard by, where Alne devolves her mazy course
Irriguous, through romantic vales, of old
By sister nations fill'd with sounding war,—
Lonely and sad, forsook his sleepless couch,
Revolving serious in his anxious mind
The luckless love that wrung his tortur'd breast;
And ever, as in luring smiles array'd,
His gentle Nancy's absent form arose,
And drew th' impassion'd glance from moisten'd
eye;

Gold-potent rivals, pageantry and birth,
Successive rose, and dusk'd the low'ring scene!

Nor was the swelling sigh alone confin'd
To proper woes—for Strephon's tender grief
Piteous he pin'd; while, from his proffer'd hand,
Grieving he saw each lovely grace that blooms
On Jeffrey's damask cheek, unequal shrink,
As wealth, exulting, spreads her glittering stores,
In gay profusion on the dazzled eye.

5

Thus, wrapt in thought, he reach'd a moss-lin'd
cave,

O'er which two oaks their verdant branches spread,
Commixing thick their raggy-fringed leaves,
While through and through the shooting ivy
stray'd.

There, musing stretch'd, the river's murmuring
chime,

That broad below o'er swept a pebbly channel,
Clos'd his moist lids, and sunk his soul to rest,
While Morpheus thus, to fancy's wakeful eye
Call'd up his airy unsubstantial forms
And trac'd the scene the faithful virgin sings.

Plac'd on the arid margin of a stream,
That down a rugged bed tumultuous hurl'd
Its dismal wave, he mark'd with deep regard
The vernal flow'rs that flush'd the further shore,
High on a mound, superior to the rest,
Two blushing roses odorific wav'd
Their crimson folds, disspread to Titan's beam:
On these insatiate hung his raptur'd eye,
And wishful mark'd the vermilion glow, diffus'd
On either flow'r, by spring's refreshful hand.
In wild amaze, and fancy'd vision lost!

A more than human form, serenely fair,
Thus gentle spoke---while penetration shone
From either eye, and Reason loud proclaim'd:

"Why, frantic youth! pursue with fateless
gaze

"The florid phantoms, that deceitful skim

"In splendid dress before the curtain'd eye?

"'Tis vain illusion all!--the vermeil blush,

"That veils yon painted flow'rs, is but the work

"Of fancy's mimic hand---Fair Nancy's charms,

"If rightly view'd, and Jeffrey's, are no more!"

She ceas'd---and straight the slumb'ring youth
awoke,

And, shiv'ring, quick uprear'd his dewy limbs,
With nightly vapours chill'd, and less perplex'd,
With heedful eye explor'd the homeward path.

1774.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH,

BY MR. JOHN GRÆME*.

HAIL! gentle goddess of the sprightly look,

On whose plump cheek the roses ever bloom,
How long shall youth---shall innocence invoke---
And wilt thou point me to the gloomy tomb!

O think how ill the youthful heart can bear

The dismal thought of numb'ring with the
dead!

How hard to part with all I hold most dear,
Ere half the summer of my life is fled!

What is my crime that thus thou hid'st thy face?

Did e'er these feet the paths of vice pursue?

Did e'er I wallow in the lewd embrace,
Or bid the paths of sober life adieu?

Did e'er this youthful heart ungrateful prove?

Have I not worshipp'd at thy holy shrine?

* Mr. Græme died of a consumption, in 1783,
soon after writing this ode.

Been true to friendship and been true to love,
And shall I urge my innocence in vain?

That these pale cheeks their wonted bloom might
wear,

Have I not used ev'ry various mean?
Mounted the steed---brush'd through the balmy
air,

And tript it frequent o'er yon daisi'd green?

What time in western wind I heard thee rove,
Did e'er I loiter at the pleasing sound?

Have I not left the maiden of my love,
And woo'd thee on each silent hill around?

* * * * *

Hail! gentle goddess of the sprightly look,
On whose plump cheek the roses ever bloom,
How long shall youth---shall innocence invoke?---
O come, and snatch me from the gloomy tomb!

NANCY.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

You ask why I musingly stray
Where rivers run slowly along!
Why I teach ev'ry bird of the spray
To sing my disconsolate song?
I loiter'd, a simple young swain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
And it is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Insensibly Nancy obtain'd
My heart, inexperience'd in love;
When I left her, she fondly complain'd,
Or follow'd my steps to the grove.
When walking, she lean'd on my arm,
And would play with my fingers the while;
And, as oft as I prais'd ev'ry charm,
She would answer each word with a smile.

If I spoke of a field-flow'r I found,
How her face it but faintly display'd,
She would dart a soft glance on the ground,
And blush a more ravishing red.
Hand in hand, as the path we pursu'd
She would stop, and with transport behold
How my bowers bended bright o'er the flood,
And my seats were spread over with gold.

My reed when I labour'd to sound,
She would say was the sweetest to hear,
And if ever a fault could be found,
It was, "Ah, were the song but sincere!"
"For I've heard (she would add with a sigh)
"How the shepherds do pipe on the plain,
"With the notes of the nightingale vie,
"While their bosoms unmoved remain!"

How bright was the sun's golden beam,
When my Nancy so smilingly shone!
And how sweet was the sound of the stream,
When we trac'd its wild windings alone!

Each bird that saluted our ear
From the grove where we sought to retire,
Warbl'd still more melodious and clear,
As we strove its soft strains to admire!

And the primrose, besprinkl'd with dew,
And the violet of various dye,
Still assum'd a more delicate hue,
As our steps stole lovingly by!
And each tree that extended its shade
'Mid the thicket of willows I wove,
Spread its blossoms more bright o'er our head,
As we sat and repeated our love.

But now with fond footstep no more
Through the groves and the valleys we stray,
Recline in the blossoming bower,
And talk about love the long day!
Forfaking the sweets of the vale,
The flower, and the stream, and the tree,
She roves on some far distant dale
With a swain more distinguish'd than me!

Yet, forc'd each fond hope to forego,
Of ev'ry sweet solace forlorn;
Should one murmur upbraidingly flow
While I strive with my fate and her scorn!
The proud shepherds who see my despair,
Rebuke me, nor dare I complain
That a nymph so exceedingly fair
Should prefer so engaging a swain.

For his manners, they say, are more smooth,
And the tint of his features more fine,
And the language that flows from his mouth
Has a softness superior to mine:
Then my raiment, be sure, it must yield
To the lustre his garments display,
And my love-labour'd notes be excell'd
By the ease of his elegant lay!

Thus glide their gay triumphs along;
Nor ought I to utter a sigh,
Since Nancy despises my song,
And the shepherds reprove my reply.
Yet my foot, still averse to forget
The soft scenes that engag'd me before,
Frequents the sweet shade where we met,
And delights in the desolate bower.

And oft-times a reflection will rise---
(But I study the thought to resign),
How a nymph so sincere could despise
A bosom so gentle as mine!
Then suiting my reed to my lay,
I loiter the streamlet along,
And teach the blithe birds of the spray
To sing my disconsolate song.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

TO JOHN GRIEVE, M. D.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WHILE you, my dearest Grieve, admire
The august fane, and gilded spire,
The courtly mien, and measur'd stride,
Which mark the sons of civic pride,

G g ij

I wander in the rural scene,
O'er fields, with rising plenty green,
O'er verdant lawns, and fragrant meads,
By sloping banks and sylvan shades,—
Where hill-born Alne, with conscious pride,
Devolves her silver-winding tide,
By Alnwick's green-inwoven bowers,
Gay-gilt alcoves, and trophied towers—
Pleas'd if the cottage of a friend
Receive me, at my ramble's end ;—
Which neither mean, nor elegant,
Bespeaks nor luxury, nor want,—
To listen to the homely joke,
And raillery, of country folk ;
To tales repeated o'er and o'er,
Of this turn'd rogue, and that turn'd whore ;
Of matches, politic and civil,
Or made by nature, or the devil ;
Of jocky-seats at fairs and races,
And hair-breadth 'scapes in critic cases,
And births, and deaths, and Sunday suits,
And dinners, dreams, and drinking-bouts,
And genealogies, as long
As epic Blackmore's endless song.

The world its distant din may keep,
Fred'rick may frown, the Pole may weep,
Bourbon the work of war renew,
Cath'rine the flying Turk pursue,
And George, a gracious guest ! repair
To Portsmouth, when he will---or where---
To Alne's green marge I still retire,
While ev'ning trims her fading fire,
And still---while morning's meekest beam,
Just silvers o'er the shadowy stream,
Reflecting every grace of day---
'To Alne's green marge I haste away,
And, all along the winding shore,
I muse---and build my birchen bow's---
Pleas'd (if perchance my musings meet
One spark of that poetic heat,
Which erst inspir'd my youthful dreams
On other banks, and other streams).
'To tune my feeble voice to raise
Another strain to Nancy's praise,
And bid another sigh sincere
Pursue my Græme's unhonour'd bier !

" Well, Bob!--but sure 'tis sometimes fit,
" You mind the lab'ring world of wit ;
" Inquire if subtle sceptics still
" Stain their own morals, and their quill ;

" Observe the story-telling tribe
" Trim old-new facts in style full glib ;
" And eke observe the rant-retailers
" Of rambles, pranks, and female failures ;
" And (well distinguish'd from the rest
" By the rapt eye and tatter'd vest)
" Observe th' enthusiastic choir,
" Whose rival fingers strike the lyre."

Mind wit!--dear Grieve ! you don't reflect,
My lot how low, my voice how weak !

Incurious, indolent, and dull,
I little care to go to school,
Or waste the morning of my days
In pilf'ring sprigs from other's bays.

Let Mason's laurels still entwine
His classic brow, and Goldsmith shine,
In spite of fortune's blinded sway,
A Pope in rhyme, in manners Gay !
What is't to me ?---I may admire,
But never match their heav'nly fire ;
Impell'd by that persuasive power
That plans the whim from hour to hour,
To woo a wayward muse in vain,
And force from unimproved brain
Some sorry couplets, void of merit,
Or as to diction, or to spirit ;
For such a poet, passing well,
As just can write, but ne'er excel.

This draws from vanity its source,
And with its author, Grieve ! is yours.

1774.

A WISH.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

I ASK not Heav'n ! the cumbrous skill to know
The tribes and hist'ries of the human race ;
In foreign climes what herbs fanescent grow,
What unknown systems crowd untravel'd space.

I ask not to triumph in glory's car,
With honour's wreath to twine my lordly brow ;
To swell my coffers with resplendent ore,
Nor tame unnumber'd valleys with my plough.

But gracious grant me in some lonely cot
To spend the remnant of a joyless life ;
From learning, pride, and pageantry remote,
Nancy my friend, my mistress, and my wife.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

Containing

LEONIDAS,
POEM ON NEWTON,

||

LONDON,
HOSIER'S GHOST,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

GLOVER! thy mind in various virtue wise,
Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize;
With Newton, soars familiar to the sky,
Looks nature through, so keen thy mental eye;
Or down descending on the globe below,
Through humble realms of knowledge loves to flow;
Promiscuous beauties dignify thy breast,
By nature happy, as by study blest.
Thou wit's Columbus! from the epic throne,
New worlds descry'd, and made them all our own.
Thou first through real nature dar'd explore,
And waft her sacred treasures to our shore.
Nor Ariosto's fables fill thy page,
Nor Tasso's points, but Virgil's sober rage.
How soft, how strong thy varied numbers move,
Or swell'd to glory, or dissolv'd to love.
Correct with ease, where all the graces meet,
Nervously plain, majestically sweet:
The Muses will thy sacrifice repay,
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay.

THOMPSON'S EPISTLE TO GLOVER.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

POTTER'S WORKS

RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

London

Glover's Great

U. S. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Every mind is various, various wide,
Each science claims, and makes each art its pride;
With Newton, some familiar to the day,
Shall name though, to know the medical way,
Or have descending on the globe below,
Through gentle means of knowledge love to flow,
From human nature's highly-apt brain,
By nature's power, as by the brain,
From that's the cause, from the epic spirit,
New worlds of beauty, and made them all our own,
It has but through each nature's art to explore,
And with her sacred treasures to our store,
For Aristotle's labors fill thy page,
For Plato's power, for Virgil's labor range,
How long, how long thy varied numbers move,
Or length in glory, or dilatory to love,
Correct with care, where all the graces meet,
Nervously plain, majestically sweet,
The Muse will thy labor repay,
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay,
Thomson's Existence to Glover.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY THOMSON AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1792.

THE LIFE OF GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, in 1712. He was the son of Richard Glover, Esq. an eminent Hamburgh merchant in the city.

He received the whole of his education under the Rev. Daniel Sanxay, at Cheam school, a place which he afterwards delighted to visit, and sometimes attended the anniversary, held of late years in London, where he seemed happy in relating his juvenile adventures.

At this seminary he distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress, and early began to exhibit specimens of his poetical powers.

At the age of sixteen, he wrote a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, prefixed to the "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy," published in 4to, 1728, by his intimate friend Dr. Pemberton. "I have presented my readers," says Dr. Pemberton in the preface to this work, "with a copy of verses on Sir Isaac Newton, which I have just received from a young gentleman, whom I am proud to reckon among the number of my dearest friends. If I had any apprehension that this piece of poetry stood in need of an apology, I should be desirous the reader might know that the author is but sixteen years old, and was obliged to finish the composition in a very short time, but I shall only take the liberty to observe, that the boldness of the digressions will be best judged of by those who are acquainted with Pindar."

Considering this poem as the composition of a school-boy, it will excite no small degree of surprise, as it possesses more claim to applause, and requires fewer allowances for faults, than productions of such an age are always allowed. To Glover may be applied what the present Earl of Orford said of his friend Gray, "that he never was a boy."

Though possessed of talents which were calculated to excel in literature, he was content to devote his attention to commerce, and at a proper period commenced a Hamburgh merchant; as appears from the following lines, with which he begins his poem called *London*.

Ye northern blasts, and Eurus, wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrowed waves;
A while suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy Weser, and the broad-mouth'd Elbe,
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore
Safe o'er th' unruffled main——

As a merchant he soon made a conspicuous figure; but his commercial affairs did not occupy his whole attention. He still found leisure to cultivate the study of poetry; and continued to associate with those who were eminent in literature and science; especially among the party in opposition to the administration of Walpole.

One of his earliest friends was Green, the ingenious but obscure author of that truly original poem, intitled "The Spleen," which, in 1737, soon after his death, was published by Glover. This excellent performance contains the following preface of his literary eminence, with an evident allusion to his *Leonidas*, which he had begun when very young.

But there's a youth that you can name,
Who needs no leading strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he that was foretold,
Should emulate our Greeks of old:
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;

If he describe love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot on his page;
 If he fair liberty and law,
 By ruffian power expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove;
 With him the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

On the 1st of May 1737, he married Miss Nunn, with whom he received a fortune of 12,000*l.* and in the same month he published his *Leonidas*, an epic poem in nine books, 4to, which completely established his poetical reputation.

Leonidas was inscribed to Lord Cobham, and on its first appearance, was received by the public with great approbation; though it has since been unaccountably neglected.

But its favourable reception was not entirely owing to its intrinsic merits. At the time of its publication, a zeal, or rather rage for liberty, prevailed in England; a constellation of great men, distinguished by their virtues as well as their talents, set themselves in opposition to the Court; every species of composition that bore the sacred name of freedom, recommended itself to their protection, and soon obtained possession of the public favour. Hence a poem founded on the noblest principles of liberty, and displaying the most brilliant examples of patriotism, soon found its way into the world.

Lyttleton, then high in the ranks of opposition, in a popular publication called *Common Sense*, under the signature of *Philo Musæus*, No. 10. April 9. 1737, praised it in the warmest terms. Dr. Pemberton published "Observations on Poetry, especially epic, occasioned by the late poem upon *Leonidas*," 12mo, 1738, merely with a view to point out its beauties; and it was praised by Thompson, of Queen's College, and other poets. It passed through three editions in 1737, and 1738; but it afterwards experienced the fate of those literary productions, which owe a temporary celebrity to the influence of party-principles, without deserving it.

The imprudent zeal of his friends had encouraged such extravagant ideas of it, that though it was found to have very great beauties, yet the ardour of the lovers of poetry soon sunk into a kind of cold forgetfulness with regard to it; because it did not possess more than the narrow limits of the design would admit of, or indeed than it was in the power of human genius to execute. It was severely animadverted upon, in a series of letters addressed "to the author of *Leonidas*," in the "Weekly Miscellany," for May 1738, under the signature of *Miso-Musæus*.

In 1739, he published his *London, or the Progress of Commerce*, 4to; and soon after his ballad intitled *Hofier's Ghost*; both these pieces seem to have been written with a view to incite the nation to resent the depredations of the Spaniards; and the latter had a very considerable effect.

His connection with Cobham, Lyttleton, Pitt, and other leaders of the opposition, introduced him to the notice of Frederick Prince of Wales, then struggling for popularity, and professing himself the patron of wit; who distinguished him by his countenance and patronage; and once, it is said, presented him with a complete set of the classics, elegantly bound.

The political dissensions at this period, raged with great violence, and more especially in the metropolis. In 1739, Sir George Champion, who was next in rotation for the mayoralty, had offended a majority of his constituents, by voting with the Court party in the business of the Spanish convention. This determined them to set him aside, and choose the next to him in seniority; accordingly Sir John Salter was chosen on Michaelmas day; and on this occasion Glover took a very active part; as appears from "A Narrative of what passed in the Common Hall of the City of London, assembled for the election of a Lord Mayor, on Saturday the 29th of September, on Monday the 1st and Tuesday the 2d of October; together with a defence of these proceedings, both as reasonable and agreeable to the practice of former times," 8vo, 1739, written by Benjamin Robins, the supposed author of "Lord Anson's Voyage."

In 1740, the same resolution of the majority continuing, Glover presided at Vintner's Hall, September 25th, at a meeting of the Livery, to consider of two proper persons to be recommended

to the Court of Aldermen; when it was resolved to support the nomination of Sir Robert Godschall, and George Heathcote, Esq. who being returned to the Court of Aldermen, the latter gentleman was chosen; but he declining the office, another meeting of the Livery was held at Vintner's Hall, October 13th, when Glover again was called to the chair, and the meeting resolved to return Humphry Parsons, Esq. and Sir Robert Godschall, to the Court of Aldermen, who made choice of the former to fill the office.

On the 19th of November, another meeting was held at Vintner's Hall, when Glover pronounced an eulogium on Sir John Barnard, and advised the Livery to choose him one of their representatives in Parliament, notwithstanding his intention to resign.

On all these occasions, Glover acquitted himself in a very able manner. His speeches, printed in the "London Magazine," 1740, and the "Annals of Europe," 1748, p. 283, are elegant, spirited, and adapted.

His talents for public speaking, his knowledge of political affairs, and his information concerning trade and commerce, soon after pointed him out to the merchants of London, as a proper person to conduct their application to Parliament, on the subject of the neglect of their trade. He accepted the office, and in summing up the evidence, gave very striking proofs of his oratorical powers.

This remarkable speech was pronounced at the bar of the House of Commons, January 27. 1742, and soon afterwards published under the title of *A short account of the late application to Parliament, made by the merchants of London, upon the neglect of their trade, with the substance thereupon as summed up by Mr. Glover*, 8vo, 1742.

By his appearance in behalf of the merchants of London, he acquired, and with great justice, the character of an able and steady patriot; and, indeed, on every occasion, he showed a most perfect knowledge of, joined to the most ardent zeal for, the commercial interests of the nation, and inviolable attachment to the welfare of his countrymen in general, and that of the city of London in particular.

In 1744, died Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and by her will left to Glover and Mallet, 500l. each, to write the history of the Duke of Marlborough. Of Glover, her grace says, "that she believes him to be a very honest man, who wished, as she did, all the good that could happen to preserve the liberties and laws of England."

This bequest never took place. It is supposed that Glover very early renounced his share; and Mallet, though he continued to talk of performing the task, almost as long as he lived, is now known never to have made the least progress in it.

About this period, having in consequence of unavoidable losses in trade, and perhaps, in some measure, of his zealous warmth for the public interests, to the neglect of his own private emoluments, somewhat reduced his fortunes, he withdrew a good deal from public notice, and preferred, with a very laudable delicacy, an obscure retreat to popular observation, until his affairs should put on a more prosperous appearance.

While he lived in obscurity, known only to his friends, and declining to take any active part in public affairs, the Prince of Wales, it is said, sent him, on account of the embarrassment of his circumstances, 500l.

The Prince died in March 1751, and in May following, Glover was once more drawn from his retreat by the importunity of his friends, and condescended to stand candidate for the place of Chamberlain of the City of London, in opposition to Thomas Harrison, Esq.

It unfortunately happened, that he did not declare himself till most of the Livery had engaged their votes. After a few days, finding that his antagonist gained ground upon the poll, he gave up the contest on the 6th of May. Mr. Deputy Harrison was declared duly elected, May 7th, and on this occasion, Glover made the following speech to the Livery, which exhibits the feelings of a manly, resigned, philosophical mind, in unprosperous circumstances.

"Heretofore, I have frequently had occasion of addressing the Livery of London in public; but at this time I find myself at an unusual loss, being under all the difficulties which a want of matter deserving your notice, can create. Had I now your rights and privileges to vindicate,—had I the cause of your suffering trade to defend,—or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the parliamentary service of the most virtuous and illustrious citizen,—my tongue would be free from

constraint, and expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your attention; which now must be confined to so narrow a subject as myself. On those occasions, the importance of the matter, and my known zeal to serve you, however ineffectual my attempt might prove, were always sufficient to promise me the honour of a kind reception, and unmerited regard. Your countenance first drew me from the retirement of a studious life; your repeated marks of distinction first pointed me out to that great body, the merchants of London, who, pursuing your example, condescended to intrust me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the most important cause; a cause where your interest was as nearly concerned as theirs. In consequence of that deference which has been paid to the sentiments and choice of the citizens and traders of London, it was impossible but some faint lustre must have glanced on me, whom, weak as he was, they were pleased to appoint the instrument on their behalf; and if from these transactions I accidentally acquired the smallest share of reputation, it was to you, that my gratitude ascribes it; and I joyfully embrace this public opportunity of declaring, that whatever part of a public character I may presume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the favour, the twenty years countenance and patronage of one, whom a supreme degree of respect shall prevent me from naming; and though under the temptation of using that name as a certain means of obviating some misconstructions, I shall, however, avoid to dwell on the memory of a loss so recent, so justly, and so universally lamented.

“ Permit me now to remind you, that when placed by these means in a light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative reward was then the object of my pursuit; nor ever did the promises or offers of private emolument induce me to quit my independence or vary from the least of my former professions, which always were and remain still founded on the principles of universal liberty; principles which I assume the glory to have established on your records. Your sense, and the sense of your great corporation, so repeatedly recommended to your representatives in Parliament, were my sense, and the principal boast of all my compositions, containing matter imbibed in my earliest education, to which I have always adhered, by which I still abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the grave; and even at that gloomy period, when deserted by my good fortune, and under the severest trials; even then, by the same consistency of opinions, and uniformity of conduct, I still preserved that part of reputation which I originally derived from your favour, whatever I might pretend to call a public character, unshaken and unblemished; nor, once in the hour of affliction, did I banish from my thoughts, the most sincere and conscientious intention of acquitting every private obligation, as soon as my good fortune should please to return; a distant appearance of which seemed to invite me, and awakened some flattering expectations on the rumour of the vacancy of the Chamberlain's office; but always apprehending the imputation of presumption, and that a higher degree of delicacy and caution would be requisite in me than in any other candidate, I forbore, till late, to present myself once more to your notice, and then, for the first time, abstracted from a public consideration, solicited your favour for my own private advantage. My want of success shall not prevent my cheerfully congratulating this gentleman on his election, and you on your choice of so worthy a magistrate; and if I may indulge a hope of departing this place with a share of your approbation and esteem, I solemnly from my heart declare, that I shall not bear away with me the least trace of disappointment.”

In his retirement, he finished the tragedy of *Boadicea*, which he had begun many years before, and in 1753, it was brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, and acted nine nights, with great success. From the following lines in the prologue, it appears to have been patronised by his friends in the city.

Beside his native Thames, our poet long
Hath hung his silent harp, and hush'd his tongue;
At length his muse from exile he recalls,
Urg'd by his patrons in Augusta's walls,
Those generous traders, who alike sustain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raise affliction's drooping train; }
They who, benignant to his toils, afford
Their sheltering favour, have his muse restor'd,
They in her future fame will justly share,
But her disgrace, herself must singly bear;
Calm hours of learned leisure they have given,
And could no more, for genius is from heav'n

Though there is rather a deficiency, both as to incident and characters in this play, yet the language is very poetical, and the descriptions beautiful. It is such a production as might be expected from the author of *Leonidas*; but it seems better adapted to give pleasure in the closet than the theatre. "To the most material objections," says Archbishop Herring, writing to a friend, of this play, "the author would say (a Shakespeare must in some instances) that he did not make, but told it as he found it. The first page of the play shocked me, and the sudden and heated answer of the Queen to the Roman ambassador's gentle address, is arrant madness; it is, indeed, unnatural. It is another objection in my opinion, that *Boadicea* is really not the object of crime and punishment, so much as pity; and notwithstanding the strong paintings of her savageness, I cannot help wishing she had got the better. She had been most unjustly and outrageously injured by those universal tyrants, who ought never to be mentioned without horror. However, I admire the play in many passages, and think the two last acts admirable. In the fifth, particularly, I hardly ever found myself so strongly touched." Dr. Pemberton published "Some Reflections on the Tragedy of Boadicea," 8vo, 1753, to recommend this play, upon the principle, that dramatic dialogue without incidents, and poetry without description, metaphor, or similes, approach nearest to perfection, because they approach nearest to nature. From tragedies written on this principle, verse should also be rejected, as nothing can be a more evident or perpetual deviation from nature, than dialogue in verse. Mr. Crisp Mills addressed "A Letter to Mr. Glover, on occasion of his tragedy of Boadicea," 8vo, 1753, in which he applauds him for the regularity of his piece, but censures him for omitting to introduce into it a *plot* or *intrigue*; without which, he thinks, *a set of connected dialogues can never be a play*. A pamphlet intitled "Female Revenge, or the British Amazon, exemplified in the life of Boadicea; with observations on the diction, sentiments, and conduct of the play," 8vo, 1753, and other anonymous remarks, criticisms, and reflections, appeared about this time, relating to this play.

In 1761, he published his *Medea*, a tragedy, 4to, taken from the dramas of Euripides, and Seneca, and constructed professedly upon the ancient plan, each act terminating with a chorus. It was not acted till 1767, when it was brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, for Mrs. Yates's benefit, and has since been often performed with success. Heinſius and Scaliger have called the "*Medea*" of Seneca, the *Alta Medea*; but that title more properly belongs to the work of Glover, which is superior both to the "*Medea*" of Seneca, and even that of Euripides. In Euripides, *Medea* tells us that she murders her children because she would rather have them fall by her own hand, than by the hands of the Corinthians, which, as she had effected the death of *Creusa*, she might expect. This produces very little that is interesting or affecting. Indeed, when *Jason* is informed of the murder of his children, he gives a loose to parental sorrow, but the altercations between him and *Medea* on that occasion, are very low and trifling. Seneca, with a greater appearance of probability, imputes her murder to revenge. When *Medea* discovers *Jason's* fond affection for his children, she immediately meditates their destruction. But when he describes her as deliberating upon this cruel deed, though very ingenious in his distinctions, he is certainly too minute. *Medea's* motive to the murder, imputed, as it is by Glover, to the rage of madness, is much more natural, and produces more affecting scenes than could follow from the motives to which either the Greek or Latin poets have ascribed it. She appears in the work of our countryman, that wild, infuriate, sun-born *Medea*, which the ancient mythology represents her. Her indignation on the thought of *Jason's* deserting her for *Creusa*, is forcibly expressed. The pathetic manner of Euripides is happily imitated in the tender conversation between *Medea* and her children in the second scene of the third act. When she is told by *Jason* that he is married to *Creusa*, her sudden madness is well conceived, and expressed in a grand and affecting manner. But when, still raving and distracted, she comes upon the stage, her hands dropping with the blood of her children, her words and wild appearance perfectly harrow up the soul.

It is begun.

Now, to complete my vengeance, will I mount
The burning chariot of my bright forefather;
The rapid steeds o'er Corinth will I drive,
And with the scatter'd lightnings from their manes
Consume its walls, its battlements, and towers;
Then, as the flames embrace the purple clouds,

And the proud city crumbles from its base,
 The demon of my rage and indignation
 All grim, and wrapt in terror, shall bestride
 The mountainous embers; and denounce abroad
 To gods and men, my wrongs and my revenge.

When her returning reason discovers to her what she had done, her horror and anguish are dreadful, even beyond imagination. The tragedy ends, like that of Seneca, by representing *Medea* snatched up into the air in a chariot drawn by dragons. The unities are preserved throughout, the diction in general is harmonious, poetical, and picturesque, animated in proportion to the scenes it represents, and rising or falling with the passions. But the thoughts are sometimes spun too fine; some of the epithets, though not pedantic, are too stiff, and the blank odes introduced by way of chorus, though not inharmonious, must be very disagreeable to ears long accustomed to rhyme in lyric compositions.

At length, having surmounted the difficulties of his situation, he again relinquished the pleasures of retirement; and in the parliament which met at the accession of his present Majesty, 1761, he was elected for Weymouth. About this time, he interested himself about India affairs, at one of Mr. Sullivan's elections, and in a speech introduced the fable of the "Man, Horse, and Boar," and drew this conclusion, that whenever merchants made use of armed forces to maintain their trade, it would end in their destruction.

In 1770, he published a new edition (the fifth) of *Leonidas*, in 2 vols. 12mo, corrected throughout, and extended from nine books to twelve. It had also several new characters added, besides placing the old ones in new situations. The improvements made in it were very considerable; but the public curiosity was not sufficiently alive to recompence the pains bestowed on this once popular performance.

On the failure of the bank of Douglas, Heron, and Company, at Ayr, in June 1772, he took a very active part in the settling those complicated concerns, and in stopping the distress then so universally felt. In February 1774, he called the annuitants of that banking-house together at the King's Arms Tavern, London, and laid proposals before them, for the security of their demands, with which they were fully satisfied.

He also undertook to manage the interests of the merchants and traders of London, concerned in the trade to Germany and Holland, and of the dealers in foreign linens, in their application to Parliament in May 1774. Both the speeches made on these occasions were published in a pamphlet in that year.

In 1775, he engaged on behalf of the West India merchants, in their application to Parliament, and examined the witnesses, and summed up the evidence, in the same masterly manner he had done on former occasions. For the assistance he afforded the merchants in this business, he was complimented by them with a service of plate of the value of 300l. The speech which he delivered in the House was printed in that year. This was the last opportunity he had of displaying his oratorical talents in public.

Having now arrived at a period of life which demanded a recess from business, he retired to ease and independence, and wore out the remainder of his life with dignity and with honour, in the exercise of the virtues of private and domestic life, and in his attention to his muse. He died at his house in Albemarle-Street, November 25. 1785, in the 73d year of his age.

No edition of his *Leonidas* has been called for since 1770. His *London* was reprinted in the second volume of "Pearch's Collection of Poems," 1774. *The Athenaid*, a sequel to *Leonidas*, which he bequeathed, with his other manuscripts, to his daughter Mrs. Halsey, was presented to the world, as it came from his hands, with the exception of a few corrections from the pen of a friend, in 3 vols. 12mo, 1788. He has also written a sequel to his *Medea*; but as it requires scenery of the most expensive kind, it has never been exhibited. It is said, indeed, that it was approved by Mrs. Yates, the magic of whose voice and action in the first part, produced as powerful effects as any imputed by Greek or Roman poets, to the character she represented. He has left some other dramatic pieces, which, it is hoped, will be presented to the world. His *Leonidas*, reprinted from the edition 1770, *Poem on Sir Isaac Newton, London, and Hofer's Ghost*, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The following character of Glover, drawn up immediately after his death, by his friend Dr. Brocklesby, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1785, is adopted without exception, as it contains an accurate and elegant estimate of his virtue, his learning, his eloquence, his patriotism, and his poetry.

"Through the whole of his life, Mr. Glover was by all good men revered, by the wise esteemed, by the great sometimes caressed and even flattered, and now his death is sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness to contemplate the integrity of his character. Mr. Glover, for upwards of 50 years past, through every vicissitude of fortune, exhibited the most exemplary simplicity of manners; having early attained that perfect equanimity, which philosophy often recommends in the closet, but which in experience is too seldom exercised by other men in the test of trial. In Mr. Glover were united a wide compass of accurate information in all mercantile concerns, with high intellectual powers of mind, joined to a copious flow of eloquence as an orator in the House of Commons. Since Milton, he was second to none of our English poets, in his discriminating judicious acquaintance with all ancient as well as modern literature; witness his *Leonidas*, *Medea*, *Boadicea*, and *London*; for, having formed his own character upon the best models of the Greek writers, he lived as if he had been bred a disciple of Socrates, or companion of Aristides. Hence his political turn of mind, hence his unwarped affection and active zeal for the liberties of his country—hence his heartfelt exultation whenever he had to paint the impious designs of tyrants, in ancient times frustrated, or in modern defeated, defeated in their nefarious purposes to extirpate liberty, or to trample on the unalienable rights of man, however remote in time or space from his immediate presence. In a few words, for the extent of his various erudition, for his unalloyed patriotism, and for his daily exercise and constant practice of Xenophon's philosophy, in his private as well as in public life, Mr. Glover has left none his equal in the city, and some time, it is feared, may elapse, before such another citizen shall arise, with eloquence, with character, and with poetry, like his, to assert their rights, or to vindicate with equal powers, the just claims of free-born men. Suffice this testimony at present, as the well-earned meed of this truly virtuous man, whose conduct was carefully marked, and narrowly watched by the writer of the foregoing hasty sketch, for his extraordinary qualities during the long period in human life of upwards of 40 years; and now it is spontaneously offered as a voluntary tribute, unsolicited and unpurchased; but as it appears justly due to the memory of so excellent a poet, statesman, and true philosopher, in life and death the same."

This account of his private and public character, by one who knew him well, is so ample and satisfactory, that it leaves little to be added. In the domestic relations of husband and parent, his manners were as amiable as his abilities were respectable. In the character of a merchant he distinguished himself by the most exemplary integrity; yet in fortune he made no advances towards affluence. He was a patriot of the most independent cast, and scorning to bind himself about any one political party, was by all alike neglected. But there is a fame, not resulting from so perishable a means as the contention of parties, and alike out of their power to confer or take away, which will long flourish round the name of Glover.

As a poet his abilities are already well known. His *Leonidas*, though not in the highest class of epic poems, had, at its first publication, many admirers, and is still perused with pleasure. The subject of the poem is the gallant actions of *Leonidas*, and his heroic defence of, and fall at the pass of Thermopylæ. It is characterized by a bold spirit of liberty, and generous, tender, and noble sentiments; but it leans towards the tender rather than the sublime. The author every where appears to be a virtuous man, and a good citizen; he expresses manly and patriotic sentiments; though many of them are taken from the orations of Lysias and Isocrates. The style possesses many poetical graces; but it is often familiar and prosaic, and is generally deficient in that awful simplicity, and unadorned sublimity which are the characteristics of the epic muse. It abounds in the affecting, the tender, and the beautiful, more than in the heroic and sublime. Some of the characters are well-drawn, and supported with proper dignity and elevation. The episode of *Teribastus* and *Ariana*, is poetical and pleasing. In its machinery and incident it has been thought defective; but on no principle or reason whatever, unless a superstitious reverence for the practice of Homer and Virgil. These poets very properly embellished their story by the traditional tales and popular le-

gends of their own country; but does it thence follow, that in other countries, and in other ages, epic poetry must be wholly confined to antiquated fictions and fairy tales? Lucan has composed a very spirited poem, certainly of the epic kind, where neither gods nor supernatural beings are at all employed. Davenant has made an attempt of the same kind, not without success; and undoubtedly a poetical recital of great adventures, though the agents be every one of them human, may be made productive of the marvellous, without forsaking the probable, and fulfil the chief requisites of epic composition. *Leonidas* is not exactly founded upon the model of the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, or the *Jerusalem* of Tasso, the three most regular and complete epic works that ever were composed. But it affords a sufficient proof, that, however the use of machinery may heighten the effect, it is not essential to the existence, or to the success of epic poetry. It has a just title to be classed with Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Statius's *Thebaid*, Camoen's *Lusiad*, Voltaire's *Henriade*, and Wilkie's *Epigoniad*. The diction, the characters, and the narration of the poet are distinguished by the general strain and spirit of epic composition. But it is not without defects. It is too abrupt and laconic in the structure of its periods to suit the melody of verse, and is deficient in that poetical enthusiasm which is chiefly raised and nourished by an intimate acquaintance with the wild and sublime scenes of nature, and that creative and vigorous imagination, which presenting a higher order of things than is to be found in human life, produces the marvellous, and raises that admiration which should be the predominant passion in heroic poetry. Hence Thomson, who was a poet truly inspired, when he heard that a citizen of London had paid his addresses to the epic muse, exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!"

The excellencies of *Leonidas* have received every possible recommendation and illustration from the elegant critique of Lyttleton, and the learned "Observations" of Dr. Pemberton; to which Mr. Murphy alludes in the following lines inserted in the last edition of his "Epistle to Dr. Johnson," 1786.

For freedom when *Leonidas* expires,
Though Pitt and Cobham feel their poet's fires,
Unmov'd, lo! Glover hears the world commend,
And thinks even *Pemberton* too much his friend.

"Since I have read *Leonidas*," says Lyttleton, *Common Sense*, No. 10. "I have been so full of all the beauties I met with in it, that to give some vent, I found it necessary to write to you, and invite my countrymen to take part with me in the pleasure of admiring what so justly deserves their admiration. And in doing this I have yet a farther view; I desire to do them good as well as please them; for never yet was an epic poem wrote with so noble and so useful a design; the whole plan and purpose of it being to show the superiority of freedom over slavery; and how much virtue, public spirit, and the love of liberty, are preferable both in their nature and effects, to riches, luxury, and the insolence of power.

"This great and instructive moral is set forth by an action the most proper to illustrate it of all that ancient or modern history can afford, enforced by the most sublime spirit of poetry, and adorned by all the charms of an active and warm imagination, under the restraint of a cool and sober judgment.

"And it has another special claim to protection; for I will venture to say, there never was an epic poem which had so near a relation as this to *Common Sense*; the author of it not having allowed himself the liberty so largely taken by his predecessors, of making excursions beyond the bounds, and out of sight of it, into the airy regions of poetical mythology. There are neither fighting gods, nor scolding goddesses, neither miracles nor enchantments, neither monsters nor giants, in his work; but whatsoever human nature can afford that is most astonishing, marvellous, and sublime.

"And it has this particular merit to recommend it, that, though it has quite the air of an ancient epic poem, there is not so much as a single simile in it, that is borrowed from any of the ancients, and yet, I believe, there is hardly any poem that has such a variety of beautiful comparisons; so just a confidence had the author in the extent, and rich abundance of his own imagination.

The artful conduct of the principal design; the skill in connecting and adapting every episode to the carrying on and serving that design; the variety of characters, the great care to keep them, and distinguish each from the other by a propriety of sentiment and thought; all these are excellencies which the best judges of poetry will be particularly pleased with in *Leonidas*.

“Upon the whole, I look upon this poem as one of those few of distinguished worth and excellence, which will be handed down with respect to all posterity, and which, in the long revolution of past centuries, but two or three countries have been able to produce. And I cannot help congratulating my own, that after having in the last age brought forth a Milton, she has in this produced two more such poets, as we have the happiness to see flourish now together, I mean Mr. Pope, and Mr. Glover.”

Dr. Pemberton's observations on the principal characters in *Leonidas*, under the head “Sentiment and Character,” are subjoined; as “this is the part of poetry,” as he expresses it, “in which the divine invention is most eminently distinguished.”

“*Xerxes* is an example of a little mind inflated with absolute power. He is not only proud, impatient of contradiction, and precipitate, the natural effects of the adoration and blind submission, which had always been paid him; but we see in him likewise many personal weaknesses. He is possessed of so mean a vanity, as to conclude his great and extensive dominion a proof of his being so singular a favourite of heaven, that no bounds could be set to his good fortune: he had persuaded himself, that the Greeks must have the same abject veneration for him, as his own slaves; and will scarce believe, that his ambassadors had made a true report, who bring him an answer contrary to what his foolish pride had imagined; and it is with extreme difficulty, that his brothers dissuade him from proceeding against them upon that supposition: nay, at last he gives order for attacking the Greeks with the air of being still confident they must submit to his will without resistance. We soon after find this haughty and insolent monarch indued with a temper so weak and fickle, that upon a little ill success all his vain presumption and confidence abandon him, and he condescends to the proposing conditions, which, before, his pride could not have suffered him to think of without the utmost indignation.

“In his brother *Hyperanthes* we see a good character, but confined to the virtues, which can have place under arbitrary government. He is valiant, so far unprejudiced, as to be duly sensible of the superior virtue in his enemies; but had no reluctance to commit any kind of injustice towards them, when his brother had pitched upon them for a conquest. Otherwise he has great good nature, and a just esteem for real merit. This appears in his behaviour towards *Demaratus*, the Spartan exile, and much more in his singular affection for his friend *Teribafus*.

“*Teribafus* possesses a very worthy mind, improved by the study of philosophy, but oppressed by the violence of a soft passion; a weakness, which the luxury, and the indulgence for pleasure in an Asiatic court must have greatly increased. But *Teribafus* behaves not under this passion like the whining lovers of romance, who excite our contempt; but in so manly and reasonable a manner, that makes him an object of just compassion, and still worthy the esteem of every one, that has any feeling for human weakness.

But unreveal'd and silent was his pain:
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish;

B. v. ver. 50.

though still

——— the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

Ibid. ver. 54.

“*Ariana* is still a less exceptionable subject of pity, as we do not so much require in that sex firmness of temper to resist these soft impressions. Her despair and violent resolution in consequence of it are the effects of an excess of passion very natural to the serious and thoughtful turn of her character.

" This episode is a shining ornament in the poem, as such a tender scene is a judicious relief to the severity, which is the general cast of the work, and is founded upon a kind of distress, which Aristotle expressly prefers, such as arises from some error in a person of great and conspicuous worth. Too frequent a representation of calamities absolutely unavoidable, serve only to deject the spirits, and create a disrelish for life; but such as are grounded upon pardonable errors, whether excess of any passion, or defect of judgment, instruct, while they excite commiseration.

" *Polydorus*, the attendant upon *Ariana*, is an example of an heroic spirit so oppressed by the flower of his age being wasted in slavery, as to have lost all taste of life. In less elevated characters, long continued calamity debases the mind, and confines its wishes to mean gratifications; but in the generous breast of *Polydorus* it ends in unfurmoutable grief. The only pleasure, to which we find him sensible, is revenge.

" In *Demaratus*, the exiled king of Sparta, we have another example of unmerited distress, but of a more delicate kind. He, cherished in a luxurious court, with all the ordinary means of enjoyment in his power, pines away at the sense of being out of a condition to act worthy of himself. In his interview with *Polydorus* he even suspects and laments a diminution of his virtue. In his conversation with *Xerxes*, though at first he endeavours to speak of his countrymen with as much reserve as possible; yet we soon see his admiration of their virtues carry him out with great freedom in their praises, and he cannot refrain drawing the parallel between the military force of Greece and of Asia, in terms very disagreeable to the monarch, whose protection he was forced to accept; and in the end breaks into a flood of tears.

— Afide

His head he turn'd, and wept in copious streams, &c.

" We ought not to pass over another observation upon this dialogue; the great distinctness with which the argument is here explained. The poet has been able to give every proof its due place and force unrestrained by the numbers of his verse.

" If we are presented in the Persian army with patterns of ill fortune, on which we must reflect with regret; when we turn our eyes to the Grecian camp, we find a very different scene. There magnanimity is matched against the greatest difficulty human nature can have to contend with, the certain expectation of death: but the fortitude and vigour of mind, by which these heroes are supported, place them quite out of the sight of pity; not a single circumstance suggests a thought of their being unhappy: on the contrary, they are continually the objects of our admiration, almost of our envy. This ardent spirit shines out most eminently in *Leonidas*, their chief; but from him diffuses itself through them all: though there is not a single leader of eminence among them, which the poet has not marked with a character peculiarly his own.

" The active vigour of *Alpheus* is very distinct from the deliberate valour of *Dieneas*.

" The ambition of *Megistias* is confined to merit the esteem of the people, by whom he is entertained. Upon this principle he animates his son in the fourth book, and the same is his motive for sharing their last fate.

" The silence with which *Menalippus* obeys the command of his aged father to provide for his own safety, is, I think, very judiciously imagined. For though it is not necessary, that every gallant man should have the resolution to make a voluntary sacrifice of his life; yet the want of the same high spirit, by which the rest are animated, must impress on him that consciousness of his inferiority, and create that degree of confusion, which of necessity must close his lips.

" The gentle and polite character of *Agis* renders him in particular worthy the intimate friendship of the great *Leonidas*; in whom humanity and a genteel turn of mind distinguish themselves among his more sublime virtues.

" The fierceness of *Diomedon* makes indignation and high contempt of an effeminate enemy, whom he had formerly seen to fly before him, a ruling motive in his conduct.

" In *Demophilus* we see a speculative temper, where cool reflection supports an aged mind, and supplies the fire of youth. This draws from him those instructive sentiments, which he utters over the body of *Pbraortes*. There is the same air in the short address at his first interview with *Leonidas*. And the same appears again, when he makes his choice for himself and all his troops to accompany

Leonidas in his last fate. The sublimity of this character distinguishably appears upon this occasion towards his kinsman *Ditbyrambus*.

"The aged *Megistias* will not permit his son to finish his life with himself. But though *Demophilus* bears the affection of a parent to his, the superior turn of his mind makes him fonder of the glory than of the life of *Ditbyrambus*.

"*Ditbyrambus* possesses, in an eminent degree, the amiable character of high merit accompanied with equal modesty. His ambition is ever to deserve praise rather than receive it. He chooses *Diomedon* for his constant companion in action, his wish being to equal the greatest. And at the same time he is an admirer of all virtue but his own.

"This moderation, and delicacy of mind, create that reluctance, with which he engages *Teribafus*, whose virtues, though in an enemy, he held in high esteem. In this scene the poet has brought together several characters, and supported each with great success. The gloomy cast of mind, which ever accompanied *Teribafus*, here appears without breaking his spirit. The impatience with which *Hyperantbes* advances forward, when he hopes to see his friend victorious, the eagerness, with which he flies to revenge upon his disappointment, and the sudden suspense of that resolution to assist his dying friend, with the return of his indignation, as soon as his friend expires, are strong effects of that warmth of heart becoming a firm amity.

"The respective characters of these two heroes are also well preserved in the manner, wherein each takes his resolution to share the glory with *Leonidas* in his fatal catastrophe. The fierce intrepidity of *Diomedon* prompts him to appear the foremost of all in this high-spirited resolution; and *Ditbyrambus* with the modesty peculiar to his character, is solicitous to throw an humble shade over his own glory.

"For brevity I pass over the lesser characters of the poem; though they also are distinctly marked. The savage fierceness of *Phraortes*, the vain arrogance of *Tigranes*, the diffidence and hypocrisy of *Anaxander*, and the confidence in villany of *Epiates*, are very manifest.

"The character of *Leonidas* is the most distinctly exhibited of any, being placed in a greater variety of lights. We see him in council, in the army, in his family, and in his retirements. His first appearance in the Spartan council shows us the ruling principle of his mind. The general principle, upon which valiant and heroic actions are founded, is, that there are occasions, which make it reasonable to put life in hazard. And we daily see this principle exerted in very different degrees in proportion to the measure of courage and spirit of different men. But *Leonidas* extends this principle so far, and has formed so exalted a conception of virtue, as to think it necessary for a great man to place the desire of life wholly out of the question.

"It is upon this foot, that notwithstanding the character of *Leonidas* is raised so far above that of other men, yet it appears absolutely natural; because his motives are not of a different nature from those of others, but only improved in degree.

"When *Leonidas* is retired, and the warmth of heart excited by the public presence is so far abated, that he is left without restraint to his cool reflections, the poet has taken care not to outrage his character by divesting him of human nature; but we see those struggles, which must necessarily pass through the mind of the greatest man upon so extraordinary an occasion. Here he is not without natural fears; but has a spirit in his most deliberate moments to overcome them. His principal motive is the public good; though he is also not insensible to the fame which must accompany so meritorious an action.

"Cold men have considered this sublime degree of that desire of praise, which is implanted in our nature, as a weakness; but it is certainly a part of *Leonidas's* character to hold it in high esteem; for as he has recourse to it for the support of his own mind, so in his first speech to his followers on their arrival at Thermopylæ, he excites them to act with their utmost vigour upon the same motives.

"In his family another part of his character appears. He is there tender and affectionate, but still able to suppress the secret motions of his own heart, when it was necessary for inspiring his queen with spirit to support a calamity unavoidable. And accordingly, he does in part raise and calm her mind. But when the sudden warning for his departure has renewed her grief, that she faints in his arms, and he is left, as it were, alone to himself; he breaks out into a degree of tender-

ness, that shows all his foregoing resolution to be the effect of true firmness of mind, not of insensibility.

"We next see him before the general council of Greece. And here he acts a new part. In the Spartan council he exerts a spirit and vigour, that commands all who hear him; but now he gives his advice with the moderation of one more disposed to be directed than authoritatively to influence an assembly, to whose prudence the general states of the country had intrusted the conduct of their affairs.

"He is next brought into the field, and shown in the midst of those dangers, to which, for the public service, he had so freely offered himself. And here the same resolution supports him to perform with the greatest coolness all the offices of a skilful and prudent commander, to contemn in his last hours every peril, and to meet his fate with no less firmness than that, wherewith he first accepted of it, at a distance in the council of Sparta.

"Thus I think our author in his principal Grecian heroes, and most eminently in *Leonidas* their leader, has represented with singular strength, and truth, virtuous characters of high spirit superior to the greatest misfortunes; which is an achievement Plato thought the most difficult of all poetical imitation."

The author of the "Remarks on *Leonidas*, in the "Weekly Miscellany," No. 234. after taking notice of several faults and improprieties, concludes thus: "I ought in justice to confess to those readers who may chance not to have read *Leonidas*, that though there are faults sufficient to justify the opposition I made to it, yet there are beauties more than sufficient to repay them the trouble in reading it over."

In the *Athenaid*, which is a poetical history of the wars between the Greeks and Persians, in thirty books, he proposes revenge for the death of *Leonidas*, as the great subject of his poem. The following is the exordium:

The Persians vanquish'd, Greece from bondage sav'd,
The death of great *Leonidas* reveng'd,
By Attic virtue—celebrate O muse!

The conclusion is in the same strain,

—————Night drops her shade
On thirty millions slaughter'd. Thus thy death
Leonidas of Sparta was aveng'd;
Greece thus by Attic virtue was preserv'd.

It is indeed so much a counterpart to *Leonidas*, though still more prosaic, as to supersede the necessity of a particular critique. Events that are the subject of authentic record, are ill adapted to epic poetry. At the same time, the historical transactions of every age, are capable of poetical arrangement, and poetical embellishment. But the narrow and limited view which he has taken of his subject, removes its grandest and most dignified aspect, and renders the epic muse inferior to the historical. Many of the episodes, however, are affecting and pathetic; and some of the characters are well drawn, particularly those of *Themistocles* and *Aristides*. But the importance and dignity of the events recorded are much diminished by the poetical mode of narration, and strike us less than in the original historian.

His *London* requires no distinct examination. The subject, which is the origin and progress of commerce, is peculiarly interesting to Britons; and the composition discovers a vigour of invention, a force of description, a dignity of sentiment, and a facility of expression, not unworthy of the author of *Leonidas*. His *Hofier's Ghost* is one of the most pathetic and beautiful ballads in the English language.

THE WORKS OF GLOVER.

LEONIDAS: A POEM.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

—Θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκη,
τί κε τις ἀνώνυμον γῆρας, ἐν σκότῳ
καθήμενος, ἔψοι μάταν, ἀπάντων
καλῶν ἄμμορος; PIND. OLYMP. OD. I.

PREFACE.

To illustrate the following poem, to vindicate the subject from the censure of improbability, and to show, by the concurring evidence of the best historians, that such disinterested public virtue did once exist, I have thought it would not be improper to prefix the subsequent narration.

While Darius, the father of Xerxes, was yet on the throne of Persia, Cleomenes and Demaratus were kings in Lacedemon, both descended from Hercules. Demaratus was unfortunately exposed by an uncertain rumour, which rendered his legitimacy suspected, to the malice and treachery of his colleague, who had conceived a personal resentment against him; for Cleomenes, taking advantage of this report, persuaded the Spartans to examine into the birth of Demaratus, and refer the difficulty to the oracle of Delphi; and was assisted in his perfidious designs by a near relation of Demaratus, named Leutychides, who aspired to succeed him in his dignity. Cleomenes found means to corrupt the priests of Delphi, who declared Demaratus not legitimate. Thus, by the base practices of his colleague Cleomenes, and of his kinsman Leutychides, Demaratus was expelled from his regal office in the commonwealth, a Lacedemonian, distinguished in action and counsel, and the only king of Sparta, who, by obtaining the Olympic prize in the chariot-race, had increased the lustre of his country. He went into voluntary banishment; and, retiring to Asia, was there protected by Darius, while Leutychides succeeded to the regal authority in Sparta. Upon the death of Cleomenes, Leonidas became king, who ruled in conjunction with this Leutychides, when Xerxes, the son of Darius, invaded Greece. The number of land and naval forces which accompanied that

monarch, together with the servants, women, and other usual attendants on the army of an eastern prince, amounted to upwards of five millions, as reported by Herodotus, who wrote within a few years after the event, and publicly recited his history at the Olympic games. In this general assembly, not only from Greece itself, but from every part of the world, wherever a colony of Grecians was planted, had he greatly exceeded the truth, he must certainly have been detected, and censured by some among so great a multitude; and such a voluntary falsehood must have entirely destroyed that merit and authority, which have procured to Herodotus the veneration of all posterity, with the appellation of the Father of History. On the first news of this attempt on their liberty, a convention, composed of deputies from the several states of Greece, was immediately held at the Isthmus of Corinth, to consult on proper measures for the public safety. The Spartans also sent messengers to inquire of the oracle at Delphi into the event of the war, who returned with an answer from the priests of Apollo, that either a king, descended from Hercules, must die, or Lacedemon would be entirely destroyed. Leonidas immediately offered to sacrifice his life for the preservation of Lacedemon; and, marching to Thermopylæ, possessed himself of that important pass with three hundred of his countrymen; who, with the forces of some other cities in the Peloponnesus, together with the Thebans, Thespians, and the troops of those states, which adjoined to Thermopylæ, composed an army of near eight thousand men.

Xerxes was now advanced as far as Thessalia; when, hearing that a small body of Grecians was

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assembled at Thermopylæ, with some Lacedæmonians at their head, and among the rest Leonidas, a descendent of Hercules, he dispatched a single horseman before to observe their numbers, and discover their designs. When this horseman approached, he could not take a view of the whole camp, which lay concealed behind a rampart, formerly raised by the Phocians at the entrance of Thermopylæ on the side of Greece; so that his whole attention was engaged by those who were on guard before the wall, and who at that instant chanced to be the Lacedæmonians. Their manner and gestures greatly astonished the Persian. Some were amusing themselves in gymnastic exercises; others were combing their hair; and all discovered a total disregard of him, whom they suffered to depart, and report to Xerxes what he had seen; which appearing to that prince quite ridiculous, he sent for Demaratus, who was with him in the camp, and required him to explain this strange behaviour of his countrymen. Demaratus informed him, that it was a custom among the Spartans to comb down and adjust their hair, when they were determined to fight till the last extremity. Xerxes, notwithstanding, in the confidence of his power, sent ambassadors to the Grecians to demand their arms, to bid them disperse, and become his friends and allies; which proposals being received with disdain, he commanded the Medes and Cissians to seize on the Grecians, and bring them alive into his presence. These nations immediately attacked the Grecians, and were soon repulsed with great slaughter; fresh troops still succeeded, but with no better fortune than the first, being opposed to an enemy not only superior in valour and resolution, but who had the advantage of discipline, and were furnished with better arms, both offensive and defensive.

Plutarch, in his *Laconic Apothegms*, reports, that the Persian king offered to invest Leonidas with the sovereignty of Greece, provided he would join his arms to those of Persia. This offer was too considerable a condescension to have been made before a trial of their force, and must therefore have been proposed by Xerxes after such a series of ill success, as might probably have depressed the insolence of his temper; and it may be easily admitted, that the virtue of Leonidas was proof against any temptations of that nature. Whether this be a fact or not, thus much is certain, that Xerxes was reduced to extreme difficulties by this resolute defence of Thermopylæ, till he was extricated from his distress by a Malian, named Epialtes, who conducted twenty thousand of the Persian army into Greece through a pass, which lay higher up the country among the mountains of Oeta; whereas the passage at Thermopylæ was situated on the seashore between those mountains and the Malian bay. The defence of the upper pass had been committed to a thousand Phocians, who, upon the first sight of the enemy, inconsiderately abandoned their station, and put themselves in array upon a neighbouring eminence; but the Persians wisely avoided an engagement, and with the utmost expedition marched to Thermopylæ.

Leonidas no sooner received information that the Barbarians had passed the mountains, and would soon be in a situation to surround him, than he

commanded the allies to retreat, reserving the three hundred Spartans, and four hundred Thebans, whom, as they followed him with reluctance at first, he now compelled to stay. But the Thebians, whose number amounted to seven hundred, would not be persuaded by Leonidas to forsake him. Their commander was Demophilus; and the most eminent amongst them for his valour was Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatides. Among the Lacedæmonians, the most conspicuous next to Leonidas was Dieneces, who being told that the multitude of Persian arrows would obscure the sun, replied, the battle would then be in the shade. Two brothers, named Alpheus and Maron, are also recorded for their valour, and were Lacedæmonians. Megistias, a priest, by birth an Acarnanian, and held in high honour at Sparta, refused to desert Leonidas, though entreated by him to consult his safety, but sent away his only son, and remained himself behind to die with the Lacedæmonians.

Herodotus relates, that Leonidas drew up his men in the broadest part of Thermopylæ, where, being encompassed by the Persians, they fell with great numbers of their enemies; but Plutarch, Diodorus Siculus, and others, affirm, that the Grecians attacked the very camp of Xerxes in the night. Both these dispositions are reconcileable to probability. He might have made an attack on the Persian camp in the night, and in the morning withdrawn his forces back to Thermopylæ, where they would be enabled to make the most obstinate resistance, and sell their lives upon the dearest terms. The action is thus described by Diodorus: "The Grecians, having now rejected all thoughts of safety, preferring glory to life, unanimously called on their general to lead them against the Persians, before they could be apprised that their friends had passed round the mountains. Leonidas embraced the occasion, which the ready zeal of his soldiers afforded, and commanded them forthwith to dine as men who were to sup in Elysium. Himself, in consequence of this command, took a repast, as the means to furnish strength for a long continuance, and to give perseverance in danger. After a short refreshment, the Grecians were now prepared, and received orders to assail the enemies in their camp, to put all they met to the sword, and force a passage to the royal pavilion; when, formed into one compact body with Leonidas himself at their head, they marched against the Persians, and entered their camp at the dead of night. The Barbarians, wholly unprepared, and blindly conjecturing that their friends were defeated, and themselves attacked by the united power of Greece, hurry together from their tents with the utmost disorder and consternation. Many were slain by Leonidas and his party, but much greater multitudes by their own troops, to whom, in the midst of this blind confusion, they were not distinguishable from enemies; for as night took away the power of discerning truly, and the tumult was spread universally over the camp, a prodigious slaughter must naturally ensue. The want of command, of a watch-word, and of confidence in themselves, reduced the Persians to such a

" state of confusion, that they destroyed each o-
 " ther without distinction. Had Xerxes conti-
 " nued in the royal pavilion, the Grecians, with-
 " out difficulty, might have brought the war to
 " a speedy conclusion by his death; but he, at the
 " beginning of the tumult, betook himself to flight
 " with the utmost precipitation; when the Gre-
 " cians, rushing into the tent, put to the sword
 " most of those who were left behind; then, while
 " night lasted, they ranged through the whole
 " camp in diligent search of the tyrant. When
 " morning appeared, the Persians, perceiving the
 " true state of things, held the inconsiderable num-
 " ber of their enemies in contempt, yet were so
 " terrified at their valour, that they avoided a
 " near engagement; but enclosing the Grecians
 " on every side, showered their darts and arrows
 " upon them at a distance, and in the end de-
 " stroyed their whole body. In this manner fell
 " the Grecians, who, under the conduct of Leo-
 " nidas, defended the pass of Thermopylæ. All
 " must admire the virtue of these men, who with
 " one consent maintaining the post allotted by
 " their country, cheerfully renounced their lives
 " for the common safety of Greece, and esteemed
 " a glorious death more eligible than to live with
 " dishonour. Nor is the consternation of the Per-
 " sians incredible. Who among those Barbarians
 " could have conjectured such an event? Who
 " could have expected that five hundred men
 " would have dared to attack a million? Where-
 " fore shall not all posterity reflect on the virtue
 " of these men as the object of imitation, who,
 " though the loss of their lives was the necessary
 " consequence of their undertaking, were yet un-
 " conquered in their spirit; and among all the
 " great names delivered down to remembrance,
 " are the only heroes who obtained more glory
 " in their fall, than others from the brightest vic-
 " tories? With justice may they be deemed the
 " preservers of the Grecian liberty, even prefer-
 " ably to those who were conquerors in the bat-
 " tles fought afterwards with Xerxes; for the
 " memory of that valour, exerted in the defence
 " of Thermopylæ, for ever dejected the Barba-
 " rians, while the Greeks were fired with emu-
 " lation to equal such a pitch of magnanimity.
 " Upon the whole, there never were any before

" these who attained to immortality, through the
 " mere excess of virtue; whence the praise of their
 " fortitude hath not been recorded by historians
 " only, but hath been celebrated by numbers of
 " poets, among others by Simonides the lyric."

Pausanias, in his Laconics, considers the defence
 of Thermopylæ by Leonidas as an action superior
 to any achieved by his cotemporaries, and to all
 the exploits of preceding ages. " Never (says he)
 " had Xerxes beheld Greece, and laid in ashes the
 " city of Athens, had not his forces under Hy-
 " darnes been conducted through a path over
 " mount Oeta, and by that means encompassing
 " the Greeks, overcome and slain Leonidas." Nor
 is it improbable, that such a commander at the
 head of such troops should have maintained his
 post in so narrow a pass, till the whole army of
 Xerxes had perished by famine. At the same time
 his navy had been miserably shattered by a storm,
 and worsted in an engagement with the Athenians
 at Artemisium.

To conclude, the fall of Leonidas and his brave
 companions, so meritorious to their country, and
 so glorious to themselves, hath obtained such a
 high degree of veneration and applause from past
 ages, that few among the ancient compilers of
 history have been silent on this amazing instance
 of magnanimity and zeal for liberty; and many
 are the epigrams and inscriptions now extant,
 some on the whole body, others on particulars,
 who died at Thermopylæ, still preserving their
 memory in every nation conversant with learn-
 ing, and at this distance of time still rendering
 their virtue the object of admiration and of praise.

I shall now detain the reader no longer, than to
 take this public occasion of expressing my sincere
 regard for the Lord Viscount Cobham, and the
 sense of my obligations for the early honour of
 his friendship; to him I inscribe the following
 poem; and herein I should be justified, independ-
 ent of all personal motives, from his Lordship's
 public conduct, so highly distinguished by his dis-
 interested zeal and unshaken fidelity to his coun-
 try, not less in civil life than in the field: to him,
 therefore, a poem, founded on a character emi-
 nent for military glory, and love of liberty, is due
 from the nature of the subject.

R. GLOVER.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

XERXES, king of Persia, having drawn together the
 whole force of his empire, and passed over the
 Hellespont into Thrace, with a design to con-
 quer Greece; the deputies from the several
 states of that country, who had some time be-
 fore assembled themselves at the Isthmus of Co-
 rinth, to deliberate on proper measures for re-
 sisting the invader, were no sooner apprised of
 his march into Thrace, than they determined,

without further delay, to dispute his passage at
 the streights of Thermopylæ, the most acces-
 sible part of Greece on the side of Thrace and
 Thessaly. Alpheus, one of the deputies from
 Sparta, repairs to that city, and communi-
 cates this resolution to his countrymen; who
 chanced that day to be assembled in expectation
 of receiving an answer from Apollo, to whom
 they had sent a messenger to consult about the
 event of the war. Leutyichides, one of their

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two kings, counsels the people to advance no farther than the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Peloponnesus, where Lacedemon was situated, from the rest of Greece; but Leonidas, the other king, dissuades them from it. Agis the messenger, who had been deputed to Delphi, and brother to the queen of Leonidas, returns with the oracle; which denounces ruin to the Lacedemonians, unless one of their kings lays down his life for the public. Leonidas offers himself for the victim. Three hundred more are appointed, all citizens of Sparta, and heads of families, to accompany and die with him at Thermopylæ. Alpheus returns to the Isthmus. Leonidas, after an interview with his queen, departs from Lacedemon. At the end of six days he encamps near the Isthmus, when he is joined by Alpheus; who describes the auxiliaries, then waiting at the Isthmus, those who are already possessed of Thermopylæ, as also the pass itself; and concludes with relating the captivity of his brother Polydorus, in Persia.

THE virtuous Spartan, who resign'd his life
To save his country at th' Oetæan streights,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled east
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O muse, record! The Hellespont they pass'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings swift
To Corinth flew. Her Isthmus was the seat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedemon. In assembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They the sons
Of Lacedemon had conven'd, to learn
The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus sudden their attention drew,
And thus address'd them: For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece.

Here Alpheus paus'd. Leutyichides, who shar'd
With great Leonidas the sway, uprose
And spake. Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her bosom should Laconia send
Her valiant race to wage a distant war
Beyond the Isthmus? There the gods have plac'd
Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, us of Doric blood
That Isthmus inaccessible secures.

There let our standards rest. Your solid strength,
If once you scatter in defence of states
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's derision. With assent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas reply'd:

O most ungen'rous counsel! Most unwise!
Shall we, confining to that Isthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it ev'ry state
Disown'd, expos'd? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceasing watch th' innumerable foes,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, shall she hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls? Her hoary fires,

Her helpless matrons, and their infant race,
To servitude and shame? Her guardian gods
Will yet preserve them. Neptune o'er his main,
With Pallas, pow'r of wisdom, at their helms,
Will soon transport them to a happier clime,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And eleutherian Jove will bless their flight.
Then shall we feel the unresisted force
Of Persia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will support
A Persian lord, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, such dang'rous counsels, which would
blast

Your long-establish'd honours, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial passion thence expel!
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All must join
In her defence, or, sep'rate, each must fall.

This said, authority and shame controul'd
The mute assembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnassian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heav'n's decrees.
He came; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet seem'd full charg'd to speak. Religious dread
Each heart relax'd. On ev'ry visage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whisper told
The silent fear. Intensely all were fix'd,
All still as death, to hear the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm
Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse;
None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding main:
So through the wide and listening crowd no sound,
No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air!
While thus the issue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquir'd the doom
Of Lacedemon from th' impending war,
When in these words the deity reply'd:

"Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms
"Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust;
"Unless a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
"Cause Lacedemon for his death to mourn."
As when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eyeballs on the hero bent,
And horror, living in their marble form;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
In speechless terror frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gaz'd: but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye

The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake:

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes,
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life!
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame,
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing. Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.

Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paus'd,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heav'n:

A reverential murmur breathes applause.

So were the pupils of Lycurgus train'd

To bridle nature. Public fear was dumb

Before their senate, ephori, and kings,

Nor exultation into clamour broke.

Amidst them rose Dieneses, and thus:

Haste to Thermopylae. To Xerxes show
The discipline of Spartans, long renown'd
In rigid warfare, with enduring minds,
Which neither pain, nor want, nor danger bend.

Fly to the gate of Greece, which open stands

To slavery and rapine. They will shrink

Before your standard, and their native seats

Resume in abject Asia. Arm, ye fires,

Who with a growing race have blest the state.

That race, your parents, gen'ral Greece forbid

Delay. Heav'n fuminous. Equal to the cause

A chief behold. Can Spartans ask for more?

Bold Alpheus next. Command my swift return

Amid the Isthmian council, to declare

Your instant march. His dictates all approve.

Back to the Isthmus he unwearied speeds.

Now from th' assembly, with majestic steps,

Forth moves their godlike king, with conscious
worth

His gen'rous bosom glowing. Such the port

Of his divine progenitor; impell'd

By ardent virtue, so Alcides trod,

Invincible to face in horrid war

The triple form of Geryon, or against

The bulk of huge Antæus match his strength.

Say, muse, what heroes, by example fir'd,

Nor less by honour, offer'd now to bleed?

Dieneses the foremost, brave and staid,

Of vet'ran skill to range in martial fields,

Well-order'd lines of battle. Maron next,

Twin-born with Alpheus, shows his manly frame.

Him Agis follow'd, brother to the queen

Of great Leonidas, his friend in war,

His try'd companion. Graceful were his steps,

And gentle his demeanor. Still his soul

Preserv'd the purest virtue, though refin'd

By arts unknown to Lacedemon's race.

High was his office. He, when Sparta's weal

Support and counsel from the gods requir'd,

Was sent the hallow'd messenger to learn

Their mytic will, in oracles declar'd,

From rocky Delphi, from Dodona's shade,

Or sea-encircled Delos, or the cell

Of dark Trophonius, round Bœotia known.

Three hundred more complete th' intrepid band,

Illustrious fathers all of gen'rous sons,

The future guardians of Laconia's state.

Then rose Megistias, leading forth his son,

Young Menalippus. Not of Spartan blood

Were they. Megistias, heav'n-enlighten'd seer,

Had left his native Acarnanian shore;

Along the border of Eurotas chose

His place of dwelling. For his worth receiv'd,

And hospitably cherish'd, he the wreath

Pontific bore in Lacedemon's camp;

Serene in danger, nor his sacred arm

From warlike toil secluding, nor untaught

To wield the sword, and poize the weighty spear.

But to his home Leonidas retir'd.

There, calm in secret thought he thus explor'd

His mighty soul, while nature in his breast

A short emotion rais'd. What sudden grief,

What cold reluctance now unmans my heart,

And whispers that I fear? Can death dismay

Leonidas? Death, often seen and scorn'd,

When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?

Or to relinquish life in all its pride,

With all my honours blooming round my head,

Repines my soul, or rather to forsake,

Eternally forsake my weeping wife,

My infant offspring, and my faithful friends?

Leonidas, awake. Shall these withstand

The public safety? Hark, thy country calls.

O sacred voice, I hear thee! At the sound,

Reviving virtue brightens in my heart;

Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive

My unreluctant hand. Immortal fame,

Thou too, attendant on my righteous fall,

With wings unwearied wilt protect my tomb.

His virtuous soul the hero had confirm'd,

When Agis enter'd. If my tardy lips

(He thus began), have hitherto forborne

To bring their grateful tribute of applause,

Which, as a Spartan, to thy worth I owe,

Forgive the brother of thy queen. Her grief

Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man,

Though Lacedemon call thy prime regard,

Forget not her, sole victim of distress,

Amid the gen'ral safety! To assuage

Such pain, fraternal tenderness is weak.

The king embrac'd him, and reply'd: O best,

O dearest man, conceive not, but my soul

To her is fondly bound, from whom my days

Their largest share of happiness deriv'd!

Can I, who yield my breath, lest others mourn,

Lest thousands should be wretched when she pines,

More lov'd than any, though less dear than all,

Can I neglect her griefs? In future days,

If thou with grateful memory record

My name and fate, O Sparta, pass not this

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Unheeded by. The life, for thee resign'd,
Knew not a painful hour to tire my soul,
Nor were they common joys I left behind.

So spake the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
In tend'rest passion. Then in eager haste
The faithful partner of his bed he sought.
Amid her weeping children sat the queen
Immoveable and mute. Her swimming eyes
Bent to the earth. Her arms were folded o'er
Her lab'ring bosom, blotted with her tears.
As when a dusky mist involves the sky,
The moon through all the dreary vapours spreads
The radiant vesture of her silver light
O'er the dull face of nature; so the queen,
Divinely graceful shining through her grief,
Brighten'd the cloud of woe. Her lord approach'd.
Soon, as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice
Awak'd her drooping spirit, for a time
Care was appeas'd. She lifts her languid head.
She gives this utt'rance to her tender thoughts:

O thou, whose presence is my sole delight;
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and words
Can check the rapid current of distress,
How am I mark'd for misery! How long!
When of life's journey less than half is pass'd,
And I must hear those calming sounds no more,
Nor see that face which makes affliction smile.

This said, returning grief o'erwhelms her breast.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord,
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death,
Her ever-during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horror to her sight,
When thus in bitt'rest agony she spake:

O whither art thou going from my arms?
Shall I no more behold thee? Oh! no more,
In conquest clad, o'erspread with glorious dust,
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,
And find thy dwelling joyful! Ah! too brave,
Why would'st thou hurry to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd—Another might have bled,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears;
All with these babes lament a father lost.
Alas, how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast
Exults in safety, purchas'd by our loss.
Thou didst not heed our anguish—didst not seek
One pause for my instruction how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die.

Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd:

I see, I share thy agony. My soul
Ne'er knew how warm the prevalence of love,
How strong a parent's feelings, till this hour;
Nor was she once insensible to thee
In all her fervour to assert my fame.
How had the honours of my name been stain'd
By hesitation? Shameful life preferr'd
By an inglorious colleague would have left
No choice, but what were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept. Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I rush, uncall'd, to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country press my doom.
Oh! thou dear mourner! Wherefore swells afresh
That tide of woe? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends

O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country, for my sons and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Hath my heart
E'er known a pause in love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness be shown
Most warm, most faithful. When thy husband
dies

For Lacedemon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children the diffusive good.
I am selected by th' immortal gods
To save a people. Should my timid heart
That sacred charge abandon, I should plunge
Thee too in shame, in sorrow. Thou wouldst
mourn

With Lacedemon; wouldst with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Behold thy sons now worthy of their name,
Their Spartan birth. Their growing bloom
would pine

Depress'd, dishonour'd, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own merit, on their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious will they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. In religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow;
Ceas'd for a moment soon again to stream.
Behold, in arms before the palace drawn,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence. Then her griefs renew'd,
Surpassing utt'rance, intercept her sighs.
Each accent freezes on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Her agitation. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus with lifted eyes,
Address'd to heav'n. 'Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, fire of gods and men;
O to this faithful woman, whole desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace!
And thou, my bright forefather, seed of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit, I from thee derive,
Transports me from them to resistless fate,
Be thou their guardian! Teach them like thyself
By glorious labours to embellish life,
And from their father let them learn to die.

Here ending, forth he issues, and assumes
Before the ranks his station of command.
They now proceed. So mov'd the host of heav'n
On Phlegra's plains to meet the giant sons
Of Earth and Titan. From Olympus march'd
The deities embattel'd; while their king
Tower'd in the front with thunder in his grasp.
Thus through the streets of Lacedemon pass'd
Leonidas. Before his footsteps bow
The multitude exulting. On he treads
Rever'd. Unfated, their enraptur'd sight

Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues
 Extol and hail him, as their guardian god.
 Firm in his nervous hand he grips the spear.
 Low, as the ankles, from his shoulders hangs
 The massy shield; and o'er his burnish'd helm
 The purple plumage nods. Harmonious youths,
 Around whose brows entwining laurels play,
 In lofty-sounding strains his praise record;
 While snowy-finger'd virgins all the way
 Bestrew with od'rous garlands. Now his breast
 Is all possess'd by glory, which dispell'd
 Whate'er of grief remain'd, or vain regret
 For those he left behind. The rev'rend train
 Of Lacedemon's senate last appear
 To take their final, solemn leave, and grace
 Their hero's parting steps. Around him flow
 In civil pomp their venerable robes,
 Mix'd with the blaze of arms. The shining troop
 Of warriors press behind him, Maron here
 With Menalippus warm in flow'ry prime,
 There Agis, their Megistias, and the chief,
 Dienece. Laconia's dames ascend
 The loftiest mansions; thronging o'er the roofs,
 Applaud their sons, their husbands as they march:
 So parted Argo from th' Colchian strand
 To plough the foaming surge. Thessalia's nymphs,
 Rang'd on the cliffs, o'erhading Neptune's face,
 Still on the distant vessel fix'd their eyes
 Admiring, still in pæans bless'd the helm,
 By Greece intrusted with her chosen sons
 For high adventures on the Colchian shore.

Swift on his course Leonidas proceeds.
 Soon is Eurotas pass'd, and Lerna's bank,
 Where his victorious ancestor subdu'd
 The many headed Hydra, and the lake
 To endless fame consign'd. Th' unwearied bands
 Next through the pines of Mænalus he led,
 And down Parthenius urg'd the rapid toil.
 Six days incessant was their march pursu'd,
 When to their ear the hoarse-resounding waves
 Beat on the Isthmus. Here the tents are spread.
 Below the wide horizon then the sun
 Had dipp'd his beamy locks. The queen of night
 Gleam'd from the centre of th' ethereal vault,
 And o'er the raven plumes of darkness shed
 Her placid light. Leonidas detains
 Dienece and Agis. Open stands
 The tall pavilion, and admits the moon.
 As here they sit conversing, from the hill,
 Which rose before them, one of noble port
 Is seen descending. Lightly down the slope
 He treads. He calls aloud. They heard, they
 knew
 The voice of Alpheus, whom the king address'd.
 O thou, with swiftness by the gods endu'd
 To match the ardour of thy daring soul,
 What from the Isthmus draws thee? Do the
 Greeks
 Neglect to arm and face the public foe?
 Good news give wings, said Alpheus. Greece
 is arm'd.
 The neighb'ring Isthmus holds th' Arcadian
 bands.
 From Mantinea Diophantus leads
 Five hundred spears; nor less from Tegea's walls
 With Hegesander move. A thousand more,
 Who in Orchomenus reside, and range
 Along Parrhasius, or Cyllene's brow;

Who near the foot of Erymanthus dwell,
 Or on Alphean banks, with various chiefs
 Expect thy presence. Most is Clonius fam'd,
 Of stature huge, unshaken rock of war.
 Four hundred warriors brave Alcmaeon draws
 From stately Corinth's tow'rs. Two hundred
 march
 From Phlius. Them Eupalamus commands.
 An equal number of Mycenæ's race
 Aristobulus heads. Through fear alone
 Of thee, and threat'ning Greece the Thebans arm.
 A few in Thebes authority and rule
 Usurp. Corrupted with Barbarian gold,
 They quench the gen'rous, eleutherian flame
 In ev'ry heart. The eloquent they bribe.
 By specious tales the multitude they cheat,
 Establishing base measures on the plea
 Of public safety. Others are immers'd
 In all the sloth of plenty, who unmov'd
 In shameful ease, behold the state betray'd.
 Aw'd by thy name, four hundred took the field.
 The wily Anaxander is their chief
 With Leontiades. To see their march
 I staid, then hasten'd to survey the streights,
 Which thou shalt render sacred to renown.

Forever mingled with a crumbling soil,
 Which moulders round th' indented Malian coast,
 The sea rolls slimy. On a solid rock,
 Which forms the inmost limit of a bay,
 Thermopylæ is stretch'd. Where broadest spread,
 It measures threescore paces, bounded here
 By the salt ooze, which underneath presents
 A dreary surface; there the lofty cliffs
 Of woody'd Oeta overlook the pass,
 And far beyond o'er half the surge below
 Their horrid umbrage cast. Across the mouth
 An ancient bulwark of the Phocians stands,
 A wall with gates and tow'rs. The Locrian force.
 Was marching forward. Them I pass'd to greet
 Demophilus of Thespia, who had pitch'd
 Seven hundred spears before th' important fence.
 His brother's son attends the rev'rend chief,
 Young Dithyrambus. He for noble deeds,
 Yet more for temperance of mind renown'd,
 In early bloom with brightest honours shines,
 Nor wantons in the blaze. Here Agis spake:
 Well hast thou painted that illustrious youth.
 He is my host at Thespia. Though adorn'd
 With various wreaths, by fame, by fortune bless'd,
 His gentle virtues take from envy's lips
 Their blasting venom; and her baneful eye
 Strives on his worth to smile. In silence all
 Again remain, when Alpheus thus proceeds:
 Plataea's chosen veterans I saw,
 Small in their number, matchless in their fame.
 Diomedon the leader. Keen his sword
 At Marathon was felt, where Asia bled.
 These guard Thermopylæ. Among the hills,
 Unknown to strangers winds an upper streight,
 Which by a thousand Phocians is secur'd.
 Ere these brave Greeks I quitted, in the bay
 A stately chieftain of th' Athenian fleet
 Arriv'd. I join'd him. Copious in thy praise
 He utter'd rapture, but austere blam'd
 Laconia's tardy counsels; while the ships
 Of Athens long had stemm'd Eubœan tides,
 Which flow not distant from our future post.
 This was the far-fam'd Æschylus, by Mars,

By Phœbus lov'd. Farnassus him proclaims
The first of Attic poets, him the plains
Of Marathon a soldier, try'd in arms.

Well may Athenians murmur, said the king.
Too long hath Sparta slumber'd on her shield.
By morn, beyond the Isthmus we will spread
A gen'rous banner. In Laconian strains
Of Alcman and Terpander lives the fame
Of our forefathers. Let our deeds attract
The brighter muse of Athens in the song
Of Æschylus divine. Now frame thy choice.
Share in our fate; or, hast'ning home, report,
How much already thy discerning mind,
Thy active limbs have merited from me,
How serv'd thy country. From the impatient lips
Of Alpheus swift these fervid accents broke:

I have not measur'd such a tract of land,
Have not untir'd, beheld the setting sun,
Nor through the shade of midnight urg'd my steps
To animate the Grecians, that myself
Might be exempt from warlike toil, or death.
Return? Ah! no. A second time my speed
Shall visit thee, Thermopylæ. My limbs
Shall at thy side, Leonidas, obtain
An honourable grave. And oh! amid
His country's perils, if a Spartan breast
May feel a private sorrow, fierce revenge
I seek not only for th' insulted state,
But for a brother's wrongs. A younger hope,
Than I, and Maron, blest'd our father's years,
Child of his age, and Polydorus nam'd.
His mind, while tender in his op'ning prime,
Was bent to strenuous virtue. Gen'rous scorn
Of pain, or danger taught his early strength
To struggle patient with severest toils.
Oft, when inclement winter chill'd the air,
When frozen show'rs had swoln Eurotas' stream,
Amid th' impetuous channel would he plunge
To breast the torrent. On a fatal day,
As in the sea his active limbs he bath'd,
A savage corsair of the Persian king
My brother naked and defenceless bore,
Ev'n in my sight, to Asia; there to waste
With all the promise of its growing worth
His youth in bondage. Tedious were the tale,
Should I recount my pains, my father's woes,
The days he wept, the sleepless nights, he beat
His aged bosom. And shall Alpheus' spear
Be absent from Thermopylæ, nor claim,
O Polydorus, vengeance for thy wrongs
In that first slaughter of the barb'rous foe.

Here interpos'd Dienece. Their hands
He grasp'd, and cordial transport thus express'd:

O that Lycurgus from the shades might rise
To praise the virtue, which his laws inspire!

Thus till the dead of night these heroes pass'd
The hours in friendly converse, and enjoy'd
Each other's virtue. Happiest of men!
At length with gentle heaviness the pow'r
Of sleep invades their eye-lids, and constrains
Their magnanimity and zeal to rest:
When sliding down the hemisphere, the moon
Immers'd in midnight shade her silver head.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEONIDAS on his approach to the Isthmus is met
by the leaders of the troops, sent from other

Grecian states, and by the deputies, who composed the Isthmian council. He harangues them; then proceeds in conjunction with these forces towards Thermopylæ. On the first day he is joined by Dithyrambus; on the third he reaches a valley in Locris, where he is entertained by Oileus, the public host, of the Lacedæmonian state; and the next morning is accompanied by him in a car to the temple of Pan: he finds Medon there, the son of Oileus, and commander of two thousand Locrians, already posted at Thermopylæ, and by him is informed, that the army of Xerxes is in sight of the pass.

AURORA spreads her purple beams around,
When move the Spartans. Their approach is known.

The Isthmian council, and the diff'rent chiefs,
Who lead th' auxiliar bands, advance to meet
Leonidas; Eupalamus the strong,
Alcmaon, Clonius, Diophantus brave
With Hegesander. At their head is seen
Aristobulus, whom Mycenæ's ranks
Obey Mycenæ once august in pow'r,
In splendid wealth, and vaunting still the name
Of Agamemnon. To Laconia's king
The chieftain spake. Leonidas, survey
Mycenæ's race. Should ev'ry other Greek
Be aw'd by Xerxes, and his eastern host,
Believe not, we can fear, deriv'd from those,
Who once conducted o'er the foaming surge
The strength of Greece; who desert left the fields
Of ravag'd Asia, and her proudest walls
From their foundations levell'd to the ground.

Leonidas replies not, but his voice
Directs to all. Illustrious warriors, hail!
Who thus undaunted signalize your faith,
Your gen'rous ardour in the common cause.
But you, whose counsels prop the Grecian state,
O venerable synod, who consign
To our protecting sword, the gate of Greece,
Thrice hail! Whate'er by valour we obtain,
Your wisdom must preserve. With piercing eyes
Contemplate ev'ry city, and discern
Their various tempers. Some with partial care
To guard their own neglect the public weal.
Unmov'd and cold are others. Terror here,
Corruption there presides. O fire the brave
To gen'ral efforts in the gen'ral cause.
Confirm the wav'ring. Animate the cold,
The timid. Watch the faithless. Some betray
Themselves and Greece. Their perfidy prevent,
Or call them back to honour. Let us all
Be link'd in sacred union, and this land
May face the world's whole multitude in arms.
If for the spoil, by Paris borne to Troy,
A thousand keels the Hellespont o'erspread;
Shall not again confederated Greece
Be rous'd to battle, and to freedom give
What once she gave to fame? Behold, we haste
To stop th' invading tyrant. Till we fall,
He shall not pour his myriads on your plains.
But as the gods conceal, how long our strength
May stand unvanquish'd, or how soon may yield;
Waste not a moment, till consenting Greece
Range all her free-born numbers in the field.

Leonidas concluded. Awful stepp'd
Before the sage assembly one supreme

And old in office, who address'd the king.

Thy bright example ev'ry heart unites.
From thee her happiest omens Greece derives
Of concord, safety, liberty and fame.
Go then, O first of mortals, go, impress
Amaze and terror on the barb'rous host;
The free-born Greeks instructing life to deem
Less dear, than honour, and their country's cause.

This heard, Leonidas, thy secret soul,
Exulting, taste of the sweet reward
Due to thy name through endless time. Once
more

His eyes he turn'd, and view'd in rapt'rous thought
His native land, which he alone can save;
Then summon'd all his majesty, and o'er
The Isthmus trod. The phalanx moves behind
In deep arrangement. So th' imperial ship
With stately bulk along the heaving tide
In military pomp conducts the pow'r
Of some proud navy, bounding from the port
To bear the vengeance of a mighty state
Against a tyrant's walls. Till sultry noon
They march; when halting, as they take repast,
Across the plain before them they descry
A troop of Thespians. One above the rest
In eminence precedes. His glitt'ring shield,
Whose gold-emblazon'd orb collects the beams,
Cast by meridian Phœbus from his throne,
Flames like another sun. A snowy plume,
With wanton curls disporting in the breeze,
Floats o'er his dazzling casque. On nearer view
Beneath the radiant honours of his crest
A countenance of youth in rosy prime,
And manly sweetness won the fix'd regard
Of each beholder. With a modest grace
He came respectful tow'rd the king, and show'd,
That all ideas of his own desert
Were sunk in veneration. So the god
Of night salutes his empyreal fire;
When from his altar in th' embow'ring grove
Of balmy Delos, or the hallow'd bound
Of Tenedos, or Claros, where he hears
In hymns his praises from the sons of men,
He reascends the high, Olympian seats:
Such reverential homage on his brow,
O'er shading, softens his effulgent bloom
With loveliness and grace. The king receives
Th' illustrious Thespian thus. My willing tongue
Would style thee Dithyrambus. Thou dost bear
All in thy aspect to become that name,
Renown'd for worth and valour. O reveal
Thy birth, thy charge. Whoe'er thou art, my soul
Desires to know thee, and would call thee friend.

To him the youth. O bulwark of our weal,
My name is Dithyrambus; which the lips
Of some benevolent, some gen'rous friend
To thee have sounded in a partial strain,
And thou hast heard with favour. In thy fight
I stand, deputed by the Thespian chief,
The Theban, Locrian, by the fam'd in war,
Diomedon, to hasten thy approach.

Three days will bring the hostile pow'rs in view.

He said. The ready standards are uprear'd.
By zeal enforc'd, till ev'ning shadows fall,
The march continues, then by day-spring sweeps
The earliest dews. The van, by Agis led,
Displays the grisly face of battle rough
With spears, obliquely trail'd in dreadful length

Along th' indented way. Beside him march'd
His gallant Thespian host. The centre boasts
Leonidas the leader, who retains
The good Megistias near him. In the rear
Dieneces commanded, who in charge
That Menalippus, offspring of his friend,
For these instructions. Let thine eye, young man,
Dwell on the order of our varying march;
As champain, vailey, mountain, or defile
Require a change. The eastern tyrant thus
Conducts not his Barbarians like the sands
In number. Yet the discipline of Greece
They will encounter feeble, as the sands,
Dash'd on a rock, and scatter'd in their fall.

To him th' inquiring youth. The martial tread,
The flute's slow warble, both in just accord,
Entrance my senses; but let wonder ask,
Why is that tender vehicle of sound
Preferr'd in war by Sparta? Other Greeks
To more sonorous music rush in fight.

Son of my friend, Dieneces rejoins,
Well dost thou note. I praise thee. Sparta's law
With human passions, source of human woes,
Maintains perpetual strife. She sternly curbs
Our infant hearts, till passion yields its seat
To principle and order. Music too,
By Spartans lov'd, is temper'd by the law;
Still to her plan subservient melts in notes,
Which cool and sooth, not irritate and warm,
Thus by habitual abstinence, apply'd
To ev'ry sense, suppressing nature's fire,
By modes of duty, not by ardour sway'd,
O'er each impetuous enemy abroad,
At home o'er vice and pleasure we prevail.

O might I merit a Laconian name!
The Acarnanian answer'd. But explain,
What is the land we traverse? What the hill,
Whose parted summit in a spacious void
Admits a bed of clouds? And gracious tell,
Whose are those suits of armour which I see
Borne by two Helots? At the questions pleas'd,
Dieneces continues. Those belong
To Alpheus and his brother. Light of foot
They, disencumber'd, all at large precede
This pond'rous band. They guide a troop of
slaves,

Our missile-weapon'd Helots, to observe,
Provide, forewarn, and obstacles remove.
This tract is Phocis. That divided hill
Is fam'd Parnassus. Thence the voice divine
Was sent by Phœbus, summoning to death
The king of Sparta. From his fruitful blood
A crop will spring of victory to Greece.

And these three hundred high in birth and rank,
All citizens of Sparta . . . cries the youth,
They all must bleed, Dieneces subjoins,
All with their leader. So the law decrees.

To him with earnest looks the gen'rous youth.
Wilt thou not place me in that glorious hour
Close to thy buckler? Gratitude will brace
Thy pupil's arm to manifest the force
Of thy instruction. Menalippus, no,
Return'd the chief. Not thou of Spartan breed,
Nor call'd to perish. Thou unwedded too
Would'st leave no race behind thee. Live to praise,
Live to enjoy our salutary fall.
Reply is needless. See, the sun descends.
The army halts. I trust thee with a charge,

Son of Megistias. In my name command
Th' attendant Helots to erect our camp.
We pitch our tents in Locris. Quick the youth
His charge accomplish'd. From a gen'rous meal,
Where at the call of Alpheus, Locris show'r'd
Her Amalthean plenty on her friends,
The fated warriors soon in slumber lose
The memory of toil. His watchful round
Dieneces with Menalippus takes.

The moon rode high and clear. Her light benign
To their pleas'd eyes a rural dwelling show'd,
All unadorn'd, but seemly. Either side
Was fenc'd by trees high-shadowing. The front
Look'd on a crystal pool, by feather'd tribes
At ev'ry dawn frequented. From the springs
A small redundance fed a shallow brook,
O'er smoothest pebbles rippling just to wake,
Not startle silence, and the ear of night
Entice to listen undisturb'd. Around
The grass was cover'd by reposing sheep,
Whose drowsy guard no longer bay'd the moon.

The warriors stopp'd, contemplating the seat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is rous'd. All heedful of the wonted sound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
Th' observing warriors move. Ere long they reach
A broad and verdant circle, thick enclos'd
With birches straight and tall, whose glossy rind
Is clad in silver from Diana's car.

The ground was holy, and the central spot
An altar bore to Pan. Beyond the orb
Of skreening trees th' external circuit swarm'd
With sheep and bees, each neighb'ring hamlet's
wealth

Collected. Thither soon the swain arriv'd,
Whom, by the name of Melibœus hail'd,
A peasant throng surrounded. As their chief,
He nigh the altar to his rural friends
Address'd these words: O sent from diff'rent lords
With contribution to the public wants,
Time presses. God of peasants, bless our course!
Speed to the slow-pac'd ox, for once impart!
That o'er these valleys, cool'd by dewy night,
We to our summons true, ere noon-tide blaze
May join Oileus, and his praise obtain.

He ceas'd. To rustic madrigals and pipes,
Combin'd with bleating notes and tinkling bells,
With clamour shrill from busy tongues of dogs,
Or hollow-sounding from the deep-mouth'd ox,
Along the valley herd and flock are driv'n
Successive, halting oft to harmless spoil
Of flow'rs and herbage, springing in their fight.
While Melibœus marshall'd with address
The inoffensive host, unseen in shades
Dieneces applauded, and the youth
Of Menalippus caution'd. Let no word
Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moss beneath a wholesome beech they lay,
Arm'd as they were. Their slumber short retires
With night's last shadow. At their warning rous'd,
The troops proceed. Th' admiring eye of youth
In Menalippus caught the morning rays

To guide its travel o'er the landscape wide
Of cultivated hillocks, dales and lawns,
Where mansions, hamlets interpos'd; where domes
Rose to their gods through consecrated shades.
He then exclaims. O say, can Jove devote
These fields to ravage, those abodes to flames?

The Spartan answers: Ravage, sword and fire
Must be endur'd as incidental ills.
Suffice it, these invaders, soon or late,
Will leave this soil more fertile by their blood
With spoils abundant to rebuild the fanes.
Precarious benefits are these, thou see'st
So fram'd by heav'n; but virtue is a good
No foe can spoil, and lasting to the grave.

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipp'd in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, compos'd of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old, batter'd arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear.
"Yon marble fountain, by Oileus plac'd,
"To thirsty lips in living water flows;
"For weary steps he fram'd this cool retreat;
"A grateful off'ring here to rural peace,
"His dinted shield, his helmet he resign'd.
"O passenger, if born to noble deeds,
"Thou would'st obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
"Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
"And thy decline to hospitable cares.
"Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale."

O Jove, burst forth Leonidas, thy grace
Is large and various. Length of days and bliss
To him thou giv'st, to me a shorten'd term,
Nor yet less happy. Grateful we confess
Thy diff'rent bounties, measur'd full to both.

Come let us seek Oileus in his vale.
The word is giv'n. The heavy phalanx moves.
The light-pac'd Helots, long ere morning dawn'd,
Had recommenc'd their progress. They o'ertook
Blithe Melibœus in a spacious vale,
The fruitfulest in Locris, ere the sun
Shot forth his noon-tide beams. On either side
A surface scarce perceptibly ascends.
Luxuriant vegetation crowds the soil
With trees close-rang'd and mingling. Rich the
loads

Of native fruitage to the fight reveal
Their vig'rous nurture. There the flushing peach,
The apple, citron, almond, pear and date,
Pomegranates, purple mulberry, and fig
From interlacing branches mix their hues
And scents, the passenger's delight; but leave
In the mid-vale a pasture long and large,
Exuberant in vivid verdure cropp'd
By herds, by flocks innum'rous. Neighb'ring knolls
Are speckled o'er with cots, whose humble roofs
To herdsmen, shepherds, and laborious hinds
Once yielded rest unbroken, till the name
Of Xerxes shook their quiet. Yet this day
Was festive. Swains and damsels, youth and age,
From toil, from home enlarg'd, disporting, fill'd
Th' enliven'd meadow. Under evy shade
A hoary minstrel sat; the maidens danc'd;

Flocks bleated; oxen low'd; the horses neigh'd;
 With joy the vale resounded; terror fled;
 Leonidas was nigh. The welcome news
 By Melibœus, hast'ning to his lord,
 Was loudly told. The Helots too appear'd.
 While with his brother Alpheus thus discours'd.

In this fair valley old Oileus dwells,
 The first of Locrians, of Laconia's state
 The public host. Yon large pavilions mark.
 They promise welcome. Thither let us bend,
 There tell our charge. This said, they both ad-
 vance.

A hoary band receives them. One, who seem'd
 In rank, in age superior, wav'd his hand
 To Melibœus, standing near, and spake.

By this my faithful messenger I learn,
 That you are friends. Nor yet th' invader's foot
 Hath pass'd our confines. Else, o'ercast by time,
 My sight would scarce distinguish friend or foe,
 A Grecian or Barbarian. Alpheus then.

We come from Lacedemon, of our king
 Leonidas forerunners. Is he nigh?

The cordial senior tenderly exclaims,
 I am Oileus. Him a beardless boy
 I knew in Lacedemon. Twenty years
 Are since elaps'd. He scarce remembers me.
 But I will feast him, as becomes my zeal,
 Him and his army. You, my friends, repose.

They sit. He still discourses. Spartan guests,
 In me an aged soldier you behold.
 From Ajax, fam'd in Agamemnon's war,
 Oilean Ajax flows my vital stream,
 Unmix'd with his presumption. I have borne
 The highest functions in the Locrian state,
 Not with dishonour. Self-dismis'd, my age
 Hath in this valley on my own demesne
 Liv'd tranquil, not recluse. My comrades these,
 Old magistrates and warriors like myself,
 Releas'd from public care, with me retir'd
 To rural quiet. Through our last remains
 Of time in sweet garrulity we slide,
 Recounting past achievements of our prime;
 Nor wanting lib'ral means far lib'ral deeds,
 Here blest'd, here blessing we reside. These flocks,
 These herds and pastures, these our num'rous
 hinds,

And poverty, hence exil'd, may divulge
 Our generous abundance. We can spread
 A banquet for an army. By the state
 Once more entreated, we accept a charge,
 To age well-suited. By our watchful care
 The goddess Plenty in your tents shall dwell.

He scarce had finish'd, when the ensigns broad
 Of Lacedemon's phalanx down the vale
 Were seen to wave, unfolding at the sound
 Of flutes, soft warbling in th' expressive mood
 Of Dorian sweetness unadorn'd. Around,
 In notes of welcome ev'ry shepherd tun'd
 His sprightly reed. The damsels show'd their hair,
 Diversify'd with flow'rets. Garlands gay,
 Rush-woven baskets, glowing with the dyes
 Of amaranths, of jasmun, roses, pinks
 And violets they carry, tripping light
 Before the steps of grimly-featur'd Mars
 To blend the smiles of Flora with his frown.
 Leonidas they chaunt in silvan lays,
 Him the defender of their meads and groves,
 Him more than Pan, a guardian to their flocks.

While Philomela, in her poplar shade
 Awaken'd strains her emulating throat,
 And joins with liquid trills the swelling sounds.

Behold Oileus and his ancient train
 Accost Laconia's king, whose looks and words
 Confess remembrance of the Locrian chief.

Thrice hail! Oileus, Sparta's noble host.
 Thou art of old acquainted with her sons,
 Their laws, their manners. Musical as brave,
 Train'd to delight in smooth Terpander's lay,
 In Alcman's Dorian measure, we enjoy
 In thy melodious vale th' unlabour'd strains
 Of rural pipes, to nightingales attun'd.
 Our heart-felt gladness deems the golden age
 Subsisting where thou govern'st. Still these tones
 Of joy continu'd may thy dwelling hear!
 Still may this plenty, unmolested, crown
 The favour'd district! May thy rev'rend dust
 Have peaceful shelter in thy father's tomb!
 Kind heav'n, that merit to my sword impart!

By joy uplifted, forth Oileus broke.
 Thou dost recal me then! O sent to guard
 These fruits from spoil, these hoary locks from
 shame,

Permit thy weary'd soldiers to partake
 Of Locrian plenty. Enter thou my tents,
 Thou and thy captains. I salute them all.

The hero full of dignity and years,
 Once bold in action, plac'd now in ease,
 Ev'n by his look, benignly cast around,
 Gives lassitude relief. With native grace,
 With heart-effus'd complacency the king
 Accepts the lib'ral welcome, while his troops,
 To relaxation and repast dismiss'd,
 Pitch on the wounded green their bristled spears.
 Still is the evening. Under chestnut shades
 With interweaving poplars spacious stands
 A well-fram'd tent. There calm the heroes sit,
 The genial board enjoy, and feast the mind
 In sage discourse; which thus Oileus clos'd.

Behold, night lifts her signal to invoke
 That friendly god, who owns the drowsy wand.
 To Mercury this last libation flows.
 Farewell till morn. They separate, they sleep
 All but Oileus, who forsakes the tent.
 On Melibœus, in these words he calls.

Approach my faithful friend. To him the swain.
 Thy bondman hears thy call. The chief replies,
 Loud for the gath'ring peasantry to heed.

Come, Melibœus, it is surely time,
 That my repeated gift, the name of friend
 Thou shouldst accept. The name of bondman
 wounds

My ear. Be free. No longer, best of men,
 Reject that boon, nor let my feeble head,
 To thee a debtor, as to gracious heaven,
 Descend and sleep unthankful in the grave.
 Though yielding nature daily feels decay;
 Thou dost prevent all care. The gods estrange
 Pain from my pillow, have secur'd my breast
 From weeds too oft in aged soil profuse,
 From self-tormenting petulance and pride,
 From jealousy and envy at the same
 Of younger men. Leonidas will dim
 My former lustre, as that silver orb
 Outshines the meanest star; and I rejoice.
 O Melibœus, these elect of Jove

To certain death advance. Immortal powers!
 How social, how endearing is their speech!
 How flow in lib'ral cheerfulness their hearts!
 To such a period verging men like these
 Age well may envy, and that envy take
 The genuine shape of virtue. Let their span
 Of earthly being, while it lasts, contain
 Each earthly joy. Till blest Elysium spread
 Her ever-blooming, inexhausted stores
 To their glad sight, be mine the grateful task
 To drain my plenty. From the vaulted caves
 Our vessels large of well-fermented wine,
 From all our gran'ries lift the treasur'd corn.
 Go, load the groaning axles. Nor forget
 With garments new to greet Melissa's nymphs.
 To her a triple change of vestments bear
 With twenty lambs, and twenty speckled kids.
 Be it your care, my peasants, some to aid
 Him your director, others to select
 Five hundred oxen, thrice a thousand sheep,
 Of lusty swains a thousand. Let the morn,
 When first she blushes, see my will perform'd.
 They heard. Their lord's injunctions to fulfil
 Was their ambition. He, unrelenting, mounts
 A ready car. The coursers had enroll'd
 His name in Isthmian and Nemean games.
 By moonlight, floating on the splendid reins,
 He o'er the busy vale intent is borne
 From place to place, o'erlooks, directs, forgets
 That he is old. Meantime the shades of night,
 Retiring, wake Dienece. He gives
 The word. His pupil seconds. Ev'ry hand
 Is arm'd. Day opens. Sparta's king appears.
 Oileus greets him. In his radiant car
 The senior stays reluctant; but his guest
 So wills in Spartan reverence to age.
 Then spake the Locrian. To assist thy camp
 A chosen band of peasants I detach.
 I trust thy valour. Doubt not thou my care,
 Nor doubt that swain. Oileus, speaking, look'd
 On Melibœus. Skilful he commands
 These hinds. Him wise, him faithful I have
 prov'd
 More than Eumæus to Laertes' son.
 To him th' Oetæan woods, their devious tracks
 Are known, each rill and fountain. Near the
 pass
 Two thousand Locrians wilt thou find encamp'd,
 My eldest born their leader, Medon nam'd,
 Well exercis'd in arms. My daughter dwells
 On Oeta. Sage Melissa she is call'd,
 Enlighten'd priestess of the tuneful nine.
 She haply may accost thee. Thou wilt lend
 An ear. Not fruitless are Melissa's words.
 Now, servants, bring the sacred wine. Obey'd,
 He, from his seat uprising, thus proceeds:
 Lo! from this chalice a libation pure
 To Mars, to Grecian liberty and laws,
 To their protector, eleutherian Jove,
 To his nine daughters, who record the brave,
 To thy renown, Leonidas, I pour;
 And take an old man's benediction too.
 He stopp'd. Affection, struggling in his heart,
 Burst forth again. Illustrious guest, afford
 Another hour. That slender space of time
 Yield to my sole possession. While the troops,
 Already glitt'ring down the dewy vale,

File through its narrow'd outlet; near my side
 Deign to be carry'd, and my talk endure.
 The king, well pleas'd, ascends. Slow move
 the steeds.
 Behind the rear. Oileus grasps his hand,
 Then in the fulness of his soul pursues.
 Thy veneration for Laconia's laws
 That I may strengthen, may to rapture warm,
 Hear me display the melancholy fruits
 Of lawless will. When o'er the Lydian plains
 Th' innumerable tents of Xerxes spread,
 His vassal, Pythius, who in affluent means
 Surpasses me, as that Barbarian prince
 Thou dost in virtue, entertain'd the host,
 And proffer'd all his treasures. These the king
 Refusing, ev'n augmented from his own.
 An act of fancy, not habitual grace,
 A sparkling vapour through the regal gloom
 Of cruelty and pride. He now prepar'd
 To march from Sardis, when with humble tears
 The good old man besought him. Let the king
 Propitious hear a parent. In thy train
 I have five sons. Ah! leave my eldest born,
 Thy future vassal, to sustain my age!
 The tyrant fell reply'd: Presumptuous man,
 Who art my slave, in this tremendous war,
 Is not my person hazarded, my race,
 My comfort? Former merit saves from death
 Four of thy offspring. Him, so dearly priz'd,
 Thy folly hath destroy'd. His body straight
 Was hewn asunder. By the public way
 On either side a bleeding half was cast,
 And millions pass'd between. O Spartan king,
 Taught to revere the sanctity of laws,
 The acts of Xerxes with thine own compare,
 His fame with thine. The curses of mankind
 Give him renown. He marches to destroy,
 But thou to save. Behold the trees are bent,
 Each eminence is loaded thick with crowds,
 From cots, from ev'ry hamlet pour'd abroad,
 To bless thy steps, to celebrate thy praise.
 Oft times the king his decent brow inclin'd,
 Mute and obsequious to an elder's voice,
 Which through th' instructed ear, unceasing flow'd
 In eloquence and knowledge. Scarce an hour
 Was fled. The narrow dale was left behind.
 A causeway broad disclos'd an ancient pile
 Of military fame. A trophy large,
 Compact with crested morions, targets rude,
 With spears and corselets, dimm'd by eating
 age,
 Stood near a lake pellucid, smooth, profound,
 Of circular expanse, whose bosom show'd
 A green-slop'd island, figur'd o'er with flow'rs,
 And from its centre lifting high to view
 A marble chapel, on the massy strength
 Of Doric columns rais'd. A full wrought freeze
 Display'd the sculptor's art. In solemn pomp
 Of obelisks and busts, and story'd urns
 Sepulchral mansions of illustrious dead
 Were scatter'd round, o'ercast with shadows black
 Of yew and cypress. In a serious note
 Oileus, pointing, opens new discourse.
 Beneath yon turf my ancestors repose.
 Oilean Ajax singly was depriv'd
 Of fun'ral honours there. With impious lust
 He stain'd Minerva's temple. From the gulf

Of briny waters by their god preserv'd,
That god he brav'd. He lies beneath a rock,
By Neptune's trident in his wrath o'erturn'd.
Shut from Elysium for a hundred years,
The hero's ghost bewail'd his oozy tomb.
A race more pious on the Oilean house
Felicity have drawn. To ev'ry god
I owe my bliss, my early fame to Pan.
Once on the margin of that silent pool
In their nocturnal camp Barbarians lay,
Awaiting morn to violate the dead.
My youth was fir'd. I summon'd from their cots
A rustic host. We sacrific'd to Pan,
Affail'd th' unguarded ruffians in his name.
He with his terrors smote their yielding hearts.
Not one surviv'd the fury of our swains.
Rich was the pillage. Hence that trophy rose;
Of costly blocks constructed, hence that fane,
Inscrib'd to Pan th' armipotent. O king,
Be to an old man's vanity benign.
This frowning emblem of terrific war
Proclaims the ardour and exploits of youth.
This to Barbarian strangers, ent'ring Greece,
Shows what I was. The marble fount thou
saw'st,

Of living water, whose transparent flow
Reliev'd thy march in yester sultry sun,
The cell, which offer'd rest on beds of moss
Show what I am, to Grecian neighbour's show
The hospitality of age. O age,
Where are thy graces, but in lib'ral deeds,
In bland deportment? Would thy furrow'd
cheeks

Lose the deformity of time? Let smiles
Dwell in thy wrinkles. Then, rever'd by youth,
Thy feeble steps will find—Abruptly here
He paus'd. A manly warrior full in sight
Beside the trophy on his target lean'd,
Unknown to Sparta's leader, who address'd
His rev'rend host. Thou pausest. Let me ask,
Whom do I see, resembling in his form
A demigod? In transport then the sage.

It is my son, discover'd by his shield,
Thy brave auxiliar Medon. He sustains
My ancient honours in his native state,
Which kindly chose my offspring to replace
Their long-sequester'd chief. Heart-winning
guest!

My life, a tide of joy, which never knew
A painful ebb, beyond its wonted mark
Flows in thy converse. Could a wish prevail,
My long and happy course should finish here.

The chariot rested. Medon now approach'd,
Saluting thus Leonidas: O king
Of warlike Sparta, Xerxes' host in fight
Begin to spread their multitude, and fill
The spacious Malian plain. The king replies:

Accept, illustrious messenger, my thanks.
With such a brave assistant, as the son
Of great Oileus, more assur'd I go
To face those numbers. With this godlike friend
The father, now dismounting from his car,
Embraces Medon. In a sliding bark
They all are wafted to the island fane,
Erected by Oileus, and enrich'd
With his engrav'd achievements. Thence the
eye

Of Sparta's gen'ral in extensive scope
Contemplates each battalion, as they wind
Along the pool; whose limpid face reflects
Their weapons, glitt'ning in the early sun.
Them he to Pan armipotent commends,
His favour thus invoking. God, whose pow'r
By rumour vain, or echo's empty voice
Can sink the valiant in desponding fear,
Can disarray whole armies, smile on these,
Thy worshippers. Thy own Arcadians guard.
Through thee Oileus triumph'd. On his son,
On me look down. Our shields auxiliar join
Against profane Barbarians, who insult
The Grecian gods, and meditate the fall
Of this thy shrine. He said, and now intent
To leave the island, on Oileus call'd.

He, Medon answer'd, by his joy and zeal
Too high transported, and discoursing long,
Felt on his drowsy lids a balmy down
Of heaviness descending. He, unmark'd
Amid thy pious commerce with the god,
Was silently remov'd. The good old chief
On carpets, rais'd by tender menial hands,
Calm in the secret sanctuary is laid.

His hast'ning step Leonidas restrains,
Thus fervent prays: O Maia's son, best pleas'd,
When calling slumber to a virtuous eye,
Watch o'er my venerable friend. Thy balm
He wants, exhausted by his love to me.
Sweet sleep, thou soft'nest that intruding pang,
Which gen'rous breasts so parting must admit.

He said, embark'd, relanded. To his side
Inviting Medon, he rejoin'd the host.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEONIDAS arrives at Thermopylae about noon on the fourth day of his departure from the Isthmus. He is received by Demophilus, the commander of Thespia, and by Anaxander the Theban, treacherously recommending Epialtes, a Malian, who seeks, by a pompous description of the Persian power, to intimidate the Grecian leaders, as they are viewing the enemy's camp from the top of mount Oeta. He is answered by Dienece and Diomedon. Xerxes sends Tygranes and Phraortes to the Grecian camp, who are dismissed by Leonidas, and conducted back by Dithyrambus and Diomedon; which last, incensed at the arrogance of Tygranes, treats him with contempt and menaces. This occasions a challenge to single combat between Diomedon and Tygranes, Dithyrambus and Phraortes. Epialtes after a conference with Anaxander declares his intention of returning to Xerxes. Leonidas dispatches Agis with Melibceus, a faithful slave of Oileus, and high in the estimation of his lord, to view a body of Phocians, who had been posted at a distance from Thermopylae for the defence of another pass in mount Oeta.

Now in the van Leonidas appears,
With Medon still conferring. Hast thou heard,
He said, among th' innumerable foes [trust
What chiefs are most distinguish'd? Might we
To fame, reply'd the Locrian, Xerxes boasts
His ablest, bravest counsellor and chief
In Artemisia, Caria's matchless queen.
To old Darius benefits had bound

Her lord, herself to Xerxes. Not compell'd,
Except by magnanimity, she leads
The best appointed squadron in his fleet.
No female softness Artemisia knows,
But in maternal love. Her widow'd hand
With equity and firmness for her son
Administers the sway. Of Doric race
She still retains the spirit, which from Greece
Her ancestors transplanted. Other chiefs
Are all Barbarians, little known to fame,
Save one, whom Sparta hath herself supply'd,
Not less than Demaratus, once her king,
An exile now. Leonidas rejoins.

Son of Oileus, like thy father wife,
Like him partake my confidence. Thy words
Recal an era, sadd'ning all my thoughts.
That injur'd Spartan shar'd the regal sway
With one—Alas! my brother, eldest born,
Unblest'd by nature, favour'd by no god,
Cleomenes. Insanity of mind,
Malignant passions, impious acts deform'd
A life, concluded by his own fell hand.
Against his colleague envious he suborn'd
Leutychides. Him perjury and fraud
Plac'd on the seat, by Demaratus held
Unstain'd in lustre. Here Oileus' son.

My future service only can repay
Thy confidential friendship. Let us close
The gloomy theme. Thermopylae is nigh.
Each face in transport glows. Now Oeta rear'd
His tow'ring forehead. With impatient steps
On rush'd the phalanx, sounding pæans high;
As if the present deity of fame
Had from the summit shown her dazzling form,
With wreaths unfading on her temples bound,
Her adamant trumpet in her hand
To celebrate their valour. From the van
Leonidas advances like the sun,
When through dividing clouds his presence stays
Their sweeping rack, and stills the clam'rous
wind.

The army silent halt. Their ensigns fan
The air no longer. Motionless their spears.
His eye reveals the ardour of his soul,
Which thus finds utterance from his eager lips.

All hail! Thermopylae, and you, the pow'rs,
Presiding here. All hail! ye sylvan gods,
Ye fountain nymphs, who send your lucid rills
In broken murmurs down the rugged steep.
Receive us, O benignant, and support
The cause of Greece. Conceal the secret paths,
Which o'er these crags, and through their forests
wind,

Untrod by human feet, and trac'd alone
By your immortal footsteps. O defend
Your own recesses, nor let impious war
Profane the solemn silence of your groves.
Then on your hills your praises shall you hear
From those, whose deeds shall tell th' approving
world,

That not to undeservers did ye grant
Your high protection. You, my valiant friends,
Now rouse the gen'rous spirit, which inflames
Your hearts; exert the vigour of your arms:
That in the bosoms of the brave and free
Your memorable actions may survive;
May sound delightful in the ear of time,
Long, as blue Neptune beats the Malian strand,

Or those tall cliffs erect their shaggy tops
So near to heav'n, your monuments of fame.

As in some torrid region, where the head
Of Ceres bends beneath her golden load;
If from a burning brand a scatter'd spark
Invade the parching ground; a sudden blaze
Sweeps o'er the crackling champaine: through his
host

Not with less swiftmess to the furthest ranks
The words of great Leonidas diffus'd
A more than mortal fervour. Ev'ry heart
Distends with thoughts of glory, such as raise
The patriot's virtue, and the soldier's fire;
When danger most tremendous in his form
Seems in their sight most lovely. On their minds
Imagination pictures all the scenes
Of war, the purple field, the heaps of death,
The glitt'ring trophy, pil'd with Persian arms.

But lo! the Grecian leaders, who before
Were station'd near Thermopylae, salute
Laconia's king. The Thespian chief, ally'd
To Dithyrambus, first the silence breaks,
An ancient warrior. From behind his casque,
Whose crested weight his aged temples bore,
The slender hairs, all-silver'd o'er by time,
Flow'd venerable down. He thus began:

Joy now shall crown the period of my days;
And whether nigh my father's urn I sleep;
Or, slain by Persia's sword, embrace the earth,
Our common parent; be it as the gods
Shall best determine. For the present hour
I bless their bounty, which hath giv'n my age
To see the brave Leonidas, and bid
That hero welcome on this glorious shore,
To fix the basis of the Grecian weal.

Here too the crafty Anaxander spake.
Of all the Thebans, we, rejoicing, hail
The king of Sparta. We obey'd his call.
O may oblivion o'er the shame of Thebes
A dark'ning veil extend! or those alone
By fame be curs'd, whose impious counsels turn
Their countrymen from virtue! Thebes was sunk,
Her glory bury'd in dishonest sloth.
To wake her languor gen'rous Alphæus came,
The messenger of freedom. O accept
Our grateful hearts, thou, Alpheus, art the cause,
That Anaxander from his native gates
Not single joins this host, nor tamely these,
My chosen friends behind their walls remain.
Enough of words. Time presses. Mount, ye chiefs,
This loftiest part of Oeta. This o'erlooks
The streights, and far beyond their northern
mouth

Extends our fight across the Malian plain.
Behold a native, Epialtes call'd,
Who with the foe from Thracia's bounds hath
march'd.

Disguis'd in seeming worth, he ended here.
The camp not long had Epialtes reach'd,
By race a Malian. Eloquent his tongue,
His heart was false and abject. He was skill'd
To grace perfidious counsels, and to clothe
In swelling phrase the baseness of his soul,
Foul nurse of treasons. To the tents of Greece,
Himself a Greek, a faithless spy he came.
Soon to the friends of Xerxes he repair'd,
The Theban chiefs, and nightly councils held
How to betray the Spartans, or deject

By consternation. Up the arduous slope
 With him each leader to the summit climbs.
 Thence a tremendous prospect they command,
 Where endless plains, by white pavilions hid;
 Spread like the vast Atlantic, when no shore,
 No rock, no promontory stops the sight
 Unbounded, as it wanders; while the moon,
 Resplendent eye of night, in fullest orb
 Surveys th' interminate expanse, and throws
 Her rays abroad to deck in snowy light
 The dancing billows. Such was Xerxes' camp;
 A pow'r unrivall'd by the mightiest king,
 Or fiercest conqueror, whose blood-thirsty pride,
 Dissolving all the sacred ties which bind
 The happiness of nations, hath upcall'd
 The sleeping fury, Discord, from her den.
 Not from the hundred brazen gates of Thebes,
 The tow'rs of Memphis, and those pregnant fields,
 Enrich'd by kindly Nile, such armies swarm'd
 Around Sesostris; who with trophies fill'd
 The vanquish'd east, who o'er the rapid foam
 Of distant Tanais, o'er the surface broad
 Of Ganges sent his formidable name.
 Nor yet in Asia's far extended bounds
 E'er met such numbers, not when Ninus led
 Th' Assyrian race to conquest. Not the gates
 Of Babylon along Euphrates pour'd
 Such myriads arm'd; when, emptying all her
 Streets,

The rage of dire Semiramis they bore
 Beyond the Indus; there defeated, left
 His blood-stain'd current turbid with their dead.

Yet of the chiefs, contemplating this scene,
 Not one is shaken. Undismay'd they stand;
 Th' immeasurable camp with fearless eyes
 They traverse: while in meditation near
 The treach'rous Malian waits, collecting all
 His pomp of words to paint the hostile pow'r;
 Nor yet with falsehood arms his fraudulent tongue
 To feign a tale of terror. Truth herself
 Beyond the reach of fiction to enhance
 Now aids his treason, and with cold dismay
 Might pierce the boldest heart, unless secur'd
 By dauntless virtue, which disdains to live,
 From liberty divorc'd. Requested soon,
 He breaks his artful silence. Greeks and friends,
 Can I behold my native Malian fields,
 Presenting hostile millions to your sight,
 And not in grief suppress the horrid tale,
 Which you exact from these ill-omen'd lips.
 On Thracia's sea-beat verge I watch'd the foes;
 Where, joining Europe to the Asian strand,
 A mighty bridge restrain'd th' outrageous waves,
 And stemm'd th' impetuous current: while in
 arms

The universal progeny of men
 Seem'd trampling o'er the subjugated flood
 By thousands, by ten thousands. Persians, Medes,
 Assyrians, Saces, Indians, swarthy files
 From Ethiopia, Egypt's tawny sons,
 Arabians, Bactrians, Parthians, all the strength
 Of Asia, and of Libya. Neptune groan'd
 Beneath their number, and indignant heav'd
 His neck against th' incumbent weight. In vain
 The violence of Eurus and the north,
 With rage combin'd, against th' unyielding pile
 Dash'd half the Hellespont. The eastern world
 Sev'n days and nights uninterrupted pass

VOL. XI.

To cover Thracia's regions. They accept
 A Persian lord. They range their hardy race
 Beneath his standards. Macedonia's youth,
 The brave Thessalian horse with ev'ry Greek,
 Who dwells beyond Thermopylae, attend,
 Assist a foreign tyrant. Sire of gods,
 Who in a moment by thy will supreme
 Canst quell the mighty in their proudest hopes,
 Canst raise the weak to safety, Oh! impart
 Thy instant succour! Interpose thy arm!
 With lightning blast their standards! Oh! confound
 With triple-bolted thunder Asia's tents,
 Whence rushing millions by the morn will pour
 An inundation to o'erwhelm the Greeks.
 Resistance else were vain against a host,
 Which overspreads Thessalia. Far beyond
 That Malian champain, stretching wide below,
 Beyond the utmost measure of the sight
 From this aspiring cliff, the hostile camp
 Contains yet mightier numbers; who have drain'd
 The beds of copious rivers with their thirst,
 Who with their arrows hide the mid-day sun.

Then we shall give them battle in the shade,
 Dioneas reply'd. Not calmly thus
 Diomedon. On Persia's camp he bent [o'er,
 His low'ring brow, which frowns had furrow'd
 Then fierce exclaim'd. Bellona, turn and view
 With joyful eyes that field, the fatal stage,
 By regal madness for thy rage prepar'd
 To exercise its horrors. Whet thy teeth,
 Voracious death. All Asia is thy prey.
 Contagion, famine, and the Grecian sword,
 For thy insatiate hunger will provide
 Variety of carnage. He concludes;
 While on the host immense his cloudy brow
 Is fix'd disdainful, and their strength defies.

Meantime an eastern herald down the pass
 Was seen, slow-moving tow'rd the Phocian wall
 From Asia's monarch delegated, came
 Tigranes and Phraortes. From the hill
 Leonidas conducts th' impatient chiefs.
 By them environ'd, in his tent he sits;
 Where thus Tigranes their attention calls.

Ambassadors from Persia's king we stand
 Before you, Grecians. To display the pow'r
 Of our great master were a needless task.
 The name of Xerxes, Asia's mighty lord,
 Invincible, exalted on a throne,
 Surpassing human lustre, must have reach'd
 To ev'ry clime, and ev'ry heart impress'd
 With awe, and low submission. Yet I swear
 By yon refulgent orb, which flames above,
 The glorious symbol of eternal pow'r,
 This military throng, this show of war
 Well nigh persuade me, you have never heard
 That name, at whose commanding sound the
 banks

Of Indus tremble, and the Caspian wave,
 Th' Egyptian flood, the Hellespontic surge
 Obedient roll. O impotent and rash!
 Whom yet the large beneficence of heav'n,
 And heav'nly Xerxes, merciful and kind,
 Deign to preserve. Resign your arms. Disperse
 All to your cities. There let humblest hands
 With earth and water greet your destin'd lord.

As through th' extensive grove, whose leafy
 boughs,
 Entwining, crown some eminence with shade,

Li

The tempests rush sonorous, and between
The crashing branches roar; by fierce disdain,
By indignation, thus the Grecians rous'd,
In loudest clamour close the Persian's speech:
But ev'ry tongue was hush'd, when Sparta's king
This brief reply deliver'd from his seat.

O Persian! when to Xerxes thou return'st,
Say, thou hast told the wonders of his pow'r.
Then say, thou saw'st a slender band of Greece,
Which dares his boasted millions to the field.

He adds no more. Th' ambassadors retire.
Them o'er the limits of the Grecian lines
Diomedon and Thespia's youth conduct.
In slow solemnity they all proceed,
And sullen silence; but their looks denote
Far more than speech could utter. Wrath con-

tracts
The forehead of Diomedon. His teeth
Gnash with impatience of delay'd revenge.
Disdain, which sprung from conscious merit,
flush'd

The cheek of Dithyrambus. On the face
Of either Persian arrogance, incens'd
By disappointment, lour'd. The utmost streight
They now attain'd, which open'd to the tents
Of Asia, there discov'ring wide to view
Her deep, immense arrangement. Then the heart
Of vain Tigranes, swelling at the sight,
Thus overflows in loud and haughty phrase.

O Arimanius! origin of ill,
Have we demanded of thy ruthless pow'r
Thus with the curse of madness to afflict
These wretched men? But since thy dreadful ire
To irresistible perdition dooms
The Grecian race, we vainly should oppose.
Be thy dire will accomplish'd. Let them fall,
Their native soil be fatten'd with their blood.

Enrag'd, the stern Diomedon replies.
Thou base dependent on a lawless king,
Thou purple slave, thou boaster, dost thou know,
That I beheld the Marathonian field?
Where, like the Libyan sands before the wind,
Your host was scatter'd by Athenian spears;
Where thou, perhaps, by ignominious flight
Didst from this arm protect thy shiv'ring limbs.
O let me find thee in to-morrow's fight!
Along this rocky pavement shalt thou lie,
To dogs a banquet. With uplifted palms
Tigranes then. Omnipotent support
Of scepter'd Xerxes, Hormazes, hear!
To thee his first victorious fruits of war
Thy worshipper devotes, the gory spoils,
Which from this Grecian, by the rising dawn,
In sight of either host my strength shall rend.

At length Phraortes, interpoling, spake.

I too would find among the Grecian chiefs
One, who in battle dares abide my lance.

The gallant youth of Thespia swift reply'd.
Thou look'st on me, O Persian. Worthier far
Thou might have singled from the ranks of Greece,
Not one more willing to essay thy force.
Yes, I will prove before the eye of Mars,
How far the prowess of her meanest chief
Beyond thy vaunts deserves the palm of fame.

This said, the Persians to their king repair,
Back to their camp the Grecians. There they find
Each soldier, poising his extended spear,
His weighty buckler bracing on his arm

In warlike preparation. Through the files
Each leader, moving vigilant, by praise,
By exhortation aids their native warmth.
Alone the Theban Anaxander pin'd,
Who thus apart his Malian friend bespake.

What has thy lofty eloquence avail'd,
Alas! in vain attempting to confound
The Spartan valour? With redoubled fires,
See, how their bosoms glow. They wish to die;
They wait impatient for th' unequal fight.
Too soon th' insuperable foes will spread
Promiscuous havoc round, and Thebans share
The doom of Spartans. Through the guarded pass
Who will adventure Asia's camp to reach
In our behalf? That Xerxes may be warn'd
To spare his friends amid the gen'ral wreck;
When his high-swoln resentment, like a flood,
Increas'd by stormy show'rs, shall cover Greece
With desolation. Epialtes here.

Whence, Anaxander, this unjust despair?
Is there a path on Oeta's hills unknown
To Epialtes? Over trackless rocks,
Through mazy woods my secret steps can pass.
Farewell. I go. Thy merit shall be told
To Persia's king. Thou only watch the hour;
When wanted most, thy ready succour lend.

Meantime a wary, comprehensive care
To ev'ry part Leonidas extends;
As in the human frame through ev'ry vein,
And artery minute, the ruling heart
Its vital pow'rs disperses. In his tent
The prudent chief of Locris he consults;
He summons Melibæus by the voice
Of Agis. In humility not mean,
By no unseemly ignorance depress'd,
Th' ingenuous swain, by all th' illustrious house
Of Ajax honour'd, bows before the king,
Who gracious spake. The confidence bestow'd,
The praise by sage Oileus might suffice
To verify thy worth. Myself have watch'd,
Have found thee skilful, active, and discreet.
Thou know'st the region round. With Agis go,
The upper streights, the Phocian camp explore.

O condescension! Melibæus then,
More ornamental to the great, than gems,
A purple robe, or diadem. The king
Accepts my service. Pleasing is my task.
Spare not thy servant. Exercise my zeal.
Oileus will rejoice, and smiling, say,
An humble hand may smoooth a hero's path.

He leads the way, while Agis following, spake.
O swain! distinguish'd by a lib'ral mind,
Who were thy parents? Where thy place of birth?
What chance depriv'd thee of a father's house?
Oileus sure thy liberty would grant,
Or Sparta's king solicit for that grace;
When in a station equal to thy worth
Thou may'st be rank'd. The prudent hind began.

In diff'rent stations diff'rent virtues dwell,
All reaping diff'rent benefits. The great
In dignity and honours meet reward
For acts of bounty, and heroic toils.
A servant's merit is obedience, truth,
Fidelity; his recompense content.
Be not offended at my words, O chief!
They, who are free, with envy may behold
This bondman of Oileus. To his trust,
His love exalted, I by nature's pow'r

From his pure model could not fail to mould
 What—thou entitlest lib'ral. Whence I came,
 Or who my parents, is to me unknown.
 In childhood seiz'd by robbers, I was sold.
 They took their price. They hush'd th' atrocious
 deed.

Dear to Oileus and his race I throve;
 And whether noble, or ignoble born,
 I am contented, studious of their love
 Alone. Ye sons of Sparta, I admire
 Your acts, your spirit, but confine my own
 To their condition, happy in my lord,
 Himself of men most happy. Agis bland
 Rejoins. O! born with talents to become
 A lot more noble, which, by thee refus'd,
 Thou dost the more deserve. Laconia's king
 Discerns thy merit through its modest veil.
 Consummate prudence in thy words I hear.
 Long may contentment, justly priz'd, be thine.
 But should the state demand thee, I foresee,
 Thou wouldst like others in the field excel,
 Wouldst share in glory. Blithe return'd the swain.

Not ev'ry service is confin'd to arms.
 Thou shalt behold me in my present state
 Not useless. If the charge Oileus gave
 I can accomplish, meriting his praise,
 And thy esteem, my glory will be full.

Both pleas'd in converse, thus pursue their way,
 Where Oeta lifts her summits huge to heav'n
 In rocks abrupt, pyramidal, or tower'd
 Like castles. Sudden from a tufted crag,
 Where goats are browsing, Melibæus hears
 A call of welcome. There his course he stays.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tigranes and Phraortes repair to Xerxes, whom they find seated on a throne, surrounded by his Satraps in a magnificent pavilion; while the Magi stand before him, and sing a hymn, containing the religion of Zoroastres. Xerxes, notwithstanding the arguments of his brothers, Hyperanthes and Abrocomes, gives no credit to the ambassadors, who report, that the Grecians are determined to maintain the pass against him; but by the advice of Artemisia, the queen of Caria, ascends his chariot to take a view of the Grecians himself, and commands Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta, to attend him. He passes through the midst of his army, consisting of many nations, differing in arms, customs and manners. He advances to the entrance of the streights, and, surpris'd at the behaviour of the Spartans, demands the reason of it from Demaratus; which occasions a conversation between them on the mercenary forces of Persia, and the militia of Greece. Demaratus, weeping at the sight of his countrymen, is comforted by Hyperanthes. Xerxes, still incredulous, commands Tigranes and Phraortes to bring the Grecians bound before him the next day, and retires to his pavilion. Artemisia remains behind with her son, and communicates to Hyperanthes her apprehensions of a defeat at Thermopylæ. She takes an accurate view of the pass, chooses a convenient place for an ambuscade, and her departure to the Persian camp is surpris'd by a reproof

from a woman of an awful appearance on a cliff of mount Oeta.

THE plain beyond Thermopylæ is girt
 Half round by mountains, half by Neptune lav'd.
 The arduous ridge is broken deep in clefts,
 Which open channels to pellucid streams
 In rapid flow sonorous. Chief in fame
 Spercheos, boasting once his poplars tall,
 Foams down a stony bed. Throughout the face
 Of this broad champain numberless are pitch'd
 Barbarian tents. Along the winding flood
 To rich Thessalia's confines they extend.
 They fill the vallies, late profusely blest
 In nature's vary'd beauties. Hostile spears
 Now bristle horrid through her languid shrubs.
 Pale die her flowrets under barb'rous feet.
 Embracing ivy from its rock is torn.
 The lawn, dismantled of its verdure, fades.
 The poplar groves, uprooted from the banks,
 Leave desolate the stream. Elaborate domes,
 To heav'n devoted in recesses green,
 Had felt rude force, insensible and blind
 To elegance and art. The statues, busts,
 The figur'd vases, mutilated lie
 With chisell'd columns, their engraven freeze,
 Their architrave and cornice, all disjoin'd.

Yet unpolluted is a part reserv'd
 In this deep vale, a patrimonial spot
 Of Aleuadian princes, who, allies
 To Xerxes, reign'd in Thessaly. There glow
 Inviolable the shrubs. There branch the trees,
 Sons of the forest. Over downy moss
 Smooth walks and fragrant, lucid here and broad,
 There clos'd in myrtle under woodbine roofs,
 Wind to retreats delectable, to grotts,
 To silvan structures, bow'rs, and cooling dells,
 Enliven'd all and musical with birds
 Of vocal sweetness, in relucant plumes
 Innumerable various. Lulling falls
 Of liquid crystal from perennial founts
 Attune their pebbled channels. Here the queen,
 The noble dames of Persia, here the train
 Of royal infants, each with eunuch guards,
 In rich pavilions, dazzling to the sight,
 Possess'd, remote from onset and surprise,
 A tranquil station. Ariana here,
 Ill-destin'd princess, from Darius sprung,
 Hangs, undelighted, o'er melodious rills
 Her drooping forehead. Love-afflicted fair!
 All inharmonious are the feather'd choirs
 To her sad ear. From flow'rs, and florid plants
 To her the breezes, wafting fresh perfumes,
 Transmit no pleasure. Sedulous in vain,
 Her tender slaves in harmony, with lutes
 Of soothing sound, their warbled voices blend
 To charm her sadness. This, the precious part
 Of Asia's camp, Artuchus holds in charge,
 A satrap, long experienc'd, who presides
 O'er all the regal palaces. High rank'd,
 Bold, resolute and faithful, he commands
 The whole Sperchean vale. In prospect rise
 The distant navy, dancing on the foam,
 Th' unbounded camp, enveloping the plain,
 With Xerxes' tent, august in structure plac'd
 A central object to attract the eyes
 Of subject millions. Thither now resort
 Tigranes and Phraortes. Him they find

Enclos'd by princes, by illustrious chiefs,
The potentates of Asia. Near his side
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes wait,
His gallant brothers, with Mazæus brave,
Pandates, Intaphernes, mighty lords.
Their scepter'd master from his radiant seat
Looks down imperious. So the stately tow'r
Of Belus, mingling its majestic brow
With heav'n's bright azure, from on high survey'd
The huge extent of Babylon, with all
Her sumptuous domes and palaces beneath.
This day his banners to unfurl in Greece
The monarch's will decides; but first ordains,
That grateful hymns should celebrate the name
Of Horomazes: So the Persians call'd
The world's great author. Rob'd in purest white,
The Magi rang'd before th' unfolded tent.
Fire blaz'd beside them. Tow'rd the sacred flame
They turn'd, and sent their tuneful praise to
heav'n.

From Zoroastres was the song deriv'd,
Who on the hills of Persia, from his cave,
By flow'rs environ'd, and melodious founts,
Which sooth'd the solemn mansion, had reveal'd,
How Horomazes, radiant source of good,
Original, immortal, fram'd the globe
In fruitfulness and beauty: how with stars
By him the heav'ns were spangled: how the sun,
Refulgent Mithra, purest spring of light,
And genial warmth, whence teeming nature
smiles,

Burst from the east at his creating voice;
When straight beyond the golden verge of day
Night show'd the horrors of her distant reign,
Where black and hateful Arimanius frown'd,
The author foul of evil: how with shades
From his dire mansion, he deform'd the works
Of Horomazes, turn'd to noxious heat
The solar beam, that foodful earth might parch,
That streams, exhaling, might forsake their beds,
Whence pestilence and famine: how the pow'r
Of Horomazes in the human breast
Benevolence and equity infus'd,
Truth, temperance, and wisdom, sprung from
heav'n:

When Arimanius blacken'd all the soul
With falsehood and injustice, with desires
Insatiable, with violence and rage,
Malignity and folly. If the hand
Of Horomazes on precarious life
Sheds wealth and pleasure; swift th' infernal god
With wild excess, or av'rice, blasts the joy.
Thou Horomazes, victory dost give.
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd.
Great Xerxes owns thy succour. When in storms
The hate of direful Arimanius swell'd
The Hellespont; thou o'er its chafing breast
The destin'd master of the world didst lead,
This day his promis'd glories to enjoy:
When Greece affrighted to his arm shall bend;
Ev'n as at last shall Arimanius fall
Before thy might, and evil be no more.

The Magi ceas'd their harmony. Behold,
From her tall ship, between a double row
Of naval warriors, while a golden ray
Shoots from her standard, Artemisia lands.
In her enrich'd accoutrements of war,
The full-wrought buckler, and high-crested helm,

In Caria first devis'd, across the beach
Her tow'ring form advances. So the pine,
From Taurus hewn mature in spiry pride,
Now by the sailor in its canvass wings
Voluminous, and dazzling pendants dress'd,
On Artemisia's own imperial deck
Is seen to rise, and overtop the grove
Of crowded masts surrounding. In her heart
Deep scorn of courtly counsellors she bore,
Who fill with impious vanity their king;
As when he lash'd the Hellespont with rods,
Amid the billows cast a golden chain
To fetter Neptune. Yet her brow severe
Unbent its rigour often, as she glanc'd
On her young son, who, pacing near in arms
Of Carian guise, proportion'd to his years,
Look'd up, and waken'd by repeated smiles
Maternal fondness, melting in that eye,
Which scowl'd on purpled flatterers. Her seat
At the right hand of Xerxes she assumes,
Invited; while in adoration bow'd
Tigranes and Phraortes. Prone they lay,
Across their foreheads spread their servile palms,
As from a present deity, too bright
For mortal vision, to conceal their eyes.
At length in abject phrase Tigranes thus.

O Xerxes, live for ever! Gracious lord,
Who dost permit thy servants to approach
Thy awful sight, and prostrate to confess
Thy majesty and radiance. May the pow'r
Of Horomazes stretch thy regal arm
O'er endless nations, from the Indian shores
To those wide floods, which beat Iberian strands,
From northern Tanais to the source of Nile!
Still from thy head may Arimanius bend
Against thy foes his malice! Yonder Greeks,
Already smit with frenzy by his wrath,
Reject thy proffer'd clemency. They choose
To magnify thy glory by their fall.

The monarch, turning to his brothers, spake.
Say, Hyperanthes, can thy soul believe
These tidings? Sure these slaves have never dar'd
To face the Grecians, but delude our ears
With base impostures, which their fear suggests.

He frown'd, and Hyperanthes calm reply'd.
O from his servants may the king avert
His indignation! Greece was fam'd of old
For martial spirit, and a dauntless breed.
I once have try'd their valour. To my words
Abrocomes can witness. When thy fire
And ours, Darius, to Athenian shores
With Artaphernes brave, and Datis, sent
Our tender youth; at Marathon we found
How weak the hope, that numbers could dismay
A foe, resolv'd on victory, or death.
Yet not, as one contemptible, or base,
Let me appear before thee. Though the Greeks
With such persisting courage be endu'd,
Soon as the king shall summon to the field,
He shall behold me in the dang'rous van
Exalt my spear, and pierce the hostile ranks,
Or sink beneath them. Xerxes swift rejoind.

Why over Asia, and the Libyan soil,
With all their nations, doth my potent arm
Extend its sceptre? Wherefore do I sweep
Across the earth with millions in my train?
Why shade the ocean with unnumber'd sails?
Why all this pow'r, unless th' Almighty's will

Decreed one master to the subject world ;
 And that the earth's extremity alone
 Should bound my empire ? He for this reduc'd
 The Nile's revolted sons, enlarg'd my sway
 With sandy Libya, and the sultry clime
 Of Æthiopia. He for this subdu'd
 The Hellespontic foam, and taught the sea
 Obedience to my nod. Then dream no more,
 That heav'n, deserting my imperial cause,
 With courage more than human, will inspire
 Yon despicable Grecians, and expunge
 The common fears of nature from their breasts.

The monarch ceas'd. Abrocomes began.
 The king commands us to reveal our thoughts.
 Incredulous he hears. But time and truth
 Not Horomazes can arrest. Thy beams
 To instant lightning, Mithra, may'st thou change
 For my destruction ; may th' offended king
 Frown on his servant, cast a loathing eye ;
 If the assertion of my lips be false :

Our further march those Grecians will oppose.

Amid th' encircling peers Argestes sat,
 A potent prince. O'er Sipylus he reign'd,
 Whose verdant summits overlook'd the waves
 Of Hermus and Pactolus. Either stream,
 Enrich'd by golden sands, a tribute pay'd
 To this great satrap. Through the servile court
 Yet none was found more practis'd in the arts
 Of mean submission ; none more skill'd to gain
 The royal favour ; none, who better knew
 The phrase, the look, the gesture of a slave ;
 None more detesting Artemisia's worth,
 By her none more despis'd. His master's eye
 He caught, then spake. Display thy dazzling
 state,

Thou deity of Asia. Greece will hide
 Before thy presence her dejected face.

Last Artemisia, rising stern, began :
 Why sits the lord of Asia in his tent,
 Unprofitably wasting precious hours
 In vain discussion, whether yonder Greeks,
 Rang'd in defence of that important pass,
 Will fight, or fly ? A question by the sword
 To be decided. Still to narrow streights
 By land, by sea thy council hath confin'd
 Each enterprise of war. In numbers weak
 'Twice have th' Athenians in Eubœa's frith
 Repuls'd thy navy—But whate'er thy will,
 Be it enforc'd by vigour. Let the king
 The diff'rence see by trial in the field
 Between smooth sound and valour. Then dissolve
 These impotent debates. Ascend thy car.
 The future stage of war thyself explore.
 Behind thee leave the vanity of hope,
 That such a foe to splendour will submit,
 Whom steel, not gold must vanquish. Thou pro-
 vide

Thy mail, Argestes. Not in silken robes,
 Not as in council with an oily tongue,
 But spear to spear, and clanging shield to shield,
 Thou soon must grapple on a field of blood.

The king arose—No more. Prepare my car.
 The Spartan exile, Demaratus, call.

We will ourselves advance to view the foe.

The monarch will'd ; and suddenly he heard
 His trampling horses. High on silver wheels
 The iv'ry car with azure sapphires shone,

Cærulean beryls, and the jasper green,
 The emerald, the ruby's glowing blush,
 The flaming topaz with its golden beam,
 The pearl, th' empurpled amethyst, and all
 The various gems, which India's mines afford
 To deck the pomp of kings. In burnish'd gold
 A sculptur'd eagle from behind display'd
 His stately neck, and o'er the royal head
 Outstretch'd his dazzling wings. Eight gen'rous
 steeds,

Which on the fam'd Nisæan plain were nurs'd
 In wint'ry Media, drew the radiant car.
 Not those of old, to Hercules refus'd
 By false Laomedon, nor they, which bore
 The son of Thetis through the scatter'd rear
 Of Troy's devoted race, with these might vie
 In strength, or beauty. In obedient pride
 They hear their lord. Exulting, in the air
 They toss their foreheads. On their glist'ning
 chests

The silver manes disport. The king ascends.
 Beside his footstool Demaratus sits.
 The charioteer now shakes th' effulgent reins,
 Strong Patiramphes. At the signal bound
 Th' attentive steeds ; the chariot flies : behind,
 Ten thousand horse in thunder sweep the field.
 Down to the sea-beat margin, on a plain
 Of vast expansion in battalia wait
 The eastern bands. To these th' imperial wheels,
 By princes follow'd in a hundred cars,
 Proceed. The queen of Caria and her son
 With Hyperanthes rode. The king's approach
 Swift through the wide arrangement is proclaim'd.
 He now draws nigh. Th' innumerable host
 Roll back by nations, and admit their lord
 With all his satraps. As from crystal domes,
 Built underneath an arch of pendent seas,
 When that stern pow'r, whose trident rules the
 floods,

With each cerulean deity ascends,
 Thron'd in his pearly chariot, all the deep
 Divides its bosom to th' emerging god ;
 So Xerxes rode between the Asian world,
 On either side receding : when, as down
 Th' immeasurable ranks his sight was lost,
 A momentary gloom o'ercast his mind,
 While this reflection fill'd his eyes with tears :
 That, soon as time a hundred years had told,
 Not one among those millions should survive.
 Whence to obscure thy pride arose that cloud ?
 Was it, that once humanity could touch
 A tyrant's breast ? or rather did thy soul
 Repine, O Xerxes, at the bitter thought,
 That all thy pow'r was mortal ? but the veil
 Of sadness soon forsook his brightning eye,
 As with adoring awe those millions bow'd,
 And to his heart relentless pride recall'd.
 Elate the mingled prospect he surveys
 Of glitt'ring files unnumber'd, chariots scyth'd,
 On thundring axles roll'd, and haughty steeds,
 In sumptuous trappings clad, Barbaric pomp.
 While gorgeous banners to the sun expand
 Their streaming volumes of relucant gold,
 Pre-eminent amidst tiaras gemm'd,
 Engraven helmets, shields emboss'd, and spears
 In number equal to the bladed grass,
 Whose living green in vernal beauty clothes

Theſſalia's vale. What pow'rs of ſounding verſe
Can to the mind preſent th' amazing ſcene?
Not thee, whom rumour's ſabling voice delights,
Poetic fancy, to my aid I call;
But thou, historic truth, ſupport my ſong,
Which ſhall the various multitude diſplay,
Their arms, their manners, and their native ſeats.

The Perſians firſt in ſcaly corſelets ſhone,
A gen'rous nation, worthy to enjoy
The liberty, their injur'd fathers loſt,
Whoſe arms for Cyrus overturn'd the ſtrength
Of Babylon and Sardis. Pow'r advanc'd
The victor's head above his country's laws.
Their tongues were practis'd in the words of truth,
Their limbs inur'd to ev'ry manly toil,
To brace the bow, to rule th' impetuous ſteed,
To dart the javelin; but untaught to form
The ranks of war, with unconnected force,
With ineffectual fortitude they ruſh'd,
As on a fence of adamant, to pierce
Th' indiſſoluble phalanx. Lances ſhort,
And oſier-woven targets they oppos'd
To weighty Grecian ſpears, and maſſy ſhields.
On ev'ry head tiaras roſe like tow'rs,
Impenetrable. With a golden gloſs
Blaz'd their gay ſandals, and the floating reins
Of each proud courſer. Daggers on their thighs,
Well-furniſh'd quivers on their ſhoulders hung,
And ſtrongeſt bows of mighty ſize they bore.
Reſembling theſe in arms, the Medes are ſeen,
The Ciſſians and Hyrcanians. Media once
From her bleak mountains aw'd the ſubject eaſt.
Her kings in cold Ecbatana were thron'd.
The Ciſſians march'd from Suſa's regal walls,
From ſultry fields, o'erſpread with branching
palms,

And white with lilies, water'd by the floods
Of ſam'd Choaspeſ. His transparent wave
The coſtly goblet wafts to Perſia's kings.
All other ſtreams the royal lip diſdains.
Hyrcania's race forſook their fruitful clime,
Dark in the ſhadows of expanding oaks,
To Ceres dear and Bacchus. There the corn,
Bent by its foodful burden ſheds, unreap'd,
Its plenteous ſeed, impregnating the ſoil
With future harveſts; while in ev'ry wood
Their precious labours on the loaden boughs
The honey'd ſwarms purſue. Aſſyria's ſons
Diſplay their brazen caſques, unſkilful work
Of rude Barbarians. Each ſuſtains a mace,
O'erlaid with iron. Near Euphrates' banks
Within the mighty Babylonian gates
They dwell, and where ſtill mightier once in
ſway

Old Ninus rear'd its head, th' imperial ſeat
Of eldeſt tyrants. Theſe Chaldaea joins,
The land of ſhepherds. From the paſtures wide
There Beluſ firſt diſcern'd the various courſe
Of Heav'n's bright planets, and the cluſt'ring ſtars
With names diſtinguiſh'd; whence himſelf was
deem'd

The firſt of gods. His ſky-aſcending fane
In Babylon the proud Aſſyrians rais'd.
Drawn from the bounteous ſoil, by Ochus lav'd,
The Bactrians ſtood, and rough in ſkins of goats
The Paricanian archers. Caſpian ranks
From barren mountains, from the joyleſs coaſt

Around the ſtormy lake, whoſe name they bore,
Their ſcimiters upheld, and cany bows.
The Indian tribes, a threefold hoſt compoſe.
Part guide the courſer, part the rapid car;
The reſt on foot within the bending cane
For ſlaughter fix the iron-pointed reed.
They o'er the Indus from the diſtant verge
Of Ganges paſſing, left a region, lov'd
By laſh nature. There the ſeaſon bland
Beſtows a double harveſt. Honey'd ſhrubs,
The cinnamon, the ſpikenard bleſs their fields.
Array'd in native wealth, each warrior ſhines.
His ears bright-beaming pendants grace; his
hands,

Encircled, wear a bracelet, ſtarr'd with gems.
Such were the nations, who to Xerxes ſent
Their mingled aids of infantry and horſe.

Now, muſe, recite, what multitudes obſcur'd
The plain on foot, or elevated high
On martial axles, or on camels beat
The looſen'd mold. The Parthians firſt appear,
Then weak in numbers, from unfruitful hills,
From woods, nor yet for warlike ſteeds re-
nown'd.

Near them the Sogdians, Dadices arrange,
Gandarians and Choraſmians. Sacian throngs
From cold Imaus pour'd, from Oxus' wave,
From Cyra, built on Iaxartes' brink,
A bound of Perſia's empire. Wild, untam'd,
To fury prone their deſerts they forſook.
A bow, a falchion, and a pond'rous ax
The ſavage legions arm'd. A pointed caſque
O'er each grim viſage rear'd an iron cone,
In arms like Perſians the Saranges ſtood.
High, as their knees, the ſhapely buſkins clung
Around their legs. Magnificent they trod
In garments richly tinctur'd. Next are ſeen
The Paſſian, Mycian, and the Utian train,
In ſkins of goats rude-veſted. But in ſpoils
Of tawny lions, and of ſpotted pards
The graceful range of Ethiopians ſhows
An equal ſtature, and a beauteous frame.
Their torrid region had imbrown'd their cheeks,
And curl'd their jetty locks. In ancient ſong
Renown'd for juſtice, riches they diſdain'd,
As ſoes to virtue. From their ſeat remote
On Nilus' verge above th' Egyptian bound
Forc'd by their king's malignity and pride,
Theſe friends of hoſpitality and peace,
Theſelves uninjur'd, wage reluctant war
Againſt a land, whoſe climate, and whoſe name
To them were ſtrange. With hardeſt ſtone they
point

The rapid arrow. Bows four cubits long,
Form'd of elastic branches from the palm,
They carry, knotted clubs, and lances, arm'd
With horns of goats. The Paphlagonians march'd,
From where Carambis with projected brows
O'erlooks the duſky Euxine, wrapt in miſts,
From where through flow'rs, which paint his va-
ry'd banks,

Parthenius flows. The Ligyan bands ſucceed;
The Martienians, Mariandenians next;
To them the Syrian multitudes, who range
Among the cedars on the ſhaded ridge
Of Libanus; who cultivate the glebe,
Wide-water'd by Orontes; who reſide

Near Daphne's grove, or pluck from loaded palms

The foodful date, which clusters on the plains
Of rich Damascus. All, who bear the name
Of Cappadocians, swell the Syrian host,
With those, who gather from the fragrant shrub
The aromatic balsam, and extract
Its milky juice along the lovely side
Of Jordan, winding, till immers'd he sleeps
Beneath a pitchy surface, which obscures
Th' Asphaltic pool. The Phrygians then advance,
To them their ancient colony are join'd,
Armenia's sons. These see the gushing founts
Of strong Euphrates cleave the yielding earth,
Then, wide in lakes expanding, hide the plain;
Whence with collected waters, fierce and deep,
His passage rending through diminish'd rocks,
To Babylon he foams. Not so the stream
Of soft Araxes to the Caspian glides;
He, stealing imperceptibly, sustains
The green profusion of Armenia's meads.

Now strange to view, in similar attire,
But far unlike in manners to the Greeks,
Appear the Lydians. Wantonness and sport
Were all their care. Beside Cayster's brink,
Or smooth Mæander, winding silent by,
Beside Pactolean waves, among the vines
Of Timolus rising, or the wealthy tide
Of golden-sanded Hermus they allure
The sight, enchanted by the graceful dance;
Or with melodious sweetness charm the air,
And melt to softest languishment the soul.
What to the field of danger could incite
These tender sons of luxury? The lash
Of their fell sov'reign drove their shiv'ring backs
Through hail and tempest, which enrag'd the
main,

And shook beneath their trembling steps the pile,
Conjoining Asia and the western world.
To them Mœonia hot with sulph'rous mines
Unites her troops. No tree adorns their fields,
Unblest'd by verdure. Ashes hide the soil;
Black are the rocks, and ev'ry hill deform'd
By conflagration. Helmets press their brows.
Two darts they brandish. On their woolly vests
A sword is girt; and hairy hides compose
Their bucklers round and small. The Mysians left
Olympus wood-envelop'd, left the meads,
Wash'd by Caïcus, and the baneful tide
Of Lycus, nurse to serpents. Next advance
An ancient nation, who in early times
By Trojan arms assail'd, their native land
Esteem'd less dear, than freedom, and exchange'd
Their seat on Strymon, where in Thrace he pours
A freezing current, for the distant flood
Of fishy Sangar. These, Bithynians nam'd,
Their habitation to the sacred feet
Of Dindymus extend. Yet there they groan
Beneath oppression, and their freedom mourn
On Sangar now, as once on Strymon lost.
The ruddy skins of foxes cloth'd their heads.
Their shields were fashion'd like the horned moon.
A vest embrac'd their bodies; while abroad,
Ting'd with unnumber'd hues, a mantle flow'd.
But other Thracians, who their former name
Retain'd in Asia, fulgent morions wore,
With horns of bulls in imitating brass,

Curv'd o'er the crested ridge. Phœnician cloth
Their legs infolded. Wont to chase the wolf,
A hunter's spear they grasp'd. What nations still
On either side of Xerxes, while he pass'd,
Their huge array discov'ring, swell his soul
With more than mortal pride? The cluster'd
bands

Of Moschians and Macronians now appear,
The Mosynœcians, who, on berries fed,
In wooden towers along the Pontic sands
Repose their painted limbs; the mirthful race
Of Tibarenians next, whose careless minds
Delight in play and laughter. Then advance
In garments, buckled on their spacious chests,
A people, destin'd in eternal verse,
Ev'n thine, sublime Mœonides, to live.
These are the Milyans. Solymi their name
In thy celestial strains, Pisidia's hills
Their dwelling. Once a formidable train
They fac'd the strong Bellerophon in war.
Now doom'd a more tremendous foe to meet,
Themselves unnerv'd by thralldom, they must
leave

Their putrid bodies to the dogs of Greece.
The Marians follow. Next is Aria's host,
Drawn from a region horrid all in thorn,
A dreary waste of sands, which mock the toil
Of patient culture; save one favour'd spot,
Which from the wild emerges like an isle,
Attir'd in verdure, intersper'd with vines
Of gen'rous nurture, yielding juice, which scorns
The injuries of time: yet nature's hand
Had sown their rocks with coral; had enrich'd
Their desert hills with veins of sapphires blue,
Which on the turbant shine. On ev'ry neck
The coral blushes through the num'rous throng.
The Allarodians, and Sasperian bands,
Equipp'd like Colchians, wield a falchion small.
Their heads are guarded by a helm of wood,
Their lances short, of hides undress'd their shields.
The Colchians march'd from Phasis, from the
strand,

Where once Medea, fair enchantress, stood,
And, wond'ring, view'd the first advent'rous keel,
Which cut the Pontic foam. From Argo's side
The demigods descended. They repair'd
To her fell fire's inhospitable hall.
His blooming graces Jason there disclos'd.
With ev'ry art of eloquence divine
He claim'd the golden fleece. The virgin heard,
She gaz'd in fatal ravishment, and lov'd.
Then to the hero she resigns her heart.
Her magic tames the brazen-footed bulls.
She lulls the sleepless dragon. O'er the main
He wafts the golden prize, and gen'rous fair,
The destin'd victim of his treach'rous vows.
The hostile Colchians then pursu'd their flight
In vain. By ancient enmity inflam'd,
Or to recal the long-forgotten wrong
Compell'd by Xerxes, now they menace Greece
With desolation. Next in Median garb
A crowd appear'd, who left the peopled isles
In Persia's gulf, and round Arabia strewn.
Some in their native topaz were adorn'd,
From Ophiodes, from Topazos sprung;
Some in the shells of tortoises, which brood
Around Casitis' verge. For battle range

Those, who reside, where, all beset with palms,
Erythras lies entomb'd, a potent king,
Who nam'd of old the Erythraean main.
On chariots scyth'd the Libyans sat array'd
In skins terrific, brandishing their darts
Of wood, well-temper'd in the hard'ning flames.
Not Libya's deserts from tyrannic sway
Could hide her sons; much less could freedom
dwell

Amid the plenty of Arabia's fields:
Where spicy Cassia, where the fragrant reed,
Where myrrh, and hallow'd frankincense per-
fume

The zephyr's wing. A bow of largest size
Th' Arabian carries. O'er his lucid vest
Loose floats a mantle, on his shoulder clasp'd.
Two chosen myriads on the lofty backs
Of camels rode, who match'd the fleetest horse.

Such were the numbers, which, from Asia led,
In base prostration bow'd before the wheels
Of Xerxes' chariot. Yet what legions more
The Malian sand o'ershadow? Forward rolls
The regal car through nations, who in arms,
In order'd ranks unlike the orient tribes,
Upheld the spear and buckler: But, untaught
To bend the servile knee, erect they stood;
Unless that, mourning o'er the shameful weight
Of their new bondage, some their brows depress'd,
Their arms with grief distaining. Europe's sons
Were these, whom Xerxes by resistless force
Had gather'd round his standards. Murm'ring
here,

The sons of Thrace and Macedonia rang'd;
Here on his steed the brave Thessalian frown'd;
There pin'd reluctant multitudes, of Greece
Redundant plants, in colonies dispers'd
Between Byzantium, and the Malian bay.

Through all the nations, who ador'd his pride,
Or fear'd his pow'r, the monarch now was pass'd;
Nor yet among those millions could be found
One, who in beauteous feature might compare,
Or tow'ring size with Xerxes. O possess'd
Of all, but virtue, doom'd to show, how mean,
How weak without her is unbounded pow'r,
The charm of beauty, and the blaze of state,
How insecure of happiness, how vain!
Thou, who couldst mourn the common lot, by
heav'n

From none withheld, which oft to thousands
proves

Their only refuge from a tyrant's rage;
Which in consuming sickness, age, or pain
Becomes at last a soothing hope to all:
Thou, who couldst weep, that nature's gentle
hand

Should lay her weary'd offspring in the tomb;
Yet couldst remorseless from their peaceful seats
Lead half the nations, victims to thy pride,
To famine, plague and massacre a prey;
What didst thou merit from the injur'd world?
What suff'rings to compensate for the tears
Of Asia's mothers, for unpeopled realms,
For all this waste of nature? On his host
Th' exulting monarch bends his haughty sight,
To Demaratus then directs his voice.

My father, great Darius, to thy mind
Recal, O Spartan, Gracious he receiv'd

Thy wand'ring steps, expell'd their native home.
My favour too remember. To beguile
Thy benefactor, and disfigure truth
Would ill become thee. With confid'rate eyes
Look back on these battalions. Now declare,
If yonder Grecians will oppose their march.

To him the exile. Deem not, mighty lord,
I will deceive thy goodness by a tale
To give them glory, who degraded mine.

Nor be the king offended, while I use
The voice of truth. The Spartans never fly.

Contemptuous smil'd the monarch, and resum'd,
Wilt thou in Lacedemon once supreme,
Encounter twenty Persians? Yet these Greeks
In greater disproportion must engage
Our host to-morrow. Demaratus then.

By single combat were the trial vain
To show the pow'r of well-united force,
Which oft by military skill surmounts
The weight of numbers. Prince, the diff'rence
learn

Between thy warriors, and the sons of Greece.
The flow'r, the safeguard of thy num'rous camp
Are mercenaries. These are canton'd round
Thy provinces. No fertile field demands
Their painful hand to break the fallow glebe.
Them to the noon-day toil no harvest calls.
Nor on the mountain falls the stubborn oak
By their laborious ax. Their watchful eyes
Observe not, how the flocks and heifers feed.
To them of wealth, of all possessions void,
The name of country with an empty sound
Flies o'er the ear, nor warms their joyless hearts,
Who share no country. Needy, yet in scorn
Rejecting labour, wretched by their wants,
Yet profligate through indolence, with limbs
Enervated and soft, with minds corrupt,
From misery, debauchery and sloth
Are these to battle drawn against a foe,
Train'd in gymnastic exercise and arms,
Inur'd to hardship, and the child of toil. [from
Wont through the freezing show'r, the wintry
O'er his own glebe the tardy ox to goad,
Or in the sun's impetuous heat to glow
Beneath the burden of his yellow sheaves;
Whence on himself, on her, whose faithful arms
Infold him joyful on a growing race,
Which glad his dwelling, plenty he bestows
With independence. When to battle call'd,
For them his dearest comfort, and his care,
And for the harvest, promis'd to his toil,
He lifts the shield, nor shuns unequal force.
Such are the troops of ev'ry state in Greece.
One only yields a breed more warlike still,
Of whom selected bands appear in fight,
All citizens of Sparta. They the glebe
Have never turn'd, nor bound the golden sheaf.
They are devoted to severer tasks,
For war alone, their sole delight and care.
From infancy to manhood they are train'd
To winter watches, to inclement skies,
To plunge through torrents, brave the tusky
boar,
To arms and wounds; a discipline of pain
So fierce, so constant, that to them a camp
With all its hardships is a seat of rest,
And war itself remission from their toil.

Thy words are folly, with redoubled scorn
Returns the monarch. Doth not freedom dwell

Among the Spartans? Therefore will they shun
Superior foes. The unrestrain'd and free
Will fly from danger; while my vassals, born
To absolute controlment from their king,
Know, if th' allotted station they desert,
The scourge awaits them, and my heavy wrath.

To this the exile. O conceive not, prince,
That Spartans want an object, where to fix
Their eyes in rev'rence, in obedient dread.
To them more awful than the name of king
To Asia's trembling millions, is the law;
Whose sacred voice enjoins them to confront
Unnumber'd foes, to vanquish, or to die.

Here Demaratus pauses. Xerxes halts.
Its long defile Thermopylae presents.
The satraps leave their cars. On foot they form
A splendid orb around their lord. By chance
The Spartans then compos'd th' external guard.
They, in a martial exercise employ'd,
Heed not the monarch, or his gaudy train;
But poise the spear, protended, as in fight;
Or lift their adverse shields in single strife;
Or, trooping, forward rush, retreat and wheel
In ranks unbroken, and with equal feet:
While others calm beneath their polish'd helms
Draw down their hair, whose length of sable curls
O'erspread their necks with terror. Xerxes here
The exile questions. What do these intend,
Who with assiduous hands adjust their hair?

To whom the Spartan. O imperial lord,
Such is their custom, to adorn their heads,
When full determin'd to encounter death.
Bring down thy nations in resplendent steel;
Arm, if thou canst, the gen'ral race of man,
All, who possess the regions unexplor'd
Beyond the Ganges, all whose wand'ring steps
Above the Caspian range the Scythian wild,
With those, who drink the secret fount of Nile:
Yet to Laconian bosoms shall dismay
Remain a stranger. Fervour from his lips
Thus breaks aloud; when, gushing from his eyes,
Resistless grief o'erflows his cheeks. Aside
His head he turns. He weeps in copious streams.
The keen remembrance of his former state,
His dignity, his greatness, and the sight
Of those brave ranks, which thus unshaken stood,
And spread amazement through the world in arms,
Excite these sorrows. His impassion'd looks
Review the godlike warriors, who beneath
His standard once victorious fought, who call'd
Him once their king, their leader; then again,
O'ercharg'd with anguish, he bedews with tears
His rev'rend beard, in agony bemoans
His faded honours, his illustrious name
Forgotten long, his majesty defil'd
By exile, by dependence. So obscur'd
By sordid moss, and ivy's creeping leaf,
Some princely palace, or stupendous fane
Magnificent in ruin nods; where time
From under shelving architraves hath mow'd
The column down, and cleft the pond'rous dome.

Not unobserv'd by Hyperanthes, mourn'd
Th' unhappy Spartan. Kindly in his own
He press'd the exile's hand, and thus humane.

O Demaratus, in this grief I see,
How just thy praises of Laconia's state.
Though cherish'd here with universal love,
Thou still deplor'st thy absence from her face,

Howe'er averse to thine. But swift relief
From indignation borrow. Call to mind
Thy injuries. Th' auspicious fortune blest,
Which led thee far from calumny and fraud,
To peace, to honour in the Persian court.

As Demaratus with a grateful mind
His answer was preparing, Persia's king
Stern interrupted. Soon as morning shines,
Do you, Tigranes and Phraortes, head [bound.
The Medes and Cissians. Bring these Grecians

This said, the monarch to his camp returns.
Th' attendant princes reascend their cars,
Save Hyperanthes, by the Carian queen
Detain'd, who thus began. Impartial, brave,
Nurs'd in a court, yet virtuous, let my heart
To thee its feelings undisguis'd reveal.
Thou hear'st thy royal brother. He demands
These Grecians bound. Why stops his mandate
there?

Why not command the mountains to remove,
Or sink to level plains. Yon Spartans view,
Their weighty arms, their countenance. To die
My gratitude instructs me in the cause
Of our imperial master. To succeed
Is not within the shadow of my hopes
At this dire pass. What evil genius sways?
Tigranes, false Argestes, and the rest
In name a council, ceaseless have oppos'd
My dictates, oft repeated in despite
Of purple flatterers, to embark a force,
Which, pouring on Laconia, might confine
These sons of valour to their own defence.
Vain are my words. The royal ear admits
Their sound alone; while adulation's notes
In siren sweetness penetrate his heart,
There lodge ensnaring mischief. In a sigh
To her the prince. O faithful to thy lord,
Discreet adviser, and in action firm,
What can I answer? My afflicted soul
Must seek its refuge in a feeble hope.
Thou mayst be partial to thy Doric race,
Mayst magnify our danger. Let me hope,
Whate'er the danger, if extreme, believe,
That Hyperanthes for his prince can bleed
Not with less zeal, than Spartans for their laws.

They separate. To Xerxes he repairs.
The queen, surrounded by the Carian guard,
Stays and retraces with sagacious ken
The destin'd field of war, the vary'd space,
Its depth, its confines both of hill and sea.
Meantime a scene more splendid hath allur'd
Her son's attention. His transported sight
With ecstasy like worship long pursues
The pomp of Xerxes in retreat, the throne,
Which show'd their idol to the nations round,
The bounding steeds, caparison'd in gold,
The plumes, the chariots, standards. He excites
Her care, express'd in these pathetic strains.

Look on the king with gratitude. His fire
Protected thine. Himself upholds our state.
By loyalty inflexible repay
The obligation. To immortal pow'rs
The adoration of thy soul confine;
And look undazzled on the pomp of man
Most weak, when highest. Then the jealous gods
Watch to supplant him. They his paths, his courts,
His chambers fill with flattery's pois'nous swarms,
Whose honey'd bane, by kingly pride devour'd,

Consumes the health of kingdoms. Here the boy
By an attention, which surpass'd his years,
Unlocks her inmost bosom. Thrice accurs'd
Be those, th' indignant heroine pursues,
Those who have tempted their imperial lord
To that prepost'rous arrogance, which cast
Chains in the deep to manacle the waves,
Chastis'd with stripes in heav'n's offended sight
The Hellespont, and fondly now demands
The Spartans bound. O child, my soul's delight,
Train'd by my care to equitable sway,
And imitation of the gods by deeds
To merit their protection, heed my voice.
They, who alone can tame, or swell the floods,
Compose the winds, or guide their strong career,
O'erwhelming human greatness, will confound
Such vanity in mortals. On our fleet
Their indignation hath already fall'n.
Perhaps our boasted army is prepar'd
A prey, for death to vindicate their pow'r.

This said, a curious search in ev'ry part
Here eye renews. Adjoining to the streights,
Fresh bloom'd a thicket of entwining shrubs,
A seeming fence to some sequester'd ground,
By travellers unbeaten. Swift her guards
Address'd their spears to part the pliant boughs.
Held back, they yield a passage to the queen,
And princely boy. Delicious to their sight
Soft dales meandering, show their flow'ry laps
Among rude piles of nature. In their sides
Of rock are mansions hewn; nor loaden trees
Of cluster'd fruit are wanting: but no sound,
Except of brooks in murmur, and the song
Of winged warblers, meets the list'ning ear.
No grazing herd, no flock, nor human form
Is seen, no careful husband at his toil,
Beside her threshold no industrious wife,
No playful child. Instructive to her son
The princess then. Already these abodes
Are desolate. Once happy in their homes
Th' inhabitants forsake them. Pleasing scene
Of nature's bounty, soon will savage Mars
Deform the lovely ringlets of thy shrubs,
And coarsely pluck thy violated fruits
Unripe; will deafen with his clangour fell
Thy tuneful choirs. I mourn thy destin'd spoil,
Yet come thy first despoiler. Captains, plant,
Ere morning breaks, my secret standard here.
Come, boy, away. Thy safety will I trust
To Demaratus; while thy mother tries
With these her martial followers, what sparks,
Left by our Doric fathers, yet inflame
Their sons and daughters in a stern debate
With other Dorians, who have never breath'd
The soft'ning gales of Asia, never bow'd
In forc'd allegiance to Barbarian thrones.
Thou heed my order. Those ingenuous looks
Of discontent suppress. For thee this fight
Were too severe a lesson. Thou might'st bleed
Among the thousands, fated to expire
By Sparta's lance. Let Artemisia die,
Ye all-disposing rulers, but protect
Her son. She ceas'd. The lioness, who reigns
Queen of the forest, terrible in strength,
And prone to fury, thus by nature taught,
Melts o'er her young in blandishment and love.

Now slowly tow'ards the Persian camp her steps
In silence she directed; when a voice,

Sent from a rock, accessible which seem'd
To none, but feather'd passengers of air,
By this reproof detain'd her. Caria's queen
Art thou, to Greece by Doric blood ally'd?
Com'st thou to lay her fruitful meadows waste,
Thou homager of tyrants? Upward gaz'd
Th' astonish'd princess. Lo! a female shape,
Tall and majestic, from th' impendent ridge
Look'd awful down. A holy fillet bound
Her graceful hair, loose flowing. Seldom wept
Great Artemisia. Now a springing tear
Between her eyelids gleam'd. Too true, she
sigh'd,

A homager of tyrants! Voice austere,
And presence half divine! Again the voice.

O Artemisia, hide thy Doric sword.
Let no barbarian tyrant through thy might,
Thy counsels, valiant as thou art and wise,
Consume the holy fanes, deface the tombs,
Subvert the laws of Greece, her sons enthral.

The queen made no reply. Her breast-plate
heav'd.

The tremulous attire of cov'ring mail
Confess'd her struggle. She at length exclaim'd.

Olympian thund'rer, from thy neighb'ring hill
Of sacred oaths remind me! Then aside
She turns to shun that majesty of form,
In solemn sounds upbraiding. Torn her thoughts
She feels. A painful conflict she endures
With recollection of her Doric race;
Till gratitude, reviving, arms her breast.
Her royal benefactor she recalls,
Back to his fight precipitates her steps.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEONIDAS, rising by break of day, hears the intelligence which Agis and Melibœus bring from the upper pass, then commands a body of Arcadians, with the Plataeans and Thespians, to be drawn out for battle, under the conduct of Demophilus, in that part of Thermopylae which lies close to the Phocian wall, from whence he harangues them. The enemy approaches. Diomedon kills Tigranes in single combat. Both armies join battle. Dithyrambus kills Phraortes. The Persians, entirely defeated, are pursued by Demophilus to the extremity of the pass. The Arcadians, inconsiderately advancing beyond it, fall into an ambush, which Artemisia had laid to cover the retreat of the Persians. She kills Clonius, but is herself repulsed by Demophilus. Diomedon and Dithyrambus give chase to her broken forces over the plains, in the sight of Persia's camp, whence she receives no assistance. She rallies a small body, and, facing the enemy, disables Dithyrambus by a blow on his helmet. This puts the Grecians into some confusion, and gives her an opportunity of preserving the remainder of her Carians by a timely retreat. She gains the camp, accuses Argestes of treachery, but pacified by Demaratus, is accompanied by him with a thousand horse, to collect the dead bodies of her soldiers for sepulchre.

AURORA dawn'd. Leonidas arose.
 With Melibœus Agis, now return'd,
 Address'd the king. Along the mountain's side
 We bent our journey. On our way a voice,
 Loud from a crag, on Melibœus call'd.
 He look'd and answer'd. Mycon, ancient friend!
 Far hast thou driv'n thy bearded train to-day;
 But fortunate thy presence. None like thee,
 Inhabitant of Oeta from thy birth,
 Can furnish that intelligence, which Greece
 Wants for her safety. Mycon show'd a track.
 We mounted high. The summit where we stopp'd,
 Gave to the sight a prospect wide o'er hills,
 O'er dales and forests, rocks, and dashing floods
 In cataracts. The object of our search
 Beneath us lay, the secret pass to Greece,
 Where not five warriors in a rank can tread.
 We thence descended to the Phocian camp,
 Beset with scatter'd oaks, which rose and spread
 In height and shade; on whose sustaining boughs
 Were hung in snowy folds a thousand tents,
 Containing each a Phocian heavy-mail'd,
 With two light-weapon'd menials. Northward
 ends

The vale, contracted to that narrow streight,
 Which first we saw with Mycon. Prudent care
 Like yours alleviates mine, well pleas'd the king
 Reply'd. Now, Agis, from Arcadia's bands
 Select a thousand spears. To them unite
 The Thespians and Platæans. Draw their lines
 Beneath the wall, which fortifies the pass.
 There, close embody'd, will their might repulse
 The num'rous foe. Demophilus salute.
 Approv'd in martial service him I name
 The chief supreme. Obedient to his will
 Th' appointed warriors, issuing from the tents,
 Fill their deep files, and watch the high command.
 So round their monarch, in his stormy hall,
 The winds assemble. From his dusky throne
 His dreadful mandates Æolus proclaims
 To swell the main, or heav'n with clouds deform,
 Or bend the forest from the mountain's brow.
 Laconia's leader from the rampart's height
 To battle thus the list'ning host inflames.

This day, O Grecians, countrymen, and friends,
 Your wives, your offspring, your paternal seats,
 Your parents, country, liberty, and laws,
 Demand your swords. You gen'rous, active, brave,
 Vers'd in the various discipline of Mars,
 Are now to grapple with ignoble foes
 In war unskillful, nature's basest dross,
 And thence a monarch's mercenary slaves.
 Relax'd their limbs, their spirits are deprav'd
 By eastern sloth and pleasures. Hire their cause,
 Their only fruit of victory is spoil.
 They know not freedom, nor its lib'ral cares.
 Such is the flow'r of Asia's host. The rest,
 Who fill her boasted numbers, are a crowd,
 Forc'd from their homes; a populace in peace
 By jealous tyranny disarm'd, in war
 Their tyrant's victims. Taught in passive grief
 To bear the rapine, cruelty, and spurns
 Of Xerxes' mercenary band, they pine
 In servitude to slaves. With terror sounds
 The trumpet's clangour in their trembling ears.
 Unwonted loads, the buckler and the lance
 Their hands sustain, encumber'd, and present

The mockery of war.—But ev'ry eye
 Shoots forth impatient flames. Your gallant breasts
 Too long their swelling spirit have confin'd.
 Go then, ye sons of liberty; go, sweep
 These bondmen from the field. Resistless rend
 The glitt'ring standard from their servile grasp.
 Hurl to the ground their ignominious heads,
 The warrior's helm profaning. Think, the shades
 Of your forefathers lift their sacred brows,
 Here to enjoy the glory of their sons.

He spake. Loud pæans issue from the Greeks.
 In fierce reply barbarian shouts ascend
 From hostile nations, thronging down the pass.
 Such is the roar of Ætna, when his mouth
 Displodes combustion from his sulph'rous depths,
 To blast the smiles of nature. Dauntless stood,
 In deep array before the Phocian wall
 The phalanx, wedg'd with implicated shields,
 And spears protended, like the graceful range
 Of arduous elms, whose interwoven boughs
 Before some rural palace, wide expand,
 Their venerable umbrage to retard
 The north's impetuous wing. As o'er the main,
 In lucid rows, the rising waves reflect
 The sun's effulgence; so the Grecian helms
 Return'd his light, which o'er their convex pour'd
 A splendour, scatter'd through the dancing plumes.

Down rush the foes. Exulting in their van,
 Their haughty leader shakes his threat'ning lance,
 Provoking battle. Instant from his rank
 Diomedon bursts furious. On he strides,
 Confronts Tigranes, whom he thus defies.

Now art thou met, barbarian. Wouldst thou
 prove

Thy actions equal to thy vaunts, command
 Thy troops to halt, while thou and I engage.

Tigranes, turning to the Persians, spake.
 My friends and soldiers, check your martial haste,
 While my strong lance that Grecian's pride con-
 founds.

He ceas'd. In dreadful opposition soon
 Each combatant advanc'd. Their sinewy hands
 Grip'd fast their spears, high brandish'd. Thrice
 they drove,

With well-directed force, the pointed steel
 At either's throat, and thrice their wary shields
 Repell'd the menac'd wound. The Asian chief
 At length, with pow'rs collected for the stroke,
 His weapon rivets in the Grecian targe.

Aside Diomedon inclines, and shuns
 Approaching fate; then all his martial skill
 Undaunted summons. His forsaken spear
 Beside him cast, his faulchion he unsheaths.
 The blade, descending on Tigranes' arm,
 That instant struggling to redeem his lance,
 The nervous hand dissevers. Pale affright
 Unmans the Persian; while his active foe
 Full on his neck discharg'd the rapid sword,
 Which open'd wide the purple gates of death.
 Low sinks Tigranes in eternal shade.
 His prostrate limbs the conqueror bestrides;
 Then in a tuft of blood-distilling hair
 His hand entwining, from the mangled trunk
 The head disjoins, and whirls with matchless
 strength

Among the adverse legions. All in dread
 Recoil'd, where'er the ghastly visage flew

In sanguine circles, and pursu'd its track
Of horror through the air. Not more amaz'd,
A barb'rous nation, whom the cheerful dawn
Of science ne'er illumin'd, view on high
A meteor, waving its portentous fires;
Where oft, as superstition vainly dreams,
Some demon sits amid the baneful blaze,
Dispersing plague and desolation round.
A while the stern Diomedon remain'd
Triumphant o'er the dire dismay, which froze
The heart of Persia; then with haughty pace
In fullen joy among his gladsome friends
Resum'd his station. Still the hostile throng
In consternation motionless suspend
The charge. Their drooping hearts Phraortes
warms.

Heav'n! can one leader's fate appal this host,
Which counts a train of princes for its chiefs?
Behold Phraortes. From Niphates' ridge
I draw my subject files. My hardy toil
Through pathless woods and deserts hath explor'd
The tiger's cavern. This unconquer'd hand
Hath from the lion rent his shaggy hide.
So through this field of slaughter will I chase
Yon vaunting Greek. His ardent words revive
Declining valour in the van. His lance
Then in the rear he brandishes. The crowd
Before his threat'ning ire, affrighted, roll
Their numbers headlong on the Grecian steel.
Thus with his trident ocean's angry god
From their vast bottom turns the mighty mass
Of waters upward, and o'erwhelms the beach.

Tremendous frown'd the fierce Plataean chief
Full in the battle's front. His ample shield
Like a strong bulwark prominent he rais'd
Before the line. There thunder'd all the storm
Of darts and arrows. His undaunted train
In emulating ardour charg'd the foe.
Where'er they turn'd the formidable spears,
Which drench'd the glebe of Marathon in blood,
Barbarian dead lay heap'd. Diomedon
Led on the slaughter. From his nodding crest
The sable plumes shook terror. Asia's host
Shrunk back, as blasted by the piercing beams
Of that unconquerable sword, which fell
With lightning's swiftness on dislever'd helms,
And, menacing Tigranes' doom to all,
Their multitude dispers'd. The furious chief,
Encompass'd round by carnage, and besmear'd
With sanguine drops, enflames his warlike friends.

O Dithyrambus, let thy deeds this day
Surmount their wonted lustre. Thou in arms,
Demophilus, worn gray, thy youth recal.
Behold, these slaves without resistance bleed.
Advance, my hoary friend. Propitious fame
Smiles on thy years. She grants thy aged hand
To pluck fresh laurels for thy honour'd brow.

As, when endu'd with Promethean heat,
The molten clay respir'd; a sudden warmth
Glow in the venerable Thespian's veins;
In ev'ry sinew new-born vigour swells.
His falchion, thund'ring on Cherasmes' helm,
The forehead cleaves. Ecbatana to war
Sent forth Cherasmes. From her potent gates
He proud in hope her swarming numbers led.
Him Ariazus and Peucestes join'd,
His martial brothers. They attend his fate,
By Dithyrambus pierc'd. Their hoary fire

Shall o'er his solitary palace roam;
Lamenting loud his childless years, shall curse
Ambition's fury, and the lust of war,
Then, pining, bow in anguish to the grave.

Next by the fierce Plataean's fatal sword
Expir'd Damates, once the host and friend
Of fall'n Tigranes. By his side to fight
He left his native bands. Of Syrian birth
In Daphné he relid near the grove,
Whose hospitable laurels in their shade
Conceal'd the virgin fugitive averse
To young Apollo. Hither she retir'd
Far from her parent stream. Here fables feign,
Herself a laurel chang'd her golden hair
To verdant leaves in this retreat, the grove
Of Daphné call'd, the seat of rural bliss,
Fann'd by the breath of zephyrs, and with rills
From bubbling founts irriguous, Syria's boast,
The happy rival of Thessalia's vale,
Now hid for ever from Damates' eyes.

Demophilus, wise leader, soon improves
Advantage. All the vet'rans of his troop,
In age his equals, to condense the files,
To rivet close their bucklers he commands.
As some broad vessel, heavy in her strength,
But well-compacted, when a fav'ring gale
Invites the skilful master to expand
The sails at large, her slow but steady course
Impels through myriads of dividing waves;
So, unresisted, through Barbarian throngs
The hoary phalanx pass'd. Arcadia's sons
Pursu'd more swift. Gigantic Clonius press'd
The yielding Persians, who before him sunk,
Crush'd like vile stubble underneath the steps
Of some glad peasant, visiting his fields
Of new-thorn harvest. On the gen'ral rout
Phraortes look'd intrepid still. He sprang
O'er hills of carnage to confront the foe.
His own inglorious friends he thus reproach'd.

Fly then, ye cowards, and desert your chief.
Yet single here my target shall oppose
The shock of thousands. Raging, he impels
His deathful point through Aristander's breast.
Him Dithyrambus lov'd. A sacred bard,
Rever'd for justice, for his verse renown'd,
He sung the deeds of heroes, those who fell,
Or those who conquer'd in their country's cause,
Th' enraptur'd soul inspiring with the love
Of glory, earn'd by virtue. His high strain
The muses favour'd from their neighb'ring bow'rs,
And bless'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.
No more from Thespia shall his feet ascend
The shady steep of Helicon; no more
The stream divine of Aganippe's fount
Bedew his lip harmonious: nor his hands,
Which, dying, grasp the unforsaken lance,
And prostrate buckler, evermore accord
His lofty numbers to the sounding shell.
Lo! Dithyrambus weeps. Amid the rage
Of war and conquest swiftly-gushing tears
Find one sad moment's interval to fall
On his pale friend. But soon the victor proves
His stern revenge. Through shield and corselet
plung'd,

His forceful blade divides the Persian's chest;
Whence issue streams of royal blood, deriv'd
From ancestors, who sway'd in Ninus old
Th' Assyrian sceptre. He to Xerxes' throne

A tributary satrap rul'd the vales,
Where Tigris swift between the parted hills
Of tall Niphates drew his foamy tide,
Impregnating the meads. Phraortes sinks,
Not instantly expiring. Still his eyes
Flash indignation, while the Persians fly.

Beyond the Malian entrance of the streights
Th' Arcadians rush; when, unperceiv'd till felt,
Spring from concealment in a thicket deep
New swarms of warriors, clust'ring on the flank
Of these unwary Grecians. Tow'rd the bay
They shrink; they totter on the fearful edge,
Which overhangs a precipice. Surpris'd,
The strength of Clonius fails. His giant bulk
Beneath the chieftain of th' assailing band
Falls prostrate. Thespians and Plateans wave
Auxiliar ensigns. They encounter foes,
Resembling Greeks in discipline and arms.
Dire is the shock. What less, than Caria's queen
In their career of victory could check
Such warriors? Fierce she struggles; while the
rout

Of Medes and Cissians carry to the camp
Contagious terror; thence no succour flows.
Demophilus stands firm; the Carian band
At length recoil before him. Keen pursuit
He leaves to others, like th' almighty fire,
Who sits unshaken on his throne, while floods,
His instruments of wrath, o'erwhelm the earth,
And whirlwinds level on her hills the growth
Of proudest cedars. Through the yielding crowd
Platea's chief and Dithyrambus range
Triumphant side by side. Thus o'er the field,
Where bright Alpheus heard the rattling car,
And concave hoof along his echoing banks,
Two gen'rous coursers, link'd in mutual reins,
In speed, in ardour equal, beat the dust,
To reach the glories of Olympia's goal.
Th' intrepid heroes on the plain advance,
They press the Carian rear. Not long the queen
Endures that shame. Her people's dying groans
Transpierce her bosom. On their bleeding limbs
She looks maternal, feels maternal pangs.
A troop she rallies. Goddess-like she turns,
Not less than Pallas with her Gorgon shield.
Whole ranks she covers, like th' imperial bird
Extending o'er a nest of callow young
Her pinion broad, and pointing fierce her beak,
Her claws outstretch'd. The Thespian's ardent
hand,

From common lives refraining, hastes to snatch
More splendid laurels from that nobler head.
His pond'rous falchion, swift descending, bears
Her buckler down, thence glancing, cuts the thong,
Which holds her headpiece fast. That golden fence
Drops down. Thick tresses, unconfin'd, disclose
A female warrior; one whose summer pride
Of fleeting beauty had begun to fade,
Yet by th' heroic character supply'd,
Which grew more awful, as the touch of time
Remov'd the soft'ning graces. Back he steps,
Unmann'd by wonder. With indignant eyes,
Fire-darting, she advances. Both her hands
Full on his crest discharge the furious blade.
The forceful blow compels him to recede
Yet further back, unwounded, though confus'd.
His soldiers flock around him. From a scene
Of blood more distant speeds Platea's chief.

The fair occasion of suspended fight
She seizes, bright in glory wheels away,
And saves her Carian remnant; while his friend
In fervent sounds Diomedon bespake.

If thou art slain, I curse this glorious day.
Be all thy trophies, be my own accurs'd.

The youth, recover'd, answers in a smile.
I am unhurt. The weighty blow proclaim'd
The queen of Caria, or Bellona's arm.
Our longer stay Demophilus may blame.
Let us prevent his call. This said, their steps
They turn, both striding through empurpled heaps
Of arms, and mangled slain, themselves with gore
Distain'd, like two grim tigers, who have forc'd
A nightly mansion, on the desert rais'd
By some lone-wand'ring traveller, then dy'd
In human crimson, through the forest deep
Back to their covert's dreary gloom retire.

Stern Artemisia, sweeping o'er the field,
Bursts into Asia's camp. A furious look
She casts around. Abrocomes remote
With Hyperanthes from the king were sent.
She sees Argestes in that quarter chief,
Who from battalions numberless had spar'd
Not one to succour, but his malice gorg'd
With her distress. Her anger now augments,
Revenge frowns gloomy on her darken'd brow.
He cautious moves to Xerxes, where he sat
High on his car. She follows. Lost her helm,
Resign'd to sportive winds her cluster'd locks,
Wild, but majestic like the waving boughs
Of some proud elm, the glory of the grove,
And full in foliage. Her emblazon'd shield
With gore is tarnish'd. Pale around are seen
All faint, all ghastly from repeated wounds
Her bleeding soldiers. Brandishing her sword,
To them she points, to Xerxes thus she speaks.

Behold these mangled Carians, who have spent
Their vital current in the king's defence,
Ev'n in his sight; while Medes and Cissians fled,
By these protected, whom Argestes saw
Pursu'd by slaughter to thy very camp,
Yet left unhelp'd to perish. Ruling fire,
Let Horomazes be thy name, or Jove,
To thee appealing, of the king I claim
A day for justice. Monarch, to my arm
Give him a prey. Let Artemisia's truth
Chastise his treason. With an eye submissive,
A mien obsequious, and a soothing tone
To cheat the king, to moderate her ire
Argestes utters these fallacious words.

May Horomazes leave the fiend at large
To blast my earthly happiness, confine
Amid the horrors of his own abode
My ghost hereafter, if the sacred charge
Of Xerxes' person was not my restraint,
My sole restraint! To him our all is due,
Our all how trifling, with his safety weigh'd.
His preservation I prefer to fame,
And bright occasion for immortal deeds
Forego in duty. Else my helpful sword,
Fair heroine of Asia, hadst thou seen
Among the foremost blazing. Lo! the king
A royal present will on thee bestow,
Perfumes and precious unguents on the dead,
A golden wreath to each survivor brave.

Aw'd by her spirit, by the flatterers spell
Deluded, languid through dismay and shame

At his defeat, the monarch for a time
Sat mute, at length unlock'd his falt'ring lips.
Thou hear'st, great princeſs. Reſt content. His
words

I ratify. Yet farther, I proclaim
Thee of my train firſt counſellor and chief.

O eagle-ey'd diſcernment in the king!
O wiſdom equal to his boundleſs power!
The purpled ſycophant exclaims. Thou ſeeſt
Her matchleſs talents. Wanting her, thy fleet,
The floating bulwark of our hopes, laments,
Foil'd in her abſence, in her conduct ſafe.
Thy penetrating fight directs the field;
There let her worth be hazarded no more.

Thy words are wiſe, the blinded prince rejoins.
Return, brave Carian, to thy naval charge.

Thus to remove her from the royal ear
Malicious guile prevails. Redoubled rage
Swells in her boſom. Demaratus ſees
And calms the ſtorm by rend'ring up his charge
To her maternal hand. Her ſon belov'd
Diſpels the furies. Then the Spartan thus:

O Artemiſia, of the king's command
Be thou obſervant. To thy ſlaughter'd friends
Immediate care, far other than revenge,
Is due. The ravens gather. From his neſt
Among thoſe cliffs the eagle's rapid flight
Denotes his ſcent of carnage. Thou, a Greek,
Well know'ſt the duty ſacred to the dead.
Depart; thy guide is piety. Collect,
For honourable ſepulchres prepare
Thoſe bodies, mark'd with honourable wounds.
I will aſſiſt thee. Xerxes will intruſt
To my command a choſen guard of horſe.

As oft, when ſtorms in ſummer have o'ercaſt
The night with double darkneſs, only pierc'd
By heav'n's blue fire, while thunder ſhakes the
pole,

The orient ſun, diffuſing genial warmth,
Refines the troubled air; the blaſt is mute;
Death-pointed flames diſperſe; and placid Jove
Looks down in ſmiles: ſo prudence from the lips
Of Demaratus, by his tone, his mien,
His aſpect ſtrength'ning ſmooth perſuaſion's flow,
Compos'd her ſpirit. She with him departs.
The king aſſigns a thouſand horſe to guard
Th' illuſtrious exile, and heroic dame.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Grecian commanders, after the purſuit, retire
for reſreſhment to a cave in the ſide of mount
Oeta. Demophilus returns to the camp; Diomedon
remains in the cave; while Dithyrambus,
diſcovering a paſſage through it, aſcends to
the temple of the muſes. After a long diſcourſe
with Meliſſa, the daughter of Oileus, he intruſts
him with a ſolemn meſſage to Leonidas. Dithyrambus
deputes this charge to Megiſtias, the augur.
Leonidas, recalling the forces, firſt engaged,
ſends down a freſh body. Diomedon and
Dithyrambus are permitted, on their own requeſt,
to continue in the field with the Plataeans.
By the advice of Diomedon, the Grecians
advance to the broadest part of Thermopylae,
where they form a line of twenty in depth, conſiſting
of the Plataeans, Mantineans, Tegæans,

Thebans, Corinthians, Phliaſians, and Mycenæans.
The Spartans compoſe a ſecond line in
a narrower part. Behind them are placed the
light armed troops under Alpheus, and further
back a phalanx of Locrians under Medon, the
ſon of Oileus. Dieneceſ commands the whole.

Now Dithyrambus and Plataea's chief,
Their former poſt attaining, had rejoin'd
Demophilus. Recumbent on his ſhield
Phraortes, gasping there, attracts their fight.
To him in pity Theſpia's gallant youth
Approaching, thus his gen'rous ſoul expreſs'd.

Liv'ſt thou, brave Perſian? By propitious Jove,
From whom the pleaſing ſtream of mercy flows
Through mortal boſoms, leſs my ſoul rejoic'd,
When fortune bleſs'd with victory my arm,
Than now to raiſe thee from this field of death.

His languid eyes the dying prince unclos'd,
Then with expiring voice. Vain man, forbear
To proffer me, what ſoon thyſelf muſt crave.
The day is quite extinguiſh'd in theſe orbs.
One moment fate allows me to diſdain
Thy mercy, Grecian. Now I yield to death.

This effort made, the haughty ſpirit fled.
So ſhoots a meteor's tranſitory gleam
Through nitrous folds of black nocturnal clouds,
Then diſſipates for ever. O'er the corſe
His rev'rend face Demophilus inclin'd,
Poiſ'd on his lance, and thus addreſs'd the ſlain.

Alas! how glorious were that bleeding breaſt,
Had juſtice brac'd the buckler on thy arm,
And to preſerve a people bade thee die.
Who now ſhall mourn thee! Thy ungrateful king
Will ſoon forget thy worth. Thy native land
May raiſe an empty monument, but feel
No public ſorrow. Thy recorded name
Shall wake among thy countrymen no ſighs
For their loſt hero. What to them avail'd
Thy might, thy dauntleſs ſpirit? Not to guard
Their wives, their offſpring from th' oppreſſor's
hand;

But to extend oppreſſion didſt thou fall,
Perhaps with inborn virtues in thy ſoul,
Which, but thy froward deſtiny forbade,
By freedom cheriſh'd, might have bleſs'd mankind.
All-bounteous nature, thy impartial laws
To no ſelect race of men confine
The ſenſe of glory, fortitude, and all
The nobler paſſions, which exalt the mind,
And render life illuſtrious. Theſe thou plant'ſt
In ev'ry ſoil. But freedom like the ſun
Muſt warm the gen'rous ſeeds. By her alone
They bloom, they flouriſh; while oppreſſion blaſts
The tender virtues: hence a ſpurious growth,
False honour, ſavage valour taint the ſoul,
And wild ambition: hence rapacious pow'r
The ravag'd earth unpeoples, and the brave,
A feaſt for dogs, th' enſanguin'd field beſtrew.

He ſaid. Around the venerable man
The warriors throng'd attentive. Conqueſt hush'd
Its joyful tranſports. O'er the horrid field,
Rude ſcene ſo late of tumult, all was calm.
So, when the ſong of Thracian Orpheus drew
To Hebrus' margin from their dreary ſeats
The ſavage breed, which Hæmus, wrapp'd in
clouds,

Pangæus cold, and Rhodopean ſnows
In blood and diſcord nurs'd, the ſoothing ſtrain

Flow'd with enchantment through the ravish'd ear,
 Their fierceness melted, and, amaz'd, they learn'd
 The sacred laws of justice, which the bard
 Mix'd with the music of his heavenly string.

Meantime th' Arcadians with inverted arms
 And banners, sad and solemn on their shields
 The giant limbs of Clonius bore along
 To spread a gen'ral woe. The noble corse,
 Dire spectacle of carnage, passing by
 To those last honours, which the dead partake,
 Struck Dithyrambus. Swift his melted eye
 Review'd Phraortes on the rock supine;
 Then on the sage Demophilus he look'd
 Intent, and spake. My heart retains thy words.

This hour may witness how rapacious pow'r
 The earth unpeoples. Clonius is no more.
 But he, by Greece lamented, will acquire
 A signal tomb. This gallant Persian, crush'd
 Beneath my fortune, bath'd in blood still warm,
 May lie forgotten by his thankless king;
 Yet not by me neglected shall remain
 A naked corse. The good old man replies.

My gen'rous child, deserving that success
 Thy arm hath gain'd! When vital breath is fled,
 Our friends, our foes are equal dust. Both claim
 The fun'ral passage to that future seat
 Of being, where no enmity revives.

There Greek and Persian will together quaff
 In amaranthine bow'rs the cup of bliss
 Immortal. Him thy valour slew on earth,
 In that bless'd region thou may'st find a friend.

This said, the ready Thespian he commands
 To lift Phraortes from his bed of death,
 Th' empurpled rock. Outstretch'd on targets
 broad,

Sustain'd by hands late hostile, now humane,
 He follows Clonius to the fun'ral pyre.

A cave not distant from the Phocian wall
 Through Oeta's cloven side had nature form'd
 In spacious windings. This in moss she clad;
 O'er half the entrance downward from the roots
 She hung the shaggy trunks of branching firs,
 To heav'n's hot ray impervious. Near the mouth
 Relucent laurels spread before the sun
 A broad and vivid foliage. High above,
 The hill was darken'd by a solemn shade,
 Diffus'd from ancient cedars. To this cave
 Diomedon, Demophilus resort,
 And Thespia's youth. A deep recess appears,
 Cool as the azure grot, where Thetis sleeps
 Beneath the vaulted ocean. Whisper'd sounds
 Of waters, trilling from the riven stone
 To feed a fountain on the rocky floor,
 In purest streams o'erflowing to the sea,
 Allure the warriors hot with toil and thirst
 To this retreat serene. Against the sides
 Their disencumber'd hands repose their shields;
 The helms they loosen from their glowing cheeks;
 Propp'd on their spears, they rest: when Agis
 brings

From Lacedemon's leader these commands.

Leonidas recalls you from your toils,
 Ye meritorious Grecians. You have reap'd
 The first bright harvest on the field of fame.
 Our eyes in wonder from the Phocian wall
 On your unequal'd deeds incessant gaz'd.

To whom Plataea's chief. Go, Agis, say
 To Lacedemon's ruler, that, untir'd,

Diomedon can yet exalt his spear,
 Nor feels the armour heavy on his limbs.
 Then shall I quit the contest? Ere he sinks,
 Shall not this early sun again behold
 The slaves of Xerxes tremble at my lance,
 Should they adventure on a fresh assault?

To him the Thespian youth. My friend, my
 guide

To noble actions, since thy gen'rous heart
 Intent on fame disdains to rest, O grant
 I too thy glorious labours may partake,
 May learn once more to imitate thy deeds.
 Thou, gentlest Agis, Sparta's king entreat
 Not to command us from the field of war.

Yes, persevering heroes, he reply'd,
 I will return, will Sparta's king entreat
 Not to command you from the field of war.

Then interpos'd Demophilus. O friend,
 Who lead'st to conquest brave Plataea's sons;
 Thou too, lov'd offspring of the dearest man,
 Who dost restore a brother to my eyes;
 My soul your magnanimity applauds:
 But, O reflect, that unabating toil
 Subdues the mightiest. Valour will repine,
 When the weak hand obeys the heart no more.
 Yet I, declining through the weight of years,
 Will not assign a measure to your strength.

If still you find your vigour undecay'd,
 Stay and augment your glory. So, when time
 Casts from your whiten'd heads the helm aside;
 When in the temples your enfeebled arms
 Have hung their consecrated shields, the land,
 Which gave you life, in her defence employ'd,
 Shall then by honours, doubled on your age,
 Bequit the gen'rous labours of your prime.

So spake the senior, and forsook the cave.
 But from the fount Diomedon receives
 Th' o'erflowing waters in his concave helm,
 Addressing thus the genius of the stream.

Whoe'er thou art, divinity unstain'd
 Of this fair fountain, till unsparing Mars
 Heap'd carnage round thee, bounteous are thy
 streams

To me, who ill repay thee. I again
 Thy silver-gleaming current must pollute,
 Which, mix'd with gore, shall tinge the Malian
 slime.

He said, and lifted in his brimming casque
 The bright, refreshing moisture. Thus repairs
 The spotted panther to Hydaspes' side,
 Or eastern Indus, feasted on the blood
 Of some torn deer, which nigh his cruel grasp
 Had roam'd unheeding in the secret shade;
 Rapacious o'er the humid brink he stoops,
 And in the pure and fluid crystal cools
 His reeking jaws. Meantime the Thespian's eye
 Roves round the vaulted space; when sudden
 sounds

Of music, utter'd by melodious harps,
 And melting voices, distant, but in tones
 By distance soften'd, while the echoes sigh'd
 In lulling replication, fill the vault
 With harmony. In admiration mute,
 With nerves unbrac'd by rapture, he, entranc'd,
 Stands like an eagle, when his parting plumes
 The balm of sleep relaxes, and his wings
 Fall from his languid side. Plataea's chief,
 Observing, rous'd the warrior. Son of Mars,

Shall music's softness from thy bosom steal
The sense of glory? From his neighb'ring camp
Perhaps the Persian sends fresh nations down.
Soon in bright steel Thermopylae will blaze.
Awake. Accustom'd to the clang of arms,
Intent on vengeance for invaded Greece,
My ear, my spirit in this hour admit
No new sensation, nor a change of thought.

The Thespian, starting from oblivious sloth
Of ravishment and wonder, quick reply'd.

These sounds were more than human. Hark!

Again!

O honour'd friend, no adverse banner streams
In fight. No shout proclaims the Persian freed
From his late terror. Deeper let us plunge
In this mysterious dwelling of the nymphs,
Whose voices charm its gloom. In smiles re-
join'd

Diomedon. I see thy soul enthrall'd.
Me thou would'st rank among th' unletter'd rout
Of yon barbarians, should I press thy stay.
Time favours too. Till Agis be return'd,
We cannot act. Indulge thy eager search.
Here will I wait, a sentinel unmov'd,
To watch thy coming. In exploring haste
Th' impatient Thespian penetrates the cave.
He finds it bounded by a steep ascent
Of rugged steps; where down the hollow rock
A modulation clear, distinct and slow
In movement solemn from a lyric string,
Dissolves the stagnant air to sweet accord
With these sonorous lays. Celestial maids!
While, from our cliffs contemplating the war,
We celebrate our heroes, O impart
Orphean magic to the pious strain!
That from the mountain we may call the groves,
Swift motion through these marble fragments
breathe

To overleap the high Oetæan ridge,
And crash the fell invaders of our peace.

The animated hero upward springs
Light, as a kindled vapour, which, confin'd
In subterranean cavities, at length
Pervading, rives the surface to enlarge
The long-imprison'd flame. Ascending soon,
He sees, he stands abash'd, then rev'rend kneels.

An aged temple with insculptur'd forms
Of Jove's harmonious daughters, and a train
Of nine bright virgins, round their priestesses rang'd,
Who stood in awful majesty, receive
His unexpected feet. The song is hush'd.
The measur'd movement on the lyric chord
In faint vibration dies. The priestesses sage,
Whose elevated port and aspect rose
To more, than mortal dignity, her lyre
Consigning graceful to attendant hands,
Looks with reproof. The loose, uncover'd hair
Shades his inclining forehead, while a flush
Of modest crimson dyes his youthful cheek.
Her pensive visage softens to a smile
On worth so blooming, which she thus accosts.

I should reprove thee, inadvertent youth,
Who through the sole access, by nature left
To this pure mansion, with intruding steps
Dost interrupt our lays. But rise. Thy sword
Perhaps embellish'd that triumphant scene,
Which wak'd these harps to celebrating notes.

What is the impress on thy warlike shield?

A golden eagle on my shield I bear,
Still bending low, he answers. She pursues.

Art thou possessor of that glorious orb,
By me distinguish'd in the late defeat
Of Asia, driven before thee? Speak thy name.
Who is thy sire? Where lies thy native seat?
Com'st thou for glory to this fatal spot,
Or from barbarian violence to guard
A parent's age, a spouse, and tender babes,
Who call thee father? Humbly he again.

I am of Thespia, Dithyrambus nam'd,
The son of Harmatides. Snatch'd by fate,
He to his brother, and my second sire,
Demophilus, consign'd me. Thespia's sons
By him are led. His dictates I obey,
Him to resemble strive. No infant voice
Calls me a father. To the nuptial vow
I am a stranger, and among the Greeks
The least entitled to thy partial praise.

None more entitled, interpos'd the dame.
Deserving hero, thy demeanour speaks,
It justifies the fame, so widely spread,
Of Harmatides' heir. O grace and pride
Of that fair city, which the muses love,
Thee an acceptant visitant I hail
In this their ancient temple. Thou shalt view
Their sacred haunts. Descending from the dome,
She thus pursues. First know, my youthful hours
Were exercis'd in knowledge. Homer's muse
To daily meditation won my soul,
With my young spirit mix'd undying sparks
Of her own rapture. By a father sage
Conducted, cities, manners, men I saw,
Their institutes and customs. I return'd.
The voice of Locris call'd me to sustain
The holy function here. Now throw thy sight
Across that meadow, whose enliven'd blades
Wave in the breeze, and glisten in the sun
Behind the hoary fane. My bleating train
Are nourish'd there, a spot of plenty spar'd,
From this surrounding wilderness. Remark
That fluid mirror, edg'd by shrubs and flow'rs,
Shrubs of my culture, flow'rs by Iris dress'd.
Nor pass that smiling concave on the hill,
Whose pointed crags are soften'd to the sight
By figs and grapes. She pauses; while around
His eye, delighted, roves in more delight
Soon to the spot returning, where she stood
A deity in semblance, o'er the place
Presiding awful, as Minerva wise,
August like Juno, like Diana pure,
But not more pure than fair. The beauteous
lake,

The pines wide-branching, falls of water clear,
The multifarious glow on Flora's lap
Lose all attraction, as her gracious lips
Resume their tale. In solitude remote
Here I have dwelt contemplative, serene,
Oft through the rocks responsive to my lyre,
Oft to th' Amphictyons in assembly full,
When at this shrine their annual vows they pay,
In measur'd declamation I repeat
The praise of Greece, her liberty and laws.
From me the hinds, who tend their wand'ring
goats

In these rude purlieus, modulate their pipes

Tof moother cadence, Justice from my tongue
Diffentions calms, which ev'n in deserts rend
Th' unquiet heart of man. Now furious war
My careful thoughts engages, which delight
To help the free, th' oppressor to confound.
Thy feet auspicious fortune hither brings.
In thee a noble messenger I find.

Go, in these words Leonidas address.

"Melissa, priestess of the tuneful nine,

"By their behests invites thy honour'd feet

"To her divine abode. Thee, first of Greeks,

"To conference of high import she calls."

Th' obedient Thespian down the holy cave
Returns. His swiftness suddenly prevents
His friend's impatience, who salutes him thus.

Let thy adventure be hereafter told.

Look yonder. Fresh battalions from the camp
File through the Phocian barrier to construct
Another phalanx, moving tow'r of war,
Which scorns the strength of Asia. Let us arm;
That, ready station'd in the glorious van,
We may secure permission from the king
There to continue, and renew the fight.

That instant brings Megistias near the grot.
To Sparta's phalanx his paternal hand
Was leading Menalippus. Not unheard
By Dithyrambus in their slow approach,
The father warns a young and lib'ral mind.

Sprung from a distant boundary of Greece,
A foreigner in Sparta, cherish'd there,
Instructed, honour'd, nor unworthy held
To fight for Lacedemon in her line
Of discipline and valour, lo! my son,
The hour is come to prove thy gen'rous heart:
That in thy hand, not ill-intrusted, shine
The spear and buckler to maintain the cause
Of thy protectress. Let thy mind recal
Leonidas. On yonder bulwark plac'd,
He overlooks the battle; he discerns
The bold and fearful. May the gods I serve,
Grant me to hear Leonidas approve
My son! No other boon my age implores.

The augur paus'd. The animated cheek
Of Menalippus glows. His eager look
Demands the fight. This struck the tender fire,
Who then with moisten'd eyes. Remember
too,

A father sees thy danger. Oh! my child,
To me thy honour, as to thee is dear;
Yet court not death. By ev'ry filial tie,
By all my fondness, all my cares I sue!
Amid the conflict, or the warm pursuit,
Still by the wise Dienece's abide.
His prudent valour knows th' unerring paths
Of glory. He admits thee to his side.
He will direct thy ardour. Go—They part.

Megistias, turning, is accosted thus
By Dithyrambus. Venerable seer,
So may that son, whose merit I esteem,
Whose precious head in peril I would die
To guard, return in triumph to thy breast,
As thou deliver'st to Laconia's king
A high and solemn message. While anew
The line is forming, from th' embattled field
I must not stray, uncall'd. A sacred charge
Through hallow'd lips will best approach the
king.

VOL. XI.

The Acarnanian in suspense remains
And silence. Dithyrambus quick relates
Melissa's words, describes the holy grot,
Then quits th' instructed augur, and attends
Diomedon's loud call. That fervid chief
Was reassuming his distinguish'd arms,
Which, as a splendid recompense, he bore
From grateful Athens, for achievements bold;
When he with brave Miltiades redeem'd
Her domes from Asian flames. The sculptur'd
helm

Enclos'd his manly temples. From on high
A four-fold plumage nodded; while beneath
A golden dragon with effulgent scales,
Itself the crest, shot terror. On his arm
He brac'd his buckler. Bord'ring on the rim,
Gorgonian serpents twin'd. Within, the form
Of Pallas, martial goddess, was emboss'd.
Low, as her feet, the graceful tunic flow'd.
Betwixt two griffins on her helmet sat
A sphynx with wings expanded; while the face
Of dire Medusa on her breastplate frown'd.
One hand supports a javelin, which confounds
The pride of kings. The other leads along
A blooming virgin, Victory, whose brow
A wreath encircles. Laurels she presents;
But from her shoulders all her plumes were shorn,
In favour'd Athens ever now to rest.
This dread of Asia on his mighty arm
Diomedon uprear'd. He snatch'd his lance,
Then spake to Dithyrambus. See my friend,
Alone of all the Grecians, who sustain'd
The former onset, inexhausted stand
Plataea's sons. They well may keep the field,
Who with unshaken'd nerves endur'd that day,
Which saw ten myriads of Barbarians driv'n
Back to their ships, and Athens left secure.
Charge in our line. Amid the foremost rank
Thy valour shall be plac'd to share command,
And ev'ry honour with Plataea's chief.

He said no more, but tow'rd's the Grecian van
Impetuous, ardent strode. Nor slow behind
The pride of Thespia, Dithyrambus mov'd
Like youthful Hermes in celestial arms;
When lightly graceful with his feather'd feet
Along Scamander's flow'ry verge he pass'd
To aid th' incens'd divinities of Greece
Against the Phrygian tow'rs. Their eager haste
Soon brings the heroes to th' embattling ranks,
Whom thus the brave Diomedon exhorts.

Not to contend, but vanquish are ye come,
Here in the blood of fugitives your spears
Shall unoppos'd, be stain'd. My valiant friends,
But chief, ye men of Sparta, view that space,
Where from the Malian gulf more distant rise
Th' Oetæan rocks, and less confine the streights.
There if we range, extending our wide front,
An ampler scope to havoc will be giv'n.

To him Dienece. Plataean friend,
Well dost thou counsel. On that widening
ground

Close to the mountain place thy vet'ran files.
Proportion'd numbers from thy right shall stretch
Quite to the shore in phalanx deep like thine.
The Spartans wedg'd in this contracted part
Will I contain. Behind me Alpheus waits
With lighter bodies. Further back the line

K k

Of Locris forms a strong reserve. He said,
The diff'rent bands, confiding in his skill,
Move on successive. The Plataeans first
Against the hill are station'd. In their van
Dithyrambus rank'd. Triumphant joy
Diffends their bosoms, sparkles in their eyes.

Bless'd be the great Diomedon, they shout,
Who brings another hero to our line.
Hail! Dithyrambus. Hail! illustrious youth.
Had tender age permitted, thou hadst gain'd
An early palm at Marathon. His post
He takes. His gladness blushes on his cheek
Amid the foremost rank. Around him crowd
The long-try'd warriors. Their unnumber'd scars
Discovering, they in ample phrase recount
Their various dangers. He their wounds surveys
In veneration, nor disdains to hear
The oft-repeated tale. From Sparta's king
Return'd, the gracious Agis these address'd.

Leonidas salutes Plataea's chief
And Dithyrambus. To your swords he grants
A further effort with Plataea's band,
If yet by toil unconquer'd—but I see,
That all, unyielding, court the promis'd fight.
Hail! glorious veterans. This signal day
May your victorious arms augment the wreaths
Around your venerable heads, and grace
Thermopylae with Marathonian fame.

This said, he hastens back. Meantime advance
The Mantinean, Diophantus brave,
Then Hegesander, Tegea's dauntless chief,
Who near Diomedon in equal range
Erect their standards. Next the Thebans form.
Alcmaeon, bold Eupalamus succeed
With their Corinthian and Phliatian bands.
Last on the Malian shore Mycenæes youth
Aristobulus draws. From Oeta's side
Down to the bay in well-connected length
Each gleaming rank contains a hundred spears,
While twenty bucklers ev'ry rank condense.
A sure support, Dienece behind
Arrays the Spartans. Godlike Agis here,
There Menalippus by their leader stand
Two bulwarks. Breathing ardour in the rear,
The words of Alpheus fan the growing flame
Of expectation through his light arm'd force;
While Polydorus present in his thoughts
To vengeance sharpens his indignant soul.

No foe is seen. No distant shout is heard.
This pause of action Dithyrambus chose.
The solemn scene on Oeta to his friend
He open'd large; pourtray'd Melissa's form,
Reveal'd her mandate; when Plataea's chief.

Such elevation of a female mind
Bespeaks Melissa worthy to obtain
The conference she asks. This wond'rous dame
Amid her hymns conceives some lofty thought
To make these slaves, who loiter in their camp,
Dread ev'n our women. But, my gentle friends,
Say, Dithyrambus, whom the liquid spell
Of song enchants, should I reproach the gods,
Who form'd me cold to music's pleasing pow'r?
Or should I thank them, that the soft'ning charm
Of sound or numbers ne'er dissolv'd my soul?
Yet I confess, thy valour breaks that charm,
Which may enrapture, not unman thy breast.

To whom his friend. Doth he, whose lays record

The woes of Priam, and the Grecian fame,
Doth he dissolve thy spirit? Yet he flows
In all the sweetness harmony can breathe.

No, by the gods Diomedon rejoins.
I feel that mighty muse. I see the car
Of fierce Achilles, see th' encumber'd wheels
O'er heroes driv'n, and clotted with their gore.
Another too demands my soul's esteem,
Brave Æschylus of Athens. I have seen
His muse begirt by furies, while she swell'd
Her tragic numbers. Him in equal rage
His country's foes o'erwhelming I beheld
At Marathon. If Phœbus would diffuse
Such fire through ev'ry bard, the tuneful band
Might in themselves find heroes for their songs.
But, son of Harmatides, lift thine eye
To yonder point, remotest in the bay.
Those seeming clouds, which o'er the billows
fleet

Successive round the jutting land are sails.
Th' Athenian pendant hastens to salute
Leonidas. O Æschylus, my friend,
First in the train of Phœbus and of Mars,
Be thou on board! Swift-bounding o'er the waves,
Come, and be witness to heroic deeds!
Brace thy strong harp with loftier-sounding chords
To celebrate this battle! Fall who may;
But if they fall with honour, let their names
Round festive goblets in thy numbers ring,
And joy, not grief, accompany the song.

Conversing thus, their courage they beguild,
Which else impatient of inactive hours
At long-suspended glory had repin'd.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEGISTIAS delivers Melissa's message to Leonidas. Medon, her brother, conducts him to the temple. She furnishes Leonidas with the means of executing a design he had premeditated to annoy the enemy. They are joined by a body of mariners under the command of Æschylus, a celebrated poet and warrior among the Athenians. Leonidas takes the necessary measures; and, observing from a summit of Oeta the motions of the Persian army, expects another attack: this is renewed with great violence by Hyperanthes, Abrocomes, and the principal Persian leaders at the head of some chosen troops.

MEGISTIAS, urging to unwonted speed
His aged steps, by Dithyrambus charg'd
With sage Melissa's words, had now rejoin'd
The king of Lacedemon. At his side
Was Maron posted, watchful to receive
His high injunction. In the rear they stood
Behind two thousand Locrians, deep-array'd
By warlike Medon, from Oileus sprung.
Leonidas to them his anxious mind
Was thus disclosing. Medon, Maron, hear.
From this low rampart my exploring eye
But half commands the action, yet hath mark'd
Enough for caution. Yon barbarian camp,
Immense, exhaustless, deluging the ground
With myriads, still o'erflowing, may consume
By endless numbers, and unceasing toil

The Grecian strength. Not marble is our flesh,
Nor adamant our sinews. Sylvan pow'rs,
Who dwell on Oeta, your superior aid
We must solicit. Your stupendous cliffs
In those loose rocks, and branchless trunks con-
tain

More fell annoyance than the arm of man.

He ended, when Megistias. Virtuous king,
Melissa, priestess of the tuneful nine,
By their behests invites thy honour'd feet
To her chaste dwelling, seated on that hill.
To conference of high import she calls
Thee, first of Grecians. Medon interpos'd.

She is my sister. Justice rules her ways
With piety and wisdom. To her voice
The nations round give ear. The muses breathe
Their inspiration through her spotless soul
Which borders on divinity. She calls
On thee. O truly styl'd the first of Greeks,
Regard her call. Yon cliff's projecting head
To thy discernment will afford a scope
More full, more certain; thence thy skilful eye
Will best direct the fight. Melissa's fire
Was ever present to the king in thought,
Who thus to Medon. Lead, Oileus' son.
Before the daughter of Oileus place
My willing feet. They hasten to the cave.
Megistias, Maron follow. Through the rock
Leonidas, ascending to the fane,
Rose like the god of morning from the cell
Of night, when, shedding cheerfulness and day
On hill and vale emblaz'd with dewy gems,
He gladdens nature. Lacedemon's king,
Majestically graceful and serene,
Dispels the rigour in that solemn seat
Of holy sequestration. On the face
Of pensive-ey'd religion rapture glows
In admiration of the goldlike man.
Advanc'd Melissa. He her proffer'd hand
In hue, in purity like snow, receiv'd.
A heav'n-illumin'd dignity of look
On him she fix'd. Rever'd by all, she spake.

Hail! chief of men, selected by the gods
For purer fame, than Hercules acquir'd.
This hour allows no pause. She leads the king
With Medon, Maron, and Megistias down
A slope, declining to the mossy verge,
Which terminates the mountain. While they
pass,

She thus proceeds. These marble masses view,
Which lie dispers'd around you. They were
hewn

From yonder quarry. Note those pond'rous beams,
The sylvan offspring of that hill. With these
At my request th' Amphictyons from their seat
Of gen'ral council piously decreed
To raise a dome, the ornament of Greece.
Observe those wither'd firs, those mould'ring
oaks,

Down that declivity, half-rooted, bent,
Inviting human force—Then look below.
There lies Thermopylæ. I see, exclaims
The high-conceiving hero. I recal
Thy father's words and forecast. He presag'd,
I should not find his daughter's counsel vain.
He to accomplish what thy wisdom plans,
Hath amplest means supply'd. Go, Medon, bring

The thousand peasants from th' Oilean vale
Detach'd. Their leader Melibœus bring.
Fly, Maron. Ev'ry instrument provide
To fell the trees, to drag the massy beams,
To lift the broad-hewn-fragments. Are not these
For sacred use reserv'd, Megistias said?
Can these be wielded by the hand of Mars
Without pollution? In a solemn tone
The priestess answer'd. Rev'rend man, who
bear'st

Pontific wreaths, and thou, great captain, hear,
Forbear to think that my unprompted mind,
Calm and sequester'd in religion's peace,
Could have devis'd a stratagem of war;
Or, unpermitted, could resign to Mars
These rich materials, gather'd to restore
In strength and splendour yon decrepid walls,
And that time-shaken roof. Rejecting sleep,
Last night I lay, contriving swift revenge
On these Barbarians, whose career profane
O'erturns the Grecian temples, and devotes
Their holy bow'rs to flames. I left my couch,
Long ere the sun his orient gates unbarr'd.
Beneath yon beach my pensive head reclin'd.
The rivulets, the fountains, warbling round,
Attracted slumber. In a dream I saw
Calliope. Her sisters, all with harps,
Were rang'd around her; as their Parian forms
Show in the temple. Dost thou sleep, she said?
Melissa, dost thou sleep? The barb'rous host
Approaches Greece. The first of Grecians comes
By death to vanquish. Priestess, let him hurl
These marble heaps, these consecrated beams,
Our fane itself to crush the impious ranks.
The hero summon to our sacred hill.
Reveal the promis'd succour. All is due
To liberty against a tyrant's pride.
She struck her shell. In concert full reply'd
The sister lyres. Leonidas they sung
In ev'ry note and dialect yet known,
In measures new, in language yet to come.

She finish'd. Then Megistias. Dear to heav'n,
By nations honour'd, and in tow'ring thought
O'er either sex pre-eminent, thy words
To me a soldier and a priest suffice.
I hesitate no longer. But the king,
Wrapt in ecstatic contemplation, stood,
Revolving deep an answer, which might suit
His dignity and hers. At length he spake.

Not Lacedemon's whole collected state
Of senate, people, ephori, and kings,
Not the Amphictyons, whose convention holds
The universal majesty of Greece,
E'er drew such rev'rence, as thy single form,
O all-surpassing woman, worthy child
Of time-renown'd Oileus. In thy voice
I hear the goddess, Liberty. I see
In thy sublimity of look and port
That daughter bright of Eleutherian Jove.
Me thou hast prais'd. My conscious spirit feels,
That not to triumph in thy virtuous praise
Were want of virtue. Yet, illustrious dame,
Were I assur'd, that oracles delude;
That, unavailing, I should spill my blood;
That all the muses of subjected Greece
Hereafter would be silent, and my name
Be ne'er transmitted to recording time;

There is in virtue for her sake alone,
 What should uphold my resolution firm.
 My country's laws I never would survive.
 Mov'd at his words, reflecting on his fate,
 She had relax'd her dignity of mind,
 Had sunk in sadness; but her brother's helm
 Before her beams. Relumining her night,
 He through the cave like Hesperus ascends,
 Th' Oilean hinds conducting to achieve
 The enterprise, she counsels. Now her ear
 Is pierc'd by notes, shrill sounding from the vault.
 Upstarts a diff'rent band, alert and light,
 Athenian sailors. Long and sep'rate files
 Of lusty shoulders, eas'd by union, bear
 Thick, well-compacted cables, wont to heave
 The restiff anchor. To a naval pipe,
 As if one soul invigorated all,
 And all compos'd one body, they had trod
 In equal paces, mazy, yet unbroke
 Throughout their passage. So the spinal strength
 Of some portentous serpent, whom the heats
 Of Libya breed, indissolubly knit,
 But flexible, a-cro'ss the sandy plain,
 Or up the mountain draws his spotted length,
 Or where a winding excavation leads
 Through rocks abrupt and wild. Of stature large,
 In arms, which show'd simplicity of strength,
 No decoration of redundant art,
 With sable horse-hair, floating down his back,
 A warrior moves behind. Compos'd in gait,
 Austerely grave and thoughtful, on his shield
 The democratic majesty he bore
 Of Athens. Carv'd in emblematic brass,
 Her image stood with Pallas by her side,
 And trampled under each victorious foot
 A regal crown, one Persian, one usurpt
 By her own tyrants on the well-fought plain
 Of Marathon confounded. He commands
 These future guardians of their country's weal,
 Of gen'ral Greece the bulwarks. Their high
 deeds

From Artemisium, from th' empurpled shores
 Of Salamis renown shall echo wide;
 Shall tell posterity in latest times,
 That naval fortitude controuls the world.
 Swift Maron, following, brings a vig'rous band
 Of Helots. Ev'ry instrument they wield
 To delve, to hew, to heave; and active last
 Bounds Melibœus, vigilant to urge
 The tardy forward. To Laconia's king
 Advanc'd th' Athenian leader, and began:
 Thou godlike ruler of Eurotas, hail!
 Thee by my voice Themistocles salutes,
 The admiral of Athens. I conduct
 By public choice the squadron of my tribe,
 And Æschylus am call'd. Our chief hath giv'n
 Three days to glory on Eubœa's coast,
 Whose promontories almost rise to meet
 Thy ken from Oeta's cliffs. This morning saw
 The worsted foe, from Artemisium driv'n,
 Leave their disabled ships, and floating wrecks
 For Grecian trophies. When the fight was clos'd,
 I was detach'd to bring th' auspicious news,
 To bid thee welcome. Fortunate my keel
 Hath swiftly borne me. Joyful I concur
 In thy attempt. Appris'd by yonder chiefs,
 Who met me landing, instant from the ships

A thousand gallant mariners I drew,
 Who till the setting sun shall lend their toil.
 Themistocles and thou accept my heart,
 Leonidas reply'd, and closely strain'd.
 The brave, the learn'd Athenian to his breast.
 To envy is ignoble, to admire
 Th' activity of Athens will become
 A king of Sparta, who like thee condemn'd
 His country's sloth. But Sparta now is arm'd.
 Thou shalt commend. Behold me station'd here
 To watch the wild vicissitudes of war,
 Direct the course of slaughter. To this post
 By that superior woman I was call'd.
 By long protracted fight lest fainting Greece
 Should yield, outnumber'd, my enlighten'd soul
 Through her, whom heav'n enlightens, hath
 devis'd

To whelm the num'rous, persevering foe
 In hideous death, and signalize the day
 With horrors new to war. The muses prompt
 The bright achievement. Lo! from Athens smiles
 Minerva too. Her swift, auspicious aid
 In thee we find, and these, an ancient race,
 By her and Neptune cherish'd. Straight he meets
 The gallant train, majestic with his arms
 Outstretch'd, in this applauding strain he spake:
 O lib'ral people, earliest arm'd to shield
 Not your own Athens more, than gen'ral Greece,
 You best deserve her gratitude. Her praise
 Will rank you foremost on the rolls of fame.

They hear, they gaze, revering and rever'd.
 Fresh numbers muster, rushing from the hills,
 The thickets round. Melissa, pointing, spake:
 I am their leader. Native of the hills
 Are these, the rural worshippers of Pan,
 Who breathes an ardour through their humble
 minds

To join your warriors. Vassals these, not mine,
 But of the muses, and their hallow'd laws,
 Administer'd by me. Their patient hands
 Make culture smile, where nature seems to chide;
 Nor wanting my instructions, or my pray'rs,
 Fertility they scatter by their toil
 Around this aged temple's wild domain.
 Is Melibœus here! Thou fence secure
 To old Oileus from the cares of time,
 Thrice art thou welcome. Useful, wise, belov'd,
 Where'er thou sojournest, on Oeta known,
 As oft the bounty of a father's love
 Thou on Melissa's solitude dost pour,
 Be thou director of these mountain hinds.

Th' important labour to inspiring airs
 From flutes and harps in symphony with hymns
 Of holy virgins, ardent all perform,
 In bands divided under diff'rent chiefs.
 Huge timbers, blocks of marble to remove
 They first attempted; then assembled stones
 Loose in their beds, and wither'd trunks, upturn
 By tempests; next dismember'd from the rock
 Broad, rugged fragments; from the mountains
 hew'd

Their venerable firs, and aged oaks,
 Which, of their branches by the lightning bar'd,
 Presented still against the blasting flame
 Their hoary pride unshaken. These the Greeks,
 But chief th' Athenian mariners, to force
 Uniting skill, with massy leavers heave,

With strong-knit cables drag : till, now dispos'd,
Where great Leonidas appoints, the piles
Nod o'er the Streights. This new and sudden
scene

Might lift imagination to belief,
That Orpheus and Amphion from their beds
Of ever blooming asphodel had heard
The muses call; had brought their fabled harps,
At whose mellifluous charm once more the trees
Had burst their fibrous bands, and marbles leap'd
In rapid motion from the quarry's womb,
That day to follow harmony in aid
Of gen'rous valour. Fancy might discern
Cerulean Tethys, from her coral grot
Emerging, seated on her pearly car,
With Nereids, floating on the surge below,
To view in wonder from the Malian bay
The Attic sons of Neptune; who forsook
Their wooden walls to range th' Oetæan crags,
To rend the forests, and disjoin the rocks.

Meantime a hundred sheep are slain. Their
limbs

From burning piles fume grateful. Bounty spreads
A decent board. Simplicity attends.

Then spake the priestess. Long-enduring chiefs,
Your efforts, now accomplish'd, may admit
Reflection due to this hard-labour'd train,
Due to yourselves. Her hospitable smile
Wins her well-chosen guests, Laconia's king,
Her brother, Maron, Æschylus divine
With Acarnania's priest. Her first commands
To Melibœus sedulous and blithe
Distribute plenty through the toiling crowd.
Then, skreen'd beneath close umbrage of an oak,
Each care-divested chief the banquet shares.

Cool breezes, whisp'ring, flutter in the leaves,
Whose verdure, pendent in an arch, repel
The west'ring sun's hot glare. Favonius bland
His breath impregnates with exhaling sweets
From flow'ry beds, whose scented clusters deck
The gleaming pool in view. Fast by, a brook
In limpid lampies over native steps
Attunes his cadence to sonorous strings,
And liquid accents of Melissa's maids.
The floating air in melody respire.

A rapture mingles in the calm repast.

Uprises Æschylus. A goblet full

He grasps. To those divinities, who dwell

In yonder temple, this libation first,

To thee, benignant hostess, next I pour,

Then to thy fame, Leonidas. He said.

His breast, with growing heat distended, prompts

His eager hand, to whose expressive sign

One of the virgins cedes her sacred lyre.

Their choral song complacency restrains.

The soul of music, bursting from his touch,

At once gives birth to sentiment sublime.

O Hercules, and Perseus, he began,

Star-spangled twins of Leda, and the rest

Of Jove's immediate seed, your splendid acts

Mankind protected, while the race was rude;

While o'er the earth's unciviliz'd extent

The savage monster, and the ruffian sway'd,

More savage still. No policy, nor laws

Had fram'd societies. By single strength

A single ruffian, or a monster fell.

The legislator rose. Three lights in Greece,

Lycurgus, Solon and Zaleucus bla2'd.

Then, substituting wisdom, Jove profuse

Of his own blood no longer, gave us more

In discipline and manners, which can form

A hero like Leonidas, than all

The god-begotten progeny before.

The pupils next of Solon claim the muse.

Sound your hoarse conchs, ye Tritons. You be-
held

The Atlantæan shape of slaughter wade

Through your astonish'd deeps, his purple arm

Uplifting high before th' Athenian line.

You saw bright conquest, riding on the gale,

Which swell'd their sails; saw terror at their
helms

To guide their brazen beaks on Asia's pride.

Her adamant grapple from their decks

Fate threw, and ruin on the hostile fleet

Inextricably fasten'd. Sound, ye nymphs

Of Oeta's mountains, of her woods and streams,

Who hourly witness to Melissa's worth,

Ye oreads, dryads, naiads, sound her praise.

Proclaim Zaleucus by his daughter grac'd

Like Solon and Lycurgus by their sons.

Laconia's hero, and the priestess bow'd

Their foreheads grateful to the bard sublime.

She, rising, takes the word. More sweet thy lyre

To friendship's ear, than terrible to foes.

Thy spear in battle, though the keenest point,

Which ever pierc'd Barbarians. Close we here

The song and banquet. Hark! a distant din

From Asia's camp requires immediate care.

She leads. Along the rocky verge they pass.

In calm delight Leonidas surveys

All in the order, which he last assign'd;

As o'er Thermopylæ beneath he cast

A wary look. The mountain's furthest crag

Now reach'd, Melissa to the king began:

Observe that space below, dispers'd in dales,

In hollows, winding through dislever'd rocks.

The slender outlet, skreen'd by yonder shrubs,

Leads to the pass. There stately to my view

The martial queen of Caria yester sun,

Descending, show'd. Her loudly I reprov'd.

But she, devoted to the Persian king,

In ambush there preserv'd his flying host.

She last retreated; but, retreating, prov'd

Her valour equal to a better cause.

Again I see the heroine approach.

Megistias then. I see a powerful arm,

Sustaining firm the large, emblazon'd shield,

Which, fashion'd first in Caria, we have learn'd

To imitate in Greece. Sublime her port

Bespeaks a mighty spirit. Priestess, look.

An act of piety she now performs,

Directing those, perhaps her Carian band,

To bear dead brethren from the bloody field.

Among the horsemen an exalted form

Like Demaratus strikes my searching eye.

To me, recalling his transcendent rank

In Sparta once, he seems a languid sun,

Which dimly sinks in exhalations dark,

Enveloping his radiance. While he spake,

Intent on martial duty Medon views

The dang'rous thicket; Lacedæmon's chief,

Around the region his confid'rate eye

Extending, marks each movement of the foe.

Th' imperial Persian from his lofty car
Had in the morning's early conflict seen
His vanquish'd army, pouring from the streights
Back to their tents, and o'er his camp dispers'd
In consternation; as a river bursts
Impetuous from his fountain, then, enlarg'd,
Spreads a dead surface o'er some level marsh.
Th' astonish'd king thrice started from his seat;
Shame, fear and indignation rent his breast;
As ruin irresistible were near
To overwhelm his millions. Haste, he call'd
To Hyperanthes, haste and meet the Greeks.
Their daring rage, their insolence repel.
From such dishonour vindicate our name.

His royal brother through th' extensive camp
Obedient mov'd. Deliberate and brave,
Each active prince from ev'ry tent remote,
The hardiest troops he summon'd. Caria's queen,
To Hyperanthes bound by firm esteem
Of worth, unrivall'd in the Persian court,
In solemn pace was now returning slow
Before a band, transporting from the field
Their slain companions to the sandy beach.

She stopp'd, and thus address'd him. Learn, O
prince,
From one, whose wishes on thy merit wait,
The only means to bind thy gallant brow
In fairest wreathes. To break the Grecian line
In vain ye struggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Try to form one band
In order'd ranks, and emulate the foe.
Nor to secure a thicket next the pass
Forget. Selected numbers station there.
Farewell, young hero. May thy fortune prove
Unlike to mine. Had Asia's millions spar'd
One myriad to sustain me, none had seen
Me quit the dang'rous contest. But the head
Of base Argestes on some future day
Shall feel my treasur'd vengeance. From the fleet
I only stay, till burial rites are paid
To these dead Carians. On this fatal strand
May Artemisia's grief appease your ghosts,
My faithful subjects, sacrific'd in vain.

The hero grateful and respectful heard,
What soon his warmth neglected at the sight
Of spears, which flam'd innumerable round.
Beyond the rest in lustre was a band,
The satellites of Xerxes. They forsook
Their constant orbit round th' imperial throne
At this dread crisis. To a myriad fix'd,
From their unchanging number they deriv'd
The title of Immortals. Light their spears;
Set in pomegranates of refulgent gold,
Or burnish'd silver, were the slender blades.
Magnificent and stately were the ranks.

The prince, commanding mute attention, spake.

In two divisions part your number, chiefs.
One will I lead to onset. In my ranks
Abrocomes, Hydarnes shall advance,
Pandates, Mindus, Intaphernes brave
To wrest this short-liv'd victory from Greece.
Thou, Abradates, by Sosarmes join'd,
Orontes and Mazæus, keep the rest
From action. Future succour they must lend,
Should envious fate exhaust our num'rous files.
For, O pure Mithra, may thy radiant eye
Ne'er see us, yielding to ignoble flight,

The Persian name dishonour. May the acts
Of our renown'd progenitors, who, led
By Cyrus, gave one monarch to the east,
In us revive. O think, ye Persian lords,
What endless infamy will blast your names;
Should Greece, that narrow portion of the earth,
Your pow'r defy: when Babylon hath low'r'd
Her tow'ring crest, when Lydia's pride is quell'd
In Cræsus vanquish'd, when her empire lost
Ecbatana deplores. Ye chosen guard,
Your king's immortal bulwark, O reflect,
What deeds from your superior swords he claims.
You share his largest bounty. To your faith,
Your constancy and prowess he commits
His throne, his person, and this day his fame.

They wave their banners, blazing in the sun,
Who then three hours tow'rd Hesperus had driv'n
From his meridian height. Amid their shouts
The hoarse-responding billows are not heard.
Of diff'rent nations, and in diff'rent garb,
Innumerable and vary'd like the shells,
By restless Tethys scatter'd on the beach,
O'er which they trod, the multitude advanc'd,
Straight by Leonidas descry'd. The van
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes led,
Pandates, Mindus. Violent their march
Sweeps down the rocky, hollow-sounding pass.
So, where th' unequal globe in mountains swells,
A torrent rolls his thund'ring surge between
The steep-erected cliffs; tumultuous dash
The waters, bursting on the pointed crags:
The valley roars; the marble channel foams.
Th' undaunted Greeks immoveably withstand
The dire encounter. Soon th' impetuous shock
Of thousands and of myriads shakes the ground.
Stupendous scene of terror! Under hills,
Whose sides, half-arching, o'er the hosts project,
The unabating fortitude of Greece
Maintains her line, th' untrain'd Barbarians charge
In savage fury. With inverted trunks,
Or bent obliquely from the shaggy ridge,
The silvan horrors overshadow the fight.
The clanging trump, the crash of mingled spears,
The groan of death, and war's discordant shouts
Alarm the echoes in their neighb'ring caves;
Woods, cliffs and shores return the dreadful sound.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

HYPERANTHES discontinuing the fight, while he
waits for reinforcements, Teribazus, a Persian
remarkable for his merit and learning, and
highly beloved by Hyperanthes, but unhappy
in his passion for Ariana, a daughter of Darius,
advances from the rest of the army to the rescue
of a friend in distress, who lay wounded on
the field of battle. Teribazus is attacked by
Diophantus, the Mantinean, whom he over-
comes; then engaging with Dithyrambus,
is himself slain. Hyperanthes hastens to his
succour. A general battle ensues, where Di-
omedon distinguishes his valour. Hyperanthes
and Abrocomes, partly by their own efforts,
and partly by the perfidy of the Thebans, who
desert the line, being on the point of forcing
the Grecians, are repulsed by the Lacedæmonians.
Hyperanthes composes a select body out

of the Persian standing forces, and, making an improvement in their discipline, renews the attack; upon which Leonidas changes the disposition of his army. Hyperanthes and the ablest Persian generals are driven out of the field, and several thousands of the Barbarians, circumvented in the pass, are entirely destroyed.

AMID the van of Persia was a youth,
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er by herds,
By fleece-abounding sheep, or gen'rous steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine;
Through ev'ry path of science had he walk'd,
The votary of wisdom. In the years,
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroastres. Then his tow'ring thoughts
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd.
He from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the heav'nly sphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, which gleam
On night's bespangled bosom. Nor unheard
Were Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While on the banks of Ganges they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature, whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, the healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The realm of old Sesostris next he view'd,
Mysterious Egypt with her hidden rites
Of Isis and Osiris. Last he fought
Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens sprung, nor pass'd
Miletis by, which once in rapture heard
The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
Of Pittacus, rever'd on Lesbian shores.

Th' enlighten'd youth to Susa now return'd,
Place of his birth. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes. It was now the time,
That discontent and murmur on the banks
Of Nile were loud and threat'ning. Chembes
there

The only faithful stood, a potent lord,
Whom Xerxes held by promis'd nuptial ties
With his own blood. To this Egyptian prince
Bright Ariana was the destin'd spouse,
From the same bed with Hyperanthes born.
Among her guards was Teribazus nam'd
By that fond brother, tender of her weal.

Th' Egyptian boundaries they gain. They hear
Of insurrection, of the Pharian tribes
In arms, and Chembes in the tumult slain.
They pitch their tents, at midnight are assail'd,
Surpris'd, their leaders massacred, the slaves
Of Ariana captives borne away,
Her own pavilion forc'd, her person seiz'd
By ruffian hands: when timely to redeem
Her and th' invaded camp from further spoil
Flies Teribazus with a rally'd band,
Swift on her chariot seats the royal fair,
Nor waits the dawn. Of all her menial train
None, but three female slaves are left. Her guide,
Her comforter and guardian fate provides
In him, distinguish'd by his worth alone,
No prince, nor satrap, now the single chief
Of her surviving guard. Of regal birth,

But with excelling graces in her soul,
Unlike an eastern princess she inclines
To his consoling, his instructive tongue
An humbled ear. Amid the converse sweet
Her charms, her mind, her virtues he explores,
Admiring. Soon is admiration chang'd
To love; nor loves he sooner, than despairs.
From morn till ev'n her passing wheels he guards
Back to Euphrates. Often, as she mounts,
Or quits the car, his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure. His assiduous hand
From purest fountains wafts the living flood.
Nor seldom by the fair one's soft command
Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his grateful eloquence, which sooth'd
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His pains a while, in raptures vain entranc'd,
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast by more intense despair;
Like wint'ry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of scatter'd
light,

Then, swiftly closing, on the brow of morn
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tow'r of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chastise
The crime of Egypt. Teribazus here
Parts from his princess, marches bright in flee)
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Susa he returns,
To Ariana's residence, and bears
Deep in his heart th' immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd:
His soul still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts,
Can I, O Wisdom, find relief in thee,
Who dost approve my passion? From the snares
Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart.
But here thyself art charm'd; where softness,
grace,

And ev'ry virtue dignify desire.
Yet thus to love, despairing to possess,
Of all the torments, by relentless fate
On life inflicted, is the most severe.
Do I not feel thy warnings in my breast,
That flight alone can save me? I will go
Back to the learn'd Chaldeans, on the banks
Of Ganges seek the sages; where to heav'n
With thee my elevated soul shall tow'r.
O wretched Teribazus! all conspires
Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares
To overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth
Is call'd to war; and I, who lately pois'd
With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,
Who near the side of Hyperanthes fought,
Must join the throng. How therefore can I fly
From Ariana, who with Asia's queens
The splendid camp of Xerxes must adorn?
Then be it so. Again I will adore
Her gentle virtues. Her delightful voice,
Her gracious sweetness shall again diffuse

Resistless magic through my ravish'd heart;
Till passion, thus with double rage inflam'd,
Swells to distraction in my tortur'd breast,
Then—but in vain through darkness do I search
My fate—Despair and fortune be my guides.

The day arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanc'd
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames,
So were accustom'd all the eastern fair,
In sumptuous cars accompany'd his march,
A beauteous train, by Ariana grac'd.
Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppress the youth,
Oppress, but not enervate. From the van
He in this second conflict had withstood
The threat'ning frown of adamantin Mars,
He singly, while his bravest friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound.

The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tow'r'd
In Grecian arms the wonder of his foes;
Among th' Ionians were his strenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnic school. A fulgent casque
Enclōs'd his head. Before his face and chest
Down to the knees an ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous spear he shook. The well-aim'd
point

Sent two Phliasiāns to the realms of death
With four Tegæans, whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far un-

match'd,
His arm prevail'd; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinforc'd by rest.
Meantime with Teribazus thus conferr'd
Th' applauding prince. Thou much deserving
youth,

Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onset, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks. The weary'd fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates strong,
Orontes and Mazæus are advanc'd.

Then to the conflict will I give no pause.
If not by prowess, yet by endless toil
Successive numbers shall exhaust the foe.

He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce reply'd,
But to himself complain'd the am'rous youth.

Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame,
My arm acquires. Tormented heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life? at Ariana's feet
What if with supplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And share the splendours, which irradiate heav'n?
Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the claim
Of Asia's proudest potentates and kings?
Unless within her bosom I inspir'd
A passion fervent, as my own, nay more,
Such, as dispelling ev'ry virgin fear,
Might, unrestrain'd, disclose its fond desire,
My love is hopeless; and her willing hand,
Should she bestow it, draws from Asia's lord
On both perdition. By despair benumb'd,
His limbs their action lose. A wish for death
O'ercasts and chills his soul. When sudden cries

From Ariamnes rouse his drooping pow'rs
Alike in manners they of equal age
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious chas'd
The bleeding sons of Nile, when Egypt's pride
Before the sword of Hyperanthes fell.
That lov'd companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outstretch'd
The victor's spoil. His languid spirit starts;
He rushes ardent from the Persian line;
The wounded warrior in his strong embrace
He bears away. By indignation stung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus sends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His rescu'd friend. His massy shield he rears;
High-brandishing his formidable spear,
He turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he strides, and shakes
The plumed honours of his shining crest.
Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight,
Pierc'd in the throat, with sounding arms he falls.
Through ev'ry file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the slain the victor fix'd his sight
With these reflections. By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conspicuous lustre—What if heav'n
Should add new victims, such as thou, to grace
My undeserving hand? who knows, but she
Might smile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
I see the pride of Asia's monarch swell
With vengeance fatal to her beauteous head.
Disperse, ye phantom hopes. Too long, torn
heart,

Hast thou with grief contended. Lo! I plant
My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass th' irremovable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his step,
But here conclude his doom. Then cease to heave,
Thou troubled bosom, ev'ry thought be calm
Now at th' approach of everlasting peace.

He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not less, than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Persian warrior to the Greek began:

Art thou th' unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down? That eagle on thy shield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I rashly purpos'd. That my single arm
Thou deign'st to meet, accept my thanks, and
know,

The thought of conquest less employs my soul,
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall disgrac'd.

He ceas'd. These words the Thespian youth
return'd:

Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth
The only portion, my desert may claim,
Is this my bold adventure to confront
Thee, yet unmatched. What Grecian hath not
mark'd

Thy flaming steel? from Asia's boundless camp
Not one hath equall'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall spear, thy helmet? Whence the
weight

Of that strong shield? Unlike thy eastern friends,
O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost

To liberty and virtue, art become
A tyrant's vile stipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant I deplore,
Which after all their efforts and success
Deserve no honour from the gods, or men.

Here Teribazus in a sigh rejoin'd,
I am to Greece a stranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes.

The Grecian then: I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm resolution, seated on thy brow,
Though grief hath dimm'd thy drooping eye, demand

My veneration: and whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,
Infesting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend.

Why then, constraining my reluctant hand
To act against thee will thy might support
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty and peace?
Yet free from rage, or enmity I lift
My adverse weapon. Victory I ask.

Thy life may fate for happier days reserve.

This said, their beaming lances they pretend,
Of hostile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sands
For fame alone contending. Either host,
Pois'd on their arms, in silent wonder gaze.

The fight commences. Soon the Grecian spear,
Which all the day in constant battle worn,
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
Against the Persian buckler, shiv'ring, breaks,
Its master's hand disarming. Then began
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and instant seiz'd
His threat'ning spear, before th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.

The weapon burst between their struggling grasp.
Their hold they loosen, bare their shining swords.
With equal swiftness to defend, or charge,
Each active youth advances and recedes.

On ev'ry side they traverse. Now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.
Still is the conflict dubious; when the Greek,
Dissembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depressing, as o'ercome by toil:

While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.

Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Asia. Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant: while the wary Greek
Calm and defensive bears th' assault. At last,
As by th' incautious fury of his strokes,
The Persian swung his cov'ring shield aside,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus seiz'd.

Light darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
Between th' unguarded ribs he plung'd his steel.
Affection, grief, and terror, wing the speed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
The Persian prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks
In speechless anguish clasps his dying friend;
From whose cold lip with interrupted phrase

These accents break: O dearest, best of men!
Ten thousand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are struggling in my heart—O'erpow'ring fate
Denies my voice the utterance—O my friend!
O Hyperanthes! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I liv'd, thou never should'st have
known.

I lov'd thy sister. With despair I lov'd.
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret in Persia's fight and thine
I fall. Th' inexorable hand of fate
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o'er shades.

Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge
A frantic mother shall bewail; shall strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave:
While all the shores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus lost. Th' afflicted prince,
Contemplating in tears the pallid corse,
Vents in these words the bitterness of grief:

Oh, Teribazus! Oh! my friend, whose loss
I will deplore for ever. Oh! what pow'r,
By me, by thee offended, clos'd thy breast
To Hyperanthes in distrust unkind!
She should, she must have lov'd thee—Now no
more

Thy placid virtues, thy instructive tongue
Shall drop their sweetness on my secret hours.
But in complaints doth friendship waste the time,
Which to immediate vengeance should be giv'n.

He ended, rushing furious on the Greek;
Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
The last embraces of his gasping friend,
Stood nigh, reclin'd in sadness on his shield,
And in the pride of victory repin'd.
Unmark'd, his foe approach'd. But forward sprung
Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
Aloft he rais'd his targe, and loudly thus:

Hold thee Barbarian, from a life more worth,
Than thou and Xerxes with his host of slaves.

His words he seconds with his rapid lance.
Soon a tremendous conflict had ensu'd;
But Intaphernes, Mindus, and a crowd
Of Persian lords, advancing, fill the space
Betwixt th' encount'ring chiefs. In mutual wrath,
With fruitless efforts they attempt the fight.
So rage two bulls along th' opposing banks
Of some deep flood, which parts the fruitful mead.
Defiance thunders from their angry mouths
In vain: in vain the furrow'd sod they rend;
Wide rolls the stream, and intercepts the war.

As by malignant fortune, if a drop
Of moisture mingles with a burning mass
Of liquid metal, instant show'rs of death
On ev'ry side th' exploding fluid spreads;
So disappointment irritates the flame
Of fierce Plataea's chief, whose vengeance bursts
In wide destruction. Embas, Daucus fall,
Arseus, Ochos, Mendus, Artias die;
And ten most hardy of th' immortal guard,
To shivers breaking on the Grecian shield
Their gold-embellish'd weapons, raise a mound
O'er thy pale body, O in prime destroy'd,
Of Asia's garden once the fairest plant,
Fall'n Teribazus! Thy distracted friend
From this thy temporary tomb is dragg'd
By forceful zeal of satraps to the shore;

Where then the brave Abrocomes arrang'd
The succours new, by Abradates brought,
Orontes and Mazæus. Turning swift,
Abrocomes inform'd his brother thus:

Strong reinforcement from th' immortal guard
Pandates bold to Intaphernes leads,
In charge to harass by perpetual toil
Those Grecians next the mountain. Thou unite
To me thy valour: Here the hostile ranks
Less stable seem. Our joint impression try;
Let all the weight of battle here impend.
Rouse, Hyperanthes. Give regret to winds.
Who hath not lost a friend this direful day?
Let not our private cares assist the Greeks,
Too strong already; or let sorrow act:
Mourn and revenge. These animating words
Send Hyperanthes to the foremost line:
His vengeful ardour leads. The battle joins.

Who stemm'd this tide of onset? Who imbru'd
His shining spear the first in Persian blood?
Eupalamus. Artembares he slew,
With Derdas fierce, whom Caucasus had rear'd
On his tempestuous brow, the savage sons
Of violence and rapine. But their doom
Fires Hyperanthes, whose vindictive blade
Arrests the victor in his haughty course.
Beneath the strong Abrocomes o'erwhelm'd,
Melissus swells the number of the dead.
None could Mycenæ boast of prouder birth,
Than young Melissus, who in silver mail
The line embellish'd. He in Cirrha's mead,
Where high Parnassus from his double top
O'er shades the Pythian games, the envy'd prize
Of fame obtain'd. Low sinks his laurell'd head
In death's cold night; and horrid gore deforms
The graceful hair. Impatient to revenge
Aristobulus strides before the van.
A storm of fury darkens all his brow.
Around he rolls his gloomy eye. For death
Is Alyattes mark'd, of regal blood,
Deriv'd from Cræsus, once imperial lord
Of nations. Him the nymphs of Halys wept;
When, with delusive oracles beguil'd
By Delphi's god, he pass'd their fatal waves
A mighty empire to dissolve: nor knew
Th' ill-destin'd prince, that envious fortune watch'd
That direful moment from his hand to wrest
The sceptre of his fathers. In the shade
Of humble life, his race on Timolus' brow
Lay hid; till, rous'd to battle, on this field
Sinks Alyattes, and a royal breed,
In him extinct forever. Lycis dies,
For boist'rous war ill-chosen. He was skill'd
To tune the lulling flute, and melt the heart;
Or with his pipe's awak'ning strain allure
The lovely dames of Lydia to the dance.
They on the verdant level graceful mov'd
In vary'd measures; while the cooling breeze
Beneath their swelling garments wanton'd o'er
Their snowy breasts, and smooth Cayster's stream,
Soft-gliding, murmur'd by. The hostile blade
Draws forth his entrails. Prone he falls. Not long
The victor triumphs. From the prostrate corse
Of Lycis, while, insulting, he extracts
The reeking weapon, Hyperanthes' steel
Invades his knee, and cuts the sinewy cords.
The Mycenæans with uplifted shields,
Corinthians and Phlians close around

The wounded chieftain. In redoubled rage
The contest glows. Abrocomes incites
Each noble Persian. Each his voice obeys.
Here Abradates, there Mazæus press,
Orontes and Hydarnes. None retire
From toil, or peril. Urg'd on ev'ry side,
Mycenæ's band to fortune leave their chief.
Despairing, raging, destitute he stands,
Propt on his spear. His wound forbids retreat.
None but his brother, Eumenes, abides
The dire extremity. His studded orb
Is held defensive. On his arm the sword
Of Hyperanthes rapidly descends.
Down drops the buckler, and the sever'd hand
Resigns its hold. The unprotected pair
By Asia's hero to the ground are swept;
As to a reaper crimson poppies low'r
Their heads luxuriant on the yellow plain.
From both their breasts the vital currents flow,
And mix their streams. Elate the Persians pour
Their numbers, deep'ning on the foe dismay'd.
The Greeks their station painfully maintain.
This Anaxander saw, whose faithless tongue
His colleague Leontiades bespake:

The hour is come to serve our Persian friends.
Behold, the Greeks are press'd. Let Thebes retire,
A bloodless conquest yielding to the king.

This said, he drew his Thebans from their post,
Not with unpunish'd treachery. The lance
Of Abradates gor'd their soul retreat;
Nor knew the Asian chief, that Asia's friends
Before him bled. Meantime, as mighty Jove,
Or he more ancient on the throne of heav'n,
When from the womb of Chaos dark the world
Emerg'd to birth, where'er he view'd the jar
Of atoms yet discordant and unform'd,
Confusion thence with pow'rful voice dispell'd,
Till light and order universal reign'd;
So from the hill Leonidas survey'd
The various war. He saw the Theban rout;
That Corinth, Phlius and Mycenæ look'd
Affrighted backward. Instantly his charge
Is borne by Maron, whom obedience wings,
Precipitating down the sacred cave,
That Sparta's ranks, advancing, should repair
The disunited phalanx. Ere they move,
Dieneces inspires them. Fame, my friends,
Calls forth your valour in a signal hour.
For you this glorious crisis she reserv'd
Laconia's splendour to assert. Young man,
Son of Megistias, follow. He conducts
Th' experienc'd troop. They lock their shields,
and, wedg'd

In dense arrangement, repossess the void,
Left by the faithless Thebans, and repulse
Th' exulting Persians. When, with efforts vain,
These oft renew'd the contest, and recoil'd,
As oft confounded with diminish'd ranks;
Lo! Hyperanthes blush'd, repeating late
The words of Artemisia. Learn, O chiefs,
The only means of glory and success.
Unlike the others, whom we newly chas'd,
These are a band selected from the Greeks,
Perhaps the Spartans, whom we often hear
By Demaratus prais'd. To break their line
In vain we struggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Do not we preside
O'er Asia's armies, and our courage boast,

Our martial art above the vulgar herd?
Let us, ye chiefs, attempt in order'd ranks
To form a troop, and emulate the foe.

They wait not dubious. On the Malian shore
In gloomy depth a column soon is form'd
Of all the nobles, Abradates strong,
Orontes bold, Mazæus, and the might
Of brave Abrocomes, with each, who bore
The highest honours, and excell'd in arms;
Themselves the lords of nations, who before
The throne of Xerxes tributary bow'd.
To these succeed a chosen number, drawn
From Asia's legions, vaunted most in fight;
Who from their kind perpetual stipends share;
Who, station'd round the provinces, by force
His tyranny uphold. In ev'ry part
Is Hyperanthes active, ardent seen
Throughout the huge battalion. He adjusts
Their equal range, then cautious, lest on march
Their unaccustom'd order should relax,
Full in the centre of the foremost rank
Orontes plants, committing to his hand
Th' imperial standard; whose expanded folds
Glow'd in the air, presenting to the sun
The richest dye of Tyre. The royal bird
Amid the gorgeous tincture shone express'd
In high embroider'd gold. The wary prince
On this conspicuous, leading sign of war
Commands each satrap, posted in the van,
To fix his eye regardful, to direct
By this alone his even pace and flow,
Retiring, or advancing. So the star,
Chief of the spangles on that fancy'd bear,
Once an Idæan nymph, and nurse of Jove,
Bright Cynosura to the Boreal pole
Attracts the sailor's eye; when distance hides
The headland signals, and her guiding ray,
New-ris'n, she throws. The hero next appoints,
That ev'ry warrior through the length'ning files,
Observing none but those before him plac'd,
Shall watch their motions, and their steps pursue.
Nor is th' important thicket next the pass
Forgot. Two thousand of th' immortal guard
That station seize. His orders all perform'd,
Close by the standard he assumes his post.
Intrepid thence he animates his friends.

Heroic chieftains, whose unconquer'd force
Rebellious Egypt, and the Libyan felt,
Think what the splendour of your former deeds
From you exacts. Remember, from the great
Illustrious actions are a debt to fame.
No middle path remains for them to tread,
Whom she hath once ennobled. Lo! this day
By trophies new will signalize your names,
Or in dishonour will for ever cloud.

He said, and vig'rous all to fight proceed.
As when tempestuous Eurus stems the weight
Of western Neptune, struggling through the
 streights,
Which bound Alcides' labours, here the storm
With rapid wing reverberates the tide;
There the contending surge with furrow'd tops
To mountains swells, and, whelming o'er the beach
On either coast, impels the hoary foam
On Mauritanian and Iberian strands:
Such is the dreadful onset. Persia keeps
Her foremost ranks unbroken, which are fill'd
By chosen warriors; while the num'rous crowd,

Though still promiscuous pouring from behind,
Give weight and pressure to th' embattled chiefs,
Despising danger. Like the mural strength
Of some proud city, bulwark'd round, and arm'd
With rising tow'rs to guard her wealthy stores,
Immoveable, impenetrable stood
Laconia's ferry'd phalanx. In their face
Grim tyranny her threat'ning fetters shakes,
Red havoc grinds insatiable his jaws.
Greece is behind, intrusting to their swords
Her laws, her freedom, and the sacred urns
Of their forefathers. Present now to thought
Their altars rise, the mansions of their birth,
Whate'er they honour, venerate, and love.

Bright in the Persian van th' exalted lance
Of Hyperanthes flam'd. Beside him press'd
Abrocomes, Hydarnes, and the bulk
Of Abradates terrible in war.

Firm, as a Memphian pyramid, was seen
Dieneces; while Agis close in rank
With Menalippus, and the added strength
Of dauntless Maron, their connected shields
Upheld. Each unrelax'd array maintains
The conflict undecided; nor could Greece
Repel the adverse numbers, nor the weight
Of Asia's band select remove the Greeks.

Swift from Laconia's king, perceiving soon
The Persian's new arrangement, Medon flew,
Who thus the staid Dieneces address'd:

Leonidas commands the Spartan ranks
To measure back some paces. Soon, he deems,
The unexperienc'd foes in wild pursuit
Will break their order. Then the charge renew.

This heard, the signal of retreat is giv'n.
The Spartans seem to yield. The Persians stop.
Astonishment restrains them, and the doubt
Of unexpected victory. Their sloth
Abrocomes awakens. By the sun
They fly before us. My victorious friends,
Do you delay to enter Greece. Away,
Rush on intrepid. I already hear
Our horse, our chariots, thund'ring on her plains.
I see her temples wrapt in Persian fires.

He spake. In hurry'd violence they roll
Tumultuous forward. All in headlong pace
Disjoin their order, and the line dissolve.
This when the sage Dieneces descries,
The Spartans halt, returning to the charge
With sudden vigour. In a moment pierc'd
By his resistless steel, Orontes falls,
And quits th' imperial banner. This the chief
In triumph waves. The Spartans press the foe.
Close-wedg'd and square, in flow, progressive pace,
O'er heaps of mangled carcases and arms
Invincible they tread. Composing flutes
Each thought, each motion harmonize. No rage
Untunes their souls. The phalanx yet more deep
Of Medon follows; while the lighter bands
Glide by the flanks, and reach the broken foe.
Amid their flight what vengeance from the arm
Of Alpheus falls? O'er all in swift pursuit
Was he renown'd. His active feet had match'd
The son of Peleus in the dusty course;
But now the wrongs, the long-remember'd wrongs
Of Polydorus animate his strength.
With tenfold vigour. Like th' empurpled moon,
When in eclipse her silver disk hath lost
The wonted light, his buckler's polish'd face

Is now obscur'd; the figur'd bosses drop
 In crimson, spouting from his deathful strokes.
 As, when with horror wing'd, a whirlwind rends
 A shatter'd navy; from the ocean cast,
 Enormous fragments hide the level beach;
 Such as dejected Persia late beheld
 On Thessaly's unnavigable strand:
 Thus o'er the champain satraps lay bestrewn
 By Alpheus, persevering in pursuit
 Beyond the pass. Not Phœbus could inflict
 On Niobè more vengeance, when, incens'd
 By her maternal arrogance, which scorn'd
 Latona's race, he twang'd his ireful bow,
 And one by one from youth and beauty hurl'd
 Her sons to Pluto; nor severer pangs
 That mother felt, than pierc'd the gen'rous soul
 Of Hyperanthes, while his noblest friends
 On ev'ry side lay gasping. With despair
 He still contends. Th' immortals from their stand
 Behind th' entangling thicket next the pass
 His signal rouses. Ere they clear their way,
 Well-caution'd Medon from the close defile
 Two thousand Locrians pours. An aspect new
 The fight assumes. Through implicated shrubs
 Confusion waves each banner. Falchions, spears
 And shields are all encumber'd, till the Greeks
 Had forc'd a passage to the yielding foe.
 Then Medon's arm is felt. The dreadful boar,
 Wide-wasting once the Calydonian fields,
 In fury breaking from his gloomy lair,
 Rang'd with less havoc through unguarded folds,
 Than Medon, sweeping down the glitt'ring files,
 So vainly styl'd immortal. From the cliff
 Divine Melissa, and Laconia's king,
 Enjoy the glories of Oileus' son.
 Fierce Alpheus too, returning from his chase,
 Joins in the slaughter. Ev'ry Persian falls.

To him the Locrian chief. Brave Spartan,
 thanks.

Through thee my purpose is accomplish'd full.
 My phalanx here with levell'd rows of spears
 Shall guard the shatter'd bushes. Come what may
 From Asia's camp, th' assailable, flank'd and driv'n
 Down yonder slope, shall perish. Gods of Greece,
 You shall behold your sanes profusely deck'd
 In splendid off'rings from barbarian spoils,
 Won by your free-born supplicants this day.

This said, he forms his ranks. Their threat'ning
 points

Gleam through the thicket, whence the shiv'ring
 foes

Avert their sight, like passengers dismay'd,
 Who on their course by Nile's portentous banks
 Descry in ambush of perfidious reeds
 The crocodile's fell teeth. Contiguous lay
 Thermopylæ. Dienece secur'd
 The narrow mouth. Two lines the Spartans
 show'd,

One tow'rd the plain observ'd the Persian camp;
 One, led by Agis, fac'd th' interior pass.

Not yet discourag'd, Hyperanthes strives
 The scatter'd host to rally. He exhorts,
 Entreats, at length indignant thus exclaims.

Degen'rate Persians! to sepulchral dust
 Could breath return, your fathers from the tomb
 Would utter groans. Inglorious, do ye leave
 Behind you Persia's standard to adorn
 Some Grecian temple? Can your splendid cars,

Voluptuous couches, and delicious boards,
 Your gold, your gems, ye satraps, be preserv'd
 By cowardice and flight? The eunuch slave
 Will scorn such lords, your women lothe your
 beds.

Few hear him, fewer follow; while the fight
 His unabating courage oft renews,
 As oft repuls'd with danger: till, by all
 Deserted, mixing in the gen'ral rout,
 He yields to fortune, and regains the camp.
 In short advances thus the dying tide
 Beats for a while against the shelving strand,
 Still by degrees retiring, and at last
 Within the bosom of the main subsides.

Though Hyperanthes from the fight was driv'n,
 Close to the mountain, whose indented side
 There gave the widen'd pass an ample space
 For numbers to embattle, still his post
 Bold Intaphernes underneath a cliff
 Against the firm Plataean line maintain'd.
 On him look'd down Leonidas like death,
 When, from his iron cavern call'd by Jove,
 He stands gigantic on a mountain's head;
 Whence he commands th' affrighted earth to quake,
 And, crags and forests in his direful grasp,
 High-wielding, dashes on a town below,
 Whose deeds of black impiety provoke
 The long-enduring gods. Around the verge
 Of Oeta, curving to a crescent's shape,
 The marbles, timbers, fragments, lay amass'd.
 The Helots, peasants, mariners, attend
 In order nigh Leonidas. They watch
 His look. He gives the signal. Rous'd at once
 The force, the skill, activity and zeal
 Of thousands are combin'd. Down rush the piles.
 Trees, roll'd on trees, with mingled rock descend,
 Unintermitted ruin. Loud resound
 The hollow trunks against the mountain's side.
 Swift bounds each craggy mass. The foes below
 Look up aghast, in horror shrink and die.
 Whole troops, o'erwhelm'd beneath th' enormous
 load,

Lie hid and lost, as never they had known
 A name or being. Intaphernes clad
 In regal splendour, progeny of kings,
 Who rul'd Damascus, and the Syrian palms,
 Here slept for ever. Thousands of his train
 In that broad space the ruins had not reach'd.
 Back to their camp a passage they attempt
 Through Lacedæmon's line. Them Agis stopp'd.
 Before his powerful arm Pandates fell,
 Sofarmes, Tachos. Menalippus dy'd
 His youthful steel in blood. The mightier spear
 Of Maron pierc'd battalions, and enlarg'd
 The track of slaughter. Backward turn'd the rout,
 Nor found a milder fate. Th' unweary'd swords
 Of Dithyrambus and Diomedon,
 Who from the hill are wheeling on their flank,
 Still flash tremendous. To the shore they fly,
 At once envelop'd by successive bands
 Of diff'rent Grecians. From the gulf profound
 Perdition here inevitable frowns,
 While there, encircled by a grove of spears,
 They stand devoted hecatombs to Mars.
 Now not a moment's interval delays
 Their gen'ral doom; but down the Malian steep
 Prone are they hurry'd to th' expanded arms
 Of horror, rising from the oozy deep,

And grasping all their numbers as they fall.
The dire confusion like a storm invades
The chafing surge. Whole troops Bellona rolls
In one vast ruin from the craggy ridge.
O'er all their arms, their ensigns, deep-ingulf'd,
With hideous roar the waves for ever close.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

NIGHT coming on, the Grecians retire to their tents. A guard is placed on the Phocian wall under the command of Agis. He admits into the camp a lady, accompanied by a single slave, and conducts them to Leonidas; when she discovers herself to be Ariana, sister of Xerxes and Hyperanthes, and sues for the body of Teribazus; which being found among the slain, she kills herself upon it. The slave who attended her proves to be Polydorus, brother to Alpheus and Maron, and who had been formerly carried into captivity by a Phœnician pirate. He relates, before an assembly of the chiefs, a message from Demaratus to the Spartans, which discloses the treachery of the Thebans, and of Epialtes, the Malian, who had undertaken to lead part of the Persian army through a pass among the mountains of Oeta. This information throws the council into a great tumult, which is pacified by Leonidas, who sends Alpheus to observe the motions of these Persians, and Dienece with a party of Lacedæmonians to support the Phocians, with whom the defence of these passages in the hills had been intrusted. In the mean time, Agis sends the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana to the camp of Xerxes.

In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,
The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,

Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber all, but those
Who watch th' uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat.
Fresh winds across the undulating bay
From Asia's host the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, swelling on his ear.
When by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are these
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate.

A voice reply'd. No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone.

The Spartan answers. Through the midnight shade

What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?
To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece.

Through thy assistance we implore access
To Lacedæmon's king. The cautious Greek
Still hesitates; when musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.

O gen'rous warrior, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd, whom grief alone hath led
Through midnight shades to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud,

The chief, descending, through th' unfolded gates

Upheld a flaming torch. The light disclos'd
One first in servile garments. Near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood,
Not with an aspect, rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' ensnaring charms
Of love's soft queen, but such as far surpass'd,
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind by wisdom rul'd,
By sweetness temper'd; virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not soften rig'rous fate, nor charm
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends a spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.

Exalted fair, whose form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My slow compliance to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pause
Shall from the presence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth.

Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his lov'd brother from his couch arose
Leonidas. In wonder he survey'd
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd,
Her eye submissive to the ground declin'd
In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice, her anxious dread dispel,
Benevolent and hospitable thus.

Thy looks, fair stranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread;
Rehearse th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose
Like day, first dawning on the twilight pale;
When, wrapt in grief, these words a passage found.

If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deserve
Commiseration from the brave; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain.
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd by ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A passion, long conceal'd,
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
Oh! I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my breast,
O'erwhelm'd by anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
At my distress? why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals, doom'd to pain and woe.
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the hero su'd the royal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicating Jove from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces to redeem

Her lov'd and lost Proserpina. A while
On Ariana fixing steadfast eyes,
These tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd.

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedemon dost deplore
My everlasting absence. Then aside
He turn'd and sigh'd. Recov'ring, he address'd
His brother. Most beneficent of men,
Attend, assist this princess. Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn. A band
Is call'd. The well-remember'd spot they find,
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their sight his formidable sword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Asian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.

Then, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Were thine! what horrors! In thy tender breast
Love still was mightiest, On the bosom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-distracted maid,
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy snowy
hue

The clotted gore disfigur'd. On his wounds
Loose flow'd thy hair; and, bubbling from thy
eyes,

Impetuous sorrow lav'd th' empurpled clay.
When forth in groans these lamentations broke.

O torn for ever from these weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain a heart,
Which then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony reveals
Her tender passion, who repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Unites thy cheek insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving, ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing sorrow! Can that heart
At my complaint dissolve the ice of death
To share my suff'rings! Never, never more
Shall Ariana bend a list'ning ear
To thy enchanting eloquence, nor feast
Her mind on wisdom from thy copious tongue!
Oh! bitter, insurmountable distress!

She could no more. Invincible despair
Suppress'd all utterance. As a marble form,
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, inclines
The silent head in imitated woe
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd;
Entranc'd by anguish, o'er the breathless clay
So hung the princess. On the gory breach,
Whence life had issu'd by the fatal blow,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
When thus in accents firm. Imperial pomp,
Foe to my quiet, take my last farewell.
There is a state, where only virtue holds
The rank supreme. My Teribazus there
From his high order must descend to mine.

Then with no trembling hand, no change of
look,

She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd;
And instant sheathing in her heart the blade,
On her slain lover silent sunk in death.
The unexpected stroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierc'd by horror and distress,
Like one, who, standing on a stormy beach,
Beholds a found'ring vessel, by the deep
At once engulf'd; his pity feels and mourns,
Depriv'd of pow'r to save: so Agis view'd
The prostrate pair. He dropp'd a tear, and thus.

Oh! much lamented! Heavy on your heads
Hath evil fall'n, which o'er your pale remains
Commands this sorrow from a stranger's eye.
Illustrious ruins! May the grave impart
That peace which life deny'd! and now receive
This pious office from a hand unknown.

He spake, unclasping from his shoulders broad
His ample robe. He strew'd the waving folds
O'er each wan visage, turning then, address'd
The slave, in mute dejection standing near.

Thou, who attendant on this hapless fair,
Hast view'd this dreadful spectacle, return.
These bleeding relics bear to Persia's king,
Thou with four captives, whom I free from bonds.

Art thou a Spartan, interrupts the slave?
Dost thou command me to return, and pine
In climes unblest'd by liberty, or laws?
Grant me to see Leonidas. Alone
Let him decide, if wretched, as I seem,
I may not claim protection from this camp:

Whoe'er thou art, rejoins the chief, amaz'd,
But not offended, thy ignoble garb
Conceal'd a spirit, which I now revere.
Thy countenance demands a better lot
Than I, a stranger to thy hidden worth,
Unconscious offer'd. Freedom dwells in Greece,
Humanity and justice. Thou shalt see
Leonidas their guardian. To the king
He leads him straight, presents him in these words.

In mind superior to the base attire,
Which marks his limbs with shame, a stranger
comes,

Who thy protection claims. The slave subjoins.

I stand thy suppliant now. Thou soon shalt
learn,

If I deserve thy favour. I request
To meet th' assembled chieftains of this host.
Oh! I am fraught with tidings, which import
The weal of ev'ry Grecian. Agis, swift,
Appointed by Leonidas, convenes
The diff'rent leaders. To the tent they speed.
Before them call'd, the stranger thus began.

O Alpheus! Maron! Hither turn your sight,
And know your brother. From their seats they
start.

From either breaks in ecstacy the name
Of Polydorus. To his dear embrace
Each fondly strives to rush; but he withstands:
While down his cheek a flood of anguish pours
From his dejected eyes, in torture bent
On that vile garb, dishonouring his form.
At length these accents, intermix'd with groans,
A passage found, while mute attention gaz'd.

You first should know, if this unhappy slave
Yet merits your embraces. Then approach'd
Leonidas. Before him all recede,
Ev'n Alpheus' self, and yields his brother's hand,
Which in his own the regal hero press'd.
Still Polydorus on his gloomy front
Repugnance stern to consolation bore;
When thus the king with majesty benign.

Lo! ev'ry heart is open to thy worth.
Injurious fortune, and enfeebling time,
By servitude and grief severely try
A lib'ral spirit. Try'd, but not subdu'd,
Do thou appear. Whatever be our lot,
Is Heav'n's appointment. Patience best becomes
The citizen and soldier. Let the fight

Of friends and brethren dissipate thy gloom.

Of men the gentlest, Agis too advanc'd,
Who with increas'd humanity began.

Now is thy native liberty secure,
Smile on thy pass'd affliction, and relate
What chance restores thy merit to the arms
Of friends and kindred. Polydorus then.

I was a Spartan. When my tender prime
On manhood border'd, from Laconia's shores,
Snatch'd by Phœnician pirates, I was sold
A slave, by Hyperanthes bought, and giv'n
To Ariana. Gracious was her hand.
But I remain'd a bondman, still estrang'd
From Lacedemon. Demaratus oft
In friendly sorrow would my lot deplore;
Nor less his own ill-fated virtue mourn'd,
Lost to his country in a servile court,
The centre of corruption; where in smiles
Are painted envy, treachery, and hate,
With rankling malice; where alone sincere
The dissolute seek no disguise: where those,
Possessing all, a monarch can bestow,
Are far less happy, than the meanest heir
To freedom, far more grovelling than the slave,
Who serves their cruel pride. Yet here the sun
Ten times his yearly circle hath renew'd,
Since Polydorus hath in bondage groan'd.
My bloom is pass'd, or, pining in despair,
Untimely wither'd. I at last return
A messenger of fate, who tidings bear
Of desolation. Here he paus'd in grief
Redoubled; when Leonidas. Proceed.
Should from thy lips inevitable death
To all be threaten'd, thou art heard by none,
Whose dauntless hearts can entertain a thought,
But how to fall the noblest. Thus the king.
The rest in speechless expectation wait.
Such was the solemn silence, which o'erspread
The shrine of Ammon, or Dodona's shades,
When anxious mortals from the mouth of Jove
Their doom explor'd. Nor Polydorus long
Suspends the counsel, but resumes his tale.

As I this night accompany'd the steps
Of Ariana, near the pass we saw
A restless form, now traversing the way,
Now as a statue, rivetted by doubt,
Then on a sudden starting, to renew
An eager pace. As nearer we approach'd,
He by the moon, which glimmer'd on our heads,
Descry'd us. Straight advancing, whither bent
Our midnight course, he ask'd. I knew the voice
Of Demaratus. To my breast I clasp'd
The venerable exile, and reply'd.
Laconia's camp we seek. Demand no more.
Farewell. He wept. Be heav'n thy guide, he said,
Thrice happy Polydorus. Thou again
May'st visit Sparta, to these eyes deny'd.
Soon as arriv'd at those triumphant tents,
Say to the Spartans from their exil'd king,
Although their blind credulity depriv'd.
The wretched Demaratus of his home;
From ev'ry joy secluded, from his wife,
His offspring torn, his countrymen, and friends,
Him from his virtue they could ne'er divide.
Say, that ev'n here, where all are kings, or slaves,
Amid the riot of flagitious courts,
Not quite extinct his Spartan spirit glows,
Though grief hath dimm'd its fires. Rememb'ring
this,

Report, that newly to the Persian host
Return'd a Malian, Epialtes nam'd,
Who, as a spy, the Grecian tents had sought.
He to the monarch magnify'd his art,
Which by delusive eloquence had wrought
The Greeks to such despair; that ev'ry band
To Persia's sov'reign standard would have bow'd;
Had not the spirit of a single chief,
By fear unconquer'd, and on death resolv'd,
Restor'd their valour: therefore would the king
Trust to his guidance a selected force,
They soon should pierce th' unguarded bounds of
Greece

Through a neglected aperture above,
Where no Leonidas should bar their way:
Meantime by him the treach'rous Thebans sent
Assurance of their aid. Th' assenting prince
At once decreed two myriads to advance
With Hyperanthes. Ev'ry lord besides,
Whom youth, or courage, or ambition warm,
Rous'd by the traitor's eloquence, attend
From all the nations with a rival zeal
To enter Greece the foremost. In a sigh
He clos'd—like me. Tremendous from his seat
Uprose Diomedon. His eyes were flames.
When swift on trembling Anaxander broke
These ireful accents from his livid lips.

Yet ere we fall, O traitor! shall this arm
To hell's avenging furies sink thy head.

All now is tumult. Ev'ry bosom swells
With wrath untam'd, and vengeance. Half un-

sheath'd,
Th' impetuous falchion of Plataea flames.
But, as the Colchian sorceress, renown'd
In legends old, or Circé, when they fram'd
A potent spell, to smoothness charm'd the main,
And lull'd Æolian rage by mystic song;
Till not a billow heav'd against the shore,
Nor ev'n the wanton-winged zephyr breath'd
The lightest whisper through the magic air:
So when thy voice, Leonidas, is heard,
Confusion listens; ire in silent awe
Subsides. Withhold this rashness, cries the king.
To proof of guilt let punishment succeed.
Not yet barbarian shouts our camp alarm.
We still have time for vengeance, time to know,
If menac'd ruin we may yet repel,
Or how most glorious perish. Next arose
Dieneces, and thus th' experienc'd man.

Ere they surmount our fences, Xerxes' troops
Must learn to conquer, and the Greeks to fly.

The spears of Phocis guard that secret pass.
To them let instant messengers depart,
And note the hostile progress. Alpheus here.

Leonidas, behold! my willing feet
Shall to the Phocians bear thy high commands;
Shall climb the hill to watch th' approaching foe.

Thou active son of valour, quick returns
The chief of Lacedemon, in my thoughts
For ever present, when the public weal
Requires the swift, the vigilant, and bold.
Go climb, surmount the rock's aerial height.
Observe the hostile march. A Spartan band,
Dieneces, provide. Thyself conduct
Their speedy succour to our Phocian friends.

The council rises. For his course prepar'd,
While day, declining, prompts his eager feet,
O Polydorus! Alpheus thus in haste,
Long lost, and late recover'd, we must part

Again, perhaps for ever. Thou return
To kiss the sacred soil which gave thee birth,
And calls thee back to freedom. Brother dear,
I should have sighs to give thee—but farewell.
My country chides me, loit'ring in thy arms.

This said, he darts along, nor looks behind,
When Polydorus answers. Alpheus; no.
I have the marks of bondage to erase.
My blood must wash the shameful stain away.

We have a father, Maron interpos'd.
Thy unexpected presence will revive
His heavy age, now childless and forlorn.

To him the brother with a gloomy frown.
Ill should I comfort others. View these eyes.
Faint is their light; and vanish'd was my bloom
Before its hour of ripeness. In my breast
Grief will retain a mansion, nor by time
Be dispossest. Unceasing shall my soul
Brood o'er the black remembrance of my youth,
In slavery exhausted. Life to me
Hath lost its favour. Then in sullen woe
His head declines. His brother pleads in vain.

Now in his view Dienece appears
With Sparta's band. Immoveable his eyes
On them he fix'd, revolving these dark thoughts.

I too, like them, from Lacedemon spring,
Like them instructed once to poise the spear,
To lift the pond'rous shield. Ill-destin'd wretch!
Thy arm is grown enervate, and would sink
Beneath a buckler's weight. Malignant fates!
Who have compell'd my free-born hand to change
The warrior's arms for ignominious bonds;
Would you compensate for my chains, my shame,
My ten years anguish, and the fell despair,
Which on my youth have prey'd; relenting once,
Grant I may bear my buckler to the field,
And, known a Spartan, seek the shades below.

Why, to be known a Spartan, must thou seek
The shades below? Impatient Maron, spake.
Live, and be known a Spartan by thy deeds;
Live, and enjoy thy dignity of birth;
Live, and perform the duties which become
A citizen of Sparta. Still thy brow
Frowns gloomy, still unyielding. He, who leads
Our band, all fathers of a noble race,
Will ne'er permit thy barren day to close
Without an offspring to uphold the state.

He will, replies the brother in a glow,
Prevailing o'er the paleness of his cheek,
He will permit me to complete by death
The measure of my duty; will permit
Me to achieve a service, which no hand
But mine can render, to adorn his fall
With double lustre, strike the barb'rous foe
With endless terror, and avenge the shame
Of an enslav'd Laconian. Closing here
His words mysterious, quick he turn'd away
To find the tent of Agis. There his hand
In grateful sorrow minister'd her aid;
While the humane, the hospitable care
Of Agis, gently by her lover's corse
On one sad bier the pallid beauties laid
Of Ariana. He from bondage freed
Four eastern captives, whom his gen'rous arm
That day had spar'd in battle; then began
This solemn charge. You, Persians, whom my
sword

Acquir'd in war, unransom'd, shall depart.

To you I render freedom, which you sought
To wrest from me. One recompence I ask,
And one alone. Transport to Asia's camp
This bleeding princess. Bid the Persian king
Weep o'er this flow'r, untimely cut in bloom.
Then say, th' all-judging pow'rs have thus ordain'd.
Thou, whose ambition o'er the groaning earth
Leads desolation; o'er the nations spreads
Calamity and tears; thou first shalt mourn,
And through thy house destruction first shall range.
Dismiss'd, they gain the rampart, where on
guard

Was Dithyrambus posted. He perceiv'd
The mournful bier approach. To him the fate
Of Ariana was already told.

He met the captives with a moisten'd eye,
Full bent on Teribazus, sigh'd and spake.

O that, assuming with those Grecian arms
A Grecian spirit, thou in scorn hadst look'd
On princes! Worth like thine, from slavish courts
Withdrawn, had ne'er been wasted to support
A king's injustice. Then a gentler lot
Had blest'd thy life, or dying, thou hadst known
How sweet is death for liberty. A Greek
Affords these friendly wishes, though his head
Had lost the honours, gather'd from thy fall,
When fortune favour'd, or propitious Jove
Smil'd on the better cause. Ill-fated pair,
Whom in compassion's purest dew I lave,
But that my hand infix'd the deathful wound,
And must be grievous to your lothing shades,
From all the neighb'ring valleys would I cull
Their fairest growth, to strew your herse with
flow'rs.

Yet, O accept these tears and pious pray'rs!
May peace surround your ashes! May your shades
Pass o'er the silent pool to happier seats!

He ceas'd in tears. The captives leave the wall,
And slowly down Thermopylae proceed.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEDON convenes the Locrian commanders, and harangues them; repairs at midnight to his sister Melissa in the temple, and receives from her the first intelligence, that the Persians were in actual possession of the upper Streights, which which had been abandoned by the Phocians. Melibœus brings her tidings of her father's death. She strictly enjoins her brother to preserve his life by a timely retreat, and recommends the enforcement of her advice to the prudence and zeal of Melibœus. In the morning the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana are brought into the presence of Xerxes, soon after a report had reached the camp, that great part of his navy was shipwrecked. The Persian monarch, quite dispirited, is persuaded by Argestes to send an ambassador to the Spartan king. Argestes himself is deputed, who, after revealing his embassy in secret to Leonidas, is by him led before the whole army, and there receives his answer. Alpheus returns, and declares, that the enemy was master of the passages in the hills, and would arrive at Thermopylae the next morning; upon which Leonidas offers to send away all the troops, except his three hundred Spartans; but

Diomedon, Demophilus, Dithyrambus, and Megistias, refuse to depart: then to relieve the perplexity of Medon on this occasion, he transfers to him the supreme command, dismisses Argestes, orders the companions of his own fate to be ready in arms by sunset, and retires to his pavilion.

THE Grecian leaders, from the council ris'n,
Among the troops dispersing, by their words,
Their looks undaunted warm the coldest heart
Against new dangers threat'ning. To his tent
The Locrian captains Medon swift convenes,
Exhorting thus. O long approv'd my friends,
You, who have seen my father in the field
Triumphant, bold assistants of my arm
In labours not inglorious, who this day
Have rais'd fresh trophies, be prepar'd. If help
Be further wanted in the Phocian camp,
You will the next be summon'd. Locris lies
To ravage first expos'd. Your ancient fane,
Your goddesses, your priestesses half-ador'd,
The daughter of Oileus, from your swords
Protection claim against an impious foe.

All anxious for Melissa, he dismiss'd
Th' applauding vet'rans; to the sacred cave
Then hasten'd. Under heav'n's night-shaded cope
He mus'd. Melissa in her holy place,
How to approach with inauspicious steps,
How to accost, his pensive mind revolv'd:
When Mycon, pious vassal of the fane,
Descending through the cavern, at the sight
Of Medon stopp'd, and thus. Thy presence, lord,
The priestesses calls. To Lacedemon's king
I bear a message, suff'ring no delay.

He quits the chief, whose rapid feet ascend,
Soon ent'ring, where the pedestal displays
Thy form, Calliopè sublime. The lyre,
Whose accents immortality confer,
Thy fingers seem to wake. On either side,
The snowy gloss of Parian marble shows
Four of thy sisters through surrounding shade.
Before each image is a virgin plac'd.
Before each virgin dimly burns a lamp,
Whose livid spires just temper with a gleam
The dead obscurity of night. Apart
The priestesses thoughtful sit. Thus Medon breaks
The solemn silence. Anxious for thy state,
Without a summons to thy pure abode,
I was approaching. Deities, who know
The present, past, and future, let my lips,
Unblam'd, have utterance. Thou, my sister, hear.
Thy breast let wisdom strengthen. Impious foes
Through Oeta now are passing. She replies.

Are passing, brother! They, alas! are pass'd,
Are in possession of the upper Streight.
Hear in thy turn. A dire narration hear.
A favour'd goat, conductor of my herd,
Stray'd to a dale, whose outlet is the post
To Phocian's left, and penetrates to Greece.
Him Mycon following by a hostile band,
Light-arm'd forerunners of a numerous host,
Was seiz'd. By fear of menac'd torments forc'd,
He show'd a passage up that mountain's side,
Whose length of wood o'er shades the Phocian land.
To dry and sapless trunks in diff'rent parts
Fire, by the Persians artfully apply'd,
Soon grew to flames. This done, the troop re-

turn'd,
VOL. XI.

Detaining Mycon. Now the mountain blaz'd.
The Phocians, ill-commanded, left their post,
Alarm'd, confus'd. More distant ground they
chose.

In blind delusion forming there, they spread
Their ineffectual banners to repel
Imagin'd peril from those fraudulent lights,
By stratagem prepar'd. A real foe
Meantime secur'd the undefended pass.
This Mycon saw. Escaping thence to me,
He by my orders hastens to inform
Leonidas. She paus'd. Like one, who sees
The forked light'ning into shivers rive
A knotted oak, or crumble tow'rs to dust,
Aghast was Medon; then recover'ing, spake,
Thou boasted glory of the Oilean house,
If e'er thy brother bow'd in reverence due
To thy superior virtues, let his voice
Be now regarded. From th' endanger'd fane,
My sister, fly. Whatever be my lot,
A troop select of Locrians shall transport
Thy sacred person, where thy will ordains.

Think not of me, returns the dame. To Greece
Direct thy zeal. My peasants are conven'd,
That by their labour, when the fatal hour
Requires, with massy fragments I may bar
That cave to human entrance. Best belov'd
Of brothers, now a serious ear incline.
A while in Greece to fortune's wanton gale
His golden banner shall the Persian king,
Deluded, wave. Leonidas, by death
Preserving Sparta, will his spirit leave
To blast the glitt'ring pageant. Medon, live
To share that glory. Thee to perish here,
No law, no oracle enjoins. To die,
Uncall'd, is blameful. Let thy pious hand
Secure Oileus from barbarian force.
To Sparta mindful of her noble host
Intrust his rev'rend head. Th' assembled hinds,
Youths, maidens, wives, with nurseries at their
breasts,

Around her now in consternation stood,
The women weeping, mute, aghast the men.
To them she turns. You never, faithful race,
Your priestesses shall forsake. Melissa here,
Despairing never of the public weal,
For better days in solitude shall wait,
Shall cheer your sadness. My prophetic soul
Sees through time's cloud the liberty of Greece
More stable, more effulgent. In his blood
Leonidas cements th' unshaken base
Of that strong tow'r, which Athens shall exalt
To cast a shadow o'er the eastern world.

This utter'd, tow'rd the temple's inmost seat
Of sanctity her solemn step she bends,
Devout, enraptur'd. In their dark'ning lamps
The pallid flames are fainting. Dim through mists
The morning peeps. An awful silence reigns.
While Medon pensive from the fane descends,
But instant reappears. Behind him close
Treads Melibœus, through the cavern's mouth,
Ascending pale in aspect, not unlike
What legends tell of spectres, by the force
Of necromantic forcery constrain'd; [join'd,
Through earth's dark bowels, which the spell dis-
They from death's mansion in reluctant sloth
Rose to divulge the secrets of their graves,
Or mysteries of fate. His cheerful brow,

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O'erclouded, paleness on his healthful cheek,
A dull, unwonted heaviness of pace
Portend disastrous tidings. Medon spake.

Turn, holy sister. By the gods beloved,
May they sustain thee in this mournful hour.
Our father, good Oileus is no more.
Rehearse thy tidings, swain. He takes the word.

Thou wast not present when his mind, out-
stretch'd

By zeal for Greece, transported by his joy
To entertain Leonidas, refus'd
Due rest. Old age his ardour had forgot,
To his last waking moment with his guest
In rapt'rous talk redundant. He at last,
Compos'd and smiling in th' embrace of sleep,
To Pan's protection at the island fane
Was left. He wak'd no more. The fatal news
To you discover'd, from the chiefs I hide.

Melissa heard, inclin'd her forehead low
Before th' insculptur'd deities. A sigh
Broke from her heart, these accents from her lips.

The full of days and honours through the gate
Of painless slumber is retir'd. His tomb
Shall stand among his fathers, in the shade
Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
Which flow'd through blessings. As a river pure,
Whose sides are flow'ry, and whose meadows fair,
Meets in his course a subterranean void;
There dips his silver head, again to rise,
And, rising, glide through flow'rs and meadows
new:

So shall Oileus in those happier fields,
Where never tempests roar, nor humid clouds
In mists dissolve, nor white-descending flakes
Of winter violate th' eternal green;
Where never gloom of trouble shades the mind,
Nor gust of passion heaves the quiet breast,
Nor dews of grief are sprinkled. Thou art gone,
Host of divine Leonidas on earth,
Art gone before him to prepare the feast,
Immortalizing virtue. Silent here,
Around her head she wraps her hallow'd pall.
Her prudent virgins interpose a hymn,
Not in a plaintive, but majestic flow,
To which their fingers, sweeping o'er the chords,
The lyre's full tone attemper. She unveils,
Then with a voice, a countenance compos'd.

Go, Medon, pillar of th' Oilean house.
New cares, new duties claim thy precious life.
Perform the pious obsequies. Let tears,
Let groans be absent from the sacred dust,
Which Heav'n in life so favour'd, more in death.
A term of righteous days, an envy'd urn
Like his, for Medon is Melissa's pray'r.
Thou, Melibœus, cordial, high in rank
Among the prudent, warn and watch thy lord.
My benediction shall reward thy zeal.

Sooth'd by the blessings of such perfect lips,
They both depart. And now the climbing sun
To Xerxes' tent discover'd from afar
The Persian captives with their mournful load.
Before them rumour through her fable trumpet
Breathes lamentation. Horror lends his voice
To spread the tidings of disastrous fate
Along Spercheos. As a vapour black,
Which from the distant, horizontal verge
Ascending, nearer still and nearer bends
To higher lands its progress, there condens'd,

Throws darkness o'er the valleys, while the face
Of nature saddens round; so step by step,
In motion slow th' advancing bier diffus'd
A solemn sadness o'er the camp. A hedge
Of trembling spears on either hand is form'd.
Tears underneath his iron-pointed cone
The Scian drops. The Caspian savage feels
His heart transpierc'd, and wonders at the pain.
In Xerxes' presence are the bodies plac'd,
Nor he forbids. His agitated breast
All night had weigh'd against his future hopes
His present losses, his defeated ranks,
By myriads thinn'd, their multitude abash'd,
His fleet thrice worsted, torn by storms, reduc'd
To half its number. When he slept, in dreams
He saw the haggard dead, which floated round
Th' adjoining strands. Disasters new their ghosts
In fullen frowns, in shrill upbraidings bode.
Thus, ere the gory bier approach'd his eyes,
He in dejection had already lost
His kingly pride, the parent of disdain,
And cold indifference to human woes.
Not ev'n beside his sister's nobler corpse
Her humble lover could awake his scorn.
The captives told their piercing tale. He heard;
He felt a while compassion. But ere long
Those traces vanish'd from the tyrant's breast.
His former gloom redoubles. For himself
His anxious bosom heaves, oppress'd by fear,
Left he with all his splendour should be cast
A prey to fortune. Thoughtful near the throne
Laconia's exile waits, to whom the king.

O Demaratus, what will fate ordain?
Lo, fortune turns against me! What shall check
Her further malice, when her daring stride
Invades my house with ravage, and profanes
The blood of great Darius. I have sent
From my unguarded side the chosen band,
My bravest chiefs to pass the desert hill;
Have to the conduct of a Malian spy
My hopes intrusted. May not there the Greeks
In opposition more tremendous still,
More ruinous than yester sun beheld,
Maintain their post invincible, renew
Their stony thunder in augmented rage,
And send whole quarries down the craggy steep
Again to crush my army? Oh, unfold
Thy secret thoughts, nor hide the harshest truth!
Say, what remains to hope? The exile here.

Too well, O monarch, do thy fears presage,
What may befall thy army! If the Greeks,
Arrang'd within Thermopylae, a pass
Accessible and practis'd, could repel
With such destruction their unnumber'd foes;
What scenes of havoc may untrodden paths,
Confin'd among the craggy hills, afford?

Lost in despair, the monarch silent sat.
Not less unmann'd than Xerxes, from his place
Uprose Argestes; but concealing fear,
These artful words deliver'd. If the king
Propitious wills to spare his faithful bands,
Nor spread at large the terrors of his pow'r;
More gentle means of conquest than by arms,
Nor less secure may artifice supply.
Renown'd Darius, thy immortal fire
Bright in the spoil of kingdoms, long in vain
The fields of proud Euphrates with his host
O'erspread. At length, confiding in the wiles

Of Zopyrus, the mighty prince subdu'd
The Babylonian ramparts. Who shall count
The thrones and states, by stratagem o'erturn'd?
But if corruption join her pow'rful aid,
Not one can stand. What race of men possess
That probity, that wisdom, which the veil
Of craft shall never blind, nor proffer'd wealth,
Nor splendid pow'r seduce? O Xerxes! born
To more than mortal greatness, canst thou find
Through thy unbounded sway no dazzling gift,
Which may allure Leonidas? Dispel

The cloud of sadness from those sacred eyes.
Great monarch, proffer to Laconia's chief,
What may thy own magnificence declare,
And win his friendship. O'er his native Greece
Invest him sov'reign. Thus procure his sword
For thy succeeding conquests. Xerxes here,
As from a trance awak'ning, swift replies.

Wife are thy dictates. Fly to Sparta's chief.
Argestes, fall before him. Bid him join
My arms, and reign o'er ev'ry Grecian state.

He scarce had finish'd, when in haste approach'd
Artuchus. Startled at the ghastly stage
Of death, that guardian of the Persian fair
Thus in a groan. Thou deity malign,
O Arimanius, what a bitter draught
For my sad lips thy cruelty hath mix'd!
Is this the flow'r of women, to my charge
So lately giv'n? Oh princess! I have rang'd
The whole Sperchean valley, woods, and caves,
In quest of thee, found here a lifeless corse.
Astonishment and horror lock my tongue.

Pride now reviving in the monarch's breast,
Dispell'd his black despondency a while,
With gall more black effacing from his heart
Each merciful impression. Stern he spake.

Remove her, satrap, to the female train.
Let them the due solemnities perform.
But never she, by Mithra's light I swear,
Shall sleep in Susa with her kindred dust;
Who by ignoble passions hath debas'd
The blood of Xerxes. Greece beheld her shame;
Let Greece behold her tomb. The low-born slave,
Who dar'd to Xerxes' sister lift his hopes,
On some bare crag expose. The Spartan here.

My royal patron, let me speak—and die,
If such thy will. This cold, disfigur'd clay
Was late thy soldier, gallantly who fought,
Who nobly perish'd, long the dearest friend
Of Hyperanthes, hazarding his life
Now in thy cause. O'er Persians thou dost reign;
None more than Persians, venerate the brave.

Well hath he spoke, Artuchus firm subjoins.
But if the king his rigour will inflict
On this dead warrior—Heav'n o'erlook the deed,
Nor on our heads accumulate fresh woes!
The shatter'd fleet, th' intimidated camp,
The band select, through Oeta's dang'rous wilds
At this dread crisis struggling, must obtain
Support from Heav'n, or Asia's glory falls.

Fell pride, recoiling at these awful words
In Xerxes' frozen bosom, yields to fear,
Resuming there the sway. He grants the corse
To Demaratus. Forth Artuchus moves
Behind the bier, uplifted by his train.

Argestes, parted from his master's side,
Ascends a car; and speeding o'er the beach,
Sees Artemisia. She the ashes pale.

Of slaughter'd Carians on the pyre consum'd,
Was then collecting for the fun'ral vase
In exclamation thus. My subjects lost
On earth, descend to happier climes below—
The fawning, dastard counsellors, who left
Your worth deserted in the hour of need,
May kites disfigure, may the wolf devour—
Shade of my husband, thou salute in smiles
These gallant warriors, faithful once to thee,
Nor less to me. They tidings will report
Of Artemisia, to revive thy love—
May wretches like Argestes never clasp
Their wives, their offspring! Never greet their
homes!

May their unbury'd limbs dismiss their ghosts
To wail for ever on the banks of Styx!

Then, turning tow'rd her son. Come, virtuous
boy,

Let us transport these relics of our friends
To yon tall bark, in pendent sable clad.
They, if her keel be destin'd to return,
Shall in paternal monuments repose.
Let us embark. Till Xerxes shuts his ear
To false Argestes; in her vessel hid,
Shall Artemisia's gratitude lament
Her bounteous sov'reign's fate. Leander, mark.
The Doric virtues are not eastern plants.
Them foster still within thy gen'rous breast,
But keep in covert from the blaze of courts;
Where flatt'ry's guile in oily words profuse,
In action tardy, o'er th' ingenuous tongue,
The arm of valour, and the faithful heart
Will ever triumph. Yet my soul enjoys
Her own presage, that destiny reserves
An hour for my revenge. Concluding here,
She gains the fleet. Argestes sweeps along
On rapid wheels from Artemisia's view,
Like night, protectress foul of heinous deeds,
With treason, rape, and murder at her heel,
Before the eye of morn retreating swift
To hide her loathsome visage. Soon he reach'd
Thermopylae; descending from his car,
Was led by Dithyrambus to the tent
Of Sparta's ruler. Since the fatal news
By Mycon late deliver'd, he apart
With Polydorus had consulted long
On high attempts; and now sequester'd, sat
To ruminate on vengeance. At his feet
Prone fell the satrap, and began. The will
Of Xerxes bends me prostrate to the earth
Before thy presence. Great and matchless chief,
Thus says the lord of Asia. Join my arms;
Thy recompense is Greece. Her fruitful plains,
Her gen'rous steeds, her flocks, her num'rous
towns,

Her sons, I render to thy sov'reign hand.
And, O illustrious warrior, heed my words!
Think on the bliss of royalty, the pomp
Of courts, their endless pleasures, trains of slaves,
Who restless watch for thee, and thy delights:
Think on the glories of unrivall'd sway.
Look on th' Ionic, on th' Æolian Greeks.
From them their phantom liberty is flown;
While in each province, rais'd by Xerxes' pow'r,
Some favour'd chief presides; exalted state,
Ne'er giv'n by envious freedom. On his head
He bears the gorgeous diadem; he sees
His equals once in adoration stoop

Beneath his footstool. What superior beams
Will from thy temples blaze, when gen'ral Greece,
In noblest states abounding, calls thee lord,
'Thee only worthy. How will each rejoice
Around thy throne, and hail th' auspicious day,
When thou, distinguish'd by the Persian king,
Didst in thy sway consenting nations bless,
Didst calm the fury of unsparing war,
Which else had delug'd all with blood and flames.

Leonidas replies not, but commands
The Thespian youth, still watchful near the tent,
To summon all the Grecians. He obeys.
'The king up rises from his seat, and bids
The Persian follow. He, amaz'd, attends,
Surrounded soon by each assembling band;
When thus at length the godlike Spartan spake:
Here, Persian, tell thy embassy. Repeat,
That to obtain my friendship Asia's prince
To me hath proffer'd sov'reignty o'er Greece.
Then view these bands, whose valour shall preserve
That Greece unconquer'd, which your king be-
flows;

Shall strew your bodies on her crimson'd plains:
'The indignation, painted on their looks,
Their gen'rous scorn may answer for their chief.
Yet from Leonidas, thou wretch, inur'd
To vassalage and baseness, hear. The pomp,
'The arts of pleasure in despotic courts
I spurn abhorrent. In a spotless heart
I look for pleasure. I from righteous deeds
Derive my splendour. No adoring crowd,
No purpled slaves, no mercenary spears
My state embarrass. I in Sparta rule
By laws, my rulers, with a guard unknown
'To Xerxes, public confidence and love.
No pale suspicion of th' empoison'd bowl,
'Th' assassin's poniard, or provok'd revolt
Chase from my decent couch the peace, deny'd
'To his resplendent canopy. Thy king,
Who hath profan'd by proffer'd bribes my ear,
Dares not to meet my arm. Thee, trembling slave,
Whose embassy was treason, I despise,
And therefore spare. Diomedon subjoins:

Our marble temples these Barbarians waste,
A crime less impious, than a bare attempt
Of sacrilege on virtue. Grant my suit,
Thou living temple, where the goddess dwells.
To me consign the caitiff. Soon the winds
Shall parch his limbs on Oeta's tallest pine.

Amidst his fury suddenly return'd
'The speed of Alpheus. All, suspended, fix'd
On him their eyes impatient. He began:

I am return'd a messenger of ill.
Close to the passage, op'ning into Greece,
'That post committed to the Phocian guard,
O'erhangs a bushy cliff. A station there
Behind the shrubs by dead of night I took,
Though not in darkness. Purple was the face
Of heav'n. Beneath my feet the valleys glow'd.
A range immense of wood-invested hills,
The boundaries of Greece, were clad in flames;
An act of froward chance, or crafty foes
To cast dismay. The crackling pines I heard;
Their branches sparkled, and the thickets blaz'd.
In hillocks embers rose. Embod'd fire,
As from unnumber'd furnaces, I saw
Mount high through vacant trunks of headless
oaks,

Broad-bas'd, and dry with age. Barbarian helms,
Shields, javelins, sabres, gleaming from below,
Full soon discover'd to my tortur'd sight
The streights in Persia's pow'r. The Phocian
chief,

Whate'er the cause, relinquishing his post,
Was to a neighb'ring eminence remov'd;
There by the foe neglected, or contemn'd,
Remain'd in arms, and neither fled, nor sought.
I stay'd for day spring. Then the Persians mov'd.
To-morrow's sun will see their numbers here.

He said no more. Unutterable fear
In horrid silence wraps the list'ning crowd,
Aghast, confounded. Silent are the chiefs,
Who feel no terror; yet in wonder fix'd,
Thick-wedg'd, enclose Leonidas around,
Who thus in calmest elocution spake:

I now behold the oracle fulfill'd.
Then art thou near, thou glorious, sacred hour,
Which shalt my country's liberty secure.
Thrice hail! thou solemn period. Thee the tongues
Of virtue, fame and freedom shall proclaim,
Shall celebrate in ages yet unborn.
Thou godlike offspring of a godlike fire,
To him my kindest greetings, Medon, bear.
Farewell, Megistias, holy friend and brave.
Thou too, experienc'd, venerable chief,
Demophilus, farewell. Farewell to thee,
Invincible Diomedon, to thee,
Unequall'd Dithyrambus, and to all,
Ye other dauntless warriors, who may claim
Praise from my lips, and friendship from my heart.
You after all the wonders, which your swords
Have here accomplish'd, will enrich your names
By fresh renown. Your valour must complete
What ours begins. Here first th' astonish'd foe
On dying Spartans shall with terror gaze,
And tremble while he conquers. Then, by fate
Led from his dreadful victory to meet
United Greece in phalanx o'er the plain,
By your avenging spears himself shall fall.

Forth from the assembly strides Plataea's chief.
By the twelve gods, enthron'd in heav'n supreme;
By my fair name, unfully'd yet, I swear,
Thine eye, Leonidas, shall ne'er behold
Diomedon forsake thee. First, let strength
Desert my limbs, and fortitude my heart.
Did I not face the Marathonian war?
Have I not seen Thermopylae? What more
Can fame bestow, which I should wait to share?
Where can I, living, purchase brighter praise,
Than dying here? What more illustrious tomb
Can I obtain, than, bury'd in the heaps
Of Persians, fall'n my victims, on this rock
To lie distinguish'd by a thousand wounds?

He ended; when Demophilus. O king
Of Lacedemon, pride of human race,
Whom none e'er equal'd, but the seed of Jove,
Thy own forefather, number'd with the gods,
Lo! I am old. With fault'ring steps I tread
The prone descent of years. My country claim'd
My youth, my ripeness. Feeble age but yields
An empty name of service. What remains
For me unequal to the winged speed
Of active hours, which court the swift and young?
What eligible wish can wisdom form,
But to die well? Demophilus shall close
With thee, O hero, on this glorious earth

His eve of life. The youth of Thespia next
 Address'd Leonidas. O first of Greeks,
 Me too think worthy to attend thy fame
 With this most dear, this venerable man,
 For ever honour'd from my tend'rest age,
 Ev'n till on life's extremity we part.
 Nor too aspiring let my hopes be deem'd;
 Should the Barbarian in his triumph mark
 My youthful limbs among the gory heaps,
 Perhaps remembrance may unnerve his arm
 In future fields of contest with a race,
 To whom the flow'r, the blooming joys of life
 Are less alluring than a noble death.

To him his second parent. Wilt thou bleed,
 My Dithyrambus? But I here withhold
 All counsel from thee, who art wise as brave.
 I know thy magnanimity. I read
 Thy gen'rous thoughts. Decided is thy choice.
 Come then, attendants on a godlike shade,
 When to th' Elysian ancestry of Greece
 Descends her great protector, we will show
 To Harmatides an illustrious son,
 And no unworthy brother. We will link
 Our shields together. We will press the ground,
 Still undivided in the arms of death.
 So if th' attentive traveller we draw
 To our cold reliques, wond'ring, shall he trace
 The diff'rent scene, then pregnant with applause,
 O wise old man, exclaim, the hour of fate
 Well didst thou choose; and, O unequall'd youth,
 Who for thy country didst thy bloom devote,
 May'st thou remain for ever dear to fame!
 May time rejoice to name thee! O'er thy urn
 May everlasting peace her pinion spread.

This said, the hero with his lifted shield
 His face o'er shades; he drops a secret tear:
 Not this a tear of anguish, but deriv'd
 From fond affection, grown mature with time,
 Awak'd a manly tenderness alone,
 Unmix'd with pity, or with vain regret.

A stream of duty, gratitude, and love,
 Flow'd from the heart of Harmatides' son,
 Addressing straight Leonidas, whose looks
 Declar'd unspeakable applause. O king
 Of Lacedemon, now distribute praise
 From thy accusom'd justice, small to me,
 To him a portion large. His guardian care
 His kind instruction, his example train'd
 My infancy, my youth. From him I learn'd
 To live unspotted. Could I less than learn
 From him to die with honour? Medon hears.
 Shook by a whirlwind of contending thoughts
 Strong heaves his manly bosom, under awe
 Of wise Melissa, torn by friendship, fir'd
 By such example high. In dubious state
 So rolls a vessel, when th' inflated waves
 Her planks assail, and winds her canvass rend;
 The rudder labours, and requires a hand
 Of firm, delib'rate skill. The gen'rous king
 Perceives the hero's struggle, and prepares
 To interpose relief; when instant came
 Dienece before them. Short he spake:

Barbarian myriads through the secret pass
 Have enter'd Greece. Leonidas, by morn
 Expect them here. My slender force I spar'd.
 There to have died was useless. We return
 With thee to perish. Union of our strength
 Will render more illustrious to ourselves,
 And to the foe more terrible our fall.

Megistias last accosts Laconia's king.
 Thou, whom the gods have chosen to exalt
 Above mankind in virtue and renown,
 O call not me presumptuous, who implore
 Among these heroes thy regardful ear.
 To Lacedemon I a stranger came,
 There found protection. There to honours rais'd,
 I have not yet the benefit repaid.
 That now the gen'rous Spartans may behold
 In me their large beneficence not vain,
 Here to their cause I consecrate my breath.

Not so, Megistias, interpos'd the king.
 Thou and thy son retire. Again the fear;
 Forbid it, thou eternally ador'd,
 O Jove, confirm my persevering soul!
 Nor let me these auspicious moments lose,
 When to my bounteous patrons I may show,
 That I deserv'd their favour. Thou, my child,
 Dear Menalippus, heed the king's command,
 And my paternal tenderness revere.
 Thou from these ranks withdraw thee, to my use
 Thy arms surrend'ring. Fortune will supply
 New proofs of valour. Vanquish then, or find
 A glorious grave; but spare thy father's eye
 The bitter anguish to behold thy youth
 Untimely bleed before him. Grief suspends
 His speech, and interchangeably their arms
 Impart the last embraces. Either weeps,
 The hoary parent, and the blooming son.

But from his temples the pontific wreath
 Megistias now unloosens. He resigns
 His hallow'd vestments; while the youth in tears
 The helmet o'er his parent's snowy locks,
 O'er his broad chest adjusts the radiant mail.

Dienece was nigh. Oppress'd by shame,
 His downcast visage Menalippus hid
 From him, who cheerful thus: Thou need'st not
 blush.

Thou hear'st thy father and the king command
 What I suggested, thy departure hence.
 Train'd by my care, a soldier thou return'st.
 Go, practise my instructions. Oft in fields
 Of future conflict may thy prowess call
 Me to remembrance. Spare thy words. Farewell.

While such contempt of life, such fervid zeal
 To die with glory animate the Greeks,
 Far diff'rent thoughts possess Argestes' soul.
 Amaze and mingled terror chill his blood.
 Cold drops, distill'd from ev'ry pore, bedew
 His shiv'ring flesh. His bosom pants. His knees
 Yield to their burden. Ghastly pale his cheeks,
 Pale are his lips and trembling. Such the minds
 Of slaves corrupt; on them the beauteous face
 Of virtue turns to horror. But these words
 From Lacedemon's chief the wretch relieve:

Return to Xerxes. Tell him, on this rock
 The Grecians faithful to their trust await
 His chosen myriads. Tell him, thou hast seen
 How far the lust of empire is below
 A freeborn spirit; that my death, which seals
 My country's safety is indeed a boon,
 His folly gives a precious boon, which Greece
 Will by perdition to his throne repay.

He said. The Persian hastens through the pass.
 Once more the stern Diomedon arose.
 Wrath overcast his forehead while he spake:

Yet more must stay and bleed. Detested Thebes
 Ne'er shall receive her traitors back. This spot
 Shall see their perfidy aton'd by death,

Ev'n from that pow'r, to which their abject hearts
Have sacrific'd their faith. Nor dare to hope,
Ye vile deserters of the public weal,
Ye coward slaves, that mingled in the heaps
Of gen'rous victims to their country's good,
You shall your shame conceal. Whoe'er shall pass
Along this field of glorious slain, and mark
For veneration ev'ry nobler corse;
His heart, though warm in rapturous applause,
A while shall curb the transport to repeat
His execrations o'er such impious heads,
On whom that fate, to others yielding fame,
Is infamy and vengeance. Dreadful thus
On the pale Thebans sentence he pronounc'd,
Like Rhadamanthus from th' infernal seat
Of judgment, which inexorably dooms
The guilty dead to ever-during pain;
While Phlegethon his flaming volumes rolls
Before their sight, and ruthless furies shake
Their hissing serpents. All the Greeks assent
In clamours, echoing through the concave rock.
Forth Anaxander in th' assembly stood,
Which he address'd with indignation feign'd:

If yet your clamours, Grecians, are allay'd,
Lo! I appear before you to demand,
Why these my brave companions, who alone
Among the Thebans through dissuading crowds
Their passage forc'd to join your camp, should bear
The name of traitors? By an exil'd wretch
We are traduc'd, by Demaratus, driv'n
From Spartan confines, who hath meanly sought
Barbarian courts for shelter. Hath he drawn
Such virtues thence, that Sparta, who before
Held him unworthy of his native sway,
Should trust him now, and doubt auxiliar friends?
Injurious men! We scorn the thoughts of flight.
Let Asia bring her numbers; unconstrain'd,
We will confront them, and for Greece expire.

Thus in the garb of virtue he adorn'd
Necessity. Laconia's king perceiv'd
Through all its fair disguise the traitor's heart.
So, when at first, mankind in science rude
Rever'd the moon, as bright in native beams,
Some sage, who walk'd with nature through her
By wisdom led, discern'd the various orb, [works,
Dark in itself, in foreign splendours clad.

Leonidas concludes. Ye Spartans, hear;
Hear you, O Grecians, in our lot by choice
Partakers, destin'd to enrol your names
In time's eternal record, and enhance
Your country's lustre: lo! the noontide blaze
Inflames the broad horizon. Each retire;
Each in his tent invoke the pow'r of sleep
To brace his vigour, to enlarge his strength
For long endurance. When the sun descends,
Let each appear in arms. You, brave allies
Of Corinth, Phlius, and Mycenæ's tow'rs,
Arcadians, Locrians, must not yet depart.
While we repose, embattled wait. Retreat
When we our tents abandon. I resign
To great Oileus' son supreme command.
Take my embraces, Æschylus. The fleet
Expects thee. To Themistocles report,
What thou hast seen and heard. O thrice farewell!
Th' Athenian answer'd: To yourselves, my friends,
Your virtues immortality secure,
Your bright examples victory to Greece.

Retaining these injunctions, all dispers'd;

While in his tent Leonidas remain'd
Apart with Agis, whom he thus bespake:
Yet in our fall the pond'rous hand of Greece
Shall Asia feel. This Persian's welcome tale
Of us, inextricably doom'd her prey,
As by the force of forcery will wrap
Security around her, will suppress
All sense, all thought of danger. Brother, know,
That soon as Cynthia from the vault of heav'n
Withdraws her shining lamp, through Asia's host
Shall massacre and desolation rage.
Yet not to base associates will I trust
My vast design. Their perfidy might warn
The unsuspecting foe, our fairest fruits
Of glory thus be wither'd. Ere we move,
While on the solemn sacrifice intent,
As Lacedemon's ancient laws ordain,
Our pray'rs we offer to the tuneful nine,
Thou whisper through the willing ranks of Thebes
Slow and in silence to disperse and fly.

Now left by Agis, on his couch reclin'd,
The Spartan king thus meditates alone:

My fate is now impending. O my soul,
What more auspicious period could'st thou choose
For death, than now, when beating high in joy,
Thou tell'st me I am happy? If to live,
Or die, as virtue dictates, be to know
The purest bliss; if she her charms displays
Still lovely, still unfading, still serene
To youth, to age, to death: whatever be
Those other climes of happiness unchang'd,
Which Heav'n in dark futurity conceals,
Still here, O virtue, thou art all our good!
Oh, what a black, unspeakable reverse
Must the unrighteous, must the tyrant prove?
What in the struggle of departing day,
When life's last glimpse, extinguishing, presents
Unknown, inextricable gloom? But how
Can I explain the terrors of a breast,
Where guilt resides? Leonidas, forego
The horrible conception, and again
Within thy own felicity retire;
Bow grateful down to him, who form'd thy mind
Of crimes unfruitful, never to admit
The black impression of a guilty thought.
Else could I fearless by deliberate choice
Relinquish life? This calm from minds deprav'd
Is ever absent. Oft in them the force
Of some prevailing passion for a time
Suppresses fear. Precipitate they lose
The sense of danger; when dominion, wealth,
Or purple pomp, enchant the dazzled sight,
Pursuing still the joys of life alone.

But he, who calmly seeks a certain death,
When duty only, and the gen'ral good
Direct his courage, must a soul possess,
Which all content deducing from itself,
Can by unerring virtue's constant light
Discern, when death is worthy of his choice.

The man, thus great and happy in the scope
Of his large mind, is stretch'd beyond his date.
Ev'n on this shore of being, he in thought
Supremely blest'd, anticipates the good
Which late posterity from him derives.

At length the hero's meditations close.
The swelling transport of his heart subsides
In soft oblivion; and the silken plumes
Of sleep envelop his extended limbs.

BOOK XL.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas, rising before sun-set, dismisses the forces under the command of Medon; but observing a reluctance in him to depart, reminds him of his duty, and gives him an affectionate farewell. He then relates to his own select band a dream, which is interpreted by Megistias, arms himself, and marches in procession with his whole troop to an altar, newly raised on a neighbouring meadow; there offers a sacrifice to the muses: he invokes the assistance of those goddesses; he animates his companions; then, placing himself at their head, leads them against the enemy in the dead of the night.

THE day was closing. Agis left his tent.
He sought his godlike brother. Him he found
Stretch'd o'er his tranquil couch. His looks retain'd

The cheerful tincture of his waking thoughts
To gladden sleep. So smile soft evening skies,
Yet streak'd with ruddy light, when summer's
suns

Have veil'd their beaming foreheads. Transport
fill'd

The eye of Agis. Friendship swell'd his heart.
His yielding knee in veneration bent.

The hero's hand he kiss'd, then fervent thus:

O excellence ineffable, receive
This secret homage; and may gentle sleep
Yet longer seal thine eyelids, that, unblam'd,
I may fall down before thee. He concludes
In adoration of his friend divine,
Whose brow the shades of slumber now forsake.
So, when the rising sun resumes his state,
Some white-rob'd magnus on Euphrates side,
Or Indian seer on Ganges prostrate falls
Before th' emerging glory, to salute
That radiant emblem of th' immortal mind.

Uprise both heroes. From their tents in arms
Appear the bands elect. The other Greeks
Are filing homeward. Only Medon stops.
Melissa's dictates he forgets a while.
All inattentive to the warning voice
Of Melibœus, earnest he surveys
Leonidas. Such constancy of zeal
In good Oïleus' offspring brings the fire
To full remembrance in that solemn hour,
And draws these cordial accents from the king:

Approach me, Locrian. In thy look I trace
Consummate faith and love. But, vers'd in arms,
Against thy gen'ral's orders would'st thou stay?
Go, prove to kind Oïleus, that my heart
Of him was mindful, when the gates of death
I barr'd against his son. Yon gallant Greeks,
To thy commanding care from mine transferr'd,
Remove from certain slaughter. Last repair
To Lacedæmon. Thither lead thy fire.
Say to her senate, to her people tell,
Here didst thou leave their countrymen and king
On death resolv'd, obedient to the laws.

The Locrian chief, restraining tears, replies:
My fire, left slumb'ring in the island-fane,
Awoke no more. Then joyful I shall meet

Him soon, the king made answer. Let thy worth
Supply thy father's. Virtue bids me die,
Thee live. Farewell. Now Medon's grief, o'er-
aw'd

By wisdom, leaves his long-suspended mind
To firm decision. He departs, prepar'd
For all the duties of a man, by deeds
To prove himself the friend of Sparta's king,
Melissa's brother, and Oïleus' son.

The gen'rous victims of the public weal,
Assembled now, Leonidas salutes,
His pregnant soul disburd'ning. O thrice hail!
Surround me, Grecians; to my words attend.
This evening's sleep no sooner press'd my brows,
Than o'er my head the empyreal form
Of heav'n-enthron'd Alcides was display'd.
I saw his magnitude divine. His voice
I heard, his solemn mandate to arise.
I rose. He bade me follow. I obey'd.
A mountain's summit, clear'd from mist, or
cloud,

We reach'd in silence. Suddenly the howl
Of wolves and dogs, the vulture's piercing shriek,
The yell of ev'ry beast and bird of prey
Discordant grated on my ear. I turn'd.
A surface hideous, delug'd o'er with blood,
Beyond my view illimitably stretch'd,
One vast expanse of horror. There supine,
Of huge dimension, cov'ring half the plain,
A giant corse lay mangled, red with wounds,
Delv'd in th' enormous flesh, which, bubbling,
fed

Ten thousand thousand grisly beaks and jaws,
Insatiably devouring. Mute I gaz'd;
When from behind I heard a second sound
Like surges, tumbling o'er a craggy shore.
Again I turn'd. An ocean there appear'd
With riven keels and shrouds, with shiver'd oars,
With arms and weltring carcasses bestrewn
Innumerable. The billows foam'd in blood.
But where the waters, unobserv'd before,
Between two adverse shores, contracting, roll'd
A stormy current, on the beach forlorn
One of majestic stature I descry'd
In ornaments imperial. Oft he bent
On me his clouded eyeballs. Oft my name
He sounded forth in execrations loud;
Then rent his splendid garments; then his head
In rage divested of its graceful hairs.
Impatient now he ey'd a slender skiff,
Which, mounted high on boistrous waves, ap-
proach'd.

With indignation, with reluctant grief
Once more his sight reverting, he embark'd
Amid the perils of the frowning deep.
O thou, by glorious actions rank'd in heav'n,
I here exclaim'd, instruct me. What produc'd
This desolation? Hercules reply'd:
Let thy astonish'd eye again survey
The scene; thy soul abhorr'd. I look'd. I saw
A land, where plenty with disporting hands
Pour'd all the fruits of Amalthea's horn;
Where bloom'd the olive; where the clust'ring
vine

With her broad foliage mantled ev'ry hill;
Where Ceres with exuberance enrob'd
The pregnant bottoms of the fields in gold

Where spacious towns, whose circuits proud contain'd

The dazzling works of wealth along the banks
Of copious rivers show'd their stately tow'rs,
The strength and splendour of the peopled land.
Then in a moment clouds obscur'd my view;
At once all vanish'd from my waking eyes.

Thrice I salute the omen, loud began
The sage Megistias. In this mystic dream
I see my country's victories. The land,
The deep shall own her triumphs; while the tears
Of Asia and of Libya shall deplore
Their offspring, cast before the vulture's beak,
And ev'ry monstrous native of the main.
Those joyous fields of plenty picture Greece,
Enrich'd by conquest, and barbarian spoils.
He, whom thou saw'st, in regal vesture clad,
Print on the sand his solitary step,
Is Xerxes, foil'd and fugitive. So spake
The rev'rend augur. Ev'ry bosom felt
Enthusiastic rapture, joy beyond
All sense, and all conception, but of those,
Who die to save their country. Here again
Th' exulting band Leonidas address'd.

Since happiness from virtue is deriv'd,
Who for his country dies, that moment proves
Most happy, as most virtuous. Such our lot.
But go, Megistias. Instantly prepare
The sacred fuel, and the victim due;
That to the muses (so by Sparta's law
We are enjoin'd) our off'rings may be paid,
Before we march. Remember, from the rites
Let ev'ry sound be absent; not the pipe,
Not ev'n the music-breathing flute be heard.
Meantime, ye leaders, ev'ry band instruct
To move in silence. Mindful of their charge
The chiefs depart. Leonidas provides
His various armour. Agis close attends,
His best assistant. First a breastplate arms
The spacious chest. O'er this the hero spreads
The mailed cuirass, from his shoulders hung.
A shining belt infolds his mighty loins.
Next on his stately temples he erects
The plumed helm; then grasps his pond'rous
shield:

Where nigh the centre on projecting brass
Th' inimitable artist had emboss'd
The shape of great Alcides; whom to gain
Two goddesses contended. Pleasure here
Won by soft wiles th' attracted eye; and there
The form of virtue dignify'd the scene.
In her majestic sweetness was display'd
The mind sublime and happy. From her lips
Seem'd eloquence to flow. In look serene,
But fix'd intensely on the son of Jove,
She wav'd her hand, where, winding to the skies,
Her paths ascended. On the summit stood,
Supported by a trophy near to heav'n,
Fame, and protended her eternal trump.
The youth attentive to her wisdom own'd
The prevalence of virtue; while his eye,
Fill'd by that spirit, which redeem'd the world
From tyranny and monsters, darted flames;
Not undecry'd by pleasure, where she lay
Beneath a gorgeous canopy. Around
Were flowrets strewn, and wantonly in rills
A fount meander'd. All relax'd her limbs;

Nor wanting yet solicitude to gain,
What lost she fear'd, as struggling with despair,
She seem'd collecting ev'ry pow'r to charm:
Excess of sweet allurements she diffus'd
In vain. Still virtue sway'd Alcides' mind.
Hence all his labours. Wrought with vary'd art,
The shield's external surface they enrich'd.

This portraiture of glory on his arm
Leonidas displays, and, tow'ring, strides
From his pavilion. Ready are the bands.
The chiefs assume their station. Torches blaze
Through ev'ry file. All now in silent pace
To join in solemn sacrifice proceed.
First Polydorus bears the hallow'd knife,
The sacred salt and barley. At his side
Diomedon sustains a weighty mace.
The priest, Megistias, follows like the rest
In polish'd armour. White as winter's fleece,
A fillet round his shining helm reveals
The sacerdotal honours. By the horns,
Where laurels twine, with Alpheus Maron leads
The consecrated ox. And lo! behind,
Leonidas advances. Never he

In such transcendent majesty was seen,
And his own virtue never so enjoy'd.
Successive move Dienece the brave,
In hoary state Demophilus, the bloom
Of Dithyrambus, glowing in the hope
Of future praise, the gen'rous Agis next
Serene and graceful, last the Theban chiefs,
Repining, ignominious: then slow march
The troops all mute, nor shake their brazen arms.

Not from Therapylæ remote the hills
Of Oeta, yielding to a fruitful dale,
Within their side, half-circling, had enclos'd
A fair expanse in verdure smooth. The bounds
Were edg'd by wood, o'erlook'd by snowy cliffs,
Which from the clouds bent frowning. Down a
rock

Above the loftiest summit of the grove
A tumbling torrent wore the shagged stone;
Then, gleaming through the intervals of shade,
Attain'd the valley, where the level stream
Diffus'd refreshment. On its banks the Greeks
Had rais'd a rustic altar, fram'd of turf.
Broad was the surface, high in piles of wood,
All interspers'd with laurel. Purer deem'd,
Than river, lake, or fountain, in a vase
Old Ocean's briny element was plac'd
Before the altar; and of wine unmix'd
Capacious goblets stood. Megistias now
His helm unloosen'd. With his snowy head,
Uncover'd, round the solemn pile he trod.
He shook a branch of laurel, scatt'ring wide
The sacred moisture of the main. His hand
Next on the altar, on the victim strew'd
The mingled salt and barley. O'er the horns
Th' inverted chalice, foaming from the grape,
Discharg'd a rich libation. Then approach'd
Diomedon. Megistias gave the sign.
Down sunk the victim by a deathful stroke,
Nor groan'd. The augur bury'd in the throat
His hallow'd steel. A purple current flow'd.
Now smok'd the structure, now it flam'd abroad
In sudden splendour. Deep in circling ranks
The Grecians press'd. Each held a sparkling
brand;

The beaming lances intermix'd; the helms,
The burnish'd armour multiply'd the blaze.
Leonidas drew nigh. Before the pile
His feet he planted. From his brows remov'd,
The casque to Agis he consign'd, his shield,
His spear to Dithyrambus; then, his arms
Extending, forth in supplications broke.

Harmonious daughters of Olympian Jove,
Who, on the top of Helicon ador'd,
And high Parnassus, with delighted ears
Bend to the warble of Castalia's stream,
Or Aganippe's murmur, if from thence
We must invoke your presence; or along
The neighb'ring mountains with propitious steps
If now you grace your consecrated bow'rs,
Look down, ye muses; nor disdain to stand
Each an immortal witness of our fate.
But with you bring fair Liberty, whom Jove,
And you must honour. Let her sacred eyes
Approve her dying Grecians; let her voice
In exultation tell the earth and heav'ns,
These are her sons. Then strike your tuneful
shells.

Record us guardians of our parent's age,
Our matron's virtue, and our children's bloom,
The glorious bulwarks of our country's laws,
Who shall ennoble the historian's page,
Shall on the joyous festival inspire
With loftier strains the virgin's choral song.
Then, O celestial maids, on yonder camp
Let night sit heavy. Let a sleep like death
Weigh down the eye of Asia. O infuse
A cool, untroubled spirit in our breasts,
Which may in silence guide our daring feet,
Controul our fury, nor by tumult wild
The friendly dark affright; till dying groans
Of slaughter'd tyrants into horror wake
The midnight calm. Then turn destruction loose.
Let terror, let confusion rage around,
In one vast ruin heap the barb'rous ranks,
Their horse, their chariots. Let the spurning steed
Imbrue his hoofs in blood, the shatter'd cars
Crush with their brazen weight the prostrate necks
Of chiefs and kings, encircled, as they fall,
By nations slain. You, countrymen and friends,
My last commands retain. Your gen'ral's voice
Once more salutes you, not to rouse the brave,
Or minds, resolv'd and dauntless, to confirm.
Too well by this expiring blaze I see
Impatient valour flash from ev'ry eye.
O temper well that ardour, and your lips
Close on the rising transport. Mark, how sleep
Hath folded millions in his black embrace.
No sound is wafted from th' unnumber'd foe.
The winds themselves are silent. All conspires
To this great sacrifice, where thousands soon
Shall only wake to die. Their crowded train
This night perhaps to Pluto's dreary shades
Ev'n Xerxes' ghost may lead, unless reserv'd
From this destruction to lament a doom
Of more disgrace, when Greece confounds that
pow'r,

Which we shall shake. But look, the setting moon
Shuts on our darksome paths her waning horns.
Let each his head distinguish by a wreath
Of well-earn'd laurel. Then the victim share,
Then crown the goblet. Take your last repast;

With your forefathers, and the heroes old
You next will banquet in the blest abodes.

Here ends their leader. Through th' encircling
crowd

The agitation of their spears denotes
High ardour. So the spiry growth of pines
Is rock'd, when Æolus in eddies winds
Among their stately trunks on Pelion's brow.
The Acarnanian seer distributes swift
The sacred laurel. Snatch'd in eager zeal,
Around each helm the woven leaves unite
Their glossy verdure to the floating plumes.
Then is the victim portion'd. In the bowl
Then flows the vine's empurpled stream. Aloof
The Theban train in wan dejection mute
Brood o'er their shame, or cast affrighted looks
On that determin'd courage, which, unmov'd
At fate's approach, with cheerful lips could taste
The sparkling goblet, could in joy partake
That last, that glorious banquet. Ev'n the heart
Of Anaxander had forgot its wiles,
Dissembling fear no longer. Agis here,
Regardful ever of the king's command,
Accosts the Theban chiefs in whispers thus:

Leonidas permits you to retire.

While on the rites of sacrifice employ'd,
None heed your motions. Separate and fly
In silent pace. This heard, th' inglorious troop,
Their files dissolving, from the rest withdraw.
Unseen they moulder from the host like snow,
Freed from the rigour of constraining frost;
Soon as the sun exerts his orient beam,
The transitory landscape melts in rills
Away, and structures, which delude the eye,
Insensibly are lost. The solemn feast
Was now concluded. Now Laconia's king
Had reassum'd his arms. Before his step
The crowd roll backward. In their gladden'd
fight

His crest, illumin'd by uplifted brands,
Its purple splendour shakes. The tow'ring oak
Thus from a lofty promontory waves
His majesty of verdure. As with joy
The sailors mark his heav'n-ascending pride,
Which from afar directs their foamy course
Along the pathless ocean; so the Greeks
In transport gaze, as down their op'ning ranks
The king proceeds: from whose superior frame
A soul like thine, O Phidias, might conceive
In Parian marble, or effulgent brass
The form of great Apollo; when the god,
Won by the pray'rs of man's afflicted race,
In arms forsook his lucid throne to pierce
The monster Python in the Delphian vale.
Close by the hero Polydorus waits
To guide destruction through the Asian tents.
As the young eagle near his parent's side
In wanton flight essays his vig'rous wing,
Ere long with her to penetrate the clouds,
To dart impetuous on the fleecy train,
And dye his beak in gore; by Sparta's king
The injur'd Polydorus thus prepares
His arm for death. He feasts his angry soul
On promis'd vengeance. His impatient thoughts
Ev'n now transport him furious to the seat
Of his long sorrows, not with fetter'd hands,
But now once more a Spartan with his spear,

His shield restor'd, to lead his country's bands,
 And with them devastation. Nor the rest
 Neglect to form. Thick-rang'd, the helmets blend
 Their various plumes, as intermingling oaks
 Combine their foliage in Dodona's grove;
 Or as the cedars on the Syrian hills
 Their shady texture spread. Once more the king,
 O'er all the phalanx his confid'rate view
 Extending, through the ruddy gleam descries
 One face of gladness; but the godlike van
 He most contemplates: Agis, Alpheus there,
 Megistias, Maron with Plataea's chief,
 Dieneses, Demophilus are seen
 With Thespia's youth: nor they their steady fight
 From his remove, in speechless transport bound
 By love, by veneration; till they hear
 His last injunction. To their diff'rent posts
 They sep'rate. Instant on the dewy turf
 Are cast th' extinguish'd brands. On all around
 Drops sudden darkness, on the wood, the hill,
 The snowy ridge, the vale, the silver stream.
 It verg'd on midnight. Tow'rd the hostile camp
 In march compos'd and silent down the pass
 The phalanx mov'd. Each patient bosom hush'd
 Its struggling spirit, nor in whispers breath'd
 The rapt'rous ardour, virtue then inspir'd.
 So lowring clouds along th' ethereal void
 In slow expansion from the gloomy north
 A while suspend their horrors, destin'd soon
 To blaze in lightnings, and to burst in storms.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas and the Grecians penetrate through the Persian camp to the very pavilion of Xerxes, who avoids destruction by flight. The barbarians are slaughtered in great multitudes, and their camp is set on fire. Leonidas conducts his men in good order back to Thermopylae, engages the Persians, who were descended from the hills, and after numberless proofs of superior strength and valour, sinks down covered with wounds, and expires the last of all the Grecian commanders.

ACROSS th' unguarded bound of Asia's camp
 Slow pass the Grecians. Through unnum'roustents,
 Where all is mute and tranquil, they pursue
 Their march sedate. Beneath the leaden hand
 Of sleep lie millions motionless and deaf,
 Nor dream of fate's approach. Their wary foes,
 By Polydorus guided, still proceed.
 Ev'n to the centre of th' extensive host
 They pierce unseen; when lo! th' imperial tent
 Yet distant rose before them. Spreading round
 Th' august pavilion, was an ample space
 For thousands in arrangement. Here a band
 Of chosen Persians, watchful o'er the king,
 Held their nocturnal station. As the hearts
 Of anxious nations, whom th' unsparing sword,
 Or famine threaten, tremble at the sight
 Of fear engender'd phantoms in the sky,
 Aerial hosts amid the clouds array'd,
 Portending woe and death; the Persian guard
 In equal consternation now descri'd
 The glimpse of hostile armour. All disband,
 As if auxiliar to his favour'd Greeks

Pan held their banner, scatt'ring from its folds
 Fear and confusion, which to Xerxes couch
 Swift-winged, fly; thence shake the gen'ral camp,
 Whose numbers issue naked, pale, unarm'd,
 Wild in amazement, blinded by dismay,
 To ev'ry foe obnoxious. In the breasts
 Of thousands, gor'd at once, the Grecian steel
 Reeks in destruction. Deluges of blood
 Float o'er the field, and foam around the heaps
 Of wretches, slain unconscious of the hand,
 Which wastes their helpless multitude. Amaze,
 Affright, distraction from his pillow chase
 The lord of Asia, who in thought beholds
 United Greece in arms. Thy lust of pow'r!
 Thy hope of glory! whither are they flown
 With all thy pomp? In this disastrous hour
 What could avail the immeasurable range
 Of thy proud camp, save only to conceal
 Thy trembling steps, O Xerxes, while thou fly'st?
 To thy deserted couch with other looks
 With other steps Leonidas is nigh.
 Before him terror strides. Gigantic death,
 And desolation at his side attend.

The vast pavilion's empty space, where lamps
 Of gold shed light and odours, now admits
 The hero. Ardent throngs behind him press,
 But miss their victim. To the ground are hurl'd
 The glitt'ring ensigns of imperial state.
 The diadem, the sceptre, late ador'd [feet
 Through boundless kingdoms, underneath their
 In mingled rage and scorn the warriors crush
 A sacrifice to freedom. They return
 Again to form. Leonidas exalts,
 For new destruction his resistless spear;
 When double darkness suddenly descends.
 The clouds, condensing, intercept the stars.
 Black o'er the furrow'd main the raging east
 In whirlwinds sweeps the surge. The coasts re-
 found.

The cavern'd rocks, the crashing forests roar.
 Swift through the camp the hurricane impells
 Its rude career; when Asia's numbers, veil'd
 Amid the shelt'ring horrors of the storm,
 Evade the victor's lance. The Grecians halt;
 While to their gen'ral's pregnant mind occurs
 A new attempt and vast. Perpetual fire
 Beside the tent of Xerxes from the hour,
 He lodg'd his standards on the Malian plains,
 Had shone. Among his Magi to adore
 Great Hormazes was the monarch wont
 Before the sacred light. Huge piles of wood
 Lay nigh, prepar'd to feed the constant flame.
 On living embers these are cast. So wills
 Leonidas. The phalanx then divides.
 Four troops are form'd, by Dithyrambus led,
 By Alpheus, by Diomedon. The last
 Himself conducts. The word is giv'n. They
 seize

The burning fuel. Sparkling in the wind,
 Destructive fire is brandish'd. All, enjoin'd
 To reassemble at the regal tent,
 By various paths the hostile camp invade.

Now devastation, unconfin'd, involves
 The Malian fields. Among Barbarian tents
 From diff'rent stations fly consuming flames.
 The Greeks afford no respite; and the storm
 Exasperates the blaze. To ev'ry part
 The conflagration like a sea expands,

One waving surface of unbounded fire.
In ruddy volumes mount the curling flames
To heav'n's dark vault, and paint the midnight
clouds.

So, when the north emits his purpled lights,
The undulated radiance, streaming wide,
As with a burning canopy invests
Th' ethereal concave. Oeta now disclos'd
His forehead, glitt'ring in eternal frost;
While down his rocks the foamy torrents shone.
Far o'er the main the pointed rays were thrown;
Night snatch'd her mantle from the ocean's breast;
The billows glimmer'd from the distant shores.

But lo! a pillar huge of smoke ascends,
Which overshades the field. There horror, there
Leonidas presides. Command he gave
To Polydorus, who, exulting, show'd
Where Asia's horse, and warlike cars possess'd
A crowded station. At the hero's nod
Devouring Vulcan riots on the stores
Of Ceres, empty'd of the ripen'd grain,
On all the tribute from her meadows brown,
By rich Thessalia render'd to the scythe.
A flood of fire envelopes all the ground.
The cordage bursts around the blazing tents.
Down sink the roofs on suffocated throngs,
Close-wedg'd by fear. The Lybian chariot burns.
Th' Arabian camel, and the Persian steed
Bound through a burning deluge. Wild with pain
They shake their singed manes. Their madding
hoofs

Dash through the blood of thousands, mix'd with
flames,

Which rage, augmented by the whirlwind's blast.

Meantime the scepter'd lord of half the globe
From tent to tent precipitates his flight.
Dispers'd are all his satraps. Pride herself
Shuns his dejected brow. Despair alone
Waits on th' imperial fugitive, and shows,
As round the camp his eye, distracted, roves,
No limits to destruction. Now is seen
Aurora, mounting from her eastern hill
In rosy sandals, and with dewy locks.
The winds subside before her; darkness flies;
A stream of light proclaims the cheerful day,
Which sees at Xerxes' tent the conqu'ring bands,
All reunited. What could fortune more
To aid the valiant, what to gorge revenge?
Lo! desolation o'er the adverse host
Hath empty'd all her terrors. Ev'n the hand
Of languid slaughter dropt the crimson steel;
Nor nature longer can sustain the toil
Of unremitted conquest. Yet what pow'r
Among these sons of liberty reviv'd
Their drooping warmth, new-strung their nerves,
recall'd

Their weary'd swords to deeds of brighter fame?
What, but th' inspiring hope of glorious death
To crown their labours, and th' auspicious look
Of their heroic chief, which, still unchang'd,
Still in superior majesty declar'd,
No toil had yet relax'd his matchless strength,
Nor worn the vigour of his godlike soul.

Back to the pass in gentle march he leads
Th' embattled warriors. They behind the shrubs,
Where Medon sent such numbers to the shades,
In ambush lie. The tempest is o'erblown.
Soft breezes only from the Malian wave

O'er each grim face, besmear'd with smoke and
gore,

Their cool refreshment breathe. The healing gale,
A crystal rill near Oeta's verdant feet
Dispel the languor from their harass'd nerves,
Fresh brac'd by strength returning. O'er their
heads

Lo! in full blaze of majesty appears
Melissa, bearing in her hand divine
Th' eternal guardian of illustrious deeds,
The sweet Phœbean lyre. Her graceful train
Of white-rob'd virgins, seated on a range
Half down the cliff, o'ershadowing the Greeks,
All with concordant strings, and accents clear
A torrent pour of melody, and swell
A high, triumphal, solemn dirge of praise,
Anticipating fame. Of endless joys
In blest Elysium was the song. Go, meet
Lycurgus, Solon and Zaleucus sage,
Let them salute the children of their laws.
Meet Homer, Orpheus and th' Ascræan bard,
Who with a spirit, by ambrosial food
Refin'd, and more exalted, shall contend
Your splendid fate to warble through the bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle ever young
Like your renown. Your ashes we will cull.
In yonder fane deposited, your urns
Dear to the muses shall our lays inspire.
Whatever off'rings, genius, science, art
Can dedicate to virtue, shall be yours,
The gifts of all the muses, to transmit
You on th' enliven'd canvass, marble, brass,
In wisdom's volume, in the poet's song,
In ev'ry tongue, through ev'ry age and clime,
You of this earth the brightest flow'rs, not cropt,
Transplanted only to immortal bloom
Of praise with men, of happiness with gods.

The Grecian valour on religion's flame
To ecstasy is wafted. Death is nigh.
As by the graces fashion'd, he appears
A beauteous form. His adamant gate
Is half unfolded. All in transport catch
A glimpse of immortality. Elate
In rapturous delusion they believe,
That to behold and solemnize their fate
The goddesses are present on the hills
With celebrating lyres. In thought serene
Leonidas the kind deception blest'd,
Nor undeceiv'd his soldiers. After all
Th' incessant labours of the horrid night,
Through blood, through flames continu'd, he pre-
pares

In order'd battle to confront the pow'rs
Of Hyperanthes from the upper streights.

Not long the Greeks in expectation wait
Impatient. Sudden with tumultuous shouts
Like Nile's rude current, where in deaf'ning roar
Prone from the steep of Elephantis falls
A sea of waters, Hyperanthes pours
His chosen numbers on the Grecian camp
Down from the hills precipitant. No foes
He finds. The Thebans join him. In his van
They march conductors. On, the Persians roll
In martial thunder through the sounding pass.
They issue forth impetuous from its mouth.
That moment Sparta's leader gave the sign;
When, as th' impulsive ram in forceful sway
O'erturns a nodding rampart from its base,

And strews a town with ruin, so the band
Of ferry'd heroes down the Malian steep,
Tremendous depth, the mix'd battalions swept
Of Thebes and Persia. There no waters flow'd.
Abrupt and naked all was rock beneath.
Leonidas, incens'd, with grappling strength
Dash'd Anaxander on a pointed crag;
Compos'd, then gave new orders. At the word
His phalanx, wheeling, penetrates the pass.
Astonish'd Persia stops in full career.
Ev'n Hyperanthes shrinks in wonder back.
Confusion drives fresh numbers from the shore.
The Malian ooze o'erwhelms them. Sparta's
king

Still presses forward, till an open breadth
Of fifty paces yields his front extent
To proffer battle. Hyperanthes soon
Recalls his warriors, dissipates their fears.
Swift on the great Leonidas a cloud [close.
Of darts is show'r'd. Th' encount'ring armies

Who first, sublimest hero, felt thy arm?
What rivers heard along their echoing banks
Thy name, in curses founded from the lips
Of noble mothers, wailing for their sons?
What towns with empty monuments were fill'd
For those, whom thy unconquerable sword
This day to vultures cast? First Bessus died,
A haughty satrap, whose tyrannic sway
Despoil'd Hyrcania of her golden sheaves,
And laid her forests waste. For him the bees
Among the branches interwove their sweets;
For him the fig was ripen'd, and the vine
In rich profusion o'er the goblet foam'd.
Then Dinis bled. On Hermus' side he reign'd;
He long assiduous, unavailing woo'd
The martial queen of Caria. She disdain'd
A lover's soft complaint. Her rigid ear
Was fram'd to watch the tempest, while it rag'd,
Her eye accusom'd on the rolling deck
To brave the turgid billow. Near the shore
She now is present in her pinnace light.
The spectacle of glory crowds her breast
With diff'rent passions. Valiant, she applauds
The Grecian valour; faithful, she laments
Her sad presage of Persia; prompts her son
To emulation of the Greeks in arms,
And of herself in loyalty. By fate
Is she reserv'd to signalize that day
Of future shame, when Xerxes must behold
The blood of nations overflow his decks,
And to their bottom tinge the briny floods
Of Salamis; whence she with Asia flies,
She only not inglorious. Low reclines
Her lover now, on Hermus to repeat
Her name no more, nor tell the vocal groves
His fruitless sorrows. Next Maduces fell,
A Paphlagonian. Born amid the sound
Of chafing surges, and the roar of winds,
He o'er th' inhospitable Euxine foam
Was wont from high Carambis' rock to ken
Ill-fated keels, which cut the Pontic stream,
Then with his dire associates through the deep
For spoil and slaughter guide his savage prow.
Him dogs will rend ashore. From Medus far,
Their native current, two bold brothers died,
Sisamnes and Tithraustes, potent lords
Of rich domains. On these Mithrines gray,
Cilician prince, Lilaus, who had left

The balmy fragrance of Arabia's fields
With Babylonian Tenagon expir'd.

The growing carnage Hyperanthes views
Indignant, fierce in vengeful ardour strides
Against the victor. Each his lance protends;
But Asia's numbers interpose their shields,
Solicitous to guard a prince rever'd:
Or thither fortune whelm'd the tide of war,
His term protracting for augmented fame.
So two proud vessels, lab'ring on the foam,
Present for battle their destructive beaks;
When ridgy seas, by hurricanes upturn,
In mountainous commotion dash between,
And either deck, in black'ning tempests veil'd,
Waft from its distant foe. More fiercely burn'd
Thy spirit, mighty Spartan. Such dismay
Relax'd thy foes, that each Barbarian heart
Resign'd all hopes of victory. The steeds
Of day were climbing their meridian height.
Continu'd shouts of onset from the pass
Refounded o'er the plain. Artuchus heard.
When first the spreading tumult had alarm'd
His distant quarter, starting from repose,
He down the valley of Spercheos rush'd
To aid his regal master. Asia's camp
He found the seat of terror and despair.
As in some fruitful clime, which late hath known
The rage of winds and floods, although the
storm

Be heard no longer, and the deluge fled,
Still o'er the wasted region nature mourns
In melancholy silence; through the grove
With prostrate glories lie the stately oak,
Th' uprooted elm and beach; the plain is spread
With fragments, swept from villages o'erthrown,
Around the pastures flocks and herds are cast
In dreary piles of death: so Persia's host
In terror mute one boundless scene displays
Of devastation. Half-devour'd by fire,
Her tall pavilions, and her martial cars
Deform the wide encampment. Here in gore
Her princes welter, nameless thousands there,
Not victims all to Greeks. In gasping heaps
Barbarians, mangled by Barbarians, show'd
The wild confusion of that direful night;
When, wanting signals, and a leader's care,
They rush'd on mutual slaughter. Xerxes' tent
On its exalted summit, when the dawn
First streak'd the orient sky, was wont to bear
The golden form of Mithra, clos'd between
Two lucid crystals. This the gen'ral host
Observ'd, their awful signal to arrange
In arms complete, and numberless to watch
Their monarch's rising. This conspicuous blaze
Artuchus places in th' accusom'd seat.
As, after winds have ruffled by a storm
The plumes of darkness, when her welcome face
The morning lifts serene, each wary swain
Collects his flock dispers'd; the neighing steed,
The herds forsake their shelter: all return
To well-known pastures, and frequented streams:
So now this cheering signal on the tent
Revives each leader. From inglorious flight
Their scatter'd bands they call, their wonted
ground

Resume, and hail Artuchus. From their swarms
A force he culls. Thermopylae he seeks.
Fell shouts in horrid dissonance precede,

His phalanx swift Leonidas commands
 To circle backward from the Malian bay.
 Their order changes. Now, half-orb'd, they stand
 By Oeta's fence protected from behind,
 With either flank united to the rock.
 As by th' excelling architect dispos'd
 To shield some haven, a stupendous mole,
 Fram'd of the grove and quarry's mingled strength,
 In ocean's bosom penetrates afar:
 There, pride of art, immoveable it looks
 On Eolus and Neptune; there defies
 Those potent gods combin'd: unyielding thus,
 The Grecians stood a solid mass of war
 Against Artuchus, join'd with numbers new
 To Hyperanthes. In the foremost rank
 Leonidas his dreadful station held.
 Around him soon a spacious void was seen
 By flight, or slaughter in the Persian van.
 In gen'rous shame and wrath Artuchus burns,
 Discharging full at Lacedemon's chief
 An iron-studded mace. It glanc'd aside,
 Turn'd by the massy buckler. Prone to earth
 The satrap fell. Alcander aim'd his point,
 Which had transfix'd him prostrate on the rock,
 But for th' immediate succour, he obtain'd
 From faithful soldiers, lifting on their shields
 A chief belov'd. Not such Alcander's lot.
 An arrow wounds his heart. Supine he lies,
 The only Theban, who to Greece preserv'd
 Unviolated faith. Physician sage,
 On pure Cithæron healing herbs to cull
 Was he accusom'd, to expatiate o'er
 The Heliconian pastures, where no plants
 Of poison spring, of juice salubrious all,
 Which vipers, winding in their verdant track,
 Drink and expel the venom from their tooth,
 Dipt in the sweetness of that soil divine.
 On him the brave Artontes sinks in death,
 Renown'd through wide Bithynia, ne'er again
 The clam'rous rites of Cybelé to share;
 While echo murmurs through the hollow caves
 Of Berecynthian Dindymus. The strength
 Of Alpheus sent him to the shades of night.
 Ere from the dead was disengag'd the spear,
 Huge Abradates, glorying in his might,
 Surpassing all of Cissian race, advanc'd
 To grapple; planting firm his foremost step,
 The victor's throat he grasp'd. At Nemea's games
 The wrestler's chaplet Alpheus had obtain'd.
 He summons all his art. Oblique the stroke
 Of his swift foot supplants the Persian's heel.
 He, falling, clings by Alpheus' neck, and drags
 His foe upon him. In the Spartan's back
 Enrag'd Barbarians fix their thronging spears.
 To Abradates' chest the weapons pass;
 They rivet both in death. This Maron sees,
 This Polydorus, frowning. Victims, strewn
 Before their vengeance, hide their brother's corse.
 At length the gen'rous blood of Maron warms
 The sword of Hyperanthes. On the spear
 Of Polydorus falls the pond'rous ax
 Of Sacian Mardus. From the yielding wood
 The steely point is sever'd. Undismay'd,
 The Spartan stoops to rear the knotted mace,
 Left by Artuchus; but thy fatal blade,
 Abrocomes, that dreadful instant watch'd
 To rend his op'ning side. Unconquer'd still,
 Swift he discharges on the Sacian's front

A pond'rous blow, which burst the scatter'd brain.
 Down his own limbs meantime a torrent flows
 Of vital crimson. Smiling, he reflects
 On sorrow finish'd, on his Spartan name,
 Renew'd in lustre. Sudden to his side
 Springs Dithyrambus. Through th' uplifted arm
 Of Mindus, pointing a malignant dart
 Against the dying Spartan, he impell'd
 His spear. The point with violence unspent,
 Urg'd by such vigour, reach'd the Persian's throat,
 Above his corselet. Polydorus stretch'd
 His languid hand to Thespia's friendly youth,
 Then bow'd his head in everlasting peace.
 While Mindus, wasted by his streaming wound,
 Beside him faints and dies. In flow'ring prime
 He, lord of Colchis, from a bride was torn
 His tyrant's hasty mandate to obey.
 She tow'rd the Euxine sends her plaintive sighs;
 She woos in tender piety the winds:
 Vain is their favour; they can never breathe
 On his returning sail. At once a crowd
 Of eager Persians seize the victor's spear.
 One of his nervous hands retains it fast.
 The other bares his falchion. Wounds and death
 He scatters round. Sofarmes feels his arm
 Lopt from the shoulder. Zatis leaves entwin'd
 His fingers round the long-disputed lance.
 On Mardon's reins descends the pond'rous blade,
 Which half divides his body. Pheron strides
 Across the pointed ash. His weight o'ercomes
 The weary'd Thespian, who resigns his hold;
 But cleaves th' elate barbarian to the brain.
 Abrocomes darts forward, shakes his steel,
 Whose lightning threatens death. The wary
 Greek
 Wards with his sword the well-directed stroke,
 Then, closing, throws the Persian. Now what
 aid
 Of mortal force, or interposing heav'n
 Preserves the eastern hero? Lo! the friend
 Of Teribazus. Eager to avenge
 That lov'd, that lost companion, and defend
 A brother's life, beneath the finewy arm,
 Outstretch'd, the sword of Hyperanthes pass'd
 Through Dithyrambus. All the strings of life
 At once relax; nor fame, nor Greece demand
 More from his valour. Prostrate now he lies
 In glories, ripen'd on his blooming head.
 Him shall the Thespian maidens in their songs
 Record once loveliest of the youthful train,
 The gentle, wise, beneficent and brave,
 Grace of his lineage, and his country's boast,
 Now fall'n. Elysium to his parting soul
 Uncloses. So the cedar, which supreme
 Among the groves of Libanus hath tow'r'd,
 Uprooted, low'rs his graceful top, prefer'd
 For dignity of growth some royal dome,
 Or heav'n-devoted fabric to adorn.
 Diomedes bursts forward. Round his friend
 He heaps destruction. Troops of wailing ghosts
 Attend thy shade, fall'n hero! Long prevail'd
 His furious arm in vengeance uncontroll'd;
 Till four Assyrians on his shelving spear,
 Ere from a Cissian's prostrate body freed,
 Their pond'rous maces all discharge. It broke.
 Still with a shatter'd truncheon he maintains
 Unequal fight. Impetuous through his eye

The well aim'd fragment penetrates the brain
Of one bold warrior; there the splinter'd wood,
Infix'd, remains. The hero last unsheaths
His falchion broad. A second sees aghast
His entrails open'd. Sever'd from a third,
The head, steel cas'd descends. In blood is roll'd
The grizly beard. That effort breaks the blade
Short from its hilt. The Grecian stands disarm'd.
The fourth, Aftaspes, proud Chaldean lord,
Is nigh. He lifts his iron-plated mace.
This, while a cluster of auxiliar friends
Hang on the Grecian shield, to earth depress'd,
Loads with unerring blows the batter'd helm;
Till on the ground Diomedon extends
His mighty limbs. So waken'd by the force
Of some tremendous engine, which the hand
Of Mars impels, a citadel, high-tow'r'd,
Whence darts, and fire, and ruins, long have aw'd
Begirding legions, yields at last, and spreads
Its disuniting ramparts on the ground;
Joy fills th' assailants, and the battle's tide [thus
Whelms o'er the widening breach: the Persian
O'er the late-fear'd Diomedon advanc'd
Against the Grecian remnant: when behold
Leonidas. At once their ardour froze.
He had a while behind his friends retir'd,
Oppress'd by labour. Pointless was his spear,
His buckler cleft. As, overworn by storms,
A vessel steers to some protecting bay;
Then, soon as timely gales inviting, curl
The azure floods, to Neptune shows again
Her masts apparell'd fresh in shrouds and sails,
Which court the vig'rous wind: So Sparta's king,
In strength repair'd, a spear and buckler new
Presents to Asia. From her bleeding ranks
Hydarnes, urg'd by destiny, approach'd.
He, proudly vaunting, left an infant race,
A spouse lamenting on the distant verge
Of Bactrian Ochus. Victory in vain
He, parting promis'd. Wanton hope will sport
Round his cold heart no longer. Grecian spoils,
Imagin'd triumphs, pictur'd on his mind,
Fate will erase for ever. Through the targe,
The thick-mail'd corselet his divided chest
Of bonny strength admits the hostile spear.
Leonidas draws back the steely point,
Bent and enfeebled by the forceful blow.
Meantime within his buckler's rim unseen,
Amphisteus stealing, in th' unguarded flank
His dagger struck. In slow effusion ooz'd
The blood, from Hercules deriv'd; but death
Not yet had reach'd his mark. Th' indignant
king
Gripes irresistibly the Persian's throat.
He drags him prostrate. False, corrupt, and base,
Fallacious, fell, pre-eminent was he
Among tyrannic satraps. Phrygia pin'd
Beneath th' oppression of his ruthless sway.
Her soil had once been fruitful. Once her towns
Were populous and rich. The direful change
To naked fields and crumbling roofs declar'd
Th' accurs'd Amphistheus govern'd. As the spear
Of Tyrian Cadmus rivetted to earth
The pois'nous dragon, whose infectious breath
Had blasted all Bœotia; so the king,
On prone Amphistheus trampling, to the rock
Nails down the tyrant, and the fractur'd staff

Leaves in his panting body. But the blood,
Great hero, dropping from thy wound, revives
The hopes of Persia. Thy unyielding arm
Upholds the conflict still. Against thy shield
The various weapons shiver, and thy feet
With glitt'ring points surround. The Lydian
sword,
The Persian dagger leave their shatter'd hilts;
Bent is the Caspian scimitar: the lance,
The javelin, dart, and arrow all combine
Their fruitless efforts. From Alcides sprung,
Thou stand'st unshaken like a Thracian hill,
Like Rhodope, or Hæmus; where in vain
The thund'rer plants his livid bolt; in vain
Keen-pointed lightnings pierce th' incrust'd snow;
And winter, beating with eternal war,
Shakes from his dreary wings discordant storms,
Chill fleet, and clatt'ring hail. Advancing bold,
His rapid lance Abrocomes in vain
Aims at the forehead of Laconia's chief.
He, not unguarded, rears his active blade
Athwart the dang'rous blow, whose fury wastes
Above his crest in air. Then swiftly wheel'd,
The pond'rous weapon cleaves the Persian's knee
Sheer through the parted bone. He sidelong
falls.
Crush'd on the ground beneath contending feet,
Great Xerxes' brother yields the last remains
Of tortur'd life. Leonidas persists;
Till Agis calls Dieneces, alarms
Demophilus, Megistias: they o'er piles
Of Allarodian and Sasperian dead
Haste to their leader: They before him raise
The brazen bulwark of their massy shields.
The foremost rank of Asia stands and bleeds;
The rest recoil: but Hyperanthes swift
From band to band his various host pervades,
Their drooping hopes rekindles, in the brave
New fortitude excites: the frigid heart
Of fear he warms. Aftaspes first obeys,
Vain of his birth, from ancient Belus drawn,
Proud of his wealthy stores, his stately domes,
More proud in recent victory: his might
Had foil'd Plataea's chief. Before the front
He strides impetuous. His triumphant mace
Against the brave Dieneces he bends.
The weighty blow bears down th' opposing shield,
And breaks the Spartan's shoulder. Idle hangs
The weak defence, and loads th' inactive arm,
Depriv'd of ev'ry function. Agis bares
His vengeful blade, At two well levell'd strokes
Of both his hands, high brandishing the mace,
He mutilates the foe. A Sacian chief
Springs on the victor. Jaxartes' banks
To this brave savage gave his name and birth.
His look erect, his bold deportment spoke
A gallant spirit, but untam'd by laws,
With dreary wilds familiar, and a race
Of rude barbarians, horrid, as their clime.
From its direction glanc'd the Spartan spear,
Which, upward borne, o'erturn'd his iron cone.
Black o'er his forehead fall the naked locks;
They aggravate his fury: while his foe
Repeats the stroke, and penetrates his chest.
Th' intrepid Sacian through his breast and back
Receives the girding steel. Along the staff
He writhes his tortur'd body; in his grasp

A barbed arrow from his quiver shakes ;
Deep in the streaming throat of Agis hides
The deadly point ; then grimly smiles and dies.

From him fate hastens to a nobler prey,
Dieneces. His undefended frame
The shield abandons, sliding from his arm.
His breast is gor'd by javelins. On the foe
He hurls them back, extracted from his wounds.
Life, yielding slow to destiny, at length
Forfeits his riven heart ; nor less in death
Thermopylæ he graces, than before
By martial deeds and conduct. What can stem
The barb'rous torrent ? Agis bleeds. His spear
Lies useless, irrecoverably plung'd
In Jaxares' body. Low reclines
Dieneces. Leonidas himself,
O'erlabour'd, wounded with his dinted sword
The rage of war can exercise no more.
One last, one glorious effort age performs.
Demophilus, Megistias join their might.
They check the tide of conquest ; while the spear
Of slain Dieneces to Sparta's chief
The fainting Agis bears. The pointed ash,
In that dire hand for battle rear'd anew,
Blasts ev'ry Persian's valour. Back in heaps
They roll confounded, by their gen'ral's voice
In vain exhorted longer to endure
The ceaseless waste of that unconquer'd arm.
So, when the giants from Olympus chas'd
Th' inferior gods, themselves in terror shunn'd
Th' incessant streams of lightning, where the hand
Of heav'n's great father with eternal might
Sustain'd the dreadful conflict. O'er the field
A while Bellona gives the battle rest ;
When Thespia's leader and Megistias drop
At either side of Lacedemon's king.
Beneath the weight of years and labour bend
The hoary warriors. Not a groan molests
Their parting spirits ; but in death's calm night
All silent sinks each venerable head :
Like aged oaks, whose deep-descending roots
Had pierc'd resistless through a craggy slope ;
There during three long centuries have brav'd
Malignant Eurus, and the boisterous north ;
Till bare and sapless by corroding time
Without a blast their mossy trunks recline
Before their parent hill. Not one remains,
But Agis, near Leonidas, whose hand
The last kind office to his friend performs,
Extracts the Sacian's arrow. Life, releas'd,
Pours forth in crimson floods. O Agis, pale
Thy placid features, rigid are thy limbs ; [veal
They lose their graces. Dimm'd, thy eyes re-
The native goodness of thy heart no more.
Yet other graces spring. The noble corse
Leonidas surveys. A pause he finds
To mark, how lovely are the patriot's wounds,

And see those honours on the breast he lov'd
But Hyperanthes from the trembling ranks
Of Asia tow'rs, inflexibly resolv'd
The Persian glory to redeem, or fall.
The Spartan, worn by toil, his languid arm
Uplifts once more. He waits the dauntless prince.
The heroes stand adverse. Each a while
Restrains his valour. Each, admiring, view
His godlike foe. At length their brandish'd points
Provoke the contest, fated soon to close
The long-continu'd horrors of the day.
Fix'd in amaze and fear, the Asian throng,
Unmov'd and silent on their bucklers pause.
Thus on the wastes of India, while the earth
Beneath him groans, the elephant is seen,
His huge proboscis writhing, to defy
The strong rhinoceros, whose pond'rous horn
Is newly whetted on a rock. Anon
Each hideous bulk encounters. Earth her groan
Redoubles. Trembling, from their covert gaze
The savage inmates of surrounding woods
In distant terror. By the vary'd art
Of either chief the dubious combat long
Its great event retarded. Now his lance
Far through the hostile shield Laconia's king
Impell'd. Aside the Persian swung his arm.
Beneath it pass'd the weapon, which his targe
Encumber'd. Hopes of conquest and renown
Elate his courage. Sudden he directs
His rapid javelin to the Spartan's throat.
But he his wary buckler upward rais'd,
Which o'er his shoulder turn'd the glancing steel ;
For one last effort then his scatter'd strength
Collecting, levell'd with resistless force
The massive orb, and dash'd its brazen verge
Full on the Persian's forehead. Down he sunk,
Without a groan expiring, as o'erwhelm'd
Beneath a marble fragment, from his seat
Heav'd by a whirlwind, sweeping o'er the ridge
Of some aspiring mansion. Gen'rous prince !
What could his valour more ? His single might
He match'd with great Leonidas, and fell
Before his native bands. The Spartan king
Now stands alone. In heaps his slaughter'd friends,
All stretch'd around him lie. The distant foes
Show'r on his head innumerable darts.
From various sluices gush the vital floods ;
They stain his fainting limbs. Nor yet with pain
His brow is clouded ; but those beauteous wounds,
The sacred pledges of his own renown,
And Sparta's safety, in serene joy
His closing eye contemplates. Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head ;
His virtue more to labour fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable rest
To seal his country's liberty by death.

MISCELLANIES.

POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

To Newton's genius and immortal fame,
 Th' advent'rous muse with trembling pinions soars.
 Thou, heav'nly truth, from thy seraphic throne
 Look favourable down, do thou assist
 My lab'ring thought, do thou inspire my song.
 Newton, who first th' Almighty's works display'd,
 And smooth'd that mirror, in whose polish'd face
 The great Creator now conspicuous shines;
 Who open'd nature's adamantine gates,
 And to our minds her secret powers expos'd;
 Newton demands the muse; his sacred hand
 Shall guide her infant steps; his sacred hand
 Shall raise her to the Heliconian height,
 Where, on its lofty top enthron'd, her head
 Shall mingle with the stars. Hail nature, hail,
 O goddess, handmaid of th' ethereal power,
 Now lift thy head, and to th' admiring world
 Show thy long hidden beauty. Thee the wise
 Of ancient fame, immortal Plato's self,
 The Stagyrice, and Syracusan sage,
 From black obscurity's abyss to raise,
 (Drooping and mourning o'er thy wondrous works)
 With vain inquiry sought. Like meteors these
 In their dark age bright sons of wisdom shone:
 But at thy Newton all their laurels fade,
 They shrink from all the honours of their names.
 So glimm'ring stars contract their feeble rays,
 When the swift lustre of Aurora's face
 Flows o'er the skies, and wraps the heav'ns in
 light.

The Deity's omnipotence, the cause,
 Th' original of things long lay unknown.
 Alone the beauties prominent to fight
 (Of the celestial power the outward form)
 Drew praise and wonder from the gazing world.
 As when the deluge overspread the earth,
 Whilst yet the mountains only rear'd their heads
 Above the surface of the wild expanse,
 Whelm'd deep below the great foundations lay,
 Till some kind angel at heav'n's high command
 Roll'd back the rising tides, and haughty floods,
 And to the ocean thunder'd out his voice:
 Quick all the swelling and imperious waves,
 The foaming billows and obscuring surge,
 Back to their channels and their ancient seats
 Recoil affrighted: from the darksome main
 Earth raises smiling, as new-born, her head,
 And with fresh charms her lovely face arrays.
 So his extensive thought accomplish'd first
 The mighty task to drive th' obstructing mists
 Of ignorance away, beneath whose gloom
 Th' unshrouded majesty of nature lay.
 He drew the veil and swell'd the spreading scene.

How had the moon around th' ethereal void
 Rang'd, and eluded lab'ring mortals care,
 Till his invention trac'd her secret steps,
 While she inconstant with unsteady rein
 Through endless mazes and meanders guides
 In its unequal course her changing car:
 Whether behind the sun's superior light
 She hides the beauties of her radiant face,
 Or, when conspicuous, smiles upon mankind,
 Unveiling all her night-rejoicing charms.
 When thus the silver-tressed moon dispels
 The frowning horrors from the brow of night,
 And with her splendours cheers the sullen gloom,
 While sable-mantled darkness with his veil
 The visage of the fair horizon shades,
 And over nature spreads his raven wings;
 Let me upon some unfrequented green
 While sleep sits heavy on the drowsy world,
 Seek out some solitary peaceful cell,
 Where darksome woods around their gloomy brows
 Bow low, and ev'ry hill's protended shade
 Obscures the dusky vale, there silent dwell,
 Where contemplation holds its still abode,
 There trace the wide and pathless void of heav'n,
 And count the stars that sparkle on its robe.
 Or else in fancy's wild'ring mazes lost
 Upon the verdure see the fairy elves
 Dance o'er their magic circles, or behold,
 In thought enraptur'd with the ancient bards,
 Medea's baleful incantations draw
 Down from her orb the paly queen of night.
 But chiefly Newton let me soar with thee,
 And while surveying all yon starry vault
 With admiration I attentive gaze,
 Thou shalt descend from thy celestial seat,
 And waft aloft my high-aspiring mind,
 Shalt show me there how nature has ordain'd
 Her fundamental laws, shalt lead my thought
 Through all the wand'rings of th' uncertain moon,
 And teach me all her operating powers.
 She and the sun with influence conjoint
 Wield the huge axle of the whirling earth,
 And from their just direction turn the poles,
 Slow urging on the progress of the years.
 The constellations seem to leave their seats,
 And o'er the skies with solemn pace to move.
 You, splendid rulers of the day and night,
 The seas obey, at your resistless sway
 Now they contract their waters, and expose
 The dreary desert of old ocean's reign.
 The craggy rocks their horrid sides disclose;
 Trembling the sailor views the dreadful scene,
 And cautiously the threat'ning ruin shuns.
 But where the shallow waters hide the sands,
 There ravenous destruction lurks conceal'd,

There the ill-guided vessel falls a prey,
 And all her numbers gorge his greedy jaws.
 But quick returning see th' impetuous tides
 Back to th' abandon'd shores impell the main.
 Again the foaming seas extend their waves,
 Again the rolling floods embrace the shores,
 And veil the horrors of the empty deep.
 Thus the obsequious seas your power confess,
 While from the surface healthful vapours rise,
 Plenteous throughout the atmosphere diffus'd,
 Or to supply the mountain's heads with springs,
 Or fill the hanging clouds with needful rains,
 That friendly streams, and kind refreshing show'rs,
 May gently lave the sun-burnt thirsty plains,
 Or to replenish all the empty air
 With wholesome moisture to increase the fruits
 Of earth, and bless the labours of mankind.
 O Newton, whither flies thy mighty soul,
 How shall the feeble muse pursue through all
 The vast extent of thy unbounded thought,
 That even seeks th' unseen recesses dark
 To penetrate of Providence immense.
 And thou the great Dispenser of the world
 Propitious, who with inspiration taught'st
 Our greatest bard to send thy praises forth;
 Thou, who gav'st Newton thought; who smil'd'st
 serene,

When to its bounds he stretch'd his swelling soul;
 Who still benignant ever blest his toil,
 And deign'd to his enlight'ned mind t' appear
 Confess'd around th' interminated world:
 To me, O thy divine infusion grant
 (O thou in all so infinitely good)
 That I may sing thy everlasting works,
 Thy unexhausted store of providence,
 In thought effulgent and resounding verse.
 O could I spread the wond'rous theme around,
 Where the wind cools the oriental world,
 To the calm breezes of the Zephyr's breath,
 To where the frozen hyperborean blasts,
 To where th' boist'rous tempest-leading south
 From their deep hollow caves send forth their
 storms.

Thou still indulgent Parent of mankind,
 Lest humid emanations should no more
 Flow from the ocean, but dissolve away
 Through the long series of revolving time;
 And lest the vital principle decay,
 By which the air supplies the springs of life;
 Thou hast the fiery visag'd comets form'd
 With vivifying spirits all replete,
 Which they abundant breathe about the void,
 Renewing the prolific soul of things.
 No longer now on thee amaz'd we call,
 No longer tremble at imagin'd ills,
 When comets blaze tremendous from on high,
 Or when extending wide their flaming trains
 With hideous grasp the skies engirdle round,
 And spread the terrors of their burning locks.
 For these through orbits in the length'ning space
 Of many tedious rolling years complete
 Around the sun move regularly on;
 And with the planets in harmonious orbs,
 And mystic periods their obeisance pay
 To him majestic Ruler of the skies
 Upon his throne of circled glory fixt.
 He or some god conspicuous to the view,

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Or else the substitute of nature seems,
 Guiding the courses of revolving worlds.
 He taught great Newton the all-potent laws
 Of gravitation, by whose simple power
 The universe exists. Nor here the sage
 Big with invention still renewing staid.
 But, O bright angel of the lamp of day,
 How shall the muse display his greatest toil?
 Let her plunge deep in Aganippe's waves,
 Or in Castalia's ever-flowing stream,
 That reinspired she may sing to thee,
 How Newton dar'd advent'rous to unbraid
 The yellow tresses of thy shining hair.
 Or did'st thou gracious leave thy radiant sphere,
 And to his hand thy lucid splendours give,
 T' unweave the light-diffusing wreath, and part
 The blended glories of thy golden plumes?
 He with laborious, and unerring care,
 How diff'rent and imbodied colours form
 Thy piercing light, with just distinction found.
 He with quick sight pursu'd thy darting rays,
 When penetrating to th' obscure recess
 Of solid matter, there periscuous saw,
 How in the texture of each body lay
 The power that separates the diff'rent beams.
 Hence over nature's unadorned face
 Thy bright diversifying rays dilate
 Their various hues: and hence when vernal rains
 Descending swift have burst the low'ring clouds,
 Thy splendours through the dissipating mists
 In its fair vesture of unnumber'd hues
 Array the show'ry bow. At thy approach
 The morning risen from her pearly couch
 With rosy blushes decks her virgin cheek;
 The evening on the frontispiece of heav'n
 His mantle spreads with many colours gay;
 The mid-day skies in radiant azure clad,
 The shining clouds, and silver vapours rob'd
 In white transparent intermixt with gold,
 With bright variety of splendour clothe
 All the illuminated face above.
 When hoary-headed winter back retires
 To the chill'd pole, there solitary sits
 Encompass'd round with winds and tempests bleak
 In caverns of impenetrable ice,
 And from behind the dissipated gloom
 Like a new Venus from the parting surge
 The gay-apparell'd spring advances on;
 When thou in thy meridian brightness sitt'st,
 And from thy throne pure emanations flow
 Of glory bursting o'er the radiant skies:
 Then let the muse Olympus' top ascend,
 And o'er Thessalia's plain extend her view,
 And count, O Tempe, all thy beauties o'er.
 Mountains, whose summits grasp the pendant clouds,
 Between their wood-invelop'd slopes embrace
 The green-attired vallies. Every flow'r
 Here in the pride of bounteous nature clad
 Smiles on the bosom of th' enamell'd meads.
 Over the smiling lawn the silver floods
 Of fair Peneus gently roll along,
 While the reflected colours from the flow'rs,
 And verdant borders pierce the limpid waves,
 And paint with all their variegated hue
 The yellow sands beneath. Smooth gliding on
 The waters hasten to the neighbouring sea.
 Still the pleas'd eye the floating plain pursues;

M m

At length, in Neptune's wide dominion lost,
 Surveys the shining billows, that arise
 Apparell'd each in Phœbus' bright attire :
 Or from afar some tall majestic ship,
 Or the long hostile lines of threat'ning fleets,
 Which o'er the bright uneven mirror sweep,
 In dazzling gold and waving purple deck'd ;
 Such as of old, when haughty Athens pour
 Their hideous front and terrible array
 Against Pallene's coast extended wide,
 And with tremendous war and battle stern
 The trembling walls of Potidæa shook.
 Crested with pendants curling with the breeze
 The upright masts high bristle in the air,
 Aloft exalting proud their gilded heads.
 The silver waves against the painted prows
 Raise their resplendent bosoms, and impearl
 The fair vermilion with their glitt'ring drops :
 And from on board the iron-clothed host
 Around the main a gleaming horror casts ;
 Each flaming buckler like the mid-day sun,
 Each plumed helmet like the silver moon,
 Each moving gauntlet like the lightning's blaze,
 And like a star each brazen pointed spear.
 But, lo ! the sacred high-erected fanes,
 Fair citadels, and marble-crowned towers,
 And sumptuous palaces of stately towns
 Magnificent arise, upon their heads
 Bearing on high a wreath of silver light.
 But see my muse the high Pierian hill,
 Behold its shaggy locks and airy top,
 Up to the skies th' imperious mountain heaves ;
 The shining verdure of the nodding woods.
 See where the silver Hippocrene flows,
 Behold each glitt'ring rivulet and rill
 Through mazes wander down the green descent,
 And sparkle through the interwoven trees,
 Here rest a while and humble homage pay,
 Here, where the sacred genius, that inspir'd
 Sublime Mæonides and Pindar's breast,
 His habitation once was fam'd to hold.
 Here thou, O Homer, offer'dst up thy vows ;
 Thee, the kind muse Calliopæa heard,
 And led thee to the empyrean seats,
 There manifested to thy hallow'd eyes
 The deeds of gods ; thee wise Minerva taught
 The wondrous art of knowing human kind ;
 Harmonious Phœbus tun'd thy heav'nly mind,
 And swell'd to rapture each exalted sense ;
 Even Mars the dreadful battle-ruling god,
 Mars taught thee war, and with his bloody hand
 Instructed thine, when in thy sounding lines
 We hear the rattling of Bellona's car,
 The yell of discord, and the din of arms.
 Pindar, when mounted on his fiery steed,
 Soars to the sun, opposing eagle-like
 His eyes undazzled to the fiercest rays.
 He firmly seated, not like Glaucus' son,
 Strides his swift-winged and fire-breathing horse,
 And borne aloft strikes with his ringing hoofs
 The brazen vault of heav'n, superior there
 Looks down upon the stars, whose radiant light
 Illuminates innumerable worlds,
 That through eternal orbits roll beneath.
 But thou all hail immortalized son
 Of harmony, all hail thou Thracian bard,
 To whom Apollo gave his tuneful lyre !

O might'st thou, Orpheus, now again revive,
 And Newton should inform thy list'ning ear
 How the soft notes, and soul-inchanting strains
 Of thy own lyre were on the wind convey'd.
 He taught the muse, how sound progressive floats
 Upon the waving particles of air,
 When harmony in ever-pleasing strains,
 Melodious melting at each lulling fall,
 With soft alluring penetration steals
 Through the enraptur'd ear to inmost thought,
 And folds the senses in its silken bands.
 So the sweet music, which from Orpheus' touch
 And fam'd Amphion's, on the sounding string
 Arose harmonious, gliding on the air,
 Pierc'd the tough bark'd and knotty-ribbed woods,
 Into their saps soft inspiration breath'd,
 And taught attention to the stubborn oak.
 Thus when great Henry, and brave Marlborough
 led
 Th' embattled numbers of Britannia's sons,
 The trump, that swells th' expanded cheek of
 fame,
 That adds new vigour to the gen'rous youth,
 And rouses sluggish cowardice itself,
 The trumpet with its Mars-inciting voice
 The winds broad breast impetuous sweeping o'er
 Fill'd the big note of war. Th' inspired host
 With new-born ardour press the trembling Gaul ;
 Nor greater throngs had reach'd eternal night,
 Not if the fields of Agincourt had yawn'd
 Exposing horrible the gulf of fate ;
 Or roaring Danube spread his arms abroad,
 And overwhelm'd their legions with his floods.
 But let the wand'ring muse at length return ;
 Nor yet, angelic genius of the sun,
 In worthy lays her high-attempting song
 Has blazon'd forth thy venerated name.
 Then let her sweep the loud-resounding lyre
 Again, again o'er each melodious string
 Teach harmony to tremble with thy praise.
 And still thine ear, O favourable grant,
 And she shall tell thee, that whatever charms,
 Whatever beauties bloom on nature's face,
 Proceed from thy all-influencing light.
 That when arising with tempestuous rage,
 The north impetuous rides upon the clouds
 Dispersing round the heav'n's obstructive gloom,
 And with his dreaded prohibition stays
 The kind effusion of thy genial beams ;
 Pale are the rubies on Aurora's lips,
 No more the roses blush upon her cheeks,
 Black are Peneus' streams and golden sands
 In Tempe's vale dull melancholy sits,
 And every flower reclines its languid head.
 By what high name shall I invoke thee, say,
 Thou life-infusing deity, on thee
 I call, and look propitious from on high,
 While now to thee I offer up my prayer.
 O had great Newton, as he found the cause,
 By which sound rolls through th' undulating air,
 O had he, baffling time's resistless power,
 Discover'd what that subtle spirit is,
 Or whatsoe'er diffusive else is spread
 Over the wide-extended universe,
 Which causes bodies to reflect the light,
 And from their straight direction to divert
 The rapid beams, that through their surface pierce,

But since embrac'd by th' icy arms of age,
And his quick thought by time's cold hand con-
geal'd,

Ev'n Newton left unknown this hidden power;
Thou from the race of human kind select
Some other worthy of an angel's care,
With inspiration animate his breast,
And him instruct in these thy secret laws.
O let not Newton, to whose spacious view,
Now unobstructed, all th' extensive scenes
Of the ethereal ruler's works arise;
When he beholds this earth he late adorn'd,
Let him not see philosophy in tears,
Like a fond mother solitary fit,
Lamenting him her dear, and only child.
But as the wise Pythagoras, and he,
Whose birth with pride the fam'd Abdera boasts,
With expectation having long survey'd
This spot their ancient seat, with joy beheld
Divine philosophy at length appear
In all her charms majestically fair,
Conducted by immortal Newton's hand:
So may he see another sage arise,
That shall maintain her empire: then no more
Imperious ignorance with haughty sway
Shall stalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd globe:
Then thou, O Newton, shalt protect these lines,
The humble tribute of the grateful muse;
Ne'er shall the sacrilegious hand despoil
Her laurell'd temples, whom his name preserves:
And were she equal to the mighty theme,
Futurity should wonder at her song;
Time should receive her with extended arms,
Seat her conspicuous in his rolling car,
And bear her down to his extremest bound.

Fables with wonder tell how Terra's sons
With iron force unloos'd the stubborn nerves
Of hills, and on the cloud-inshrouded top
Of Pelion Offa pil'd. But if the vast
Gigantic deeds of savage strength demand
Astonishment from men, what then shalt thou,
O what expressive rapture of the soul,
When thou before us, Newton, dost display
The labours of thy great excelling mind;
When thou unveilest all the wondrous scene,
The vast idea of th' eternal King,
Not dreadful bearing in his angry arm
The thunder hanging o'er our trembling heads;
But with th' effulgency of love replete,
And clad with power, which form'd th' extensive
heavens.

O happy he, whose enterprising hand
Unbars the golden and relucid gates
Of th' empyrean dome, where thou enthron'd
Philosophy art seated. Thou sustain'd
By the firm hand of everlasting truth
Despise all the injuries of time:
Thou never know'st decay when all around,
Antiquity obscures her head. Behold
Th' Egyptian towers, the Babylonian walls,
And Thebes with all her hundred gates of brass,
Behold them scatter'd like the dust abroad.
Whatever now is flourishing and proud,
Whatever shall, must know devouring age.
Euphrates' stream, and seven-mouthed Nile,
And Danube, thou that from Germania's soil
To the black Euxine's far remotest shore,

O'er the wide bounds of mighty nations sweep'st
In thunder loud thy rapid floods along.
Ev'n you shall feel inexorable time;
To you the fatal day shall come; no more
Your torrents then shall shake the trembling
ground,

No longer then to inundations swol'n
Th' imperious waves the fertile pastures drench,
But shrunk within a narrow channel glide;
Or through the year's reiterated course
When time himself grows old, your wond'rous
streams

Lost ev'n to memory shall lie unknown
Beneath obscurity, and chaos whelm'd.
But still thou sun illuminatest all
The azure regions round, thou guidest still
The orbits of the planetary spheres;
The moon still wanders o'er her changing course,
And still, O Newton, shall thy name survive
As long as nature's hand directs the world,
When ev'ry dark obstruction shall retire,
And ev'ry secret yield its hidden store,
Which thee dim-lighted age forbade to see,
Age that alone could stay thy rising soul.
And could mankind among the fixed stars,
E'en to th' extremest bounds of knowledge reach,
To those unknown innumerable suns, [worlds,
Whose light but glimmers from those distant
Ev'n to those utmost boundaries, those bars
That shut the entrance of th' illumin'd space
Where angels only tread the vast unknown,
Thou ever should'st be seen immortal there:
In each new sphere, each new-appearing sun,
In farthest regions at the very verge
Of the wide universe shoul'dst thou be seen.
And lo, th' all-potent goddess nature takes
With her own hand thy great, thy just reward
Of immortality; aloft in air
See she displays, and with eternal grasp
Upstairs the trophies of great Newton's fame.

LONDON:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

YE northern blasts, and (a) Eurus, wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
A while suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy (b) Weser and the broad mouth'd Elbe
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,
Be absent now; that dispossest of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
I may pour all my spirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,
Disdains all objects but the golden sun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And sails exulting through the blaze of day;
So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,

(a) The east wind.

(b) Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburg
on the Elbe.

Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my muse
 Shall celebrate, O London: thee she hails.
 Thou lov'd abode of commerce, last retreat,
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
 Her various wanderings from the fated hour,
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime;
 Neptunian commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
 Along the sounding main extended far,
 Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
 And with its cedars Libanus o'er shades:
 Her from the bottom of the wat'ry world,
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
 The god ascending rushes to the beach,
 And clasps the affrighted virgin. From that day,
 Soon as the paly regent of the night
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
 Through heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought:
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
 A solitary mourner, and the surge,
 Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
 With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd:

Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,
 Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
 That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
 With you who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
 And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
 Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
 Farewell! To thee, perfidious god, I come,
 Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
 I come thy suppliant: death is all I crave;
 Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
 And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' enclosing deep
 A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
 Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
 And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
 Mix'd with the wat'ry lustre of the pearl.
 A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
 Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
 The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
 The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
 All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
 She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
 Were silent round her; not a zephyr dar'd
 To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top.
 Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen
 To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
 No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
 But all was hush'd and motionless around,
 All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
 Along the level azure by the strength
 Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
 The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
 Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
 The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
 By (c) Triton's floods encircled, Nyssa lay.
 Here youthful nature wanton'd in delights,
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
 While it was now the infancy of time,
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd

(c) Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

To smile, (d) Eucarpé, (e) Dapfiléa dwelt,
 With all the nymphs, whose sacred care had nurs'd
 The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along
 Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
 While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
 (f) Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead
 glows

With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
 From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
 Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
 On every side an ample grot reflects,
 As down the perforated rock the sun
 Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode
 Of Nyssa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,
 That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
 From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
 With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
 Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
 With unexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
 Which breathes incessant there; while every bird
 Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
 Blends with the warble of meandering streams,
 Which o'er their pebbled channels murmur
 The fruit-invested hills, that rise around. [lave
 The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
 Phœnice bear; nor Dapfiléa bland,
 Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
 Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
 Refuse; nor long Lucina is invoc'd.
 Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
 Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding
 woods,

And streams reverting to their troubled source,
 The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring
 god,

Mysterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
 With deep resounding accent thus to heaven,
 To earth, and sea, the mighty birth proclaim'd:
 A new-born power behold! whom fate hath
 The god's imperfect labour to complete [call'd
 This wide creation. She in lonely sands
 Shall bid the tower-encircled city rise,
 The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
 Of dreary nature shall with plenty clothe;
 She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
 And with endearing intercourse unite
 Remote nations, scorched by sultry suns,
 Or freezing near the snow-incrusted pole:
 Where'er the joyous vine disdains to grow,
 The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
 Her hand divine, with interposing aid
 To every climate shall the gifts supply
 Of Ceres, Bacchus, and (g) the Athenian maid;
 The graces, joys, emoluments of life
 From her exhaustless bounty all shall flow.

The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard,
 Straight from their star-bespangled thrones descend

(d) Fruitfulness. (e) Plenty.

(f) This whole description of the rock and grotto
 is taken from Diod. Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

(g) Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the Athenians,
 to whom she gave the olive.

On blooming Nyfa a celestial band
 The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
 When o'er his offspring smiling thus began
 The trident-ruler: Commerce be thy name:
 To thee I give the empire of the main,
 From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,
 To th' undiscover'd limits of the west,
 From chilling Boreas to extremest south
 Thy fire's obsequious billows shall extend
 Thy universal reign. Minerva next
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,
 (b) The Lemnian god with industry, and last
 Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon:

Thee with divine invention I endow,
 That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose,
 By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
 The heaven-taught poet and exploring sage
 Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
 The new divinity whose parting step
 Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
 To her alone inseparably join'd;
 Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;
 Who with them bore the unexhausted horn
 Of ever-smiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
 Attended thus, great goddess, thou began'st
 Thy all enlivening progress o'er the globe,
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
 The various ills which earliest ages ru'd
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
 Of heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.

Thou gracious commerce, from his cheerless
 caves

In horrid rocks and solitary woods,
 The helpless wand'rer, man forlorn and wild
 Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast
 The deep foundations, where the future pride
 Of mightiest cities rose, and o'er the main
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
 Whose canvass wings, distending with the gale,
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits
 To northern Albion's tin-embowell'd fields,
 And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow
 Of cloud envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
 Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
 Thou trod'st, exploring each propitious star
 The danger-braving mariner to guide;
 Then all the latent and mysterious powers
 Of number didst unravel: last to crown
 Thy bounties, goddess, thy unrivall'd toils
 For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
 Thou gav'st him (i) letters; there imparting all,
 Which lifts the ennobled spirit near to heaven,
 Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd
 By godlike sages, all Minerva's arts,
 Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice

(b) Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

(i) Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is followed,
 that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts
 of the world.

Of virtue sounding from the historic roll,
 The philosophic page, and poet's song.

Now solitude and silence from the shores
 Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace
 With hospitality begin to sooth
 Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood;
 As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
 The kindly stream: anon the bounteous god
 His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
 Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains:
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
 Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
 Indignant commerce, turning from the walls
 Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe
 The fruits of all its climes; (k) Cecropian oil,
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaïan gums,
 Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
 Which old Osiris to his Egypt gave,
 And Ceres to (l) Sicania. Thou didst raise
 Th' Ionian name, O commerce, thou the domes
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
 Of Syracuse didst people.—All the wealth
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
 And golden-channell'd Tagus, all the spoils
 From fair (m) Trinacria waisted, all the powers
 Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
 Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nyfa hail
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain:
 The irreversible decrees of heaven
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd
 Thy lasting seat; in vain th' imperial port
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world:
 In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
 Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
 Its glories yield, and mould'ring leaves no trace
 Of its deep-rooted greatness; thou with tears
 From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
 And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
 What though rich (n) Gades, what though polish'd
 Rhodes,
 With Alexandria, Egypt's splendid mart, [towers,
 The learn'd (o) Massylians, and (p) Ligurian
 What though the potent Hanseatic league,
 And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
 With all the Ægean floods, a while might sooth
 The sad remembrance; what though led through
 climes
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons

(k) Athenian. Athens was called Cecropia, from
 Cecrops, its first king.

(l) Sicily.

(m) Another name of Sicily, which was frequently
 ravaged by the Carthaginians.

(n) Cadiz.

(o) Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized
 as well as the greatest trading city of ancient Gaul.

(p) Genoa.

(*q*) Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands:
Still on thy grief-indent'd heart impress'd
The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds
Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
Of thy unequal, Annibal, remain'd:
Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
And sounding margin of the Scheldt and Maese,
With sudden roar the angry voice of war
Alarm'd thy langour; wonder turn'd thy eye.
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou saw'st
The snowy ridge of Appenine, the fields
Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers
To crush this daring populace. The pride
Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless
Greece,

And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd
The bold (*r*) Batavian in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
And ardent, goddess, thou dost speed to save
The generous people. Not the vernal showers,
Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
Descend more kindly on the tender flower,
New-born and opening on the lap of spring,
Than on this rising state thy cheering smile,
And animating presence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke:

Insatiate race! the shame of polish'd lands!
Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
And insolence renown'd! what demon led
Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice
taught

Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
From shore to shore? Or, that pernicious hour,
Was heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
And all, which lordly (*s*) Montezuma sway'd?
And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining
stores

Of that gold teeming hemisphere, to waste
The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands
And victory against her Albion's cliffs
Shall see the blood empurpl'd ocean dash
Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would
bind

(*q*) The Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope
in 1487.

(*r*) The Dutch.

(*s*) Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.

In servile chains, hereafter shall support [hand
Thy weaken'd throne; when heaven's afflicting
Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone
Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
Thy insolence and cruelty remain.

Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,
The goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Despising fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving famine's keenest rage,
At length through deluges of blood she led
To envied greatness; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake
The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the shores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their spicy groves. And O whatever coast
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is spread
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian fens,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
(*t*) The fatal night of death, no other care
Besides the public own'd. And dear to fame
Be thou harmonious (*u*) Douza; every muse,
Your laurel strow around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter
mark'd,

With massacre yet reeking from the streets
Of blood-stain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
With famine his companion, wan, subdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue stood
Superior to despair; the heavenly nine
His suffering soul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame; (*x*) Oeagrus' tuneful son,
Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
Charm'd the Iolchian heroes, and himself
Their danger shar'd; (*y*) Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
With animating verse the Spartan hopes;
Brave (*z*) Æschylus and (*a*) Sophocles, around

(*t*) He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words
were, Lord have mercy upon this people.

See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

(*u*) Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned
man of his time. He commanded in Leyden when it was
so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570.

See Meursii Athen. Bat.

(*x*) Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail
from Iolcos, a town in Thessalia.

(*y*) When the Spartans were greatly distressed in
the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a
general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

(*z*) Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets,
who signalized himself in the battles of Marathon and
Salamis.

(*a*) Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Atheni-
ans, in several expeditions.

Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
By Douza's valour: and the generous toil,
His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
Their high reward, when favouring commerce
rais'd

Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightiest on the brightest roll
Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power
Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
Diffusing vigour though the infant oak,
Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, sufferers alike
By th' unremitted insolence of power
From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
Their scepter'd tyrants: Albion sea-embrac'd,
The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
And arbitress of Europe, now demands
Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,
Ere yet perfidious Cromwell dar'd profane
The sacred senate, and with impious feet
Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,
While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
To pierce the Russian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven
At this great era, and (b) the sage decree
Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
What by (c) Eliza was so well begun,
So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,
And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
Which clad with splendour, and with beauty
grac'd,

O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converse, to inquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Resigns its errors, and unseals the eye
Of blind opinion; merit hence is heard
Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of virtue are dispell'd,
Servility retires, and every heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants
hence,

(b) *The act of navigation.*

(c) *Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes,
who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.*

Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame:
How many names of glory may'st thou trace
From earliest annals down to (d) Barnard's times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for commerce, for Britannia's rights,
And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
Thy votary, O commerce! Gracious power,
Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
My honourable industry, which courts
No other smile but thine; for thou alone
Can'st wealth bestow with independence crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
Of learned leisure, never to reject
The visitation of the tuneful maids,
Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
That hero's valour, who shall best confound
His injur'd country's foes; ev'n now I feel
Celestial fires descending on my breast,
Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though
rever'd

Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
Thy wandering steps; why London late hath seen
(Thy lov'd, thy last retreat), desponding care
O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the muse,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cause. What time in Nyssa's cave
Th' ethereal train, in honour to thy fire,
Shower'd on thy birth. their blended gifts, the
power

Of war was absent; hence, unblest by Mars,
Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and still to mercenary hands
The sword intrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows,
And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,
Astonish'd (e) Trebia overflow'd its banks
In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimene roll'd
Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of Heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
And every age, that empire shall attend
The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.

(d) *Sir John Barnard.*

(e) *Trebia, Trasimene lacus, and Cannæ, famous for
the victories gained by Annibal over the Romans.*

Then from thy sufferings learn; th' auspicious hour
Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, goddess, animate our breasts
To cast inglorious indolence aside,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild ambition. Mark the Swedish hind;
He, on his native soil should danger lowr,
Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With Helsingburg (f) and Steinboch soon would
share

The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, th' aerial seat
Of long-supported liberty, who thence,
Securely resting on her faithful shield,
The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which
groan

In servitude around her, and her sword
With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies
The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O! could those ill-fated shades arise,
Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
Of (g) Newbery lay crowded, they could tell,
How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
Whose dreaded standard victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
From their ger'd squadrons dy'd the reslive spear
Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
The black'ning storm now gathers round our
heads,

And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner spread;
The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
Will sweep the curling foam: the thund'ring
bomb

Will roar, and startle in the deepest grots
Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd,
For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet:
Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy powers,
Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, & very heart

(f) Helsingburg, a small town in Schonem, celebrated for the victory which Count Steinboch gained over the Danes, with an army, for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as complete a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

(g) The London train'd-band, and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation), behaved themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampart to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. page 347.

Inflame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
Of liberty and commerce, now no more
Secrete your generous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
The seas and clouds: though long in silence hush'd
Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
When your victorious shouts affright her shores:
None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
Nor hazard more indignant valour's curse,
Their country's wrath, and time's eternal scorn;
Then bid the furies of Bellona wake,
And silver-mantled peace with welcome steps
Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
And that perpetual safety may possess
Our joyous fields, thou, genius, who presid'st
O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
To wield the noble instruments of war;
And let the great example soon extend
Through every province, till Britannia sees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain:
Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
Of desolation, and th' invading sword;
Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league
His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd east,
Who now in trembling vassalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth
With (b) equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
The dreadful onset, and resistless break
Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose,
Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With distant gaze despairing, shall behold
The guarded splendours of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,
Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
Gigantic terror, striding round our coast,
Shall shake his Gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
To arms awaken our vindictive power,
Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
But liberty, security, and fame,
Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

(b) If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently-swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying
 Our triumphant navy rode;
 There while Vernon sat all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat:
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:
 On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.
 On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts besides him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.
 Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory
 At this place where I was lost;
 Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.
 See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
 These were English captains brave:
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told.
 I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright;
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight:

O! that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom.
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDRELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

And 1791.

ADAMANT HOSTLER'S GHOST.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CUTHBERT SHAW.

Containing

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY,
ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE,

||

THE RACE,
SONGS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— the noblest of the tuneful throng
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive muse the tribute of a tear.

ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CUTHBERT SHAW.

Containing

THE RACE,
SONNETS,

ADDRESS TO THE MEMOIR OF A LADY,
ADDRESS TO A MISTRESS,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— the noblest of the human mind
 Shall dare my love to tell to thee,
 Shall reach the last confession of my love,
 And pay my passion's tribute to a love
 As pure as a virgin's.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WINDSELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1795.

THE LIFE OF SHAW.

CUTHBERT SHAW was born at Ravensthorpe, near Richmond in Yorkshire, in 1738 or 1739. His father was by trade a shoemaker, in low circumstances.

He was first put to school at Kirkbyhill, near Ravensthorpe; but he was soon removed to Scorton, five miles from Richmond; where, after having gone through a common course of education, he was appointed usher.

Some time after, he became usher to the grammar-school at Darlington, under Mr. Metcalf; where he published his first poem, in 1756, called *Liberty, humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington*, 4to.

While he resided at Darlington, he began to show that negligence of the dictates of prudence, and the rules of economy, which marked his future life, inasmuch that he was obliged to quit his employment, and the country; and with nothing but his talents came in quest of fortune to London.

The exact time of his arrival in London has not been ascertained; but report says, that his first employment was writing paragraphs and essays for the newspapers.

In the spring 1760, he was at St. Edmond's-Bury, probably a member of the Norwich Company of Comedians, and published under the name of *W. Seymour*, *Odes on the Four Seasons*, 4to, the production of his early youth.

In the summer of that year, he joined the hastily raised company with which Mr. Foote opened the Hay-Market with "The Minor," a play that was acted with uncommon success, thirty-eight nights, and in which Shaw performed the part of *Sir George Wealthby*.

The winter of that year, he passed either in Ireland or in some country company, and in summer 1761, performed at Drury-Lane, then opened by Mr. Foote, and Mr. Murphy.

On the 19th of October he appeared at Covent Garden in the character of *Osmyn* in "Zara," but with so little success, that he never was permitted to perform any more, till the 14th May, when he personated *Pierre* in "Venice Preserved," for his own benefit.

He possessed but few requisites for the stage, except figure; and from this time seems to have abandoned a profession from which he was likely to derive neither profit nor reputation.

In 1762, he resumed the pen, and the poetical war kindled by Churchill, raging at that juncture with great violence, he wrote a satire, called *The Four Farthing Candles*, 4to, in which he attacked Lloyd, Churchill, and Colman; with whom he thought proper to join Shirley; though with little apparent propriety. This performance was executed with considerable spirit, and obtained so much notice as to encourage him to proceed as an author. The following lines applied to the celebrated author of the "Rosciad," are enough to make every discerning reader pronounce him utterly destitute of candour, and justly chargeable with that very mean abuse of which he accuses the poet he has taken upon him to correct for the same offence.

When a rough unwieldy wight
Turns bard, infus'd by nought but spite;
Though here and there a stolen thought
May prove the blockhead not untaught,
Yet by his awkward hobbling gait,
We easily discern the cheat;

And in each spleen-fraught line can trace,
His want of genius, as of grace.

The success of this satire produced "An Epistle to the Author of the *Four Farthing Candles*," 4to, by the author of the "*Rosciad of Covent Garden*;" a performance of no value.

In 1766, he made Churchill amends for the unjustifiable severity with which he had treated him in his *Four Farthing Candles*, by making him the hero of a mock-heroic poem called *The Race*, by *Mercurius Spur, Esq.* with notes by *Faustinus Scriblerus*, 4to, in which he characterised the chief poets, booksellers, printers, and reviewers, of that period; and some of them with great severity.

This poem was eagerly read, and republished and enlarged in 1767; with an *Address to the Critics*, in which he alludes to his early propensity to poetry, in the following lines:

Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
No longer sporting on the rural green,
Rampant breaks forth, now flies the peaceful plains,
And bounds impetuous, heedless of the reins;
O'er earth's vast surface madly scours along,
Nor spares a critic, gaping in the throng.

It appears from this performance, that he had by this time no want of confidence in his powers. He had learned to deal his satire about with no unsparing hand; and if it was not felt by the parties against whom it was directed, it was owing to no lenity or forbearance in the satirist.

About this time he wrote an *Account of the virtues of the Bedume de Vie*, a then popular medicine, and was admitted as a partner to a proportion of the profits arising from it.

He had hitherto led, if not a profligate, at least a dissipated life. He now seemed sensible of it himself, and soon afterwards married an amiable and accomplished young woman, of a good family, it would seem, against the wishes of her friends.

For a short time he had the care of the present Earl of Chesterfield, then an infant, to instruct him in the first rudiments of learning.

He also printed proposals for publishing a collection of his poems by subscription; but this was never executed, and he returned the money he had received.

In 1768, he had the affliction to lose his wife, in child-bed, of her first child; and on this melancholy occasion, wrote his celebrated performance, intitled, *A Monody to the Memory of a young Lady, by an afflicted Husband*, 4to, 1768.

The child, which was a daughter, lived but a short time after its mother, and he again lamented his second loss, in strains not inferior to the former, in an *Evening Address to a Nightingale*.

The publication of his *Monody* occasioned some severe lines in a newspaper, which were imputed to Langhorne, who had then experienced a similar affliction, and produced a paper war between the two poets, that was conducted with great liberality on both sides.

It introduced him also, from congeniality of affliction, to the notice of Lyttleton, who extolled the author in the highest terms; but he derived no other advantage from his acquaintance.

In these exquisite poems are many allusions to the misery of their author, independent of the circumstances which gave rise to them. He was at this period afflicted with disease, which put on its most disgraceful and offensive form; and as he had possessed no small portion of vanity about his person, this alteration added pungency to his affliction.

He, however, continued to write, and having espoused from inclination, the principles of the party in opposition to the Court, in 1769, he published *Corruption, a Satire, inscribed to the Right Honourable Richard Grenville, Earl Temple*, 4to. In the dedication he speaks of himself in the following manly, interesting, and energetic lines, which cannot be read without powerfully awakening the sympathy of benevolence, and the flame of patriotism.

For me, long lost to all the world holds dear,
No hopes can flatter, and no suns can cheer;
Sickness and sorrow with united rage,
In early youth have wreak'd the ills of age;

This all my wish—(since earthly joys are flown)
 To sigh unseen—to live and die unknown :
 To break the tenor of this sad repose,
 Say what could rouse me but my country's woes ?
 But thus to see vice stalk in open day,
 With shameless front, and universal sway !
 To view proud villains drive the gilded car,
 Deck'd with the spoils and ravages of war !
 Whose ill-got wealth shifted from hand to hand,
 With vice and want have delug'd all the land ;
 'Tis satire's only to avenge the cause,
 On those that scape from Tyburn and the laws ;
 Drag forth each knave conspicuous and confest,
 And hang them high—as scare-crows for the rest !
 Let this grand object claim my every care,
 And chase the sullen demon of despair,
 (When passion fires us for the public weal,
 For private griefs 'twere infamous to feel)
 Till my full heart, disburden'd of its freight,
 No more shall swell and heave beneath the weight ;
 This dutious tribute to my country paid,
 Welcome pale sorrow and the silent shade !
 From glory's standard yet should all retire,
 And none be found to fan the generous fire ;
 No patriot soul to justify the song,
 And urge its precepts on the flumbering throng ;
 In vain to virtue have I form'd the strain,
 An angel's tongue might plead her cause in vain.
 Some lone retreat I'll seek unknown to fame,
 Nor hear the very echo of their shame ;
 Conscience shall pay me for the world's neglect,
 And Heav'n approve what mortals dare reject.

He afterwards is supposed to have written many political as well as poetical performances, and is known to have been a contributor, if not the editor of "The Freeholder's Magazine," 1770, in which the unfortunate Chatterton was for some time engaged.

One of his last pieces was an *elegy* on the death of Charles Yorke, the Lord Chancellor, which was generally suspected to have been suppressed on the Hardwicke family's paying a sum of money to him ; and it has been insinuated, that it was written with that view ; but the pride of genius, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire, discountenance the opinion.

At length, overwhelmed with complicated distress, he died at his house in Titchfield-street, Oxford-market, Sept. 1. 1771, in the 43d year of his age.

His *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady*, and *Evening Address to a Nightingale*, have been frequently reprinted in the poetical Miscellanies. His *Race* has been reprinted in the 2d volume of the third edition of Dilly's "Repository," 1790. They are now, with some shorter pieces, reprinted from the "European Magazine," for 1786, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry. Copies of his *Liberty*, *Odes on the Four Seasons*, *Four Farthing Candles*, and *Corruption*, which have not been reprinted, though they highly merit republication, could not be obtained for the use of this edition.

Shaw has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous, of men of genius, who would have arisen to a more illustrious reputation, had their talents been accompanied with an uniform attention to the common maxims of prudence. His character was compounded of good qualities, and of defects ; of tenderness, generosity, and probity, to be commended ; and of extravagance, vanity, and imprudence, to be avoided. His chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was an utter neglect of economy. His disposition was friendly, affectionate, and social. In the domestic relations, his conduct was truly amiable and exemplary.

As a poet, the variety of his compositions evince the versatility of his genius. In the province of humour and of satire, he has been excelled by many of his poetical contemporaries, particularly Lloyd and Churchill ; but in poetical feeling, striking touches of nature, and pathetic tenderness, he

is inferior to no writer of ancient or modern times. His *Monody* and *Address to a Nightingale*, far transcend the "Monody" of Lyttleton, and the "Elegies" of Langhorne and Scott, on similar occasions. The exquisite tenderness which runs through the whole of the *Monody*, renders it one of the most affecting poems in the English language. The measure of the *Address* is irregular, like that of Dryden's immortal "Ode," Milton's "Lycidas," Lyttleton's "Monody," &c. which sufficiently demonstrates that regularity of metre is not essential to poetical excellence. With these poems every body is greatly pleased; because they have beauties in them which affect every body. In the *Monody*, *Emma's* dying farewell is particularly pathetic. But it is needless to point out those strokes of pathos which cannot escape observation. True taste will ever approve of poetry which is written from the heart; for it will ever feel the force of its productions.

It is unpleasant to turn from the voice of genius to the clamours of faction, and to leave the strains of poetry and nature for the uproar of strife and opposition. In his *Race*, however we may admire the accuracy of observation, happy vein of humour, poignancy of satire, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. The design and tendency of the poem cannot be commended. Compositions of this class, as they gratify malignity, are usually read with great avidity, on their first appearance, but without uncommon merit, they quickly sink into oblivion. Even the "Dunciad," of which the *Race* is an imitation, is read perhaps with less delight than any other work of its celebrated author; nor should we resort at all to the "Temple of Dullness," to contemplate the characters of Curll, Theobald, &c. could we not also feast on the dispute of the "Virtuosos" before the throne of the goddess. As a work of wit and ingenious satire, the *Race* may afford entertainment to those who care little about many of the characters who are whimsically made to contend for pre-eminence of fame, by running:

Prove by their heels the prowess of the head.

Among the competitors, Dr. Johnson appears with peculiar distinction; and is dismissed with a just and elegant enlogium. His portrait is drawn with the pencil of Churchill. The candour which breathes in the following apostrophe to *Vanity*, will be generally allowed as an apology for the petulance and presumption of the satirist:

Oh Vanity! whose far extended sway
Nations confess, and potentates obey;
How vast thy reign!—Say where, Oh! where's the man,
His own defects who boldly dares to scan,
Just to himself?—Ev'n now, while I incline
To paint the votaries kneeling at thy shrine,
Whilst others follies freely I impart,
Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
(Myself the very coxcomb I expose)
And ah! too partial to my lays and me,
My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
The *catpurr-muse*, whose idle sportive vein,
No views can bias, and no fears restrain;
Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar,
Where spleen with genius holds eternal war,
And there her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by *butchers* pre-resolv'd to kill.
In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
Even for a *syllable*, the wretch shall bleed;
And spite of all the friendship you can show,
Be made a public spectacle of woe.

THE WORKS OF SHAW.

P O E M S.

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought) she lives for me no
more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
light,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
vows.

Come then, some muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load
of grief.

VOL. XI.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well:
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd:
No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
Whilst smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtue, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway,
Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or
place
The memory can efface

M 2

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and
despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!

Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,

When torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a hus-
band's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
"But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
"Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd
"in vain;

"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will;
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
"If I have doated with that fond excess,
"Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
"If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
"To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
"My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
"But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
"Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
"(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
"That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
"This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
"Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
"And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
"Wilt thou? —————
"I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
"And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies con-
"tent."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven (I cry'd) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her
death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!

With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the
place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing went to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund
song;

Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, * Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
A while shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?

* *Laudanum.*

Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.
 By nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove,
 Through valley, grot, and grove;
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count every minute of the loitering day,
 Impatient for my quick return?

Should aught my bosom discompose,
 Who now with sweet complacent air
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
 And soften all my woes?

Too faithful memory—Cease, O cease—
 How shall I e'er regain my peace?

(O to forget her)—but how vain each art,
 Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
 When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
 And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face?

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
 Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
 More beggar by the riches once possess'd.

My little darling!—dearer to me grown
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
 Thy infant steps to guide aright?

She who with doating eyes would gaze
 On all thy little artless ways,

By all thy soft endearments blest,
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,

Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
 A father's dearest, tenderest love;

And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

When years thy judgment shall mature,
 And reason shows those ills it cannot cure,

Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
 For virtue prove the phoenix of the earth?

(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
 And be the comfort of my age!

When sick and languishing I lie,

Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
 And oft as to thy listening ear

Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,

Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,

Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?

Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,

Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,

Which I would vainly seek to hide,

Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?

To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
 Pour'st thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of woe,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
 For surely thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas! for both I weep—

In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!

A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,

The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By every art that science could devise,

Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,

And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—

Then O! our comforts be the same

At evening's peaceful hour,

To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,

And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!

To thee—unconscious of my pain!

Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,

And hail the dawning of a happier year:

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring

Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;

Again thy little heart shall transport prove,

Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love:

But O for me in vain may seasons roll,

Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,

Deploring still the comfort of my soul,

I court my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren hope, deceiver, say,

Where is the promis'd period of my woes?

Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,

And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

O what delusion did thy tongue employ!

“That Emma's fatal pledge of love,

“Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,

“The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

“Softened the horrors of despair,

“And cheer a heart long lost to joy!”

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,

Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,

My soul the maze of fate would vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd!

How did I rave of blessings yet in store!

Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,

And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.

N n ij

" Just Heaven, I cry'd"—with recent hopes elate,
 " Yet I will live—will live, though Emma's
 " dead——
 " So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
 " Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 " My little Emma, now my all,
 " Will want a father's care,
 " Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,
 " And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
 " And oft together we'll complain,
 " Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
 " From me my child shall learn the mournful
 " strain,
 " And prattle tales of woe;
 " And O! in that auspicious hour,
 " When fate resigns her persecuting power,
 " With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 " No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 " When death gives misery repose,
 " And opes a glorious passage to the skies."
 Vain thought! it must not be—She too is
 dead——

The flattering scene is o'er,——
 My hopes for ever—ever fled——
 And vengeance can no more——
 Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease——
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
 With lenient hand (O! falsely deem'd severe)
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up every tear:
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
 Yet——while this weary life shall last,
 While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd
 strain,

In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
 For O how grateful to a wounded heart
 The tale of misery to impart!
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
 Even he*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive muse the tribute of a tear

THE RACE,

BY MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.

With Notes. By Faustinius Scriblerus.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum!

[First published in 1766.]

ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

Ye puny things, who self-important sit
 The sov'reign arbiters of monthly wit,

* Lord Lyttleton.

Who gnatling-like your stings around dispense,
 And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
 Ye gentle Critics, whom, by Fancy led,
 My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
 Who, zealous to decry th' injurious strain,
 While * Common-sense has bled at ev'ry vein;
 Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
 Without or wit or grammar for your guide;
 Behold! again I blot th' invenom'd page,
 Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage:
 Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,
 Let blust'ring Kenrick draw his raven's quill;
 My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
 And damn all strains more favour'd than their
 own.

Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
 No longer sporting on the rural green, [plains,
 Rampant breaks forth; now flies the peaceful
 And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
 O'er earth's vast surface, madly scours along,
 Nor spares a critic gaping in the throng;
 † Truth rides behind, and prompts the wild career;
 And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear?

Oh, Truth! thou sole director of my views,
 Whom yet I love far dearer than the muse!
 Teach me myself in ev'ry sense to know,
 Proof 'gainst th' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
 When smooth-tongu'd flatterers my ears assail,
 May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale!
 And, ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
 Though C—n—y smile, or C—d commend!
 Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
 Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
 Still may I safe between the danger steer,
 Of Scylla-flatt'ry, and Charybdis-fear!
 Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my
 claim!)

Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.

THE RACE.

And me, some honest sister of the Nine,
 Who ne'er paid court at Flatt'ry's fulsome shrine,

* In justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this Poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad.—Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of raillery on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the set of Gentlemen had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Dr. South replied to a gentleman, who remonstrated to him from his bishop, that his sermons were too witty, "Pray present my humble duty to his lordship, and let him consider, if God Almighty had made him a wit, he could not help it." These gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature; but blockheads may help commencing critics.

F. SCRIBLERUS.

† Perhaps some half-witted critic may pertly inquire, why should truth ride behind, rather than before? Soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the muse inspires,
By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:
Though fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth still conspicuous through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.

Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,
Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their
toasts,

Where jockey-nobles with groom porters vie,
Who best can *hedge a bet*, or *cog a die*.

Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:

A poets' Race, I sing—a poet's prize,
Who gold (a) and fighting equally despise.

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds to proclaim her will.

" Since late her vot'ries in abusive lays

" Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;

" To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,

" The day was fix'd whereon each bard should
" meet.

" Already had she mark'd the destin'd ground,

" Where from the goal her eager sons should

" There, by the hope of future glory fed, [bound,

" Prove by their heels the prowess of the head;

" And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,

" The chaplet and the victory should claim."

Swiftspread the grateful news through all the town,
And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.

No corporal defect can now retard

The one-legg'd, short-legg'd, or consumptive bard;

Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds

'Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods

Presided judges; sure to have decreed

To dulness (b) crutches, and to merit speed.

To view the various candidates for fame,

Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.

First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,

And next came Nourse and Millar from the Strand;

Here Woodfall—there the keen-ey'd Scott appears,

And Say (c) (oh! wonderful!) with both his ears.

Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,

And Flexney (d) with a favour in his hat.

(a) The poverty of poets is a well known adage; or, to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers: no doubt, lest their lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward:

Relictâ non bene parmula, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

(b) The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any bodily infirmity, would never have started.

(c) Mr. Say's boldness in asserting any thing written in opposition even to the ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

(d) Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the squire's horse wins the plate; Mr. Flexney, our hero's publisher, does the same, from strong presumption of his author's success.

(e) Williams and Kearsley now afresh begin
To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.

In rage around his shop poor Owen flies,

Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;

" Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,

" He'd grope contented all his future life."

To Pater-noster-row the tidings reach,

And forth came Johnny Coote and Dryden Leach:

Associates in each cause alike they share,

Be it to print a *primer* or *Voltaire*;

Thus leagu'd, how sweet the friendly pence to
earn,

Like gentle Rosencraus and Guildenstern (f)!

But Leach (g) where Churchill came, still cautious
fled, [head.

Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his

With his whole length of body scarce a span,

Yet aping all the dignity of man,

Next Vaillant came; erect his dwarfish mien,

He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen;

And vow'd, with worshipful grimace (h) and
din (i),

He'd back the peerless bard (k) of Lincoln's-Inn.

High on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,

Appear'd the Goddess; while on either side

Stood Vice and Virtue—harbingers of Fame,

This stamps a good, and that an evil name.

On flow'rs thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground,

The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;

Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,

In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.

Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,

A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name

Of *Black Oblivion's Gulf*. In former days

Here perish'd many a poet and his lays.

Close by the margin of the fable flood,

Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood

In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.

And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors

Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,

In vain the pleas of poesy or sense;

All levell'd here; though some triumphant rise,

Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.

But, strange! to *Dulness* they deny the crown,

And damn ev'n works as stupid as their own!

(e) These two gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

(f) Two characters in *Hamlet*, where one never appears without the other.

(g) From a circumstance, which Mr. Leach has the best reason to remember (as we hold feeling the most perfect of all the senses), the author must allow Mr. Churchill an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who, for the most part, are fonder of laying on their blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative, where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

(h) The reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

(i) No inglorious expression, as some may imagine; witness the din of war—the din of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

(k) A phrase common upon the turf, and consequently very applicable here.

Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood!

Foremost, the spite of hell upon his face,
Stood the Therfites of the Critic Race,
Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant-strength,
With Crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length.
(l) Near John o' Groat's thatch'd cot its parent
stood

Alone, for many a mile—itself a wood;
Till Archy spy'd it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
In vain,—he frown'd! the birds in terror fled;
Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band:
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind in rank and file were seen,
From Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
A troop of *Lairds* with scraps of *Latin* hung,
Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
Poor John! who must not judge whate'er he read
But wait for sentence from these sons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muse's ear
Whispers—"How dar'st thou, Novice, persevere
"With headlong fury, to destruction prone,
" (m) Rouse sacred *Dulness* yawning on her throne?
"Thus madly bold, dread'st not the Harpy's
"claw?
"Thou, scarce a morsel for so vast a maw!
"Soon shalt thou mourn thy ill-starr'd numbers
"curst."

She scorns their malice, let them do their worst.
Where Phœbus casts not an auspicious eye,
The sick'ning numbers of themselves must die;
But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
The candid few will justify its worth;
Still as it flows increasing in its course,
Till, like a river, with resistless force
Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch with-
draws,

Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod,
(n) Belies himself, and humbly licks the rod.

First enter'd in the list the laureat bard,
And thus prefer'd his suit:—"If due reward,
"Goddeſs ador'd, to merit thou assign,
"Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just, as
"mine?"

(l) The learned reader will not be surpris'd at this
genealogy of the crab-tree stick belonging to so illustrious a
character as the printer of the *Critical Review*.—It is
common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to
his hero's swords and spears, &c.

(m) This alludes to a part of their criticism upon the
Race above-mentioned, wherein they observe, "the author
has attacked booksellers, printers, and even Reviewers
—oh! Presumption! attack Reviewers! a set of gen-
tlemen too!" We acknowledge the justice of this remark,
and submit to the lash.

(n) Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost
contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the
treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the
very critics, who, at his first appearance in public, would
scarcely allow him the least pretensions to genius, dis-
avowing their former proceedings, and meanly courtin'g his
friendship. See the *Critical Review* about that period.

'To thee my cause I trust; oh, lend me wings,
'Show wit and sack to be consistent things,
'And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for
'kings.'

Lur'd by a sober, honest thirst for fame,
Armstrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim;
Armstrong, whose muse has taught the youth to
prove.

(o) The sweet economy of *health* and *love*.
But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modestly retired.

Not so repuls'd, nor overaw'd with shame,
Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame;
But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,
The poets' bays shall never deck his brow:
Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age;
Like him arrest the hand of death with *sage* (p)?
But (q) *this the ancients never knew*, or sure
They ne'er had died while *sage* remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchless Hill! if aught the muse foresee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more;
'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
By some new *Tincture* of a *Barley-straw*.
He bow'd, and spoke:—"Oh, Goddeſs, heav'nly

'fair!
'To thy own Hill now show a mother's care;
'If I go unrewarded hence away,
'What bard will court thee on a future day?
'Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
'By moral essays, rhyme, and water-dock?
'With perseverance who like me could write
'Inspector on Inspector, night by night;
'Supplying still, with unexhausted head,
'Till every reader slumber'd as he read?
'No longer then my lawful claim delay.'
(r) She smil'd—Hill simper'd, and went pleas'd
away.

Next Doddsley spoke:—"A bookseller and bard
May sure with justice claim the first regard.
A double merit's surely his, that's wont
To make the fiddle, and then play upon't;
But more, to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
Behold the work on which I build my fame!

(o) This gentleman has obliged the public with two
poetical pieces; the one intitled, "*The Economy of
Love*;" the other, "*Health*;" in which he has dis-
played great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

(p) It is impossible to express the obligations of the
public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the
ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting
the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle; but cer-
tainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be
reviv'd) might deter a person of a moderate share of
courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill
has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has
promis'd all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment,
in a discovery both simple and palatable.

(q) A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his
advertisements, is, "the ancients knew this,—the
Greeks knew this, &c. &c."

(r) As the reader may perhaps ascertain within him-
self the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the
Goddeſs, he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider
that there are smiles of contempt as well as of approba-
tion.

Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
 From ancient Sophocles to modern Hume;
 Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
 And match, then match Cleone, if you can.
 A father wretched—husband wretched more,
 A harmless baby welt'ring in its gore;
 Such dire distress as ne'er was seen before!
 Such sad complaints and tears, and heartfelt
 ' throes,
 Sorrows so wet (s) and dry, such mighty woes,
 Too big for utterance e'en in tragic obs!

Next Smollet came. What author dare resist
 Historian, critic, bard, and novellist?
 ' To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,
 ' Where, where's an avenue I have not tried?
 ' But since the glorious present of to-day
 ' Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,
 ' My claim I wave to ev'ry art beside,
 ' And rest my plea upon the Regicide (t).

(u)

But if, to crown the labours of my muse,
 Thou, inauspicious, should'st the wreath refuse,
 Whoe'er attempts it in this scribbling age,
 Shall feel the Scottish pow'rs of Critic rage;
 Thus spurn'd, thus disappointed of my aim,
 I'll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame;
 Each future minion's infant hopes undo,
 And blast the budding honours of his brow.'

He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,
 (x) Grimly he shook his scientific wig.

To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
 Behind came Hamilton, his trusty squire.
 A while he paus'd, revolving the disgrace,
 And gath'ring all the horrors of his face;
 Then rais'd his head, and turning to the crowd,
 Burst into bellowing terrible and loud.
 Hear my resolve, and first by G—I swear—
 By Smollet, and his gods; whoe'er shall dare
 With him this day for glorious fame to vie
 Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;
 And know, the world no other shall confess
 Whilst I have crab-tree, life, or letter-press.
 Scar'd at the menace, authors fearful grew,
 Poor Virtue trembled, and e'en (y) Vice look'd
 blue.

Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
 A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
 Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,
 And rais'd a flame in putting out a spark:

(s) In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one character complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

(t) A Tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See "Companion to the Playhouse," Vol. I.

(u) The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence.—It is exactly of the same kind with the blank page in "Tristram Shandy."

(x) Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
 VIRGIL.

(y) As pale is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the Poetica Licentia, in making a goddess turn blue.

Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
 To whisper in her ear his filthy claim;
 But, ruin to his hopes! behind stood near,
 With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
 A sneaking priest, who heard, and to the crowd
 Blabb'd, with most grievous zeal, the tale aloud.
 The peaceful Nine, whom nothing less could vex,
 Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,
 Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,
 (z) And scratch'd the front intended for the bays.

Here Johnson comes—unblest with outward
 grace,

His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
 While strong conceptions struggle in his brain
 (For even wit is brought to bed with pain).
 To view him, porters with their loads would
 rest,

And babes cling frighted to the nurse's breast.
 With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
 And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.

The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
 Aught human with so horrible a mien,
 Debating, whether they should stay or run—
 Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.

With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
 Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
 But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
 Since Fame resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
 Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
 Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.

He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,
 Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.

Next Murphy silence broke:—' Oh, Goddess
 fair!

' To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;
 ' For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy
 ' head,

' And robb'd alike the living and the dead;
 ' Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick
 ' and thin,

' And Fleet-ditch virgins dragg'd to Lincoln's-Inn;
 ' Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,
 ' And show mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.'

Here stopp'd he, interrupted quick by Jones,
 A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick and stones.

' Goddess,' he cries, ' reject his pitch-patch work,
 ' (a) He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork;

' On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
 ' From my dear country in pursuit of fame:

' For thus advis'd Mæcenas (best of men):
 ' Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen;

' The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,
 ' Come, seek with me, fair Albion's happier
 ' isle;

' There shall the theatres increase thy store,
 ' And Essex bleed to make thy purse run o'er.'

' Thus have I fondly left the mason's care,
 ' To build imaginary tow'rs i' th' air;

(z) A poet enamoured of obvious similes, would cer-
 tainly have compared this action, for the honour of
 the sex, to an outrage often committed by the female mo-
 bility, from a motive still more interesting;—but our
 author has declined the comparison, out of respect to the
 virgin-delicacy of the Muses; and the reader will fur-
 thermore observe, that their fingers rove no lower than
 his forehead.

(a) See the "Picklock," a scurrilous poem.

Goddeſs, your ſlave;—'tis true I draw the quill
(f) Sometimes through *anger*, not to ſhow my
ſkill;
Yet all muſt own, ſpite of the (g) *Bear's* report,
There's obvious merit in my keen *retort*:
Though Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)
Sells its contents to *grocers* by the pound,
And, deaf to genius, and its pleaſ to fame,
Puts it to purpoſes—unfit to name.
Then, ſince no *profit* from the muſe I draw,
You can't reſuſe me *praiſe*, and ſo your ta—!'
The Goddeſs laugh'd—and who could well con-

tain,
To ſee ſuch ſoplings ſkip around her ſane?
Next Churchill came—his face proclaim'd a
heart,

That ſcorn'd to wear the ſmooth addreſs of art,
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd ſoul,
Which nought on earth could bias or controul.
He bow'd—when all ſneer at his want of *grace* (h),
And uncouth form, ill-fuited to the Race;
While he contemptuous ſmil'd on all around,
And thus addreſs'd her in a (i) voice profound:

Goddeſs, theſe gnatlings move not me at all,
I come by juſt decrees to ſtand or fall.
When firſt the daring bard aſpires to ſing,
To check the fallies of his infant wing,
Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
To you a ſtranger is the *critic's* name),
But every blockhead, who pretends to write,
Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between
The two ingredients, *Ignorance* and *Spleen*;
Who, like the Daw, would infamouſly tear
The ſhining plumes they ſee another wear,
That, thus unfeather'd by theſe wretched elves,
All may appear as naked as themſelves.

Hard is the taſk in ſuch a cauſe t' engage
With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
By fears or partial feelings unſubdu'd,
To hurl defiance at ſo vaſt a crowd;
To ſtand the teizing of their little ſpleen,
So oft to clear the witling-crowded ſcene;
From vice and folly tear the foul diſguiſe,
And crush at once the hydras as they riſe.
Yet on I will—unaw'd by ſlavish fears,
Till gain'd the glorious point, or loſt my ears.'

Next from the temple ſix poetic cubs,
With him whoſe humble muſe delights in *ſcrubs*,
And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,
Alone who ſees, how much he can excel,

(f) *Facit Indignatio Verſus.*] Let no one pretend
to ſay, that even *anger* has not its good effects, ſince we
owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan
to their being roused by a ſpirit of reſentment.

(g) A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was
distinguished, on account, as we ſuppoſe, of the rough
manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were
ſo unlucky as to come within reach of his poetical paws.

(h) Not ſpiritual grace, but grace in making a bow;
or, if the reader muſt be let into the ſecret, this may refer
to the cavils of the critics in general, againſt the unharmoni-
ouſneſs of his numbers.

(i) Mr. Churchill, as a ſcholar, is here ſuppoſed
well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory,
Loquere ore rotundo, which is here rendered a voice
profound.

Who wipes all doubts from ſacred texts away,
Clear as the ſkies upon a miſty day;
Bard, critic, and divine—with upturn'd eyes
Dejected Virtue to the Goddeſs cries,
“What ways and means for raiſing the ſupplies!”
Awhile demurring who ſhould move the pleaſ,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en
degrees;
Combin'd, dear Woty, ſure we ne'er can fail,
I'll ſpeak—do thou hold up the caſſock's tail.
He hemm'd—then haw'd—then bow'd, and thus
began:

Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan:
See *Law* on *Goffel*, caſt a ſocial look,
And Moſes ſide with Lyttleton and Coke:
Let not a partnership, unknown before,
In vain for favour and the bays implore;
But guide thy vot'ry's feet acroſs the plain,
While gentle Woty bears the ſable train;
And crown'd with conqueſt, amply to reward
So mean an office in ſo great a bard,
Six days in ſeven I'll the wreath reſign,
Only on Sundays be its honours mine.
Rev'rent he bow'd—then Bickerſtaff advanc'd,
His *Sing-Song-Muſe*, by vaſt ſucceſs enhanc'd;
Who, when fair Wright, deſtroying Reaſon's
fence,

Inveigles our applauſe in ſpite of ſenſe,
With ſyren-voice our juſter rage confounds,
And clothes ſweet nonſenſe in deluſive ſounds,
Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
And arrogates the merit as his own;
Talks of his taſte! how well each air was hit!
While printers and their devils praiſe his wit;
And, wrapp'd in warm ſurtout of ſelf-conceit,
Deſies the critics cold, and poet's heat.

He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began:
Goddeſs! I wonder at the pride of man!
Fellows, whoſe accents never yet have hung
On ſkilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious tongue,
Dare here approach, (k) who chatter like a parrot,
(k) But hardly know a ſheep's head from a carrot.
Whoſe taſteleſs lines ne'er grac'd a royal ſtage,
Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchety-loving age!
Prove then, oh Goddeſs! to my labours kind,
And let the ſons of *Dulneſs* lag behind,
While (l) boity toity, rubiſky friſky, I
On ballad-wings ſpring forth to victory.'

So ſure!—but juſtice ſtops thee in thy flight,
And damns thy labours to eternal night.
Brands that ſucceſs which boaſts no juſt pretence
To genius, judgment, wit, or common ſenſe;
But who for taſte ſhall dare preſcribe the laws,
Or ſtop the torrent of the mob's applauſe?

In thought (m) ſublim'd, next Elphington came
forth,

And thus harangu'd the Goddeſs on his worth:
'Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with *Attic* lore,
Long-loſt pronunciation to reſtore,
Of letters to reform each vile abuſe,
And bring the Grecian (n) *kappa* into uſe.

(k) See *Love in a Village*, an Opera.

(l) Ibid.

(m) A favourite word of this author. See *Education*,
a Poem.

(n) Mr. Elphington intends ſhortly to lay before the
public his reaſons for giving C always the ſound of the

* Tully once more his proper name shall know,
 * Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.
 * First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine t' expel
 * The superfluities of E (o) and L;
 * T' unveil the long-conceal'd recesses of truth,
 * And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;
 * To point the means of proper recreation,
 * And prove no (p) whether equals emulation:
 * In song didactic as I move, to draw
 * The (q) proper rules for study and for taw;
 * In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
 * And (r) show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Longinus;
 * To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre
 * Tully's (s) a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:
 * Deign then, oh Fame! (t) to satisfy my lore,
 * Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before,
 * Broke through all pedant rules of mood and
 * 'tense,
 * And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.'

He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through
 the throng,

Renown'd for all the various pow'rs of song:
 Sweet as the Thracian's, whose melodious woe
 Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;
 Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,
 And woos the sailor shipwreck'd in her arms:
 Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
 To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
 Or those which banish'd Reason could recal,
 And bring the devil cap'ring out of Saul.

But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
 Lo! he adventures for the poet's bays!

No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
 But falls, like fortune, on the head of fools:
 Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
 No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;
 Since bards now spring without the pains of
labouring, *[thrasbing.]*

Like Arne and Duck, from fiddling and from

'Oh, Fame,' he cries, 'with kind attention hear

'The cause why I thy candidate appear,

'Ere yet *th'* outwitted Guardian crawl'd to light,

'(u) Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless
 'night;

'Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove

'Unworthy Arne, and thy maternal love.

'But here behold a babe, to whom belong

'The double gifts of eloquence and song;

*Grecian κατὰ, which will certainly give a softness
 and dignity to the expressions of many other words in
 our language, as well as this instanced by the author.*

(o) For where thou liv'st I live, where di'st I dy,
 Joint as we stand, unsever'd shall we ly.

EDUCATION.

Nor boasted selfish dulness social flame. IBID.

(p) Some plea might urge clandestine education,
 But where's a whether like my emulation?

IBID.

(q) Nay deign a tender smile on humble taw. IBID.

(r) Hail, Daniel! with the captive victors three!
 How is Longinus self to them and thee? IBID.

(s) Ne'er shall keen Tully catch a Peter's fire. IBID.

(t) ——— satisfy her lore,
 With pleasing food, but let her pant for more.

IBID.

(u) See the Preface to the "Guardian Outwitted."

* Who, not like other infants born or bred,
 * Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head,
 * On me, then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
 * And show that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!
 Here Fr——s rais'd his head, though last not
 least,

A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
 By turns through life each character we mark,
 A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
 Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
 Now politician, now commences rake;
 Nay worse—(if Fame say true) panders for love,
 And acts the Merc'ry to a lustful Jove.
 Now grave he sits, and checks th' unhallow'd jest,
 Whilst his sage precepts cool each am'rous breast;
 Now strips the priests disguise, awakes desire,
 Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
 All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
 And wonder how the dev'l they lost the saint!

Next from the different theatres came forth
 A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
 Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
 A prologue *this* had wrote, and *that* a song;
 Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
 To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
 But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
 To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.

Here endless groups on groups from every street,
 Popes, Shakspeares, Jonsons,—in their own conceit,

With hopes clate advance, and ardour keen,
 Whom not one muse had ever heard or seen;
 Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
 And damn the public for their want of taste.

Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
 Nations confess, and potentates obey,
 How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's
 the man

His own defects who boldly dares to scan,
 Just to himself?—Ev'n now, whilst I incline
 To paint the vot'ries kneeling at thy shrine,
 Whilst others follies freely I impart,
 Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
 Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
 ((x) Myself the very coxcomb I expose).
 And, ah! too partial to my lays and me!
 My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
 The culprit-muse, whose idle sportive vein
 No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
 (Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with disgrace,
 Must still be fing'ring dear forbidden lace),

Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
 Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
 And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
 Condemn'd by butchers, pre-resolv'd to kill,
 In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
 Ev'n for a syllable the wretch shall bleed,
 And, 'spite of all the friendship you can show,
 Be made a public spectacle of woe. [mute—
 But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be
 Derrick appears to move his kingly suit.

(x) A very ingenuous declaration it must be acknowledged; and I dare venture to pronounce our author the first who ever made it, and in all probability the last who ever will.—The ancients all run into the contrary extreme. See Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. &c.

"Goddeſs, I come not here for fame to vie,
 (A maſter of the ceremonies I).
 "Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,
 "This day appoint me to that ſtation here;
 "In nicest order, I'll conduct the whole,
 "All riot and indecency controul,
 "For know, this pigmy (y) frame contains a
 "mighty ſoul!"
 "Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
 "'Twas I firſt gave the ſtrumpet's (z) liſt to fame,
 "Their age, ſize, qualities, if brown or fair,
 "Whoſe breath was ſweeteſt, whoſe the brighteſt
 "hair,
 "Display'd each various dimple, ſmile, and frown,
 "Pimp-generaliſſimo to all the town!
 "From this what vaſt advantages accrue!
 "Thus each may chooſe the maid of partial hue;
 "Know to whoſe bed he has the beſt pretenſions,
 "And buy the Venus of his own *dimensions*.
 "Nor yet a ſtranger to the tuneful nine, [mine;
 "Songs, prologues, and meand'ring odes are
 "Such *jeu d'eſprit*, as beſt becomes a king,
 "And gentle epigrams—without a ſting;
 "The ſam'd Domitian ſtill before my eyes,
 "Who ne'er for paſtime murder'd aught but flies;
 "Nay—let my muſe boaſt gentler ſport than he,
 "Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me,
 "By me, though ſeated in monarchial ſtate,
 "And, ſpite of Harrington, whoſe will is fate."
 Here rais'd the little monarch on his toe,
 And ſmil'd contempt on printers' boys below.
 He ſpoke.—The goddeſs thus reply'd—"My
 "ſon,
 "'Tis time the buſineſs of the day were done;
 "Enjoy what thou demand'ſt—up yonder tree
 "Climb expeditious, that the crowd may ſee;
 "This flag, the ſignal to begin, hang out,
 "And quell the tumult of the rabble rout. [gaze,
 "But ſtay—methinks, while round the field I
 "Amid the various claimants for the bays,
 "One fav'rite bard eſcapes my notice—ſay,
 "My dear Melpomene, on ſuch a day,
 "Why is not thy beloved Shenſtone here?"
 The muſe was ſilent—ſobb'd—and dropp'd a tear.
 And now the trumpet's ſound, by Fame's com-
 mand,
 Proclaims the hour of ſtarting is at hand.
 Now round the goal the various heroes preſs,
 While hope and fear alternately poſſeſs
 Each anxious breſt! in order here they riſe,
 And panting ſtand impatient for the prize:
 Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,
 And waves the flag, as ſignal for the race.
 But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,
 With Deſcaizeau ſlow-pacing in the rear!
 Maſon and Thompſon, Ogilvy and Hayes,
 And he whoſe hand has pluck'd a ſprig of bays
 (a) On Rhætia's barren hills—onward they move;
 But now too late their various pow'rs to prove,
 Some future day may fair occaſion yield
 To weigh their ſev'ral merits in the field:
 For ſee! the bards with expectation riſe,
 Stand ſtript, and ready for the glorious ſtrife;

(y) *Ingentes animos exercent in corpore parvo.*

VIRGIL.

(z) *A moſt infamous pamphlet, intituled, "Harris's Liſt."*

(a) *See the Traveller, a Poem.*

And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
 Their furious ardour longer to reſtrain.

The flag display'd, promiſcuous forth they
 bound, [ground;
 (b) And ſhake with clatt'ring feet the powder'd
 Equal in flight there *two* diſpute the race,
 With envious ſtrife, and meaſure pace for pace.
 Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;
 This tumbles down, another breaks his ſhin;!
 That (c) ſwearſhis puffing neighbour ſtinks of gin.
 Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
 While loud, To Order, Derrick calls in vain.
 Stuck faſt in mire here ſome deſponding lay,
 And, grinning, yield the glories of the day.
 For, maugre all primeval bards have ſung,
 Steep is the road to Fame, and clogg'd with dung.
 Borne on the wings of Hope now Murphy flies,
 Vain hope! for Fate the wiſh'd-for boon denies;
 Arriv'd, where ſcavengers, the night before,
 Had left their gleanings from the common ſhore,
 With head retorted, as he fearful ſpy'd
 The giant Churchill thund'ring at his ſide,
 Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
 Prone in the filth the hapleſs poet fell (d).

'Diſtanc'd by G---!' roars out a ruſtic 'ſquire,
 'He muſt give out, thus ſous'd in dung and mire.'
 Lord M--- replies, I'll hold you ſix to ten,
 'Spite of the t---d, he'll riſe and run again.'
 A burſt of laughter echoes all around, [ground,
 While, ſputt'ring dirt, and ſcrabbling from the
 'Ceafe, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my diſgrace;
 'This curſed bog, not Churchill, won the race;
 'And ſure, who ſuch diſaſters can foreſee,
 'Muſt be a greater conjurer than me.'

While Churchill, careleſs, triumphs in his fall,
 Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;
 Here ſome the watchful harpies on the ſhore
 Plunge in—ah! deſtin'd to return no more!—
 While others wond'ring, view them as they ſink,
 And ſcar'd, ſtand quiv'ring on the dreadful brink.
 Now rous'd the hero by the trumpet's ſound,
 Turns from his rueful foe, and ſtares around;
 No bard he views behind—but all have paſt
 Him, heedleſs of their flight, and now the laſt.

(b) *Left ſome malevolent critic, reviewing critic, or critical reader (as all readers, now-a-days, are critics), ſhould tax the author with plagiarism, he thinks it prudent to enter his caveat, by declaring he had that famous line of Virgil in his eye,*

*Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatut ungulae cam-
 pum,*

with this difference, that his animals have four feet, and theſe but two.

(c) *Many of our readers cannot but remember, in a late literary quarrel, how the authors attacked one another for frequenting brothels, ſmoking, and dram-drinking, to which this circumſtance alludes.*

(d) *The very ſame miſfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who alſo makes a ſpeech to the ſame effect:*

Accurſed Fate, the conqueſt I forego,
 A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe!
 She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way;
 And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.

A noble precedent, and ſufficient for authorizing ſo low an incident in this poem.

Stung at the thought with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings :
The ground regain'd—'Stand clear,' he sternly
said,

'Who bars my passage, horror on his head !'
Unhappy Dapper ! doom'd to meet thy fate,
Why heard'st thou not the menace ere too late !
Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
And headlong hurl'd him in Oblivion's ditch ;
Then instant bounding high with all his main,
O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along
the plain.

Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled ;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulf once past, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, 'midst flow'r-enamel'd plains ;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.
Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
Th' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.

Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch ;
Hill call'd the Goddesses whore, and Jones a bitch ;
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

SONG.

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes ;
" Say Damon," cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
" Tell of this homely frame, the part
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart."

In vain my Emma would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell ;
The swain who partial charms can see,
May own—but never lov'd like me !
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin'd,
With lover's eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

*Emma to Damon, on finding his addressee not fa-
voured by her friends, on account of his want
of fortune.*

Forbear, in pity, ah ! forbear
To sooth my ravish'd ear ;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas ! my tender heart
Does to thy suit incline,
Why then attempt to gain by art,
What is already thine ?

O ! let not, like the Grecian dame*,
My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
And died by too much love.

*The Author being in company with Emma, and
having no opportunity of expressing certain
doubts he had conceived of her sincerity, con-*

* Semele.

*veys to her the following lines, as a device to
know the sentiments of her heart.*

Are all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown
maid ;

Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
And worn thy grateful image next my heart,
And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
When fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine ?
Then go, irresolute—and dare to prove
To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
Perhaps, too long accusom'd to obtain,
My flattering views were ever false and vain !
Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,
Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart !
Perhaps the muse profanely does thee wrong,
† Weak my suspicions, and unjust my song !
Which ever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
And to that sentence here affix thy name ;
So shall we both be rescu'd from the fear
Which thou must have to tell, and I to bear ;
If thou art false—the muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex, for Emma's sake.
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O ! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate !
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear ;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

To Emma, doubting the Author's sincerity.

When misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush ;
When parents shall no more controul,
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair,
Her idol from her heart to tear ;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age ;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove,
Propitious to ingenuous love ;
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by th' alliance ;
And O ! when hearts as proud as mine,
Shall barely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull pow'r's superior claim,
When the bright sun no more shall bring,
The sweet return of annual spring,
When nature shall the change deplore,
And music fill the groves no more ;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.

But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw allusions whence I love ?

When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,

† After perusing the paper, Emma (as the reader
may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the
Author, after having written her name with a
pencil at the close of the following line : " Weak
my suspicions and unjust my song."

And every froward tooth shall stand,
 As rang'd by Hemet's dext'rous hand;
 When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,
 No more shall every heart engage,
 When her soft voice shall cease to charm,
 Nor malice of its power disarm;
 When manners gentle and refin'd,
 No more speak forth her spotless mind;
 But the perfidious minx shall prove,
 A perjur'd traitress to her love;
 Then—nor till then—shall Damon be
 False to his vows, and false to thee.

An invitation to Emma, after marriage, to live in the country.

Come my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
 Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail;
 Let's fly thus curst town—a nest of slaves—
 Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,
 Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
 And truth, and innocence, are bought and sold;
 An humble competence we have in store,
 Mere food and raiment—Kings can have no more!
 A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
 See the fruits ripen, and the lambskins feed:
 Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
 And joy to see each yearly toil repaid;
 In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
 The fav'rite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
 Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling
 vine,
 Emblem of faithful love like your's and mine!
 Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
 And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
 Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
 To gather spirits for th' approaching day,
 Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
 A pillow softer than a monarch's bed.

THE SNOW-BALL.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Harriot wanton as the sportive roe,
 Was pelting Strephon with the new-fall'n snow;
 Th' ena'mour'd youth, who'd long in vain ad-
 mir'd,

By every look and every gesture fir'd,
 While round his head the harmless bullets fly,
 Thus breathes his passion, prefac'd with a sigh.

AIR.

Cease my charmer, I conjure thee,
 Oh! cease this pastime, too severe;
 Though I burn, snow cannot cure me,
 Fix'd is the flame that rages here.
 Snow in thy hand its chillness loses,
 Each flake converts to glowing fire;
 Whilst thy cold breast all warmth refuses,
 Thus I by contraries expire.

RECITATIVE.

A humble distance thus to tell your pain,
 What should you meet but coldness and disdain?
 Reply'd the laughing fair—Observe the snow,
 The sun retir'd, broods o'er the vale below,
 But when approaching near he gilds the day,
 It owns the genial flame and melts away.

AIR.

Whining in this love-sick strain,
 Strephon you will sigh in vain;
 For your passion thus to prove,
 Moves my *pity*, not my *love*.
 Phœbus points you to the prize,
 Take the hint, be timely wise,
 Other arts, perhaps, may move,
 And ripen *pity* into *love*.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

Containing

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY,
JULIA'S LETTER,
ELEGIES,



ODES,
EPISTLES,
SONGS.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ah! what avails—that once the muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!

MISS G——'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LOVIBOND.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

Containing

CHIEFLY
SELECTED
AND
ARRANGED

BY
JAMES
MILN, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

As when some hero, once the thrones crown'd,
The world with his name and his temple bound;
That name, which still in our hearts lives,
And still in our hearts, a name that lives,
And still in our hearts, a name that lives,
And still in our hearts, a name that lives,
And still in our hearts, a name that lives,
And still in our hearts, a name that lives,<

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MESSRS. AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
1825.

THE LIFE OF LOVIBOND.

Of the personal history of Lovibond, very few particulars are known, and those few have not been collected into a distinct narrative; but have been left to the common fate of oral and detached communication.

The life of a country gentleman, devoting part of his time to literature and poetry, cannot be expected to abound in events that merit extraordinary attention. The natural bent of his mind, and his pursuits, lead him to prefer the scenes of shade and silence; and his character is left to be judged of by posterity, rather from his writings, than from those trivial incidents of life, which he shares in common with the rest of mankind.

Little attention has been bestowed by the anonymous editor of his poems, in transmitting the incidents of his life, or in delineating his most observable particularities; probably because he held them to be little deserving of transmission to posterity.

The present account, therefore, may properly be considered rather as proportioned to the means of information, than to his estimation among his acquaintance, or his rank in poetry and literature.

Edward Lovibond was the son of ——— Lovibond, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, who had an estate in the neighbourhood of Hampton, in Middlesex. The year of his birth is not ascertained.

He received his education at Kingston upon Thames, under the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard; and to whom he addressed some *Verses after passing through Findon, Suffex, in 1768*, and whom he has commemorated in the beautiful poem, *on the converting the late Mr. Wooddeson's house at Kingston into a Poor house, &c.*

“Mr. Wooddeson” says the editor of his poems, “was, in truth, one of those amiable beings whom none could know without loving. To the abilities of an excellent scholar, was united a mind so candid, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action. His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature. He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners, as is rarely to be met with. He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart, and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.”

It is uncertain whether he completed his studies at either of the universities, spent some years on the continent, or was entered in any of the Inns of Court in London; but his writings sufficiently show that he had the advantages of a polite and liberal education.

All that is known with certainty concerning him, is, that he passed the greater part of his life in the neighbourhood of Hampton, where he seems to have divided his time between the occupations of rural economy, the amusements of literature and poetry, and the gaieties of elegant society.

In 1753, when Moore began the periodical paper, called “The World,” and invited the wits of the age to join in it, Lovibond gave it his assistance, in conjunction with the Hon. Horace Walpole, the present Earl of Orford, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Corke, Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes, Jenyns, Dr. Warton, Mr. Cambridge, &c.

On the 25th July 1754, his *Tears of Old May-Day*, written on a very remarkable event in our history, the reforming our style or calendar to the general usage of the rest of Europe, was

introduced to the public in the 82d number of "The World," and read with universal approbation.

He continued, from time to time, to compose verses, chiefly on such incidents as occasionally arose in those societies of intimate acquaintance which he most frequented; but few of his pieces were prepared for the press by himself.

He died at his house near Hampton, August 25. 1775. He lived greatly beloved by those who best knew him; and died greatly lamented by an extensive and elegant acquaintance.

His poems being dispersed in the hands of his particular friends, for whose amusement and his own they were written; his only brother, Anthony Lovibond Collins, Esq. zealous for the reputation of a brother he affectionately loved, complied with their wishes to have them collected and preserved. The pieces selected by him for that purpose were printed in one volume, 12mo., 1785, with a preface by an anonymous editor, and a few lines inscribed by Miss G——, a very accomplished lady in that neighbourhood, to the memory of Lovibond. "The diffidence of this lady," says the preface, "though possessing the ability of writing with much taste and elegance, hath ever precluded the public from seeing her compositions; but as the author has addressed three of the pieces in this collection to her, under the title, "To Miss G." and as her's in reply, written several years ago, may serve better to elucidate his own, she hath, on this occasion, been pleased to permit them with the same signature, to be inserted with the poems of her deceased friend. They are now, reprinted from the edition, 1785, with some corrections communicated by a friend, in the, "Monthly Review" for 1785, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Lovibond seems to have been very amiable and respectable. He possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree. The qualities of his heart and his head were equally remarkable. To the scholar and the wit he added every elegant attainment. His elegance and judgment were universally confessed. "He was an admirable scholar," says the editor of his poems, "of very amiable manners, and of universal benevolence; of which all his writings bear strong testimony."

As a poet, his *Tears of Old May-Day*, if he had written nothing else, entitles him to very considerable attention. Every part of his works displays the man of taste, the gentleman, and the scholar. He is a pleasing and elegant writer; though not a very animated or first-rate poet. His compositions bear evident traces of ability and ingenuity. They breathe the passions which he felt, and are seldom cold or inanimated. He writes with terseness and neatness; frequently with elevation and spirit. He unites delicacy of wit, and poetic fancy, with a pensive cast of thought, tenderness of sentiment, and a habit of moral reflection. He has more judgment and feeling, than strength of intellect, or fertility of invention. His sentiments are always manly and delicate; his conceptions are sometimes striking and forcible, and frequently distinguished by gay humour, lively wit, and pleasant satire. His diction is chaste and poetical; and his versification is easy and harmonious.

His *Tears of Old May-Day*, the most poetical and popular of his performances, is introduced by the following humorous paper, explanatory of the subject, in the "The World," No. 82.

"It is a received opinion among the politicians, that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevailing in the counties most remote from town. I know several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under the daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion, or that armies were observ-

ed to be encountering in the skies; people probably concluding, that the great men who pretended to controul the sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

“The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among Papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature; yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. The popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination, not reason.

“In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the *Old May-Day*, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days.”

In this exquisite performance, the poet creates in our imagination an ideal personage, in circumstances of distress, which, though imaginary, powerfully awakens all our tendernefs. The attributes of *Old May-Day* are finely imagined, her character and employments are admirably delineated, and her complaints are expressed with the strongest touches of genuine pathos; the thoughts are elegant and classical; the popular allusions are apposite and beautiful; the natural description is discriminate and graphical; the diction is animated and poetical; and the versification is at once easy and forcible, and flows with a plaintive melody, which has only been surpassed by the inimitable “Church-yard Elegy” of Gray. Thus the tale of this ideal personage comes to us possessed of all those external recommendations, that allure the attention and captivate the heart. The English language probably cannot boast a finer example of the power of poetry, than *The Tears of Old May-Day*. The happy union which it exhibits of genius and of art, are so truly admirable, that it may be almost pronounced inimitable.

His *Julia's printed Letter to Lord B*—, does equal credit to his sensibility and genius. It resembles, in its tone and contexture, though the characters of the parties are very different, that of “*Eloisa to Abelard*.” It is alike descriptive of a feeling mind, agitated with contending passions. We meet with the same smoothness of numbers, vivid colours, energy of sentiment, and warmth of expression. Its principal defect, is the want of variety, both of sentiment and expression.

His *elegies* abound in tender sentiments and moral reflections, interspersed with the flowers of the imagination, expressed in easy flowing versification, which will be perused with pleasure, though they be not enriched with the poetical elegance of Gray. The elegy on *Rural Sports* breathes a spirit of humanity and poetry, that does honour both to his heart and his understanding. His *Mulberry Tree*, an allegorical tale, is equally remarkable for fertility of invention, felicity of expression, and propriety of application. Garrick and Dr. Johnson are characterized with equal happiness and skill. His *Odes*, though not in the first class of lyric compositions, are written with considerable ardour of spirit, and command of language. The *Ode to Captivity* is entitled to a greater share of praise for conception and sentiment, than for diction and harmony. His verses on *the converting Mr. Wooddeson's House at Kingston, into a Poor-house*, deserve great praise, for tenderness of sentiment, and beauty and energy of expression. His lines *On Mr. Brown's alterations at Clermont*, are sprightly; and the allusion to a fine lady dressed with greater elegance, and less affectation, is well imagined and very happily preserved. Of his amatory poems, the thoughts are pure and simple, and the versification is elegant and easy. His songs, addresses, complimentary verses, and other light and sportive effusions of his muse, will be read with pleasure; but they require no distinct examination or particular criticism.

of the... (The text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. It appears to be a biographical or historical account, possibly related to the title 'THE LIFE OF JOSEPH'. The text is organized into several paragraphs, with some lines indented. Key words like 'life', 'Joseph', 'life', 'life', 'life' are visible in some places, but the overall content is too faded to transcribe accurately.)

THE WORKS OF LOVIBOND.

P O E M S.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle May;
Blushing the rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were
bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.
Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.
Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste:
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.
Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops * from the spangled
lawn.
To her no more Augusta's † wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine:
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.
No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabor's sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.
Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
"O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
"My maiden honours, whither gone?" she
cry'd.

* Alluding to the country custom of gathering
May-dew.

† The plate garlands of London.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me
May.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies
rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw youth, and joy, and love's enchanting
wiles;
Saw the mild graces in my train appear,
And infant beauty brighten in my smiles.

No winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
Three sister seasons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vy'd
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty
mien.

Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings giv'n
And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying saw the deluge rage;

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While founding billows from the mountains
roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of
gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis * sunk beneath the main.

* See Plato.

No longer bloom'd primæval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian
steep:

With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mass sus-
tain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the muses, crown'd my lofty
brows.

But chief in Europe and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd;
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah! me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning funs in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her
way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous
peace,

With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
The blasts that riot on the Spring's increate?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and senates' stern command?
Ungen'rous Europe! let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on Asia's dropping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;

Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and
life.

Then Britain—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue sup-
prest:

Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

DEDICATION

*To the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, of Kingston upon
Thames, and the Ladies of his Neighbourhood.*

O thou who sit'st in academic schools,
Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,
Thy own example nobler than your rules,
Thy blameless life, best lesson for the heart.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,
Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious
maids!

Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound;
A mournful muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

Nor you the rivals, nor such magic strain
As rescu'd Eloise from oblivion's sleep;
Enough, if one the meekest of your train,
Poor Julia! cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER

TO LORD B——

—AND dar'st thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men?
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dream't sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue,
Love's secret mysteries there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd:
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in honour's paths to run,
Still virtue's follower, yet by vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general
view,

Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
What vice would perpetrate and fraud disguise,
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch thy swelling rage controul,
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—
True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—

Enough to honour and revenge be giv'n,
This truth reserve for conscience and for heav'n!
Talk't thou, ingrate, of friendship's holy pow'rs?
What binds the tiger, and the lamb be ours!

This cold, this frozen bosom, can't thou dream
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to
prove [love—

Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can't not
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—unchecked by time or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—

Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear conscience call, while flatt'ring passions
sleep!—

Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To love's indulgence and to virtuous fame!
Where harbour honour, justice, faith, and truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught
my youth.

How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor wins an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—

Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Bri-
tain's peer,

Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours from illustrious fires!
Can virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing
cheek,

When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to heav'n,
Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide thy care, [spair,
Thought nature's weakness, and not love's de-
The sprightly youth in gloomy langour pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—

Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous powers
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?
Where sprightly morn on downy pinions rose,
And evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?

Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth, and greatness to thy arms
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize had fann'd thy sickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind?
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, passion's willing slave,
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not com-
plain'd—

But ah, with tears and crowded sighs to sue
False passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart.

This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of pity's voice and beauty's sighs,

“That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
“And Heav'n but smiles at perjuries in love.”—

No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence,
To seize the trembling prey that wants defence.

No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel,
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's
steel;

Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears,
That helpless sex, by nature's voice address'd
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—th' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.

What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign
Bind man to man in honour's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
Not Heav'n attested, and Heav'n's awful Lord?
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour temp'ring female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain

Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's th' unsocial passions to controul,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;
From wealth, from power's delusive restless dreams
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—

Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not nature's law:
Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill
Possessing all the power—we want the will.

Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in fraudulent thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles per-
plex,

Weakens already weak too soft a sex;
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,

Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—

Are these reflections then that love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curie, perhaps to wrong mankind?
Ah! long I strove to burst th' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? Ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?—
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom? but love and you alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the
wound?—

O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!
From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world ally'd;
A blank of nature, vanish'd every thought
That nature, reason, that experience taught,
Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where love alone can fill the mighty void:
That love on unreturning pinions flown
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
From one ador'd and once adoring, dream
Of friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A letter, token—on destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of hope, and sink.—

In those dread moments, when the hovering
flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dry'd my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treach'rous tears your venial faults con-
fess'd,

And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;
Yourself reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.

Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side;
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to with virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface,
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To virtue's smiles, to virtue's very tears;
But ah! an heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjurd, heard you
swear;

Was this an heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave that yawns till general doom's no
more,

As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of innocence and peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by affliction made;
Flames once extinguish'd virtue's lamp divine,
And visits honour, a deserted shrine!

No, wretch, too long on passion's ocean tost,
Not heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A fiend pursues thee that an angel seem'd;
Impassive to the touch of reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union love and hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumb'ring haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.

Yes, love—ev'n now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.
The sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds,
The moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose,
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light,
A new creation brighten'd to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew,
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious
rose,

And beat sweet unison to others woes,
Slumb'ring no more a Lethe's lazy flood
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind,
No more centering in itself the blaze
The soul diffus'd benevolence's rays,
Kindled on earth, pursued the ethereal road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—

Yes, love, thy star of generous influence cheers
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.

What! if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native heaven,
Still love victorious triumphs, still confest
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes traitor, yes, my heart to nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

ON REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,

Near Kingston, Surrey, once the Seat of the famous King-making Earl of Warwick, and late in the Possession of the Family of Harvey.

YE modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

Dread mansion! on thy Gothic tower
Were regal standards rais'd;
The rose of York, white virgin flower,
Or red Lancastria's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
Spread here his hospitable board,
Or warr'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld
On barbed steeds advance,
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,
And love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds here array'd
Fair acts in gorgeous style,
But heroes toils were best repay'd
By bashful beauty's smile.—

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long
With lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
And mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
The fainting traveller prest,
Still misery flush'd her faded cheek
At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,
Along thy woods I stray'd,
Now vent'rous climb'd embow'ring trees,
Now sported in their shade,

Along the hills the chase I led
With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
Explor'd thy * precious springs
That proudly flow †, like Susa's streams,
To temper cups for kings.

* *Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe Hills.*

† "There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,

"The drink of none but king's." MILTON.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler powers,
I sought thy awful grove;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours
That best deceiver love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
In life's delicious prime;
There young ambition plum'd his wings,
And mock'd the flight of time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
With freedom's glowing themes,
And virtue's image rose confest
In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth
No more thy walks invade,
The charm is broke by sober truth,
Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt
Such hours of rapture smile,
Each airy fabric fancy built
Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

On Lady Pomfret's Presenting the University of Oxford with her Collection of Statues.

WELCOME again the reign of ancient arts!
Welcome fair modern days from Gothic night,
Though late, emerging, sun of science hail!
Whose glorious rays enlightened Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations! their's was empire's seat,
Their's virtue, freedom, each enchanting grace;
Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,
Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd
The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
And chiefs and sages gave the passions form,
And virtue shape corporeal: taught by her
The obedient brass dissolv'd;
In love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
Thou mild retreating Medicean fair.
She mark'd the flowing dryads lighter step,
The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
Again by Pomfret's generous care, these stores
Of ancient fame revisit learning's seats,
Their old abode. O reverence learning's seats,
Ye beauteous arts! for know, by learning's
smiles

Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair
Sculpture and painting, fairer poetry
Your elder sister, from the Aonian mount,
Imagination's fruitful realm, supply'd
The rich material of your lovely soil.
Her fairy forms, poetic fancy first
Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves
With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
Saw fauns with wanton satyrs lead the dance
With meek-ey'd naiads; saw your Cyprian queen
Ascending from the ocean's wave;
Poetic fancy in Maonian song
Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands
Sublime with all his thunders form'd the god,
Here then uniting with your kindred art,
Majestic Grecian sculpture deign to dwell,

Here shades of Academe again invite,
 Athenian philosophic shades, and here
 Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flows.
 Come, Pomfret, come, of rich munificence
 Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,
 And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.
 Pomfret, not all thy honours, splendid train,
 Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
 Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens
 On beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy praise
 Like science, boasting in thy genial beam
 Increasing stores: in these embowering shades
 Stands the fair tablet of eternal fame;
 There memory's adamant pen records
 Her sons; but each illustrious female's name
 In golden characters engrav'd, defies
 Envy and time, superior to their rage.---
 Pomfret shall live, the generous Pomfret join'd
 With Caroline, and martial Edward's queen,
 And great Eliza, regal names, like thee
 Smiling on arts and learning's sons they reign'd.---
 And see where Westmorland adorns the train
 Of learning's princely patrons! lo, I see
 A new Pantheon rise as that of old
 Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
 Though thine, Agrippa, sway'd the helm of
 Rome:

I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms,
 Chiefs, legislators, patriots, beauties, gods.
 Not him by superstitious fears ador'd
 With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,
 Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft
 Thou, slumb'ring Cupid, with inverted torch
 Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs
 Of virtuous love-sick youths. You too shall reign,
 Celestial Venus, though with chaster rites,
 Address'd with vows from purer votaries heard.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE sun wakes jocund---all of life, who breathe
 In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
 Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
 Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
 Whose levell'd thunder frightens morn's repose,
 Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
 A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins,
 A general groan the general anguish speaks,
 The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
 The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
 Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
 Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
 ---I call in vain---They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
 With dogs of war---the spurning bull their
 prize;
 And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
 And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
 Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen
 air;

Thou the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
 * Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of humankind avarice, wage
 For milder conflicts, love their palm design'd?
 Now sheath'd in steel, must rival reason's rage,
 Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, creation's lords?
 Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
 Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords
 For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
 Heaven tempers power with mercy---Heaven
 revere!

Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
 But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breath this evening gale,
 Uninjur'd, and uninjuring nature's peace.
 Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
 Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's in-
 crease!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
 Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
 Or see the panting spaniel try the fields
 While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
 Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul;
 Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
 And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
 Mark the gay, floating myriads, nor molest
 Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
 Of evil fled and all creation blest!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
 Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
 Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
 To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
 The turkey strut with valour's red pretence,
 And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
 And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect in simple pride
 Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call,
 Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
 That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
 Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
 While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
 A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wasted grain,
 Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
 And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful
 strain,
 Let Heaven's best joy be thine, Benevolence!

While flocks soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
 The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath,
 Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
 Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
 Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!

* *Serve Tuesday.*

For not their fury, a consuming flood,
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side a dagger draw,
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See as they reach ambition's purple fruits
Their reeking hands in nation's carnage dyed!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
The fury passions that laid nature waste?

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
Revenging nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
He calls down heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and
love,

The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
Each being's bliss consummates general good.

ODE TO CAPTIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN captivity! from Albion's land
Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
O crush not freedom, fairest child of God!—

Bring not from thy Gallic shore
The galling fetters, groaning oar!
Bring not hither virtue's bane,
Thy sister superstition's train!

O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods!
Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted
woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapacious power, thy throne?
While the chain'd continent thy vassal waits,
The Rhine, the Danube, and the sounding Rhone,
Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.

See Valentia's smiling vales
Courtied for thee by ocean's gales!
Through * yawning vaults on Tagus' streams,
Thine revenge's dagger gleams:

Thy fury bursts on Rome's devoted head,
In vain the Scipios lived, the Decii, Cata bled?

Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarch's
reign,

To this fair isle how impotent thy hate!

Where Pitt, so righteous Heaven and George or-
dain,

In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.

* The late conspiracy against the Portuguese Govern-
ment was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate
capital.

That thunder shook on * Afric's shore,
The howling wild where lions roar;
In † western worlds its awful powers
Sunk astonish'd Bourbon's towers;
That thunder sounding o'er the Celtic main,
Roll'd to Lutetia's walls along the affrighted Seine.

Daughters of Albion! strew his paths with flowers,
O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord!
His name be echoed in your festal bowers,
Who guards Britannia from a foreign lord!

Happy fair, who seated far
From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,
Have heard alone in tragic songs
Of cities storm'd and virgins wrongs,
There felt the daughters, parents, consorts groan,
And wept historic woes, unpractis'd in your own?

Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd
Their prostrate land?—how Greece her victims
tore

From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd
From Troy reluctant—on the sea-beat shore
Their eyes to heaven were roll'd in vain,
Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
Indulg'd thy privilege, despair!

Their hands to rend their flowing hair;
Behind them Troy a smoking ruin lies,
Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent
skies.

‡ "Ye gales!" they cry'd, "ye cruel eastern
gales!"

"Adverse to Troy, conspiring with the foe,
That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,
To what unfriendly regions will ye blow?"

"Shall we serve on Doric plains?"

"Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?"

"Shall Echo catch our captive tales?"

"Joyless in the sprightly vales

"Apidanus thy beauteous current laves,

"Say, shall we sit and dream of Simois' fairer
waves?"

"Shall Delos, sacred Delos, hear our woes?"

"Where when Latona's offspring sprung to
birth,

"The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,

"O Dian, Dian, on thy hallow'd earth;

"With Delian maids, a spotless band,

"At virtue's altar shall we stand

"And hail thy name with choral joy

"Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?"

"Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,

"When not an arrow fled to spare thy votarie
shame.

"To Athens, art's fair empire, shall we rove?"

"There for some haughty mistress ply the loom,

"With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,

"His forked lightnings flaming through the
gloom,

"To blast the bold Titanian race:

"Or deaf to nature, must we trace

"In mournful shades our hapless war?"

"What art, dread Pallas, to thy car,

* Senegal.

† Louisbourg.

‡ An imitation of the first chorus in the Hecuba of
Euripides.

" Shall yoke th' immortal steeds? what colours
 " tell
 " By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilium
 " fell?
 " Yes, cruel Gods, our bleeding country falls,
 " Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, fires ex-
 " pire!
 " Ah see, exulting o'er her prostrate walls,
 " The victor's fury, and devouring fire!
 " Asia's haughty genius broke,
 " Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,
 " Chains are all our portion now,
 " No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,
 " Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day:
 " O death, and black despair, behold your destin'd
 " prey!"

IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS,

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL,
 &c.

BROWN autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
 The dark mist gathers; howling winds assail
 The blighted desert; on its mineral bed
 Dark rolls the river through the fullen vale.
 On the hills dejected scene
 The blasted ash alone is seen,
 That marks the grave where Connal sleeps;
 Gather'd into mould'ring heaps
 From the whirlwind's giddy round,
 Its leaves bestrew the hallow'd ground.
 Across the musing hunter's lonesome way
 Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good!
 Thy long-fam'd ancestors what tongue can
 trace?

Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;
 Planted as firm on glory's ample base.
 Rooted in their native clime,
 Brav'd alike devouring time,
 Full of honours, full of age,
 That lofty oak the winter's rage
 Rent from the promontory's brow,
 And death has laid the mighty low.
 The mountain's mourn the consecrated tree;
 His country Connal mourns;—what son shall rival
 thee?

Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown
 The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;
 The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,
 The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;
 Tall amidst the host, as hills
 Above their vales and subject rills,
 His arm, a tempest low'ring high,
 His sword, a beam of summer's sky,
 His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,
 His voice that shook th' astonish'd war,
 Was thunder's sound: He smote the trembling
 foes,

As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a storm,
 A cloudy storm, the mighty Dargo came;
 As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form
 His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame.

§

And now they join'd, and now they wield
 Their clashing steel—resounds the field,
 Crimora heard the loud alarms,
 Rinval's daughter, bright in arms,
 Her hands the bow victorious bear,
 Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;
 Connal, her life, her love, in beauty's pride,
 She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's
 side.

In wild despair, at Connal's foe she drew
 The fatal string, impatient flew the dart;
 Ah hapless maid!—with erring course it flew;
 The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart.
 He fell—so falls by thunder's shock
 From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.
 That falls and plows the groaning strand—
 He fell by love's unwilling hand.
 Hapless maid! from eve to day,
 Connal, my love; the breathless clay
 My love, she calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—
 Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she
 faints, she dies.—

Together rest in earth's parental womb,
 Her fairest offspring; mournful in the vale
 I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,
 Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale.—
 Pensive memory wakes her powers,
 Oft recalls your smiling hours
 Of fleeting life, that wont to move
 On downy wings of youth and love;
 The smiling hours no more return;
 —All is hush'd—your silent urn
 The mountain covers with its awful shade,
 Far from the haunts of men in pathless desert laid.

ODE TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
 Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
 Youth, disdaining silver hairs,
 Autumn's frowns, and winter's cares,
 Dwell'st thou but in dimple cheek,
 In vernal smiles and summer's cheek?
 On spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold,
 They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch
 is gold.

Graver years come sailing by:
 Hark! they call me as they fly;
 Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
 Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!
 Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
 Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
 Deserting virtue, yet assume her state;
 Thy smiles, that dwell with love, ah, wed them
 now to hate!

Or in victory's purple plain
 Triumph thou on hills of slain!
 While the virgin rends her hair,
 Childless fires demand their heir,
 Timid orphans kneel and weep:
 Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
 Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose,
 There mock at human joys, there mock at hu-
 man woes.

Years away! too dear I prize
 Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;

Come, ye gales that swell the flowers,
Wake my soul's expanding powers;
Come, by streams embow'd in wood,
Celestial forms, the fair, the good!
With moral charms associate vernal joys!
Pure nature's pleasures these—the rest are fashion's
toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and rapture reign!
Sculpture, painting, meet my eyes,
Glowing still with young surprise!
Never to the virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
—Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else
my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
Speak thyself divinely sprung!
Wing'd for heaven, embracing earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in social chain
Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.
Pursue the eternal law!—one power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that power divine
is love.

TO THE THAMES.

NEARER to my grove, O Thames!
Lead along thy sultry streams,
Summer fires the stagnant air,
Come and cool thy bosom there!
Trees shall shelter, zephyrs play,
Odours court thy smiling stay;
There the lily lifts her head,
Fairest child of nature's bed.

Oh Thames! my promise all was vain:
Autumnal storms, autumnal rain
Have spoil'd that fragrance, stript those shades,
Hapless flower! that lily fades.—
What, if chance, sweet evening ray,
Or western gale of vernal day,
Momentary bloom renews,
Heavy with unfertile dews
It bends again, and seems to cry,
“Gale and sunshine, come not nigh!”
“Why reclaim from winter's power
“This wither'd stalk, no more a flower!”
Such a flower, my youthful prime,
Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,
Shrinks beneath the clouded storm:
What, if beauty's beaming form,
And Cambrian virgins' vocal air,
Expand to smiles my brow of care:
That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,
The dews of death hang heavier round,
No more to spring, to bloom, to be,
I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.

Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,
With all thy music seek my tomb,
With all thy grace, thy modest state,
With all thy virtues, known too late!
Come, a little moment spare
From pious rites and filial care!
Give my tomb—no heart-felt sigh,
No tear convulsing pity's eye!
Gifts of too endearing name
For you to grant, for me to claim;

But bring the song—whose healing sounds
Were balm to all my festering wounds.
Bring the lyre—by music's power
My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,
The dread majestic hour of doom,
When through the grave, and through the gloom
Heaven shall burst in floods of day:
Dazzled with so fierce a ray,
My aching eyes shall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.

TO MISS K—— P——.

GENTLE Kitty, take the lyre
Thy magic hands alone inspire!
But wake not once such swelling chords
As rouse ambition's stormy lords,
Nor airs that jocund tabors play
To dancing youth in shades of May,
Nor songs that shake old Picton's towers,
When feast and music blend their powers!
But notes of mildest accent call,
Of plaintive touch, and dying fall;
Notes to which thy hand, thy tongue,
Thy every tender power is strung.—
Cambrian maid, repeat that strain!
Sooth my widow'd bosom's pain!
Its passions own thy melting tones;
Sighs succeed to bursting groans;
Soft and softer still they flow,
Breathing more of love than woe;
Glistening in my eye appears
A tenderer dew than bitter tears;
Springing hope despair beguiles,
And sadness softens into smiles.

I quit thy lyre—but still the train
Of sweet sensations warms my brain.
What, though social joy and love
Forget to haunt my sullen grove:
Though there my soul, a stagnant flood,
Now flows its own, or others good,
Emblem of yon faded flower,
That, chill'd by frost, expands no more:
The dreary scene yet sometimes closes
When sleep inspires on beds of roses,
Such dear delusions, fairy charms,
As fancy dreams in virtue's arms.
For see, a gracious form is near!
She comes to dry my falling tear.
One pious hand in pity spread,
Supports my else unshelter'd head;
The other waves to chase away
The spectres haunting all my day:
She calls—above, below, around,
Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices sound.—
Such a balm to wounded minds,
Gentle Kitty slumber finds;
Such a change is misery's due—
Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

TO THE SAME.

AH! bow to music, bow my lays
To beauty's noblest art;
To reach the bosom mine the praise,
But thine to melt the heart.
’Tis mine to close affliction's wounds,
To brighten pleasure's eye;

But thine, by sweet-dissolving sounds,
To make it bliss to die.

My notes but kindle cold desire,
Ah, what you feel for me!
Diviner passions thine inspire,
Ah, what I feel for thee!

Associate then thy voice, thy touch,
O, wed to mine thy powers!
Be such at least, nor blush at such
Connubial union ours!

TO THE SAME.

WHY, Kitty, with that tender air,
Those eyes to earth inclin'd,
Those timid blushes? why despair
Of empire o'er mankind?

Ah, know, that beauty's surest arms
Are candour, softness, ease!
Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms
Is half the charm to please.—

Respect your own harmonious art!
For love securest wounds,
Securest takes th' imprison'd heart
Entranc'd by magic sounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth you call
This wreath that truth bestows;
Survey around your Attic wall
Each * pencill'd form that glows.

And ask the youths, what heavenly fair
Their tenderest vows inspires?
If Juno's more than regal air,
Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis bashful Venus they prefer,
Retiring from the view,
And what their lips address to her,
Their bosoms feel for you.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose;
For believe my ingenuous confession,
The veil meant to hide them, but only bestows
A softness transcending expression.

Good Heaven, cries Kitty, what language I hear!
Have I trespass'd on chastity's laws?
Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear?
Is it no satin apron, but gauze?

Ah no!—not the least swelling charm is descried
Through the tucker, too bashfully decent;
And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,
From the fashion of Eve to the present.

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,
Is what modesty throws on your mind:
That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.

TO THE SAME.

“ Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit à voir
“ celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son om-
* Drawings from antique statues.

“ brage, respirer le parfum de ses fleurs, goûter
“ la douceur de ses fruits: Je suis cet arbre, cul-
“ tivé par vous, & la nature m' a donné une
“ ame.” MARMONTEL.

AMID thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,
Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling pow-
ers,

In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,
By thee reviving: did the favoured tree
Exist, and blossom and mature by thee:
To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
With vegetable life, a nobler sense:
Would it not bless thy virtues, gentle maid?
Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,
Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,
Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,
Reject the tendrils of th' uxorious vine,
And stretch its longing arms to circle thine?

Yes; in creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,
Dividing, blending, form th' harmonious whole:
That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

TO THE SAME.

WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

RAPTUR'D traveller, cease the tales
Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;
Of isles, centering nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms;
Of that Hesperian world, which lies
Beneath the smile of southern skies,
Where zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where Albion's summers, Latian springs
Join thy autumns, smiling France,
And lead along th' eternal dance!
These enchanting scenes, and all
That wake to form at fancy's call,
And all the sportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces.
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded beauty calls her own.
Where all the sun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to virtue's rays.
There, with richer blended sweets,
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets;
There Fernandes' brighter shore,
There a purer Chili's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

THE COMPLAINT

OF CAMBRIA TO MISS K—— P——,

*Setting to Music, and Singing English Verses.
Done into English from the Welch Original.*

DEGENERATE maid, no longer ours!
Can Saxon ditties suit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no powers
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?

It ill becomes thee to combine
Such hostile airs with notes divine,
In Cambrian shades, the druids hallow'd bounds,
Whose infant voice has lisp'd the liquid Celtic
sounds.

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue !
 Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,
 Cadwallo's harp no more is strung,
 And silence sits on soft Lluellyn's tomb :
 Yet songs of British bards remain,
 That, wedded to thy vocal strain,
 Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,
 And roll on Millford's wave to distant echoing
 seas.—

O sing thy fires in genuine strains !
 When Rome's resistless arm prevail'd,
 When Edward delug'd all my plains *,
 And all the music of my mountains fail'd ;
 When all her flames rebellion spread,
 Firmly they stood—O sing the dead !
 The theme majestic to thy lyre belongs,
 'To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins
 songs.

ON A PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE
 SEAL OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER ;

*The one by Lady P——, on Paper, the other by
 Miss J—— P——, in Wax.*

FAIR sculpture of Ammon's young graces !
 My lady with whim shall we tax ?
 On paper who marks thy faint traces,
 Which Stella stamps lively in wax ?

Of their hearts they make mutual confession ;
 That, cold to emotions once felt,
 The mother's scarce yields to impression—
 The daughter's can soften and melt.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.

O you, that dwell where shepherds reign,
 Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,
 To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain,
 Why pensive now beneath the shades ?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,
 Behold the verse inscrib'd above,
 Once too in Arcady was I—
 Behold what dreams are life and love !

ON THE SAME.

SWEET Arcady, where shepherds reign,
 Your simple youths, your simple maids,
 With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,
 Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades ;

This only song still meets our ear,
 It swells the breeze, it fills the grove ;
 What joys so sweet as nature's here ?
 What joy of nature sweet as love ?

HITCHIN CONVENT.

A TALE.

WHERE Hitch's gentle current glides,
 An ancient convent stands,
 Sacred to prayer and holy rites,
 Ordain'd by pious hands.

* *Edward I. put to death all the Welch Bards.*

Here monks of faintly Benedict
 Their nightly vigils kept,
 And lofty anthems shook the choir,
 At hours when mortals slept.

But Harry's wide-reforming hand
 That sacred order wounded ;
 He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
 The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen ent'ring in,
 Those cloisters fair profan'd ;
 Now riot loud usurps the seat
 Where bright devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,
 Its echoing vaults along,
 Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,
 And hymeneal song.

Yet fame reports, that monkish shades
 At midnight never fail
 To haunt the mansions once their own,
 And tread its cloisters pale.

One night, more prying than the rest,
 It chanc'd a friar came,
 And enter'd, where on beds of down
 Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,
 Lay R——e, blushing maid !
 There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn,
 Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits
 His roving fancy run,
 He took the aunt for Priorefs,
 And R——e for a nun.

It hap'd that R——'s capuchin,
 Across the couch display'd,
 To deem her sister of the veil,
 The holy fire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,
 His raptur'd accents broke ;
 Amazement chill'd the waking nymph ;
 She trembled as he spoke.

Hail halcyon days ! hail holy nun !
 This wond'rous change explain :
 Again religion lights her lamp,
 Reviews these walls again.

For ever blest the power that check'd
 Reformists' wild disorders,
 Restor'd again the church's lands,
 Reviv'd our sacred orders.

To monks indeed, from Edward's days,
 Belong'd this chaste foundation ;
 Yet sister nuns may answer too
 The founder's good donation.

Ah, well thy virgin vows are heard !
 For man were never given
 Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,
 Thou spotless spouse of Heaven !

Yet speak what cause from morning mafs
 Thy ling'ring steps delays :
 Hasten to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal,
 To join thy vocal praise.

Awake thy abbess, sisters all;
At Mary's holy shrine,
With bended knees and suppliant eyes
Approach, thou nun divine!—

No nun am I, recov'ring cried
The nymph; no nun, I say,
Nor nun will be, unless this fright
Should turn my locks to gray.

'Tis true, at church I seldom fail
When aunt or uncle leads;
Yet never rise by four o'clock
To tell my morning beads.

No mortal lover yet, I vow,
My virgin heart has fix'd,
But yet I bear the creature's talk,
Without a grate betwixt.

To Heav'n my eyes are often cast
(From Heav'n their light began),
Yet deign sometimes to view on earth
Its image stamp'd on man.

Ah me! I fear in borrow'd shape
Thou com'st, a base deceiver;
Perhaps the devil, to tempt the faith
Of orthodox believer.

For once my hand at masquerade,
A reverend friar prest;
His form as thine, but holier sounds
The ravish'd faint address.

He told me vows no more were made
To senseless stone and wood,
But adoration paid alone
To saints of flesh and blood.

That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,
And tresses like the morn,
Were given to bless the present age,
And light the age unborn:

That maids, by whose obdurate pride
The hapless lover fell,
Were doom'd to never-dying toils
Of leading apes in hell.

Respect the first command, he cried,
Its sacred laws fulfil,
And well observe the precept given
To Moses—"Do not kill."

Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak!
My soul's sublime physician;
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile
Would sink me to perdition.

She ceas'd—the monk in shades of night
Confus'dly fled away,
And superstition's clouds dissolv'd
In sense, and beauty's ray.

TO A YOUNG LADY, A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

POWERFUL is beauty, when to mortal seats
From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,
When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
Nymph of the shade, or naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the skies,
Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams,
Her cheeks are summer's damask rose, her eyes
Steal their quick lustre from the morning's
beams.

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade;
In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells:
To these, distrustful in the graces' aid,
She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man in vain destruction flies,
With wily arts th' enchantress nymph pursues;
To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,
Shifts the bright iris of a thousand hues.

Behold th' austere divine, oppress'd by years,
Colics, and bulk, and tithes engender'd care;
The sound of woman grates his aching ears,
Of other woman than a scripture fair.

Sudden she comes a Deborah bright in arms,
Or wears the pastoral Rachel's ancient mien;
And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,
He sighs like David's son for Sheba's queen.

To 'Change the china trader speeds his pace,
Nor heeds the chilly north's unripening dames;
'Tis her's, with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd
face,
And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeness of th' Egyptian crone,
Too well inform'd, relates to wond'ring swains
Their amorous plaints prefer'd to her alone:
Her own relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board
Enters a fire, by infant age rever'd;
From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford
The incense bland that clouds his forked beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,
With rural ditties, warm th' elated 'squire,
Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,
Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated dropy holds her seat,
He views, unconscious of magician's guiles,
Nor deems a jaundic'd visage lov'd retreat
Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall
A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,
The hoary bust and brow severe recal
Lycurgus, founder of majestic laws.

A while entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,
And freedom's triumph in Platæan fields,
Then turns---relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,
To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

I see the lips as breathing life, he cries,
On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd,
The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes,
And Sparta's lawgiver a blushing maid.

There, at the curtains of the shudd'ring youth,
Stiff melancholy pale a spectre stands,
Some love-lorn virgin's shade---O! injur'd truth,
Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands,

He scarce had utter'd---from his frantic gaze
The vision fades---succeeds a flood of light.

O friendly shadows, veil him as the blaze
Of beauty's sun emerging from the night.

Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
The laurell'd bard is Heaven's immortal care;
Him nor illusion's spell nor philter harms,
Nor music floating on the magic air.

The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey:
Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
And shapes that wanton in Aurora's ray.

I ceas'd; the virgin came in native grace,
With native smiles that strengthen beauty's
chain:

O vain the confidence of mortal race!
My laurell'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,
As once in Andover's autumnal grove,
When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,
Told the soft mandate of another's love.

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than blest Pandora honour'd more,
What gods to grace thee lavish all their store!
We see thy form in awful beauty move,
At once repelling and inviting love;
We see thy mind each bright perfection reach
That genius kindles, and the graces teach:
Pallas, to form that matchless mind, conspires
With wisdom's coolness, temp'ring fancy's fires;
Here, as in Eden's blissful garden, shoot
The tree of knowledge and forbidden fruit.

ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.

O THAMES! thy clear majestic stream
Shall ever flow, my raptur'd theme;
Not because Augusta's pride
Builds her greatness on thy tide,
Court'd by worlds in other oceans found:
Not because proud Cliefden laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves;
Not because thy limpid rills
Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's
hills;
Or Cooper's mountain, by the muses crown'd,
Or catch the blaze from Windsor's beaming
star,
Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and
war:
Nor yet because thy current loves
The haunt of academic groves;
And still with ling'ring fond delay
Through Egham's vales delights to stray,
Once scene of freedom's claims, heroic cares:
But hail thee, Thames! while o'er thy meads
Eliza with Louisa leads
Each winning grace of love and youth,
Ingenuous forms, fair candour and fair truth:
Oh! fan their evening walk with mildest airs;
So Gallic spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,
And commerce swell her stores with each re-
volving tide.

VOL. XI.

TO MRS. B——,

READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD
FROST.

WHAT, though descending as the dews of morn,
On misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits;
Forget the fallen Julia! you were born
For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To sooth with social pleasures human cares,
To call the muse to Thames's frozen glades,
To wake the slumb'ring spring with vernal airs,
And plant an Eden in December's shades;

To deck, like * Eve, with soft officious haste,
Your banquet, worthiest of her angel guest;
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast,
A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

There the great giver for his bounties given
Your grateful consort blessing, blesses too
The sweet dispenser of the gifts of heaven,
In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you:

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
Maternal graces while his eye approves;
One tear to rapture give!—then sit ador'd
The gentle mother of the smiles and loves.

ON MR. BROWN'S

ALTERATIONS AT CLERMONT, RESTORING
HILLS, SCOOPING VALLEYS, &c.

AH murmur not, art, at your Brown's innovation,
You are still the fine lady, with less affectation;
And nature, ah! pardon his hand while it dresses
So sweetly, so simply, your features and tresses;
Your soft-swelling bosom not chasteely concealing,
Nor faintly disclosing, nor fully revealing;
Ah! pardon his hand, if it haply should venture
In search of coy beauty quite down to the centre.

TO LADY F——,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THOUGH to Hymen's gay season belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth;
Yet listen to one sober song;
O listen, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the soft serenade at your bower,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,
To your smiles chasing every care,
To the power of your eyes lively languish,
To each glance waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in heaven
Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,
And blended the colours of even
With morning's gay opening rays:

They no longer on Thames shall proclaim you
A naiad new sprung from the flood,

* See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book v. from line

Nor to Busby's soft echoes shall name you
Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to love's various season,
Smiling days hung with tempests and night;
But welcome the reign of fair reason,
O! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in nature's own dress,
Purest pleasures of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
To redeem fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
From plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of sorrow,
To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
When your beauty, bright phoenix, decays,
In your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air;
Every virtue deriv'd to your blood
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
Shall remember that Stella was good.

SONG.

No gaudy Rubens ever dare
With flaunting genius, rosy loves,
To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
Exposing her the muse approves.

Let, chaste Pouffin, thy shaded stream
Reflect her pensive, tender air;
Let evening veil, with sober beam,
In bashful night the bashful fair.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON,
SUSSEX, 1768.

Addressed to the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, of King-
ston upon Thames.*

WOODDESON! these eyes have seen thy natal earth;
Thy Findon, sloping from the southern downs,
Have blest the roof ennobled by thy birth,
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plow the neighbouring
main,

Or plant thy greatness near ambition's throne,
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:—
The muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of
worth,

And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of
And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

Best blessing!—what is pride's unwieldy state?

What awkward wealth from Indian oceans
given?

What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,
If science smile not with a ray from heaven?

* The author of these poems had been educated
under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained
the most affectionate regard.

Witness yon ruins, Arundel's high tower,
And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!
Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
The war their business, and the chase their sport;
Till there a minstrel, to the feast prefer'd,
With Cambrian harp, in Gothic numbers
charm'd,
Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
The sun of science in its morning warm'd.—
How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,
And Shakspeare's flame, to full meridian day!
Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that
height,
Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

TO A LADY.

THE simple swain, where Zembla's snows
Are bound in frozen chains,
Where scarce a smile the sun bestows
To warm the frozen plains;

Not once conceives that sun to rise
With kinder, brighter ray,
Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee:
Must thou, my better sun,
Because but smiling cold on me,
Be therefore warm to none?

STANZAS.

"Where more is meant than meets the ear."
MILTON.

THE bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round
To sorrow's deeply-warbled note,
To sweet but solemn sound:

When soon the lark ascending high,
In sun-beams idly play'd;
As soon to greet him, see, they fly—
One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing;
The rest, to nature true,
The flutter of the gayer wing
The vacant song pursue.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who objected to Sup with a Party of both Sexes,
that met at a Coffee-house.*

O FAR from Caroline, so soft a maid,
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
From beauty, virtue, tenderness, and truth;
From eyes that dawn with wisdom's mildest beams,
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle youth.

Far other years and other nymphs beset
The prudish form, and high forbidding brow;
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

With her, whose youth, of virtue's mild controul
Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires;
Now prayer or scandal cheers the gloomy soul
That pines in secret with forbidden fires:

Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,
As round their brows the willow garlands bend;
She now dejected, now deserted lies,
Without a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful virtue's share:
Come with the graces, gentle maid, along:
Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,
To lead the dance, or join the virgins' song;

Come listen to the tale that youths complain,
To thousand vows, in amorous sighs address'd;
Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain,
When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes,
And blushing cheeks, the captive sense controul;
Thy forms, fair harmony, too long we prize,
Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul!

Too long the lovers for an empty fair
At heedless ease inglorious arts advance;
Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,
Or flutter gaudy with the pride of France.

From worth with beauty nobler lessons taught,
Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove
By generous action or heroic thought,
And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the Grecian lyre be strung,
Restoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign?
Shall patriot eloquence instruct the tongue,
And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain?

O! far unlike to such celestial flame
The passion kindled from impure desires;
Fatal to friends, to fortune, and to fame,
The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from virtue's rays,
Each fordid passion as it burns, refin'd,
Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze
Embraces friends, a country, human kind.

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny prest her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The 'squire, the captain trips:
The modest seiz'd her hand to kifs,
The forward seiz'd her lips

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt——for magic charms prevail'd,
And fancy play'd her farce on)

That, soft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash muse! forbear,
Nor virgins dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordshire swains,
Hight Johnson, hight Garrick, forsaking their
plains, [by his tomb]

Reach'd Shakspeare's own Stratford, where flows
An Avon, as proudly as Tiber by Rome.

Now Garrick (sweet imp too of nature was he),
Would climb and would eat from his mulberry
tree;

Yet as Johnson, less frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his
 shoulder; [weather

Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and
Bards, critics, and players, sat crowded together;
Who devour'd in their reach all the fruit they
could meet,

The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the
top! [right]

How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the
He stood on his head, and then bolted upright!

All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried;
He danc'd and he strutted, he laugh'd and he
cried, [fide]

He presented his face, and he show'd his back—
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
What feats he perform'd in the mulberry tree:
He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
But Johnson below mutter'd strophes of Greek,
While Garrick proclaim'd—such a plant never
grew,

So foster'd by sunshine, by soil, and by dew.
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Par-
nassus.

Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was
Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade,
That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the
schools,

Where fit only for rods to whip genius to rules;
That to Stratford's old mulberry, fairest and best,
The cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest:
Then the fruit---like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant
tale,

That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret and
It compriz'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and
peach;

Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he
That under his touch it grew apples of gold.—

Now he paus'd!---then recounted its virtues again---
'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and
grain:

It would saw into seats for an audience in full
pits,
Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits;

Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles
for May-days,

And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the
ladies.—

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their
superiors, [riors,
By Johnson stopt short,—who his mighty poste-
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his
haunches

Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem,
and shook branches!

All was tremour and shock!—now descended in
showers

Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits,
blighted flowers!

The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the
strong;

E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was
rotten,

But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.

Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,
Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping and top-
ping!

Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good
tree,

Does honour, dame nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-
beef!

TO A LADY.

Yes; wedlock's sweet bands were too blest, in
her lover

If virtue her likeness could find,
What Plato * has fabled, could Julia recover
Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,
Thy cares on another recline,
Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart
Beats all the same measures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
How sweet the confusion, enjoy!
Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals heaven—yet what grief, what
disgrace,

Were riot's low follower thy lot,
Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the
chase,

All love's silent pleasures forgot!

* Plato's fable is, that man and woman ori-
ginally were one being, divided afterwards by
Jupiter for their punishment; that each part, in
perpetual search of the other, never recovers
happiness till their reunion.

What misery to hear, without daring reply,
All folly, all insolence speaks;
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
The flush of disdain to thy cheeks!

Would soft macaronies have judgment to prize,
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of
heaven's fire,
Enshrin'd in his dulness completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,
Ah! charm they though ever so sweetly?

But what with the gamester, ah! what were thy
fate,

What fortune's caprices thy share!
To sleep upon down under canopied state,
To wake on the straw of despair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Those bolts which his Maker can throw;
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the
skies,
Yet reverence his image below?

Would slaves to a court, or to faction's banditti,
Thy temperate spirit approve;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Disdaining no chains, but of love?

O! mild as the zephyr, like zephyr that throws
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold winter bestows,
What winter will never repay.

So turn thee from folly's cold aspect, ah! turn
From vice's hard bosom away;
The wise and the virtuous thy sweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as May.

ON A VERY FINE LADY.

FINE B— observes no other rules
Than those the coterie prize;
She thinks, whilst lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames
Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws
A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,
And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their reverence ends,
In general wisdom thinks
The higher grandeur's scale ascends,
The lower nature's sinks.

ON AN ASIATIC LADY.

O you who sail on India's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant east;
What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave
This fairer treasure to the joyful west?

What banks of Ganges, and what balmy skies
Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy arts while Europe's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;
Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,
Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;
Less yielding souls confess this eastern fair,
And lightning melts the heart that milder fires
would spare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
Let Grecian story tell—the gifts display
That deck'd Cassandra, and each honour'd name
Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:
See! Asia triumphs in a brighter scene;
A nobler Phœbus woos her summer's smiling
queen.

Sublimar sense, and sprightlier wit to please,
That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,
That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,
He gave what charms meridian suns inspire;
What precious rays from light's pure fountain
stream,
What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's
flaming beam.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER DRESS.

Ah envious robe! to frustrate heaven's intent,
Concealing beauty from the eye of day;
Beauty to man by gracious nature sent
To cheer the wand'rer on his lonesome way.

One pow'r who wak'd Aurora's smiling light
Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their
green,
Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,
Made eyes to see, and Laura to be seen.

Curs'd be th' eclipse that plunges morn in night,
And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's
scene;
On envious robes severer curses light,
That veil the beauties of my summer's queen!

Ah Laura! cruel Laura! why constrain,
In art's fantastic drapery, nature's ease?
Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain?
Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,
Shall bar approaches to poetic love;
No—where the graces sport in sweet recess,
'Tis fancy, bold intruder's joy to rove.

Fancy, pursuing where my Laura flies,
With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals,
Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes
The panting breast devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,
Shows where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
With virgins sporting in her Gange's stream.

TO THE SAME.

Ah Laura! while graces and songs,
While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurses desire,
I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

Yes, take, too presumptuous, she cries,
All that virtue can wish to receive;
Yes, take all that virtue can grant,
A heart I had never to give.

The maid of the north, like the lake,
That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languishing lives but for one,
Forgetting the world, and forgot.

But born where my Ganges expands,
To no partial channels confin'd,
Unfix'd to no object, I flow
With innocent smiles on mankind.

Our Asia's bright dames, like their sun,
Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons Europe's daughters but light
A single disconsolate swain.

ON READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! Dorimant, victim to love,
Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair Laura approve
Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
Which the sun-beams of Asia impart,
Can a daughter of Europe desire
To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temp'rate mind,
Which, fix'd to one object alone,
To one tender passion confin'd,
Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
Though secluded she lives in a cot;
Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
She's contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
The too undistinguishing fair,
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
And the raptures of thousands can share?

Ah! say, does she merit those lays?
Those lays which true passion define?—
No—unworthy the fair of thy praise,
Who can listen to any but thine.

REPLY*

TO MISS G——.

SAPPHO, while your muse of fire,
Listening to the vocal spheres,

* The 1st, 2d, and 13th stanzas were not in the
copy presented to Miss G——.

Sits and tempers to her lyre
Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
Ever constant, ever true,
Still she dreams to find below
Perfect forms, as heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances
Random smiles in heedless ease,
Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
Is the tender, feeling heart,
Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
Still to deserts sighs alone?
Who consumes her youth in anguish?
—She who keeps an heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,
Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blast her in the vernal season,
Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature
Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with Asian rovers
What can Asia's fair pursue?
What? but lessons taught by lovers,
Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
Sooth an eastern tyrant's scorn?
Who but rifles joyless beauty
Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges' fountains;
How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains?
What but grief and horror's tale?

What but shrieks of wild despair?
What but shouts that murder sleep?
There the struggling, fainting fair;
There—but see my Sappho weep!

Change the strain!—this mournful measure
Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure!
Sing of Europe's happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled blessing
Reason, tempering passion, knows;
All the transport of possessing
Unpluck'd beauty's willing rose!

Sing of that refin'd sensation
Mutual melting bosoms prove,
Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,
Separate being lost in love!

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream;
Languor stealing sorrow's sighs;
Sing of love—thyself the theme!
Sing of love—thyself the prize!

SONG.

HANG my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn;
Or, along the foamy billow
Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,
Such as Laura's smiles approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises,
Calls his artless friendship love:

Calls it love, that spurning duty,
Spurning nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark suspicion's wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames:
Such a love as merits heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.

LAURA'S ANSWER.

BY MISS G——.

SOON be thy lyre to winds consign'd,
Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while such strains seduce my mind,
How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

TO MISS G——.

Ah leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,
For fortune shifts her fickle wind:
Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,
To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,
For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile;
On reason's lap I lay me down:
If claiming now no beauties' smile,
Appears it just to meet their frown?

Light insects they, of gaudy hues,
Admire the glare of youthful day,
Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux!
Disdain my breast, disdain to sigh!
To these the fair, the rivals these,
The son of Jove's be my reply:

“Ah why desert th' Olympic games?
“Aspire to victory!” Philip cries:

"I come," young Ammon fierce exclaims,
"If kings my rivals, thrones the prize."

Yes, letter'd maid! my soul approve,
The seat no more of vain desires:
Extinguish'd there the flame of love,
Extinguish'd there ambition's fires!

To save from vice, from folly save,
What aid can beauty, power afford!
Unworthy love to call thee slave,
Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reason, yes; pure truth---but why,
Ah why! rebellious heart declare,
With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,
That other tenants harbour there?

Go---tranquil hope, by turns to dwell,
Expelling reason pleasures court,
Expelling passion wisdom's cell:
Go---reason's passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer!---rather both revere,
But neither's sole dominion own:
When heaven assign'd to each their sphere,
It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?---objections wait
On vain pretensions either forms;
Alike to life's salubrious state
Ye both are fatal---calms and storms.

TO LAURA,

On her receiving a Mysterious Letter from a Methodist Divine.

THE doctor wakes early---half drest in his cassock,
He steals from his consort to write;
She sleeps---and sweet heaven is invoc'd from his
hassock
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he
paints
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame;
How he raves upon grace, and the union of saints,
Idolatry, raptures, and flame?

Equivocal priest, lay solemnity by,
Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd!
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,
Are your ardours for heaven believ'd?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below
Ascend in pure spirit above?
Ah! analyse better, as blended they glow
The flames of religion and love.---

Quit the teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,
A doctor less grave and severe!
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see
Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations
Of daughter, of parent, of wife:
Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations
That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cherishes heaven will reward,
But attend to no blasphemous tales,

That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,
Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond
measure,
No tyrant in horrors array'd,
But a father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure
Of amiable creatures he made!--

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,
Still enrapture the heart and the ear!
I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,
Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by harmony's charm,
Their breezes waft health to the mind;
What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,
By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah! listen to me, in whose natural school
Religion leads truth by the hand!--
Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,
But builds his foundation on sand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driven,
Still fluctuates the Methodist's plan;
Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of heaven,
---Now frail---for the pleasure of man.

ON POLITICS.

TO THE SAME.

FROM moments so precious to life,
All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?---a zeal without science,
A bubble of popular fame,
In nature and virtue's defiance
'Tis reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
Where knaves only guess what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
If poison or claret put out
Our Churchill's satirical fire,
If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
To me 'tis a weightier affair,
Than who writes the northern dispatches,
Or sits in the president's chair.

When, by nature and art form'd to please,
You sing, and you talk, and you laugh,
Can I forsook such raptures as these,
To dream of the chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and heaven,
I trust the state vessel shall ride;
To Bute let the rudder be given,
Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's, when the turtle's well drest,
Must I know the cook's country, or starve?
And when George gives us liberty's feast,
Not taste till Newcastle shall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
With no sober system in view;

My notions are fix'd, though they change,
Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
Not heeding what calumny raves,
Yet wish for a new revolution,
Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
Of boundless obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
Confess non-resistance is thine.

TO LAURA.

FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
Far from the silent vale of peace and love?
On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,
Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse;
To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flower!
With rich returns of incense from the muse?—

Who but the muse transplants thee, short-liv'd
rose!

From mortal regions to celestial seats?
By memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose
Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

SONG TO ****.

WHAT! bid me seek another fair
In untry'd paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no!—my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heav'n is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

On men being deprived, from Custom and Delicacy, of enjoying social Friendship with the Fair Sex.

HAD soft Aspasia's sex been man,
What friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, fortune's plan,
Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
Our studies too the same,
Companions both in shades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
Had flush'd from soul to soul,
And war had seen, in union's streams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
Had surely reverenc'd thine;
The thirsty lance I then had blest
For only wounding mine.

But ah! my sweeter downy hours,
Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's softer care,
One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
Ah do not blush!—one bed.

Both sitting at one busy loom
In nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd nature's vernal bloom,
Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
In shades by haunted stream,
Had own'd the moral vision true
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gather'd morals more sublime
From great creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine
In purer wisdom's ray,
The being virtue's friend and thine
Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, ev'ning pray'r,
With thine, had soar'd above,
With thine ascending sweeter there
On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd
With virtue's stern decree,
Divide the beings nature join'd,
Divide my fair from me.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S MISFORTUNES.

AH! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,
Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe,
Lost every function, vanish'd every sense:
Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near
So soft a bosom: flow alone the tear,
That dew of heaven, O maid! to heaven allied,
Thy great Redeemer shed for man, and died.
Good angels mourn creation's glories lost,
And mourning please, resemble him the most;
Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
For bliss to others, sweeter bliss to thee!
With pity's pangs her dear sensations feel;
The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal,
Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,
Shall glow the brighter in affliction's shower.
For every tear to suff'ring virtue given,
Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
Weep then, but weep another's fate alone;
Let smiles be still attendant on thy own!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How blest is he whom nature's gentle hand
Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,

Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew
 Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force!
 In earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
 His peaceful ashes sleep; to heaven ascends
 Th' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine
 A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,
 Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—
 In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,
 And the young mind, unfolding every power,
 Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd
 The mother's bosom, pondering every word
 And action there. She now lamenting loud
 Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
 By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease;
 Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

TO MISS N——M,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

LOVELY N——m! rise, and see
 Modest morn resemble thee!
 Ocean smiles with your repose,
 Come to seas, where Venus rose!
 Bathing, Dr. Pool observes,
 Braces all the optic nerves.
 "Heavens," she cries, "what idle whim!
 "Youthful eyes are seldom dim;
 "Mine can mark the distant sail,
 "Or lowing herds in Suffex vale;
 "Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,
 "Or cloud embracing mountain oak;
 "An object scarce of land or sea
 "Rises unperceiv'd by me."
 True—but eyes that distant roam,
 Frequent fail for scenes at home.
 Let example make me clearer,
 Place yourself at Shergold's mirror!
 Every mild reflected grace,
 That angel form, that angel face,
 A world of wonders all can view,
 Envy only blind and—you.

TO THE MRS.'S R——S,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle ladies!—he on BRIGHTON'S flood,
 Who deck'd with N——s' name a feeble page?
 For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
 Has arm'd no bitter stings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the muse of vengeance treads,
 For shameless folly dips her shafts in gall;
 While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,
 The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N——m's mind in every virtue grew,
 In every grace, beneath your sweet controul;
 In genuine lustre were preserv'd by you
 Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,
 Her blush of nature without other dye!
 You taught her modest eyes to love the earth,
 Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love
 Permitted to your guidance—come and share

The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve
 The * talents trusted to their fruitful care.

Come, faithful servants—hear a voice proclaim
 Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine;
 'Tis heaven that calls you to partake your fame
 With God the giver, and this gift divine.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

HERE Charles lay shelter'd, from this desert shore
 He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's
 roar;

He trusted here the faith of simple swains,
 And ocean, friendlier than the Worcester † plains.
 No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,
 The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.
 One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
 One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.
 But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these;
 See peopled all the shores, and healing seas;
 Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave
 With India's treasures, and defrauds the grave.
 Had fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
 The thoughtless Charles had linger'd on the strand,
 Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
 That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd:
 His languid sails the monarch here had furl'd,
 Had gain'd a N——m's smile, and lost the world.

TO MISS G——,

FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

COME, Stella, let us climb the heights
 Where purer spirits flow,
 And upward point our mental flights,
 And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
 Of pleasure's wanton chase,
 But range beyond material bounds,
 Eternity, and space!--

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
 Explain the cause that guides,
 That bridles now, and now to rage
 Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,
 Their laws, their measure, scan,
 Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,
 And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
 Like him, the bird of Jove!

—"What waste," she cries, "in such pursuit,
 "An age of life and love!

"With eagle flight and eagle view
 "Let Newton sail the sky!

"But what am I? or what are you,
 "Philosopher?—a fly:

* Matthew xxv.

† Charles the II^d. after the battle of Worcester, escaped to France in a fishing-boat, from Bright-helmstone.

" Vain insect! now aloft he springs
 " To drink the liquid light,
 " And quenches now his flagging wings
 " In angry seas and night.
 " Ah fool! to quit his reptile state
 " Amid fresh dews and flowers!
 " Be his the justly purchas'd fate,
 " The sober lesson ours.
 " From clouds descending, let us try
 " What humbler regions give!
 " Let others soar to fall and die!
 " 'Tis ours to creep, and live."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

No more let science tempt thy searching eyes
 Beyond the bounds precrib'd to mortal sight,
 No more advent'rous mount the lofty skies,
 And daring, penetrate the realms of light.
 With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
 In every smiling valley, fertile plain;
 Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
 Revere his wisdom in the stormy main!
 Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
 Whose course impetuous power divine restrains;
 Whose rushing tide, controul'd by heaven's de-
 cree,
 Forbears to violate the flow'ry plains.
 Nor yet confine to these thy wand'ring sight,
 While splendid gems the face of heav'n adorn;
 Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
 Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn:
 But turn with praise to him who reigns above,
 Supreme o'er works that speak Almighty
 power;
 O! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
 And learn the noblest lesson—to adore.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLE-
MAN.

Go, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,
 Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the cheerful day;
 A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
 Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind!
 Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore
 Be heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
 In purer mansions, in a form divine,
 Immortal youth, immortal joy, be thine!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

O you, who mark what flowrets gay,
 What gales, what odours breathing near,
 What sheltering shades from summer's ray
 Allure my spring to linger here:
 Yet see me quit this margin green,
 Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,
 Explore the thrifty haunts of men,
 Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O learn of me--no partial rill,
 No slumbering selfish pool be you;
 But social laws alike fulfil;
 O flow for all creation too!

*On the Converting the late Mr. Wooddeson's House,
 at Kingston, into a Poor-House, and cutting
 down the great Walk of High Trees before
 it.*

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient
 feat,

Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
 Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare!
 The grove's old honours rose majestic there:
 Its giant arms extending to defend
 Thy reverend temple's, man's and virtue's
 friend!

Secure thy walk that unpierc'd gloom along,
 No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song;
 No beam to wound thy heav'n-directed eye:
 The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
 Now, low as thine, these towering heads are
 laid,

Nor more embower the mansion in their shade,
 Time-honour'd pile! that, owning thee its
 lord,

Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd;
 In renovated youth beheld again
 Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
 With thee too sheltering many an angel guest,
 For what, but heaven, serener than thy breast?—
 Blest mansion then, simplicity's abode,
 Where smiling innocence look'd up to God,
 Where nature's genuine graces charm'd the
 heart,

Or nature, polish'd but by classic art.
 There fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest
 beams,

The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
 While virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
 The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—
 There the good teacher held by turns to youth
 The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
 Who, less by precept than example fir'd,
 Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.

Nor think, gay travellers, this awful roof
 Echoed no sounds but wisdom's harsh reproof;
 The social board, attendant mirth, was there,
 The smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,
 With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
 The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
 In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
 There youth has frolic'd, there soft maids have
 lov'd.

There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
 In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
 The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
 Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—

Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets
 fall;

The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all,
 Another age a gayer race supplies,
 Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.
 See wisdom's place usurp'd by folly's sons,
 And scorers sit on virtue's vacant thrones,

See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its
bowers, [towers;
Not * Warwick's name preserv'd his Gothic
Nor distant † see new royal domes deride
What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!
While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
A mansion worthy of its master's love:
Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door [poor;
Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the
Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
And age's gratitude in silent prayers.---
While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving thee!--

* *Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.*

† The new apartments at Hampton Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

5

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD LOVIBOND,
ESQ.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! what avails---that once the muses crown'd
 Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
 That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
 That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
 Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
 Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
 O could my muse but emulate thy lays,
 Immortal numbers should record thy praise,
 Redeem thy virtues from oblivion's sleep,
 And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!--
 Yet though no-laureat flowers bestrew thy herse,
 Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse,
 Sublimar truth inspires this humbler strain,
 Bids love lament, and friendship here complain:
 Bids o'er thy tomb the muse her sorrows shed,
 And weep her genius, number'd with the dead!--

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS PENROSE.

Containing

FLIGHTS OF FANCY,
ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN,
THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
THE CURATE,

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Borne on fancy's wing along,
High soars the bard's enraptur'd soul;
Round him floats the joy of song,
Round him airs ecstastic roll.

THE HARP.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS PENROSE.

Containing
 DEDICATIONS OF POETRY,
 ADDRESS TO THE LORDS OF BRITAIN,
 THE PEACE OF BATTLE,
 THE CHURCH,
 DEDICATIONS OF POETRY,
 ADDRESS TO THE LORDS OF BRITAIN,
 THE PEACE OF BATTLE,
 THE CHURCH,
 DEDICATIONS OF POETRY,
 ADDRESS TO THE LORDS OF BRITAIN,
 THE PEACE OF BATTLE,
 THE CHURCH,

Vol. II.

To which is added,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

There on fancy's wing alone,
 High soars the poet's eagle's soul;
 Through his the joy of song,
 Flows his and earth's full roll.
 THE MARR.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1825.

THE LIFE OF PENROSE.

For the few particulars which are recorded of the personal history of PENROSE, the world is indebted to his relation, John Pettit Andrews, Esq., the editor of his works, and author of "The History of Great Britain," 3 vols. 4to, 1794-95, and other literary performances.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from the brief "Introduction" of Mr. Andrews, dated "The Grove, Nov. 1781," with such additional information as the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other publications, have supplied.

Thomas Penrose was born in 1743. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Penrose, rector of Newbury in Berkshire, descended from an ancient family in Cornwall; a man of high character and abilities, and beloved and respected by all who knew him.

Being intended for the church, after passing through the usual course of school education in the country; he was entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he pursued his studies, for some time, with remarkable success.

In the summer 1762, his eager turn to the naval and military line, overpowering his attachment to his real interest, he left his college, and embarked in the private expedition against Buenos Ayres, in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara, an adventurer of spirit and experience.

The embarkation was made from the Tagus, Aug. 30. 1762; and the force, partly English, and partly Portuguese, consisted of the Lord Clive of 64 guns; the Ambuscade of 40, on board which Penrose acted as a lieutenant of marines; the Gloria of 38; and some small armed vessels and store-ships. They had on board about 500 soldiers.

The Spaniards having, some time before, taken the Portuguese settlement of Nova Colonia they judged it necessary to begin with the recovery of that settlement before they made any attack upon Buenos Ayres.

Though the enterprize was not without danger, there was great reason to expect success. The ships were in good order, and the men in good spirits. They advanced to the attack with horns sounding and drums beating; and every thing expressed hope and joy.

This gay preparative was followed by a fierce fire, supported on both sides for four hours, at a very small distance, with uncommon resolution; but the spirit and perseverance of the Spaniards, were more than equalled by the British ships, whose fire at length became superior. The Spanish batteries were almost silenced. The English were in expectation of seeing the colours immediately struck, when just as their success seemed certain, by some unknown accident, the Lord Clive took fire. In an instant she was all in a blaze. The same moment discovered the flames, and the impossibility of extinguishing them.

Then was to be seen a most dreadful spectacle. All the sides of the ship were immediately crowded with naked men, who, but a few minutes before, reckoned themselves almost in the assured possession of wealth and conquest, precipitating themselves into the sea, with the melancholy alternative of a death by fire or water. The enemy's fire, which recommenced on this accident, redoubled their distress; and many who might have escaped drowning, perished by the shot. Captain Macnamara was drowned; and of 340 souls, only 78 in all escaped.

The other vessels of the squadron, far from being able to afford any assistance to the sufferers, were obliged to get off as expeditiously as they could, lest they should have been involved in the same fate.

The Ambuscade with difficulty escaped. She was little better than a wreck. She had sixty shot in her hull, and six feet of water in her hold; and all her rigging was miserably mangled. By exertion of uncommon efforts, they made a shift to get into the Portuguese settlement at Rio Janeiro.

Amidst the preparations for the attack of Nova Colonia, the attention of Penrose was occupied by the tender remembrance of Miss Mary Slocock, of Newbury, the lady whom he afterwards married, to whom, with equal collectedness and tranquillity of mind, he wrote the verses on board the *Ambuscade*, Jan. 6. 1763:

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conquests swell,
Let me to love this tribute pay,
For *Polly* frame this parting lay,
Perhaps my last farewell.

For since full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er,
Perhaps even I, with joyful eyes,
That saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

On leaving the river of Plate, after the unsuccessful attack of Nova Colonia, in which he was wounded, he solaced his sorrow for the melancholy loss of his companions, by inscribing an *elegy* to the memory of the unfortunate sufferers:

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal stream farewell,
By war's sad chance, beneath whose muddy waves,
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Briton found an early grave!

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,
Or tread with mangled limbs thy sandy shore:
The trumpets call no more awakes their soul;
The battle's voice, they now shall hear no more.

Though the Ambuscade escaped, and he recovered from the wound he received in the engagement, yet the hardships which he afterwards sustained in a prize sloop, in which he was stationed, utterly ruined his constitution.

Returning to England, with ample testimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished, at Hertford College, Oxford, his academical studies; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, was considerably augmented.

In 1764, he lamented the loss of a sister, in a pathetic *Elegy to the Memory of Miss Mary Penrose, who died, Dec. 18. 1764, in the nineteenth year of her age.*

In 1768, he married Miss Slocock of Newbury, whose beauty and accomplishments had made an early impression on his susceptible heart.

In 1774, he published a *Sermon*, preached at the funeral of the Rev. John Gere, 4to, which was followed, in 1775, by his *Flights of Fancy*, 4to; consisting of three short poems, the *Helmets*, the *Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*; which were read with general approbation.

The year following, he expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of government towards America, in his *Address to the Genius of Britain*, 4to; in which he requested that power to solicit his Majesty to put an end to our civil dissensions; but it was nothing more than *operam atque oleum perdere*.

In 1777, he published a *Sermon* preached on the national fast, 4to, which was the last publication he gave to the world.

After he had continued in the station of a curate about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment, which had hitherto overshadowed his prospects, and tinged his poetical essays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then presented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to the rectory of Beckington and Standerwick, in Somersetshire, worth near 500*l.* per annum. It came, however, too late; for the state of his health, which had been for some time declining, was now such as left little hope, except in the assistance of the waters of Bristol.

Thither he went, and there he died in 1779, in the 36th year of his age; leaving one child, Thomas, admitted on the foundation of Winchester College in 1781.

His *Flights of Fancy*, and *Address to the Genius of Britain*, were reprinted, with several pieces, never before printed, in one volume 12mo, under the title of *Poems by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Penrose*, 1781, with an "Introduction" by James Pettit Andrews, Esq. containing a short account of his life and character. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1781, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

"Mr. Penrose", says Mr. Andrews, who knew him well, "was respected for his extensive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and esteemed for his social qualities. By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmost ability, he was venerated to the highest degree. In oratory and composition, his talents were great. His pencil was ready as his pen; and on subjects of humour, had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the public, by their reception of his *Flights of Fancy*, &c. gave several favourable testimonies. To sum up the whole, his figure and address were as pleasing as his mind was ornamented.

"Such was Mr. Penrose, to whose memory I pay this just and willing tribute, and to whom I consider it as an honour to be related:

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidet—
Nullis flebilior quam mihi."

Penrose has written but little; but his *Flights of Fancy*, if he had written nothing else, are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our country.

All his compositions bear evident marks of a natural enthusiasm, harmony, and simplicity. But it is in the higher kinds of poetry, which require the most vigorous exertions of fancy, and to which a laboured and artificial diction is best suited, that he chiefly excels. His lyric compositions are characterized by a luxuriance of imagination, a wild sublimity of fancy, and a command of language, which entitle them to rank with the productions of Collins, Gray, and other writers of the same school. They are replete with the same spirit of impersonation, the same animation of sentiment, the same magnificence of phraseology, the same general and expanded description. But they have more of the spirit and manner of Collins than of Gray. They are impregnated with the genuine seeds of poetry; but they have more of the enthusiasm that "delights and chills," than of the "pomp and prodigality of heaven."

His *Flights of Fancy* consist of three poems. The first is intitled, *The Helmets*, wherein these formidable pieces of ancient armour, are supposed to rise and prognosticate civil dissensions in Britain, in consequence of the disturbances in America. It is written in blank verse, and affords a specimen of considerable strength and harmony in that metre. The general imagery is well conceived, the sentiments are happily suited to the subject, and the expression is often highly poetical. The predominant defect is an obscure magnificence. In the second poem, *The Carousal of Odin*, we recognize both the spirit and manner of Gray. It is evidently modelled upon his "Norse Odes," and is impregnated with fire and poetical enthusiasm, in an uncommon degree. The last, intitled *Madness*, is a composition of a superior order, and challenges a comparison with the "Music Ode" of Dryden, the "Passions" of Collins, and the "Bard" of Gray. The disposition is artful and happy. The mind of the reader, after the horror excited by the view of *the fettered maniac*, is relieved by a tender and pathetic melancholy on beholding the *poor distracted fair*. And, again, that melancholy passes into a different, though a kindred pity, occasioned by the circumstances of *the mimic monarch*, whose disturbing the reveries of *the love-lorn maid*, produces the finest poetical and dramatic effect. This evinces the poet's taste; for if the disposition had been different, the effect would have been less happy. He is not less fortunate in his description; the *maniac* appearing first in all the terrible circumstances of his character, and every suggestion of tenderness, and all the sensations of pity called up to qualify the attendant horror:

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy, &c.

Nothing can be more finely pictured than the subject of the love madness. The whole description maintains the truest propriety, and is executed with the happiest care.

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things—

is one of those exquisite strokes that only can fall from the pencil of true genius. Equally happy too, is the expression itself, as the idea it conveys.

—————ruminates unutterable things.

It is impossible that the same idea should be so powerfully impressed by any other words.

The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song.)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

The second line is another instance of excellent and well adapted expression. Had it been smoothed and regularized by the word *is*, after *rage*, it would have wanted its present force, its characteristic dissonance, and harshness. The line that follows it is equally excellent. The picture of the *Maniac of the flighty train*, is entitled to great praise.

Merry mischief fills his brain,
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity, he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles:

There are many more remarkable beauties in this excellent ode, particularly the description of *Devotion's ruin'd child*; to which the reader of taste will require no direction.

His *Address to the Genius of Britain*, is written with a liberal spirit, and contains some pathetic passages and beautiful lines. It is devoted to his patriot feelings, and he delivers his sentiments (which may now be considered as prophetic) with a fervour that leaves no doubt on our minds of the virtue of his intentions. In this performance, there is considerable strength of numbers, of painting, and of fancy.

Of his posthumous poems, it is not to be expected that every piece will be equally correct and finished as it might have been, had he lived to superintend the publication himself. There are, however, several pieces, not unworthy of the same pen, which produced *Madness*. Of these, not the least beautiful, is the *Field of Battle*. To the reader of sensibility, it will be needless to point out the particular merit of the following stanzas, describing the distraction of the wife of an officer, in search of her husband, slain in battle.

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.
O'er the sad scene, in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.
Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd,
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress,
The damp cold dying hand return'd.

The exquisitely pathetic and natural thought contained in the two last lines, would scarcely have suggested itself to any one who had not been an eye-witness of the affecting scenes, subsequent to a military engagement; and who had not, probably, experienced, from the hand of some expiring friend, a return similar to what he has so feelingly described. The fragment, intitled *The Curate*, deserves great praise, for happy delineation of character, natural humour, quaint phraseology, tenderness of sentiment, and simplicity of expression. The verses to his *wife*, on the anniversary of their wedding day, shews the mind of the writer in an amiable point of view. The *Hermit's Vision*, *Mortality*, *The Justice*, *Donnington Castle*, *Poverty*, *The Harp*, are characterized by superior animation of sentiment, fertility of invention, and splendor of diction. Of his *Elegies*, the general character, both of the sentiments and the language, is tenderness and simplicity; the versification is harmonious, and a general air of classic elegance runs through the whole. His fragments and smaller pieces may be read with pleasure, though they have not a sufficient degree of merit to entitle them to a place among the favoured productions of poetry.

THE WORKS OF PENROSE.

P O E M S, &c.

ADDRESSED TO THREE LADIES.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.

DEEP from your hallow'd, silent shades
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids ;
Ye muses, haste along.
Inspire the tender, moving lay,
For surely such a mournful day
Demands a serious song.

See where with pity's force oppress'd,
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)
Three gentle sisters weep.
See how they point with streaming eyes.
Where Parroquetta slumb'ring lies,
Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were spread :
In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,---all
Together undistinguish'd fall
Before the opposing fates.
The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing sorrow cease
Your favourite to deplore ;
For know, the time will surely come
When you (though now in beauty's bloom)
When you shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet those moments fly ;
For fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest belle, the loveliest fair,
Like parroquetes, must die.

*Written Friday Evening, February 5, 1762, in
the Cloysters of Christ Church, Oxon; on being
disappointed of going to the Assembly at New-
bury, Berks.*

Loud howl the winds around this awful pile,
A dusky light the pale-ey'd moon-beams shed ;
While I amid the long-drawn cloyster'd aisle,
Silent and sad the letter'd pavement tread.

Where, low in earth---ah ! never more to rise,
Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,
Full many a shrouded student sleeping lies,
O'er whom still weeps the monumental stone.

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along,
Where at this hour no other foot dares rove,
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful
love.

See, see my Chloe rises to my view,
In all the pride of youth and virtue's charms !
Swift as the winds the fair one I pursue,
But clasp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I see the dance's circling round,
The cheerful music, hark ! methinks, I hear !
The viol sweet, and hautboy's gladfome sound,
And sprightly tabor strike my wond'ring ear.

But ah ! again the pleasing dream is gone ;
Swift as the gales, see, see, it flies away ;
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone
Amidst this melancholy scene to stray.

O ! hear, ye gods, accept my humble pray'r !
Grant me, O ! grant my heart's fond, best de-
fire ;
Give to my faithful arms, my constant fair ;
Give this---nor wealth, nor honours I require

TO MISS SLOCOCK.

*Written on board the Ambuscade, Jan. 6th 1763,
a short Time before the Attack of Nova Colonia
do Sacramento, in the river of Plate.*

THE fates ordain, we must obey ;
This, this is doom'd to be the day ;
The hour of war draws near.
The eager crew with busy care
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms,
As Britons only know.
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye ;
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conquests swell,

Let me to love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps my last farewell.

For since full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er:
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
That saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew;
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt sigh)
My past sad errors, O forgive,
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thund'ring from the tow'ry walls
Now roars the hostile gun,
Adieu, dear maid!--with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

ELEGY

On leaving the River of Plate, after the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria of 38; in which the former was unfortunately burnt, with the greatest part of her crew; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered condition.

WHILE the torn vessel stems her lab'ring way,
Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view;
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute lay;
And take of them my long, my last adieu.

Adieu! ye walls! thou fatal stream farewell;
By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave

Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Briton found an early grave.

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,
Or strew with mangled limbs thy sandy shore;
The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul!
The battle's voice they now shall hear no more.

In vain the constant wife and feeble fire,
Expectant with their lov'd return to see;
In vain their infants' lisping tongues inquire,
And wait the story on their father's knee.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;
Far, far, they lie, on hostile seas they fell;
The wife's, fire's, infant's joy no more to share,
The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

Learn then, ye fair, for others woes to feel,
Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling eye;

When the brave perish for their country's weal,
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,
Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;
To seize the treasures of Potosi's mine,
And sail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide.

But Providence, on secret wonders bent,
Conceals its purposes from mortal view;
And Heaven no doubt with some allwise intent,
Deny'd to numbers what it gave to few.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY PENROSE,
Who died December 18th, 1754, in the Nineteenth year of her Age.

HEARD ye the bell from yonder dusky tower?
Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;
And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,
That calls Maria to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend,
With musing step the hallow'd place draw near,
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
Now silent, slumb'ring on the sable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,
With her engag'd in pleasure's guiltless scene;
Who shar'd with her the tender, social joy;
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flow'ry green:

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
[beat high;
The breast that once with youth's warm tide
Read your own fate in her's;--in time be wise,
And from her bright example learn to die.

Like drooping lillies cropt by wint'ry wind,
For fate has doom'd the hour when die you must,

Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,
And sleep, and mingle with your parent dust.

Say, are your forms with youth's soft graces drest?
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?

So once was her's--by you--by all confess,
'Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

Her eyes beam'd out how innocent, how meek!
At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale;
Like vernal roses blush'd her modest cheek,
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move!
Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend!
How was she skill'd to win the general love!
How form'd to bless the husband or the friend!

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,
To misery oft her little store she gave;
Now she herself our flowing tears demands,
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumb'rer lies;
Her beauty faded like the blasted rose, [eyes.
Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
 She, patient sufferer, bore her lot severe;
 Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,
 Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.
 'Midst life's last pangs religion lent her aid,
 And wip'd with lenient hand her misty eyes;
 With blest assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
 And bad her hopes high-soaring reach the skies.
 There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
 Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glorious
 raise,
 She shines, refulgent in the blaze of light,
 And swells with raptur'd note the voice of
 praise.
 Look down, blest saint, O! turn a pitying eye!
 If yet in heav'n a brother's name be dear:
 In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
 And lead me far from vice's baneful snare.
 Teach me, whate'er my future lot shall be,
 To God's just will my being to resign:
 Teach me to sail through life's tempestuous sea;
 And like thy latest parting hour be mine.

TO MY DEAREST WIFE,

ON OUR WEDDING-DAY.

THE happy morn's arriv'd at last,
 That binds our nuptial union fast;
 And knits our plighted vows in one,
 With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
 Can I be backward then, to pay
 The tribute of this joyful day?
 Can I refuse my voice to raise,
 And hymn to God the song of praise?

No—surely gratitude demands
 This humble action from my hands,
 And bids me bless that God who gave
 Safe passage o'er the stormy wave,
 Who turn'd the shafts of war aside,
 And bless'd me with so lov'd a bride.
 O! be that season ne'er forgot,
 When hope itself could flatter not,
 When doubts were all my soul's employ,
 Nor dar'd I paint the present joy.
 But yet, my love, be mine the blame,
 Thy goodness ever was the same;
 The fault was mine, misguided youth!
 When folly held the place of truth.
 And vice and error's syren smile,
 My artless bosom did beguile.
 What though, by heedless heat misled,
 To war and foreign climes I fled,
 Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease,
 And plough'd, long plough'd the southern seas;
 Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
 Thy kind, dear love pursu'd me there,
 And 'midst the battle's horrid strife,
 Thy tender pray'r preserv'd my life.
 God heard thy pray'rs, my heart's lov'd queen,
 His shield protected me unseen,
 His favour kept me safe from harms,
 And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms.
 Be't then my task, with grateful breast
 To hush thy ev'ry care to rest,
 And make thee, while thy love survives,
 The happiest of all happy wives.
 Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
 Shall ever bind as strong as now;
 My duty I shall ne'er forego,
 No change, no other wish I'll know;
 But still I'll prove to life's last end,
 The kindest husband, truest friend.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

viz.

THE HELMETS.—CAROUSAL OF ODIN.—MADNESS.—ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS
 OF BRITAIN.

THE HELMETS,

A FRAGMENT.

The Scene of the following Event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Castle, in a House built after the Gothic taste, upon a spot famous for a bloody encounter between the Armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The Prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in consequence of the disputes with America.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
 Thro' the whole mansion—save an antique crenel's,

That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
 The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
 Of a sick boteler.—Above indeed
 In a drear gall'ry (lighted by one lamp
 Whose wick the poor departing Seneschall
 Did closely imitate), pac'd slow and sad
 The village curate, waiting late to shrive
 The penitent when 'wake. Scarce show'd the
 ray
 To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
 That grac'd the wall—On this and t'other side
 Suspended, nodded o'er the sleepy stair,
 In many a trophy form'd, the knightly groupe

Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such
pow'r

As marked the clouds, black, threatening over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent
blaze

Of light'ning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind fung furly: with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
Plac'd in the oriel*, sunk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?—

"I hear it," cries the proudly gilded casque
(Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slant'rous deeds) "I hear amidst the gale
"The hostile spirit shouting—once—once more
"In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
"There will be work anon."

—"I'm waken'd too,"
Replied the fable helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) "Hark!—I hear the voice
"Of the impatient ghosts, who straggling range
"Yon summit (crown'd with ruin'd battlements
"The fruits of civil discord), to the din
"The spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
"All join their yell—the song is war and death—
"There will be work anon."

—"Call armourers, ho!"
"Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
"I brook no dallying,"
—"Soft, my hasty friend"
Said the black beaver, "Neither of us twain
"Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,
"Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
"To my once master,—since unsought, unus'd
"Penfile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
"Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight
"Has thrown your gilt, and shady plumes aside
"For modern foppery;—still do not frown,
"Nor lower indignantly your steely brows,
"We've comfort left enough—The bookman's
"lore

"Shall trace our sometime merit;—in the eye
"Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
"And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
"He'll say, this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:
"Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
"He'll venerate their shell.—Yet, more than this,
"From our inactive station we shall hear
"The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking
"plaints

"Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls,
"Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands
"The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
"And horrier creaks for blood—'twill flow."

—"Forbid it, Heaven!" [pray'd
"O shield my suffering country!—Shield it,"
The agonizing priest.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis Odin's cry:

* Oriel, A projecting window.

Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
"Fill the meath, and spread the board,
"Vassals of the grievly lord."—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In stalk the various forms, and drest
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering launces couch, some biting maces
wield:

All march with haughty step, all proudly shake
the crest.

The feast begins, the scull goes round,
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.
The gust of war subside.—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheeks, and smooths his
rugged brow.

"Shame to your placid front, ye men of
"death!"

Cries Hilda, with disorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
To the inactive rev'ling champion's name.
"Call forth the song," she scream'd;—the min-
strel's came—

The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

"Joy to the soul," the harpers fung
"When embattl'd ranks among,
"The steel-clad knight, in vigour's bloom,
"(Banners waving o'er his plume)
"Foremost rides, the flower and boast
"Of the bold determin'd host!"

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faith-
ful sword.

The fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,
And bade the scalds proceed.
"Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
"When conflicting armies join;
"When trumpets clang, and bugles found;
"When strokes of death are dealt around;
"When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;
"And every gauntlet drips with gore."

The charm prevail'd, uprush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce Odin's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havock o'er many a guilty land.

MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the muse's fires!
All thy answers, echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly—folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound,
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near.
And demon's dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice swell her train,—

Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injur'd merit, with a downcast eye
(Hurt by neglect) flow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wint'ry wave, that roars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his stream-
ing hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black de-
spair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft de-
sires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same.—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
Dead to the world—here fondest wishes crost,
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?—
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around?
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected
wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from my inmost soul!
“Give the knife, Demons, or the poison'd bowl,
“To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild!—
—'Tis devotion's ruin'd child.—
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise,
To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all,

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious
scene,

'Till superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow, [tween.
And spread deep shades our view and heaven be-
Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on terror's rocks, faith's best depend-
ence lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they
throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop compassion's
veil.

ADDRESS

TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

COME, genial spirit, to the earnest call
Of the true patriot! wherefoe'er thou art,
O! mark the summons! whether airy borne
In hasty progress, pleas'd thou skimm'st the edge
Of the white bulwark; from the steepy height
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain;
While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,
The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view
Full frequent pass the wondrous labourers
Of commerce, or the gaily floating pride
Of naval armament.—Or whether deep
In midland occupation glad thou seest
The various labours of the cheerful loom;
Or agriculture whistling at the plough.
Whether the anvil-notes engage thy stay,
(Though dissonant, yet music to the ear
Of him who knows his country); or the hum
Of the thick crowded barge;—come and attend
To Britain's general good! 'Tis not the shout,
The din of clamour, drunk with factious rage,
That hails thee; nor the well dissembling tongue
Of mask'd sedition, whose envenom'd rant
Urges the crowd to madness.—Not to these
Lift heedful.—'Tis the cool persuasive voice
Of reason woos.—Quick then with brightest smiles
Of mild humanity adorn thy cheek:
Straight o'er the Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,
Seek out thy pensive daughter;—once as dear
And closely twining round thy milky breast,
As was Augusta's self.—Yet now estrang'd—
Unhappily estrang'd! O by the hand
Take the fair mourner; from her tearful eye
Wipe the dim cloud of sorrow;—to the throne
Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
Most glorious boon, that too our latest sons
Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.
Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
To memory's mirror. Pictur'd there we see
The happy times of concord; when the arm
Of manufacture ply'd the busy task
In various employment:—through the eye
Beam'd cheerfulness, while all around her sons
Glad industry pour'd forth from plenty's horn
Abundant wealth: hence to the crowded port

Pass, thought, and mark the ants of commerce store
 The spacious hold; light ran the toilsome day,
 Cheer'd by the hope of the honest recompence.
 The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew
 Urg'd on her speedy course; not sad to quit
 Their native soil, for in those happier days,
 America was home. There on the shore
 Stood expectation, friendly by her side
 Smil'd hospitality, with open breast,
 Pleas'd to receive the sea-beat traveller:
 Cherish'd, enrich'd that traveller return'd
 Blessing his double country.—These thy sweats,
 Fraternal intercourse! But ah! how chang'd,
 How sadly chang'd is now the present scene,
 Pregnant with future griefs! In sullen state
 Beneath the gloomy roofs dull silence reigns,
 Which erst in better times, resounded quick
 With strokes of active business: at the forge,
 Extinct, in pensive poverty the smith
 Desponding leans, incapable to earn
 The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye
 Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
 Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom
 The spider forms her web, poor evidence
 Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the muse
 Suppress the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
 She weeps while she relates—How are they fall'n,
 The sons of labour, from their prosp'rous state
 Degraded! How, alas! the crowded jail
 Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
 Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!
 Fill'd is each cell of sorrow and of pain
 With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
 While living, and condemn'd to linger on
 To life's last ebb, unpity'd, unreliev'd:
 Part felons, stamp'd the foes of social life
 By penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
 The spoilers of the wealthy—To distress
 Abandon'd, scarce the ruin'd mind perceives
 Its own peculiar sorrows; but sinks down
 The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
 Submits the needful sacrifice.—Sad fate [boast,
 Of those whom Heav'n design'd their country's
 The artizans of skill.—Nor on the banks
 Of venerable Thames does woe preside
 Less perilous;—Thames, the prolific fire
 Of Britain's wealth: along his winding shores,
 Unoccupy'd, moor'd to destruct'ive sloth,
 Whole fleets lie perishing, a forest, true,
 But still a blasted forest: gloomy stalks
 The unshipp'd mariner, and meditates
 On foreign service.—Should some child of hope,
 Lur'd by the pleasing retrospect once more
 Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea;
 Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,
 Give way to fancy's dream, and fondly trust
 To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils
 The visionary voyage!—Not on the beach
 Sit waiting love and amity to grasp
 His hand, and lead him to their open bower.
 No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend
 With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled,
 Are all the little deities, that once
 Kind, o'er the social and commercial board [pear
 Hung hovering: in their room, sad change! ap-
 Stern resolution, stoic stubbornness,
 And independence;—in his hand each holds
 His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,

And deaf to ancient friendship.—In this pause,
 This solemn pause, that halts 'tween peace and
 war.

O fly, blest spirit, in the royal ear
 Whisper forgiveness;—midst the high behests
 Of justice, let our ever-gracious fire
 Forget not mercy;—'tis the brightest gem
 That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great
 George,

Disdain the muse's prayer; most loyal she
 In mild subjection down the tide of life,
 Steer her light skiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call
 Of meek humanity. O! pardon, now
 If warm she pleads her cause.—The savage race,
 That prowl the desert, or that range the wood,
 Are won to tameness by the attentive care
 Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man,
 Nor say his heart's more fell.—'Tis easier far
 To sooth by tenderness, than awe by pow'r.
 Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist
 To conquer, when the field is fairer gain'd
 By reconciling.—To the ungrateful toil
 Committion'd, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.
 Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,
 Rous'd by the call to arms, the shouting bands
 Rush'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
 By loves or home;—each burning to supply
 The waste of war, and anxious to advance
 The common glory.—Spiritless now and sad
 Embark the destin'd troops: the veteran brave,
 That dauntless bore the variegated woes
 Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
 That won on many a plain the bloody palm
 Of victory, amidst the dying groans
 Of slaughter'd thousands firmly undismay'd,
 Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,
 Averse to slay his brother:—at the word,
 (Awful, yet sacred to his patient ear)
 He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek
 The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the
 wound

That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.
 Say, therefore, "Sword, be sheath'd,"—fair in
 the sky

Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread
 Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
 That's misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,
 And smile away its tears: the sunny beam
 Of mild returning confidence will cheer
 The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
 Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
 Charm'd into health;—and from her various store
 Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath
 To crown the temples of her patriot king.

ESSAY

ON THE CONTRARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,
 Fast binds in clusters men together;
 And though it cannot be forgotten,
 That some are ripe, and some are rotten,
 Yet let it still be understood,
 They all promote the general good.
 For this the patriot's fire arises,
 That glows at every trying crisis.

With each inferior strife and stir too,
Whence spring they? but from public virtue.
Though different plans, like streams, 'tis true,
By different rills their course pursue;
Though oft they seem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end design'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed;
Yet still at length we see them glide,
Meand'ring to the common tide.

Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,
I shrink not from my proposition,
But still aver all Britons merit
The praise of patriotic spirit;
As far as e'er their power can reach,
From N---- descending down to Ketch.
That statesmen guard the public weal,
We all must own, for all must feel:
'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine;
To charm the passengers from fretting,
And keep the whole from oversetting.
But still inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a spring,—
May point,—“There, round that corner turn ye,”
And with the folks a pleasant journey.

All have their use, their's nothing plainer,
From this each traveller's a gainer;
And, though the merits be but few,
Let's give to ev'ry imp his due.
This social fire though all possess,
In some there's nothing blazes less;
So many a close attempt is made,
O'er the bright flame to hold a shade,
To keep their worth from being known,
While conscience hugs itself alone:
As some of alms will never boast,
And look least pleas'd when giving most.

But cynics, spare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne'er blame the pavior.
Should you, when wand'ring in the night,
Some scoundrel urge to set you right.
Now, though he blasts you with a curse,
You'll take the better for the worse,
Nor think the greeting ill bestow'd,
If while he damns, he shows the road;
But straight jog home, no more affrighted,
Than if an honest watchman lighted.

Learn then the best to cull from evil,
As saints take warning by the devil,
And,—if the muse, whose judgment nice is,
Shows public good in private vices,
The holiest tongue must cease to stir,
But instant own without demur,
While modest matrons start at Drury,
The thief's as useful as the jury,
Since both the mind strong truths impress on,
And teach the world an awful lesson.
Our various patriots then revere,
Their hearts are sound, though manners queer:
Though some to outward vision seem
To sport in frenzy's antic dream,
The aims of each laborious elf are,
Intended for the public welfare.
This glorious end alone pursuing,
They, bold like Curtius laugh at ruin;
For this, if we their schemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthusiast in the paths of science,
Banks bade the stormy waves defiance;
Fair nature's volume to explore,
He * fought with seas unsail'd before,
And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,
Fresh honours for his native soil:
Him wisdom lov'd, thus worthy found,
And Britain hail'd him as she crown'd.

But say—“Can one advent'ers claim
“Exhaust the trumpet's voice of fame?
“No garland has my country now,
“To bind another pilgrim's brow?
“Be mine the merit,”—Florio cries,
And cross the Channel gaily flies;
Through thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,
(Unless, perchance, when Louis fail),
A meteor—with a fiery tail.
Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to scare th' astonish'd Louvre?
Ah no!—in all the dissipation
He loves the int'rest of his nation,
And, mindful of the patriot rule,
For our instruction—plays the fool.

Connubial faith,—th' unbroken vow,—
How blest! Who dares to disallow?
Lothario strong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he sees;
Sure—if the attack should fail upon her,
The sex is happy in her honour,—
And,—if his stratagems surprise her,
Her fall may make th' unsteady wiser.
The husband from his doze may start,
And, though he long disdain'd her heart,
May look the thief with visage fierce on,
Who dar'd defile the slighted person.

“Draw—draw to set the matter right,”—
But is Lothario wrong to fight?
No,—public virtue swells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains:
This none can doubt, your feelings ask all;
For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.

When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and measure,
Contributes to the public treasure.
These truths Northumberland convince,
Who lives in just magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide distils,
For England's welfare—pays his bills.

But different notions Cotta strike,
For why should patriots judge alike?
It shocks his greatness to describe
How peasants gall the courtier's kibe,
An upstart race, that no one knows,
Who yet have folly to suppose,
That honest wealth is better far
Than guilt and want beneath a star.
“Let every man preserve his station:
“What's rule without subordination?”
Till wiser heads confess the flaw,
And plan a sumptuary law,
Impatient some redress to get,
See Cotta plunges into debt,

* “With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.”
Thomson.

(From bailiffs safe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends;
So war is wag'd with every trader,
Dear honour! lest the rogues degrade her:
And what contrivance is more sure
To humble,—than to keep them poor?

When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two * rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an olive, that a courser.

Thus some,—as other plans have mist 'em,
Revere the vegetable system,
And think their virtue grounded sure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;
Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!
Her medal † decks the patriot farmer,
Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown,
His country's riches in his own.
Not so the 'squire of boist'rous spirit,
Who, studious of equestrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
New till the soil, and mend the breaches,
Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a prey to dogs,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praise,
Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed;
“To me Old England owes the breed.”

Do various loads the nation press?
'Tis noble sure to make them less:
This Vigil does, and labours hard
To cog the die, or palm the card:
Profuse in packs, as round they lie,
He often turns th' applauding eye;—
And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country shares the profit.
Keen censure then her frown relaxes,
Without consumption what are taxes?

Taxes! But “why,” Thermites growls,
“Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
“Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,
“Lay contributions as they please,
“While all the rest, in station humble,
“Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble?”
Peace snarler,—Know, with steady soul
The patriot can applaud the whole;
And justly crowns with equal praise
The man who levies, and who pays.

'Tis true the doctor of finances
By nostrums oft his fund enhances:
But then his skill in physic's great,
He knows the ailments of the state,
Intent, as suits the sad disaster,
To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaster.
A plethora's now the case, there's needing
Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.

* *Minerva and Neptune.*

† *Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Arts and Sciences.*

He therefore acts the subject best,
Who scorns the order to contest;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the most to fill the basin.

To give his part, through various stages
The manufacturer engages;
And thinks there's merit at his door,
Whose business feeds the lab'ring poor,
While to the keen exciseman's eyes
Accumulating duties rise.

“Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,”
Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
(Though oft his title-deeds may rest
Safe in the us'ers iron chest);

“Unpaid let other calls remain,
“I'll still uphold my menial train;
“Economy!—'tis base to court her,
“Each * footman is a state supporter,
“To baulk the cause a coward's sin is,
“I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas.”

Deep Bibbo soaks, and boasts the reason,
“Wine's the best antidote to treason,
“Our bumpers large revenues bring,
“I drink my claret for my king,”
Yet still his zeal by far surpasses,
Who empties first, then breaks the glasses †.

How Fungus glows with patriot pride;
While credit pours an even tide!
Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,
He clubs his share to ways and means;
At length the dun's incessant clamour
Dooms every chattel to the hammer;
Still there's decorum in his fall,
Since now the ‡ auction closes all.

Smile, Walpole's ghost, untaught to feign,
For private folly's public gain:
And bid old Cecil smooth his brow,—
If England thrives,—no matter how.

Vespasian thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey:
Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiser father blest the craft,
And, when his bags the cash was sure in,
Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

THE JUSTICE:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

COMPOS'D, the justice sat in easy state,
A crowd assembling, thunder'd at the gate:
The porter, to his post accusom'd long,
First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng:
'Midst these, a fire enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault;
The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,
While thus the father urg'd his angry tale:

SONG.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,
Low has brought my child to shame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
Death of honour, death of fame!

Well to match her ripening beauty
Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;

* *New tax on servants.*

† *New tax on glass wares.*

‡ *Ditto on auctions.*

But this fall, this breach of duty,
Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curse the traitor's late repenting—
Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
Let him die on foreign land.

RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his fault'ring voice oppress—
The magistrate the trembling youth address,
Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—
And thus the youth began in artless style :

SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me sue :
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead (be this prevailing),
Love early youth begun ;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our mutual flame :
Wretched, therefore, if we've made him,
On himself must rest the blame.

RECITATIVE.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimson'd made this short reply :

AIR.

Gracious Sir, this faithful youth
Well has spoke the voice of truth,
Kind dispenser of the laws,
Show compassion to our cause—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare his life, and pity me.

RECITATIVE.

The judge not long in useless silence fate,
But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate :

AIR.

Relentless parent, since to me
Is now referr'd the last decree,
Mark and observe my just command,—
I doom him not to foreign land,
But to a sentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd ;
And may their passion ne'er decay,
Till ebbing life shall sink away.

RECITATIVE.

The list'ning crowd the fair award approv'd,
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praises did their thanks employ,
They thus in chorus testified their joy.

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
Friendship, when you fear'd a foe !
While the year revolves around,
May your bliss revolving flow !

Parents, to your children's pleasure,
Be your close attention paid ;

Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,
Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
Our best gratitude is due ;
May each couple love like these—
May each justice act like you !

THE HERMIT'S VISION.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing through the gay serene :
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deep'ning shadows mixt, and glitt'ring
breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umbered gloom and solemn awe be-
neath.

High on a cliffy steep a hermit sat,
Weighing on his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind ;
Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye,
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a fre-
quent sigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the swelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring sound
Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell
Struck the sequester'd anchorit's ear ;
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to
fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
What though his skiff was drawn to shore,
And shelter'd in retirement fast,
Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er ;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle
through !

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtless of the distant day ;
Sweet complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away ;
For she was wisdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy led the van—her painted vest,
Flowing to th' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with flutt'ring breast,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy fear
Whisper'd in her startled ear
“ How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
“ How many an evil may befall !”

Aghast awhile she heard the ruthless song,
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd
along.

Close love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleasing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Madd'ning now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born jealousy.

'Twixt pride and lust of grandeur led,
Next ambition rear'd her head,
By phrenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
And seize the visionary prize:
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she
found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,
By many a stroke to keenest mis'ry brought,
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward
thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flashing glare, and murd'rous yell---
Thus anger past th' ideal stage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and flow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the distant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
'Till time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard
deep.

To malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lure;
Detraction halted by her side,
Upheld by falsehood's feeble power---

"No more!--no more!" the holy seer exclaim'd,
"Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
"Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,
"And plunge in all the energy of woe.

"Grant then the boon, all-gracious heav'n,
"Let reason ever take the helm;
"Left, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
"The pinnace frail some gust may overwhelm!
"Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
"From error's peril she may safely steer;
"Till death shall bid each trial cease,
"And moor the shatter'd bark in peace!"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;

While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long---in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight---
While her soul trembled in a sigh---

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confest---
Then broke the charm,---and rush'd away.

Too soon in few---but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear---she caught the tale---
At every sound her blood congeal'd;---
With terror bold---with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went---with courage not her own---
On many a corpse she cast her gaze---
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;---
---Of comfort glad, the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled---
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew---she sunk---the night-bird scream'd,
---The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,---though fall'n she seem'd---
To worse than death---and deepest night.

MORTALITY.

'Twas the deep groan of death
That struck th' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze,---the vital breath
Expiring sunk!--Let friendship's holy tear---
Embalm her dead, as low he lies---
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide,—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure presuming pride,
With hope mistrustful at her side,
And wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirst
of gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,—
Show how awful 'tis to die.—
Show the portrait in the dust:—
Youth may frown—the picture's just,—
And though each nerve resists—yet yield at length
they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?
Trace the corpse,—the likenesses seek—
No likenesses will you own.
Pale's the once social cheek,
And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,
The windows of the soul?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
'Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power
Beat with honest rapture high,—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to mis'ry many a sigh?—

Froze to a stone!—And froze the hand
Whose grasp affection warm convey'd;
Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,
And nourish'd want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief,—
To silence agonizing grief,—
To sooth the breast in tempest tost,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion
lost?

'Tis the departed worth, though sure
To gash the wound, yet works the cure:—
'Tis merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious stream,
And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does ambition toil to raise
Trophies to immortal praise?
Trust not, though strong her passions burn,
Trust not the marble's flattering style,
—Though art's best skill engrave the urn—
'Time's cank'ring tooth shall fret the pile.—

FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though pity shows her dawn from heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To sooth and dry the mourner's tear.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oil,
The curate sate (for scantie was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of rest to him,—but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gained from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
A while he paused, for sorrowe stopped his throte,
Arroused at lengthe, he heaved a bitter sighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

" Hard is the scholars lot, condemned to sail
" Unpatronized o're life's tempestuous wave;
" Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
" To waft him to one port—except the grave.

" Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour, and bright science
" fraught;

" Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in
" noughte.

" Pleased on the summer sea I daunced a while,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair;
" Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.—

" Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
" To highest flights, to Crozier and to Pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
" For soaringe wishes well deserve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my
" breast, [plan]
" I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly
" Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
" The scheme of duty suited to the man;

" Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain,
" The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
" The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

" Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
" And bound me fast, in one ill-omened hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to rest
" The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie
" pow'r.

" Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
" In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
" By nod scarce noticed of the passing thronge,
" 'Tis but the curate, every childe will say.

" Not circumscribed in dignitie alone
 " Do I my rich superior's vassal ride ;
 " Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
 " With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.
 " Ah ! not for me the harvest yields its store,
 " The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts
 " mine eye ;
 " To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
 " I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.
 " When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
 " The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden
 " fee ;
 " The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;
 " The splendid present centres not in me."

DONNINGTON CASTLE.

Blow the loud trump of war,—wide to the gale,
 Unfurl the painted banner,—from the breast
 Tear the mild sympathies of charity,
 And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
 If Briton fight with Briton !—Is there one
 To whom these shouts give joy ? can there be one
 So steel'd, so frantic with envenom'd rage
 Of party feud, as to forego the mark
 Of fair humanity ?—Reckless to pluck
 The blossoms from the olive, and dye them red
 Deep in a brother's blood ?—If such there be
 (Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
 His fierce eye to the desolated crown
 Of many a batter'd hill,—to many a heap
 Of ruins scatter'd through this worried land,
 Scenes once of civil strife, but now become
 Familiar to the lowliest village swain.
 If there be one within this fertile vale
 (Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of
 blood,
 Direct his view, Divine Benevolence !
 To yonder awful, but instructive pile
 Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
 Stands eloquent the siege-worn monitor,
 That speaks from every stone ;—from ev'ry wound
 That bor'd its strong, yet vain resisting side
 Truth tells a solemn lesson.—To the ear
 Of warm poetic fancy speaks the ghost
 Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the souls
 Of ladies born for love, and e'en could lure
 For some soft season the stout rugged hearts
 That fill'd the steel-clad warriors of his age,
 And made them listen to his syren voice
 Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.
 'Tis Chaucer hails, from the drear ivy'd tower,
 The gaze of idle visitants,—but once
 The seat of all the muses,—where his court
 Kept Phœbus, gladden'd at the pow'rful call
 That woo'd him to our Albion :—round him play'd
 Old Comus jocular, with many a glee
 Promoting social laughter ;—many a grace
 Stole in amidst the cheerful throng, and sooth'd
 The bashful maiden, while with blushing joy
 She hearken'd to her all-accomplish'd knight.
 Chaucer, the prime of bards !—with festive song
 Oft has he charm'd the variegated group
 Within yon ancient walls,—walls that no more
 Resound with jocund minstrelsy.—The owl
 There shrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarse
 Joins in the horrid discord : direful change :

POVERTY.

HIE thee hence ! thou spectre foul,
 Fiend of misery extreme ;
 Hence ! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl
 With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream
 The midnight wolf accords his famish'd howl,
 And madd'ning wretches loud in agony blaspheme.
 Hence !—from the artless bard keep wide aloof—
 Fly rather to his hated roof,
 Who, deaf to mercy's soft controul,
 Can steel with rugged edge the soul ;
 Plund'ring, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
 Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear :—
 But pass him by, the wooer mild
 Of genius, friend to all, nature's ingenuous child.

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,
 Long indeed the village hind
 In silent apathy may bear,
 While o'er his brow health's rosy wreath is twin'd :
 While his passions sluggish flow,
 Borne on life's pacific round ;
 Nor aims his highest wish to know
 Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandfire's farthest
 bound.

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his
 lot,
 When the pale visage of disease
 Frowns on his humble cot,
 When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble
 knees.

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
 May sickness, age, and want be found,
 United all in one forlorn abode,
 Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
 The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain :—
 Despair hangs weeping o'er his head :
 Sad pallet this for ease ! sad comforter in pain.

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
 Pour your oil, and pour your wine :
 Wipe from tears the misty eye ;
 Charity's a ray divine—
 A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to
 shine.

Why withhold the little boon ?
 Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,
 Glitt'ring moths of sunny noon—
 Plum'd with gold of joy and health ?
 O think ! a blast may come, yourselves may perish
 soon !

Yet, different in this common state,
 What different care attends your happier fate !
 Fading you may sure receive
 All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can
 give :
 While, with equal wants oppress'd,
 The child of misery heaves his lab'ring breast,
 Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,
 Scarce with such crumbs sustain'd as hungry health
 devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,
 Ye gentle, wail th' unletter'd peasant poor :
 Yet keener far, as more severely felt,

Does penury haunt th' ill-omen'd scholar's
door; [more.
He calls for all your tears; give these, if nothing

Warm'd his soul with genial flame
In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,
To pant for science, thirst for fame,
And hope fair merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praise was echo'd to his ear;
Full many a promise (flatt'ring gale)!
Foretold the wish'd-for port was near.

A while it blew,---then dy'd away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wond'ring wretch! forsaken quite,
In poverty's dead calm, and disappointment's night.

What avails th' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choicest lore?
The suffering body lags behind,
Nor lets the rising spirit soar:
Call'd home,---what Stoic pride the soul can steel,
When every sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must
feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that glistens at distress;
The wish all blessings to impart,
Or make at least a brother's sorrow less?
From trouble's spring the deepest draught he drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for
others too.

At the sad mistaken gate, [stand,
When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant
Struck with the hapless warrior's state,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.---
---'Tis empty---See! his lids o'erflow,
To send undol'd away the hoary son of woe.

Love too---for in the lowliest cell
Chaste love with purest flame may dwell---
His love---what sorer can befall? [gall.
Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with

Before the husband's and the father's eyes
Stormy clouds in prospect rise,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan;
These and more he makes his own---
For, ah! the faithless world by him too well is
known.

For these the homely robe, the scanty board,
While life in toil is ling'ring on,
The drudge of science may afford:---
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor
life is gone?

No friend may rise, but many a foe
Will deck his visage with a smile,
Will hide in softest words the basest guile,
And, while he soothes the most, will strike the
deepest blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's rip'ning bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell spoiler's den---fair virtue's early tomb.

THE HARP.

Borne on fancy's wing along,
High soars the bard's enraptur'd soul:

Round him floats the joy of song,
Round him airs ecstatic roll:
Resistless charm! each swelling vein
Owns the accustom'd flame, and throbs to pour
the strain.

Spirit of Ossian!--through the gloom
Of ages deepen'd into night,
See it bursting from the tomb,---
O'er it gleams a holy light!
See! it waves its master-hand; [band.
Assembling o'er the heath quick glide the minstrel

They wake the sleeping chords!--the magic tone
(That sooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
That lur'd to sing the latest breath,
And mock'd with smiles the frown of death),
Ideal, now renews the powerful spell;
The list'ning shades, a grisly host,
Spring from the narrow cell,
And hail with lengthen'd shout th' enchanter's
mighty ghost.

Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to save
In vain the heavenly science su'd,
Starts from Arvon's rocky grave
With bloody streams embru'd.
Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The druid choir unites, their tears harmonious
flow.

Wild as they sweep th' ærial lyre,
Arresting fast the passive ear,
Fiercer glows the poet's fire,---
O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!
Ruthless tyrant,---yield to fate,
Nor folly's scorn, nor rancour's hate,
Though op'ning wide the sluice of gore,
Could quench the skill divine, could drown the
mystic lore.

Long!--long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey
Fall'n the hoary minstrels lay:---
While, sick'ning o'er the mournful ground,
The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:
No more was heard the soul-inspiring sound,---
---But, faster in despair's sad fetters bound,
Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the ser-
vile chain.

Wint'ry, thus the storm of war
Froze into sloth the captive mind:
Till growing freedom burst the icy bar,
And loos'd the arts that hell for ever strove to
bind.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..

So sigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,
Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his sickly mind,
And bade the head to droop---the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whose lot was not deny'd
Keen sensibility with all her woes:
By many a painful test his heart was try'd;
His was the thorn, while others won the rose.

Yet, why should thorns his honest breast invade,
 Since all the charities were fondled there?
 Why should thy seat, benevolence, be made
 The haunt of hapless grief, and pining care?
 Fill'd with an ample soul, that would adorn
 Fair independence, he began his day:
 Full many a promise smil'd upon his morn:
 Morn chang'd to eve—each promise dy'd away.
 He wish'd—nor can you call his wishes bold;
 He hop'd—for sure his friends were not a few;
 He hop'd—for many a flattering tale was told,
 And the safe harbour pointed to his view.
 The soft delusion play'd before his sight,
 Just to mislead—for soon, alas! he found
 His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,
 His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

THE NAVY.

A FRAGMENT.

Down the variegated side
 Of Edgcombe's far-recorded knoll
 (Joy of nereids, Cornwall's pride),
 Where art extends her mild controul;
 But just to check what nature's liberal hand
 Has spread in gay luxuriance wide,
 Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
 The muse, astonish'd, trac'd her ling'ring way,
 Unsettled what to leave, and wond'ring where to
 stay.

FRAGMENT.

SCRANNEL, pipe of scanty tone,
 Yield the prize, and yield it due—
 Pan, if here, must surely own,
 From thee no heavenly rapture grew—
 'Thine's the frolic to advance,
 Rustic joy, and rustic dance.—
 Merry glee, in many a round
 Tripping o'er the daisy'd ground,
 Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
 Strove thy movements fast to meet.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S
 ROCKS. 1779.

HIGH on the cliff's tremendous side,
 That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
 Three lasses chanc'd to stray:
 To pluck the casual flow'rets bent,
 Regardless of the rough ascent,
 They wound their dang'rous way.
 Till, slowly mounted to the height,
 They turn'd their view in wild affright,
 And shudd'ring mark'd the steep:
 O then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
 To think one slip, one step awry,
 Might plunge them in the deep!
 A priest, whom soft emotions press
 To succour damsels in distress,
 That instant trod the shore;
 With happy strength and steady pace,
 Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base
 Each trembling nymph he bore.
 Learn then this truth—the careless hour
 May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,
 Whose honey turns to gall:

While the kind parson's timely aid
 May rescue many a tott'ring maid,
 And—save from many a fall.

EARLY GRAY HAIRS.

O'er my head, ev'n yet a boy,
 Care has thrown an early snow—
 Care, be gone!—a steady joy
 Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
 Endless winter's hoary wreath;
 Vines, and fields of golden grain,
 Cheer the happy sons beneath.

BAGATELLE.

EVERY hour a pleasure dies—
 What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?—
 He that wishes to be wise,
 Lives to day, and mocks to morrow.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS S. C.

EXULTING on the balmy gale,
 When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,
 The rose-bud all with rapture hail,
 Sweet glory of the loveliest thorn!
 Each day refines the rich perfume—
 Glad Flora smiles—the zephyr blows—
 While op'ning with a gradual bloom,
 The favourite ripens to a rose.

Thus in our Susan's shape and face,
 Respondent to her angel soul,
 The growth of each attractive grace
 We mark—as annual circles roll.
 Advance, ye years!—and ev'ry charm
 Which Venus boasts, shall sure be given;
 While soft'ring friendship joys to form
 Her mind, the fairest work of Heaven.

VERSES,

*Occasioned by bearing that a Gentleman at the Hot Well,
 Bristol, had written Satirical Verses on a Lady:
 1779.*

For nobler purposes design'd,
 Than puny war to wage,
 What cause can sink a hero's mind
 To worse than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouse the soul
 To dip the ranc'rous quill?
 How justify th' invenom'd scroll
 One female fame to kill?

If frailty aims the slight offence,
 What man perceives the smart?
 O let not bravery and sense
 Return the feeble dart!

O'er the soft sex love gladly throws
 Its adamantine shield,
 And few are ever known their foes,
 Or try th' inglorious field.

Thus on the form of beauty's queen
 One only Greek was found,
 Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
 Who dar'd inflict a wound.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Containing

SIR MARTYN,
ALMADA HILL,
POLLIO,
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
KNOWLEDGE,



HENGIST AND MEY,
SORCERESS,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

O for the namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme by Naiads once posselt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse SPENSER—

SIR MARTYN, CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1795.

POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Containing

REMARKS AND NOTES,
CORRECTIONS,
APPENDICES,
ERRATA,
INDEXES.

SIR MARTIN,
ALFRED WILKES,
JOHN RUSSELL,
MAY QUEEN OF SCOT,
MRS. WILKES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

SIR MARTIN, CANON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1840.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

SOME particulars of the life of MICKLE were given to the world in the "European Magazine," for 1789, by an intelligent writer, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from personal knowledge.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from the information communicated in the "European Magazine," with the addition of some particulars collected from his correspondence with Lyttleton, inserted in the "Anecdotes" of his life, prefixed to the edition of his poems in 4to, 1794.

William Julius Mickle was born at Langholm, in Dumfries-shire, Sept. 29. 1734. He was the third son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, minister of Langholm; who resided some time at London, and frequently preached at Watts's meeting-house, and was one of the translators of Bailey's "Dictionary." In 1716, he was presented to the parish of Langholm, by George the First, and about the same time, married the daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1758.

He received the early part of his education from his father in the country. After his death, he went to Edinburgh, and resided with an aunt, whose husband had been a brewer; who sent him to the High-School in that city.

Early in life he discovered a propensity to poetry; but he often declared that he was by no means attached to his books, until the age of thirteen, when accidentally meeting with Spenser's "Faery Queene," he became passionately fond of the beautiful imagery of that enchanting writer, and began immediately to imitate him.

At the age of sixteen he quitted the High-School, and was employed to superintend the books of his aunt, who continued her husband's trade.

In October 1755, he commenced business for himself; but the event only added another to the numberless instances which prove that the pursuits of poetry and trade are incompatible; for though, from the extent of his dealings, he paid more duty to the Excise than any brewer in Edinburgh, he was unsuccessful.

Much of his time was probably devoted to study, as he frequently declared, that before he was eighteen years old, he had written two *Tragedies*, and half an *Epic Poem*, all which he prudently consigned to the flames.

Some of his early performances appeared in the "Scots Magazine," one of which, intituled, *On passing through the Parliament Close at Midnight*, was afterwards reprinted in the second volume of Donaldson's "Collection of Original Poems, by Scotch Gentlemen," 8vo, 1765.

In 1762, he published an ethic poem, intituled *Providence, or Arandus and Emilec*, 4to, a languid, tedious, and incorrect performance, which, after some unsuccessful attempts "to alter and shorten" it, was finally abandoned.

In the Spring 1763, he quitted Edinburgh, and went to London, to solicit a commission in the marine service; but in this application he met with a disappointment.

Having a very exalted opinion of Lyttleton, whose character was then high in the literary world, he had sent him a copy of his *Providence*, previous to his departure from Edinburgh, accompanied with a letter, under the borrowed name of *William More*, in which he requested his opinion and criticism.

The letter was in a few months afterwards answered in a very polite manner, and a correspondence commenced between the Peer and the Poet; from which he derived no advantage, but the honour of his acquaintance, the communication of his remarks on his writings, and his encouragement to persevere in his poetical studies.

His *Pollio*, an elegiac Ode, *Knowledge*, an Ode, *Mary Queen of Scot's*, an Elegy; were subjected to the revision of Lyttleton, and the two first appear to have received some corrections from his hand.

"I have read," he writes him, July 15. 1763 "with great pleasure, the very beautiful Ode you did me the favour to send me. The correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in the English language."

He afterwards writes him, August 28. 1764, "The first of the two *Odes* has all the merit that just sentiment, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give so trite a subject. There is also in some stanzas a sublimity of thought and expression, which raises it above the ordinary pitch of mere descriptive poetry."

"As to the poem on the death of *Mary Queen of Scots*," he adds, "I will not criticise any part of it; because I wholly disapprove the subject; poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn; and it is as certain as history can render any fact, that (besides her criminal amours with David Rizzio and Bothwell), she was an accomplice in the murder of the King her husband. Read *Thuanus* or *Hume* (who have written her history more truly than *Robertson*), and you will be inclined to pity, not to praise her; nor will *Robertson* himself, though he shades her crimes as much as possible, give you such an idea of her, as to make you think her a proper subject for the encomiums of a writer who means to serve the cause of virtue, not of party."

"Though you have disapproved of the *Ode on the Queen of Scots*," he writes his patron in return, September 8. 1764, "I must think myself very happy in having shown it to your Lordship. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, than to vindicate or deny her crimes, and if, while taken up with the subject, I have fallen into what might be looked on as endeavouring to give an amiable cast to her vices; now when your Lordship has been so good as to warn me of it, I can have no reluctance to suppress a piece that was merely a sport of fancy. That *Buchanan*, *Knox*, and others, have sometimes forgot the honour of the historian, and indulged the rancour of party, is pretty certain. This, with the greatness of her sufferings (in some instances beyond what the most crooked policy could demand), pleads something in her favour, and it was this that misled me to think of writing an *Ode* on her death, without sufficiently weighing the propriety of the subject."

"I would fain take this opportunity," he adds, "to mention the plan of a poem, which I have long had some thoughts of. The subject of it, if not the title, to be, *The Cave of Deism*. Mr. *Hume* has asserted, that Mahometanism has been more salutary to the world than Christianity. "And through all his works, there runs a most disingenuous manner of blending revelations with the fopperies and sinister inventions of men; and in a variety of such ludicrous dresses, he would expose Christianity to the contempt of his reader. Such a conduct, with his shameless assertion, that *Polytheism* was the first religion of mankind; his malevolence of the Reformation; the nonsense he writes about miracles; together with such like sentiments, from other infidel writers, would furnish out a part or character for the *Keeper* or *Genius* of the *Cave*. The description of the gloomy cave itself, with the vices that shelter in it;—the genius of Mahometanism, with the finest countries lying in ruins behind her;—that of Popery, and that of genuine Christianity introduced as personages, with some proper action, might, I should think, afford materials for a poem of five or six hundred lines, which would fall naturally enough into the manner of *Spenser*."

In a letter to *Lyttleton*, dated April 9. 1765, he gives the following account of his pursuits and difficulties. "A situation that would enable me to cultivate the studies to which nature has led my inclination, was all the happiness I ever wished for; but any weak attempt I have made, has neither procured such, nor left much hope of it doing so. To write for the booksellers is what I never will do. Did my fortune enable me to do for myself in trade, I might expect some encouragement under Governor *Johnstone*, of West Florida, to whose family my father was related; but as I prefer going abroad to any thing I could expect in a counting-house in London, I think I have reason to hope that Major *James Johnstone*, brother to the Governor, will befriend me so far, as to procure me, if in his power, some settlement in the East or West-Indies."

"The risk of being cut off by the climate," he adds, in another place, "would no wise deter me from going to Jamaica, did it otherwise appear as the most proper step I could take, in which case your Lordship's recommendation to *Beckford*, or *Fuller*, and mentioning me to your brother the Governor, would be every thing I could wish. But as your Lordship likewise mentioned the East-Indies, and as next to a clerkship in some of the public offices at home, I should prefer going thither, so I should be very happy, could any thing be done in it. The Company have many resident clerks, and various places to bestow, and no doubt your Lordship's interest with the Directors would do a great deal."

"In answer to your last letter," *Lyttleton* writes him, "I can only say that I have no acquaintance with any of the East-India Directors; but if a recommendation to my brother will be of any

service to you, I will give it in the manner I mentioned. I have not been able to see either Beckford or Fuller; but it will be time enough to speak to them some time next winter."

"On fuller information," he writes Lyttleton in return, "there is only one consideration that would make me prefer the East to the West-Indies, the returning to England within two years, were I to go Purser of an East-Indiaman; but as that is not my choice, my intentions must settle in the West, whether I shall go, as the best step I can take, with all convenient speed."

"In my last letter to my brother," Lyttleton writes him, Nov. 6. 1765, "I recommended you to him for his favour and countenance, as a man of fine sentiments, and good genius in poetry, if you should come to that island, while he continues there. Wherever you go I wish you health and happiness."

"Your Lordship's kindness," he writes Lyttleton in return, Dec. 6. 1765, "in mentioning me to your brother, lays me under the greatest obligations; but as I would avoid the dangers attending an uncertainty, I some weeks ago accepted an offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina."

Thus ended his correspondence with Lyttleton; and though the only fruits of patronage he experienced were, his correcting his poems, and slightly countenancing him when he was little known in London, he always spoke of him with a respect bordering on reverence.

It is remarkable, that at this time he wrote his name *William Mickle*. The reason of his afterwards adding *Julius* to his name, is not certainly known.

From some circumstances, unknown to his biographers, he did not go to Carolina; but was employed as corrector of the Clarendon press in Oxford; a situation much more congenial to his taste, than that of a merchant's clerk.

In 1765, he published *Pollio, an Elegiac Ode, written in the wood near Roslin Castle*, 4to. It was written in 1762, on the death of his brother; and was the first poem which brought him into notice.

In 1767, he published *The Concubine, a Poem, in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser*, 4to; which, after going through three editions, was improved, and republished in 1777, under the title of *Sir Martyn*, the former title, as he acknowledges in his *Introduction*, giving a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem.

In 1769, he published a *Letter to Dr. Harwood, wherein some of his evasive glosses, &c. in support of the Arian heresy, contained in his liberal translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted*, 8vo.

In 1770, his *Mary Queen of Scots, an elegy*; *Knowledge, an ode*; and *Hengist and Mey, a ballad*; were published in Pearch's "Collection of Poems." The note inserted at the conclusion of the elegy on *Mary*, was intended to obviate the objections which Lyttleton made to his defence of her character.

Many elaborate attempts have been made to rescue the character of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary, from obloquy and reproach. The artifices of her insidious but inexorable rival, Elizabeth, have been clearly laid open by the masterly pen of Dr. Stuart. Elizabeth was undoubtedly the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life. Yet the conduct of the Queen of England may be considered as in a great measure justified by the alarming combinations of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumstances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious disposition of a considerable portion of her subjects, exasperated by the suppressed but malignant bigotry of the old superstition, and ready to seize every opportunity of disturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

In 1770, he published *Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy*, 8vo; and about this period was a frequent writer in the "Whitehall Evening Post."

He had very early in life, read Castéra's translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens into French, and then conceived a design of giving an English version of it. Various avocations had, however, prevented him from executing his intention; though he retained the idea.

At length, having prepared himself by acquiring a knowledge of the Portuguese language, he, in 1771, published the first book as a specimen of his powers; and finding the manner in which it was performed approved by his friends, determined to devote his whole time to the completion of the work.

That he might do this without interruption, he quitted his situation at Oxford, and went to reside at a farm house at Forest-Hill, where he adhered to his plan with such attention, that the translation, which had been printing while he proceeded on it, was entirely finished in 1775, and published under the title of *The Lusiad, or the Discovery of India, an Epic Poem, &c.* 4to, Oxford; with an *Introduction, The History of the Discovery of India, The History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East, The Life of Camoens, a Dissertation on the Lusiad, and Observations upon Epic Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations, &c.*

His publication came out under peculiar disadvantages. The *Lusiad* had been before translated into English verse, by Sir. Richard Fanshawe, 1655; but the manner in which it was done, gave but a faint idea of the beautiful original. It was written in a language but little cultivated by the muses. The writer was little known in this country, and of the translator's powers the public at that time knew still less.

In a letter to a friend, Jan. 22. 1776, he says, "Though my work is well received at Oxford, I will honestly own to you, some things have hurt me. A few grammatical slips in the *Introduction* have been mentioned; and some things in the notes, about Virgil, Milton, and Homer, have been called the arrogance of criticism. But the greatest offence of all, is what I say of blank verse. My versification, however, receives a most general approbation."

In his *Dissertation*, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Magellans, and other Portuguese gentlemen, Thomas Pearson, Esq. of the East India Company's service, for books and information; he adds, "The approbation expressed by several gentlemen of the East-India Company, on the appearance of the poem on *the Discovery of India*, gave the translator the greatest satisfaction. To Governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under all the obligations which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, Esq. he confesses many obligations. And while he thus recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen, from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translator, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator. The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the dedication."

In a letter to Mr. Boswell, preserved in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," he says, "Before publishing the *Lusiad*, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shown to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done, and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands. Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the *Lusiad*, of the merit of which he spoke highly; but had been prevented by a number of other engagements." Dr. Johnson, it is said, afterwards recommended it to Goldsmith.

During the time which Mickle employed in this translation, he had no other means of subsistence, than what he received as corrector of the Clarendon press; and when he relinquished that situation, he had only the subscriptions he received for the work, to support him. The difficulties that so narrow an income must occasion, may be more readily conceived than described. But, looking forward with the enthusiasm of genius, he would not suffer difficulties that might have discouraged meaner minds, to obstruct his progress, or damp his ardour.

"When, after five years unremitting attention," says the writer of the "Anecdotes" of his life, "he had completed this great work, those friends who knew his circumstances, advised him to consider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate such a poem. I am assured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy (the Rev. Mr. Sim, of Chenies, Bucks, formerly of St. Alban-Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from unquestionable authority, informing him that to several persons, then high in the India department, it would be very acceptable; but by the dedication of such a poem, as the *Lusiad*, they would think themselves highly ho-

quired; that he might depend on a princely acknowledgement; and they therefore advised him to think of the most worthy. This counsel he was at first inclined to, but the advice of Commodore Johnstone, turned the scale, and it was dedicated to the Duke of Buccleugh."

"That he might omit," says the writer of the account of his life, in the "European Magazine," "no prudential attentions to his future welfare, and with the hopes of reaping those advantages which usually attend so laborious a work, he applied to a person of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permission to dedicate it to him. "The manner," says the author "in which ———— took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance." The manner, as the author frequently told his friends, was "by a very polite letter written with his own hand." But let not indigent genius, in future, place too much expectation on the generosity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks, and months elapsed, without the slightest notice. During this time, though the author had too much spirit to solicit or complain, it is to be feared that some of the misery so feelingly described by Spenser, fell to his lot.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide; &c.

"At length a gentleman of rank in the political world, a fast and a firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard with the indignation and contempt it deserved, a declaration, that the work was at that time unread, but had been represented not to have the merit it had been first said to possess; and therefore nothing could be then done on the subject of his mission. This paltry evasion, the solicitor declared, he believed arose from the malicious insinuations of a certain person about the patron, whose mistakes had received a proper correction in the preface to the *Lusiad*. We know not how true this suggestion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the case. Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated August 22, 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no disservice to the general interests of literature, were we to print it. We cannot, however, omit to suggest a doubt, whether there is not some small violation of moral rectitude, in a great man accepting from an indigent one, that compliment which is offered him, under, at least, an implied agreement, to receive some acknowledgement in return for the honour done him? It ought not to be concealed, that when the second edition of the *Lusiad* was published in 1778, Mickle was strongly recommended by a friend, to suppress the *Dedication*. His resentment at the unworthy treatment he had received, had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity he refused. Whoever will read the *Life of Camoens*, cannot avoid observing a striking similarity in the fortunes of the author, and his translator, and he will probably not be displeased at the concluding note of the *Lusiad*. "Similarity of condition, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment in Spenser and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age; yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them "shall sink beneath their mountain tombs."

"Oh may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd."

"I believe," says the writer of the "Anecdotes," of his life, "the person alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the professed admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagonist, and once intended to have written and published, *An Heroic Epistle from David Hume to Dr. Adam Smith* (in which the Doctor and his pupil would have been rather harshly treated). Many of the verses, he, at the time, repeated to a particular friend; but the poem was never completed."

Such is the manner in which the *Dedication* of the *Lusiad* was received, according to his biographers; who, in their indignation at the supposed neglect of his patron, seem not to have made sufficient allowance for the obligations his father was under to the family of Buccleugh. His examination of the popular arguments relative to the British commerce with India, in his *Dissertation* prefixed to the *Lusiad*, his "favourite above all that he ever attempted in prose," might displease the celebrated author of "The Wealth of Nations," who stood forth as the philosophical champion for the abolition of the monopoly of the English East-India Company; but it can hardly be supposed that the "Epic Poem of Commerce," a work that challenges the attention of

the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman, could be neglected by a nobleman, distinguished as much by his patriotism and benevolence, as his high rank, and princely fortune, and whose love and patronage of literature and science, have obtained him the distinction of President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and enrolled his name among the Fellows of the Royal Colleges of Physicians, and Surgeons in that City.

In his *Dissertation* prefixed to the *Lusiad*, after reflecting on the distressed situation in which *Camœns* was suffered to languish, he concludes his remarks with some stanzas, in the manner of Spenser, on the *Neglect of Poetry*, descriptive of what we may naturally conceive were his own fears for the fate of his translation. But poetry so splendid, so spirited, so harmonious, could not remain long unnoticed; and the applause of the public followed the appearance of the *Lusiad* in so high a degree, as soon to banish from his mind the momentary chagrin, which a few circumstances attending the publication had given birth to.

Notwithstanding the approbation with which the public had received his translation, by a letter to Thomas Caldecott, Esq. of the Middle Temple, who warmly patronised, and very essentially served him, while he was at Oxford, dated Forest-Hill, Dec. 20. 1778, it appears that he was by no means happy; and had projected an edition of his works by subscription, for which he had printed proposals: "Besides the necessity which urges to this scheme, I am very desirous of giving an edition of my works, in which I shall bestow the utmost attention. Except on very popular or temporary subjects little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this also inclines me to a quarto collection; which, perhaps, will be my final farewell to that blighted spot (worse than the most bleak mountains of Scotland), yclept Parnassus; for after this labour is finished, if Governor J—— cannot, or does not, help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy suspense, and, perhaps, also, to the chagrin of soul which I feel to accompany it."

Previous to the publication of the *Lusiad*, he had been tempted to try his powers in dramatic composition, and wrote a tragedy, called the *Seige of Marseilles*, formed upon a story from the French history in the reign of Francis I., when the Duke of Bourbon, at the head of a Spanish army, invaded his native country, and laid siege to Marseilles; which, with some recommendations from his literary friends, he transmitted to Garrick. The manager acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, that it contained many beautiful passages; but he added, that fine writing was not of itself sufficient to constitute a drama fit for public exhibition. Governor Johnstone, unwilling that the labour he bestowed on this work should be entirely lost, solicited the aid of Mr. Home, author of *Douglas*, to make some alterations. This was complied with, and the piece, after being inspected by Mr. Warton, was again submitted to the manager, and again rejected.

The conduct of Garrick strongly excited his resentment; he determined to print the tragedy, begun it, and sent the first sheet of it to the manager. The motives which led him to the first, appear in the *preface* to the play; what induced him to the latter, he has described in a letter to Mr. Hoole, dated Nov. 15. 1773.

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne, wherein he acquaints me, that you seemed sorry that Mr. Garrick had seen a proof sheet of the preface to my play. Mr. B. also expressed his surprise how he should have obtained it, and supposed that some person who wished me ill had sent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public against me.

"The truth is, I sent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago, I declared my resolution to my friend Mr. Boswell. He wrote me two earnest dissuasive letters; but in vain. I have maturely considered every circumstance; I have passed the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boswell, sent off only three days ago, I told him that I should look upon any farther dissuasive as thus, in plain English: "What do you think the public will mind such a scribbler as you? No, my friend, take my advice, fold your hands together, submit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and starve." I have also cited the same sentence in a letter now on the table to Governor Johnstone. "I have passed the Rubicon, I say, but I am not a Kenrick. No friend shall blush for me. I know what I owe to them, and to myself. If I am possessed of any satirical abilities, Mr. G. shall feel them. I have planned a new *Dunciad*, of which he is the hero. As soon as I finish the *Lusiad*, I will set about it. If you think proper, you may mention this in any company."

He was, afterwards, advised to try its fate on the Edinburgh theatre; but Governor Johnstone thinking it might interfere with the completion of the *Lusiad*, recommended him to lay it entirely aside, until the translation was finished. To this he consented; and when the *Lusiad* was finished, another friend recommended to him to revise the play, and offer it to Mr. Harris. This was accordingly done, but it was still unsuccessful. After this repulse, he relinquished all expectations of advantage from the theatre, though he afterwards permitted a person to show the unfortunate play to Mr. Sheridan, and here too it had the same success as with the other managers. Had he lived, he always declared his intention of printing it in the collection of his works.

The approbation which had crowned his translation of the *Lusiad*, and the respectable name which he had now attained in the literary world, soon banished from his mind the mortifications he suffered from the ill success of his tragedy.

The first edition of the *Lusiad* being soon sold, he immediately prepared a second, with improvements, which was published in June 1778. For this Mr. Mortimer presented him with an etching; and on the death of that excellent artist, Feb. 4. 1779, he wrote an *Epitaph* for him.

In 1779, he published a pamphlet, intituled *A Candid Examination of the reasons for depriving the East India Company of its charter, contained in the history and management of the East India Company, from its commencement to the present time; together with strictures on some of the self-contradictions, and historical errors, of Dr. Adam Smith, in his reasons for the abolition of the said Company*, 4to.

About this time, some of his friends had it in contemplation to recommend him to the notice of his Majesty, as worthy of a pension. Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, from a knowledge of his virtues and talents, intimated his readiness to give him ordination, with a promise of some provision in the church; but this mode of life was not agreeable to his disposition.

While the scheme of publishing a collection of his poems by subscription, was ripening, in which, from the exertions of his friends, he had great reason to hope for success, his friend Governor Johnstone was, in May 1779, appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, and he immediately offered to appoint him his secretary, in order that he might partake of any good fortune, which might attend the cruise. So strict was his regard to the engagement he had previously made with his friends, from whom he had received a few subscriptions for his poems, that it was found a very difficult task to persuade him to accept this offer. It was at length suggested to him, that a new situation would open a new scene, which would enable him to add what might render his volume still more acceptable to his subscribers; under this impression he engaged, and fulfilled his appointment during the remainder of the year.

In November he arrived at Lisbon, and was appointed by the Commodore, joint-agent for the prizes which were taken. At this place he was considered as the translator of the *Lusiad*, and received with the most flattering marks of attention. There, and in the neighbourhood, he remained for more than six months.

During his stay, he composed his *Atmada Hill, an epistle from Lisbon*, published in 4to, 1781; and collected some particulars concerning the history, manners, and customs of the Portuguese; which he never arranged.

The Royal Academy being opened while he was at Lisbon, he was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member, under the Presidency of one of the most illustrious characters of the age, Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens; who presented him with his own portrait as a mark of his regard.

On his return to England, it was thought necessary that he should stay in London, to attend the proceedings in the courts of law, respecting the condemnation of some prizes; and he did not therefore accompany the Commodore during his last expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, nor did he go any more to sea.

In 1782, he came forward as an advocate for Chatterton's title, in the Rowleian controversy, and published an ironical pamphlet, intituled, *The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, Prior of Darham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the editor, an account of the discovery and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley*, 8vo.

On the 6th of June 1782, he married Miss Tomkins, daughter of the person with whom he resided at Forest-Hill, while he was engaged in translating the *Lusiad*.

The fortune he acquired under Commodore Johnstone, now enabled him to retire to literary leisure and independence. He accordingly took a house at Wheatley, a few miles from Oxford, where he devoted his vacant time to the revision of his poetical works and tragedy, which he proposed publishing by subscription.

The efficient patronage of Commodore Johnstone will be remembered to his honour. On the death of his real friend and patron, May 24. 1787, he showed his affection and gratitude to his memory, in some elegiac verses, a copy of which he sent to the gallant Lord Rodney, begging his opinion and correction of the first *note*, and received the following answer, dated Albemarle-street, May 16. 1788. "Nothing can give me more real pleasure, than the affection and gratitude shown by you to the memory of our worthy friend George Johnstone. It is impossible for me not to approve of the verses of the translator of the *Lusiad*, which, without flattery, in my poor opinion, are equal, if not superior, to Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. It is impossible not to be pleased with both. Both instil in our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is a burden.

"Your note relative to the intelligence sent me in 1761, I think not full enough. The intelligence was of that consequence, that without it every Spanish province in the West Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had failed to attack Domingo, in which time my cruisers had taken every Spanish packet that had sailed from Spain with the declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnstone's dispatches, I sent them to Jamaica, desiring the Governor to lay an embargo, and the Admiral to seize all Spanish ships; which was done accordingly, and the Spanish Governors, totally ignorant of the war, till Sir George Pococke and the British fleet came in sight, some months after, off the Havannah. Mr. Johnstone, therefore, may be properly said to have taken the Havannah.

"With infinite pleasure I beg you will put me down as a subscriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me when you come to town."

During the last seven years of his life, he occasionally afforded some assistance to the "European Magazine," the *Fragments of Leo*, and several of the *Reviews* of books came from his hand. In September 1788, at the request of a friend, he wrote a song called *Esdale Brats*, in honour of the place of his birth, a country most beautifully Arcadian, in the centre of that district on the border of Scotland which is thus described by Dr. Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," "Most of the finest old Scottish songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles."

This song, in commemoration of a spot, in itself of little importance, but dignified by the birth of heroes, who have bled in defence of their country, and poets who have given new harmony to the language, was intended to be set to music by James Balmain, Esq. Commissioner of the Excise, and brother-in-law to Commodore Johnstone; so that we should have an *Esdale* song, written by a bard of *Esdale*, and set to music by a native of the same place.

This was the last composition he lived to finish. After a short illness, he died at Wheatly in Oxfordshire, Oct. 25th 1789, in the 55th year of his age. He was buried at Wheatly. He left a son, with but a scanty provision; whom his executors Francis Wastie, Esq. of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, and Mr. William Ballantyne, merchant, Savage Gardens, have placed with the Rev. Mr. Nailor at Hammersmith, in order that he may be qualified for admission, on the foundation of Winchester College.

His *Poems*, including the pieces formerly printed separately, except *Providence*, with the *Sorceress*, and other original pieces, and the tragedy of the *Siege of Marseilles*, were collected and published by subscription, in one volume 4to, 1794, with some "Anecdotes" of his life, "in which are comprised several letters from the late Lord Lyttleton," with the benevolent purpose of raising a sum to assist the education and provision of his son. His poems, reprinted from the edition 1794 with his verses on *Passing through the Parliament Close of Edinburgh, at Midnight*, and some smaller pieces selected from the Introduction to the *Lusiad*, and the "Anecdotes" of his life, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry. His poem on *Providence*, he himself thought too incorrect for republication. A copy of his *Prophecy of Queen Emma, &c.* could not be obtained for the use of this edition.

On the following character of Mickle, given by the writer of the account of his life in the "European Magazine," the editor of his poems observes, "that having known him intimately, and known him long, he thinks it strictly just."

"To those who are unacquainted with Mr. Mickle's writings, we need not point out the beauty, the strength, or the variety of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, and the vigour of his imagination. These are so apparent, that we risk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they must sooner or later force themselves into the notice of those who at present are strangers to them. Leaving his literary character, therefore, to find its own value, we shall confine ourselves to speak of him as a member of society. He was in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttleton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing his industry to acquire by honest exertion that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation, nor would any person from his appearance have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. In every situation in which fortune placed him, he displayed an independent spirit, undebased by any meanness, and when his pecuniary circumstances made him on one occasion feel a disappointment with some force, he even then seemed more ashamed at his want of discernment of character, than concerned for his loss. He seemed to entertain with reluctance an opinion, that high birth could be united with a sordid mind. He had, however, the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not soon; he wished to forget his credulity, and never after conversed on the subject by choice. To conclude, his foibles were but few, and those inoffensive; his virtues many; and his genius very considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who were acquainted with him."

In this portrait of Mickle, his few imperfections are commendably thrown into shade, but his virtues are faithfully delineated, and cannot fail to impress the most advantageous idea of his character. Religion appears to have been a leading feature in his mind; but the zeal against infidelity which induced him to plan his *Cave of Deism* ought not to have rendered him insensible of the value of two such men as David Hume, and Adam Smith, so far as to circulate among his acquaintance the *Heroic Epistle* in ridicule of these ornaments of philosophy. To have threatened Garrick with a *Dunciad* if he refused to get up a very moderate tragedy, would seem inexcusable, were not the *genus irritabile vatum* almost proverbial.

The character of Mickle, as a poet, ranks very high among his countrymen. His versification is undoubtedly very vigorous and manly; but certainly not equally remarkable for correctness. It unites the freedom of Dryden with the force and harmony of Pope. The English *Lusiad* is a truly classical performance, and stands unrivalled by any production of the kind in our language, but the English *Iliad*. His *Sir Martyn*, *Almada Hill*, *Pollio*, and *Mary Queen of Scots*, if he had written nothing else are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our nation.

Of the *Lusiad* he is not only an able translator, but a spirited advocate. He has very judiciously prefaced his translation with a copious and satisfactory introduction to the history of the poem, and accompanied it with notes that were necessary to give it proper elucidation. The narrative is liberal and elegant, interspersed with many sensible observations, and just political reflections. In the critical part of his notes, he merits great praise; but he has sometimes, perhaps, rather stepped out of his way. The lively and ingenious, though inaccurate and ill-grounded criticisms and misrepresentations of Voltaire, respecting the *Lusiad*, have drawn from his pen such a severity of animadversion and reprehension, as seem scarcely justifiable, when occasioned by a difference chiefly affecting a point of taste. Voltaire admits the *Lusiad* to be a work justly deserving of a distinguished rank in epic poetry, a work abounding in beauties, and exhibiting also some striking defects. It is, as he affirms, a poem without a plan; without unity; without propriety; for the machinery exhibits a monstrous combination of Christian and Pagan mythology. *Vasco de Gama*, the hero of the poem, for instance, prays to the God of Israel in a storm, and the goddess *Venus* comes to his relief, "But we are told," says Voltaire, "that the machinery

is allegorical; thus Mars is clearly designed to represent Jesus Christ, and *Venus* the Virgin Mary: All this may be true, but I own I should not have suspected it." He is not satisfied with eagerly defending the propriety of this allegorical interpretation, and with stating the obvious answer to the objection respecting the unity of the action, but he recriminates upon Voltaire, and exposes him to contempt and detestation. In his analysis of the *Lusiad*, he enters deep into the merits of the poem, and finds it possessed of all the spirit, and great component parts of the epic. The result of his examination of the machinery, and construction of the poem, on the principles of the *Epopœa*, will satisfy men of taste and elegant researches. Men of minuter studies, and sentiments less enlarged, may, indeed, cavil at what they think some deviations from the epic system; that system which scholastic formality and mechanical minds have drawn from those great archetypes, who themselves know no rule but the implicit pursuit of nature.

If we consider only the state of the Iberian poetry at, and even after, the time when *Camoens* wrote, we must look upon his *Lusiad* as a wonderful performance. He was the original poet of his country. He had not, like Tasso, a Dante to smooth his way, nor like Milton, a Spenser. Around him all was obscurity, and even an affectation of obscurity. The Spaniards looked with the highest veneration on the writings of Balthazar Gracian, and Luis de Gongora, because they were abstracted and unintelligible. Even their great poet Lopez de Vega, wrote in the same strange enigmatical style; a whimsical heterogeneous mixture of the *enflure* of the French, and the *concetti* of the Italians, interwoven with the sombrous, but fantastic ground of the *Morefca*. When these defects of the national poetry are considered, those of *Camoens*, in particular, will be thought the more excusable, and his excellences will do him the greater honour.

"Homer and Virgil" says Mickle "have been highly praised for their judgment in the choice of the subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely blamed for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of *Camoens* be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce. And in a particular manner the epic poem of whatever country has the controul and possession of the commerce of India. An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction complete the character of the *Lusiad* of *Camoens*; a poem which though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited, and from the critics most unmerited injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit than when he dreaded *Camoens* as a rival, or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed his elegant sonnet, "Vasco le cui felici, &c." to the hero of the *Lusiad*."

Of the extraordinary talents of his illustrious contemporary, Tasso appears to have been perfectly sensible. Montesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws," has, with a degree of impartiality, by no means peculiar to his character, allowed that the *Lusiad* unites the charms of the "Odyssey" with the magnificence of the "Æneid;" he might have added, with the majestic spirit and divine energy of the "Iliad." The fire of the Mæonian bard glows in the eye of *Camoens*, while he bears upon his aspect the serene dignity of the Mantuan muse. But he not only unites the power of composition that characterize the three ancient poems; he associates their different interests. The strong unconquered passions, the martial ardour, and stormy valour of the heroes at Troy, are powerfully represented in *Gama's* narrative of the Lufians and their wars. His piety, his tender attachment to his country, and affection for his prince, make us feel every thing for him that we have felt for Virgil's hero; and whatever attention, curiosity or concern the man,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—

could possibly excite in the reader, all these must be awakened in a more interesting manner by the author of the *Lusiad*. He subscribes to Voltaire's assertion, when he calls it *une nouvelle espèce d'Épopée*; but though the happiness of *Camoens* in the novelty of his subject must be acknowledged, yet it is certainly much in the manner and spirit of the "Odyssey," the conduct of which he has omitted to analyse.

To the character of the *Lusiad*, as given by Mickle, every reader of taste will very freely consent; and he has done himself the highest honour, in making his author live in the fulness of his spi-

rit, and in all the strength, harmony, and beauty of our heroic verse. The most delicate strain of gallantry, and the high spirit of Spanish honour, while in its unstained days, breathe throughout the *Lusiad*. Description riots, and the graces of imitative and sentimental harmony abound in every page. On the principal beauties of the poem, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The death of the beautiful *Inez*, an episode, in the third book, is distinguished by a tenderness and sweetness of numbers. The battle of *Aljubarota* in the fourth, and the sea storm in the sixth, are described in all the strength of rough nervous verse. The fiction of the apparition of the *Cape of Tempests*, in the fifth, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, is perhaps unequalled in human composition. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by *Gama*, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakspeare. The numbers which relate the behaviour of *Gama*, while a prisoner in India, in the beginning of the ninth book, have a peculiar loftiness and grand simplicity; and the description of the *Island of Love*, in the same book, contains the most beautiful landscapes of rural painting, presented in successive scenes, in the softest and most melodious versification.

It is with concern, that the present writer is obliged to observe, that, notwithstanding the epic powers of *Camoens*, have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited translation of Mickle, and the subject being commercial, and therefore seeming so peculiarly calculated for Great Britain, the English *Lusiad* has not yet attained the celebrity it merits. But the time must come, when it will be universally read, and then it must be universally admired. That its merits may be more generally known, he has recommended it to be reprinted among other poetical translations, designed as a supplement to this collection of the "Works of the British Poets."

His *Sir Martyn, or the Progress of Dissipation*, is the longest and most elaborate of his original poetical compositions. Among the numerous imitations of Spenser, it will not be easy to point out one that will so well bear a comparison with the original. It indicates a warm and fruitful imagination, with much taste. The design and spirit of the poem deserve great praise. After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and the proposition of the subject, *Sir Martyn's* first attachment to his concubine, his levity, his love of pleasure and dissipation, with the influence over him which she assumes, are described. The effects of this influence are next exemplified in the different parts of his relative character,—in his domestic elegance of park, garden, and house;—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, a man of letters;—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend and a brother;—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot. The poem closes with an allegorical catastrophe. The reasons he gives in his preface for having adopted the manner of Spenser, are, "That the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser, are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it, not only as the best, the only mode of composition adapted to his subject." Though the relation between verse of Gothic structure, and the *Progress of Dissipation* may not generally be allowed, yet it cannot be denied, that the imitation is very successfully performed, with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction. He has the same style of harmony, and the same spirit of enthusiasm which distinguish the poetry of Spenser. His descriptions are equally copious and luxuriant, and are embellished with the same degree of imagery, and heightened by the same colourings of animated fancy.

His *Almada Hill, an Epistle from Lisbon*, is very properly styled "A Supplement to the English *Lusiad*," and well deserves to be adopted into the native language of the Portuguese Homer. He opens his epistle with a well-drawn picture of a joyless winter day in England, contrasted with the genial influence of a warmer clime! After hinting at what will probably be the cause of our political decay, he enters more immediately upon the subject of the poem, which abounds with local picturesque views by land and sea, and historical incidents, from the time of the Romans, to the great earthquake in 1755. The descriptive parts are, he tells us, strictly local; and they have every appearance of being truly characteristic and appropriate. The names of Viriatus, Sertorius, Lucan, Trajan, &c. are happily introduced. After cursorily pointing out the mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain of old have witnessed, he notices the change of manners that has prevailed in consequence of the subversion of the Roman

empire, by the irruption of the Goths and other northern tribes; and though the causes he assigns for that peculiar character which has since marked each of the different divisions of Europe, may not be historically true, yet the ideas he has started on this subject are at least poetical and ingenious. The *diseased chivalry* of romance is contrasted with the chivalry of *wisdom and honour*, as he styles the religious fury of crusading, which the present writer cannot agree with him in admiring. The fall of Lisbon's *naval throne* occasions some boding thoughts on that of London. The naval glory of the Portuguese, during the time they first established themselves in Asia, and the fate of *Gama*, have their due place; with the massacre of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, that of the Jews and Christians in 1505, the revolution that set the Duke of Braganza on the throne, a sublime description of the earthquake, &c. The Duke of Lafœws receives a high eulogium in the conclusion, for his taste in the belles lettres, history, &c. The general poetical merit of the epistle is very considerable. The sentiments may sometimes be thought exceptionable; but the versification is spirited and harmonious; though it would have been more so, had he less frequently made one verse run into another. In attempting bold innovations in language, he has, in some instances, violated metaphorical propriety. Of the peculiar advantages of the epistolary form of composition, he has not perhaps availed himself so much as he might have done; excepting, at the commencement of the poem, he seems in great measure to have lost sight of the friend to whom it is addressed. He is indeed twice afterwards adverted to; but from the manner in which it is done, it seems as much with the view to fill up the measure of the verse, as to awaken and direct the attention to any striking object. The writer of epistles, if he wishes to make them as interesting as their nature will admit, should lose no opportunity of appealing, where it can prudently be done, to the feelings and sentiments of those to whom he is supposed to be addressing himself.

His *Pollio, an Elegiac Ode*, is characterised by genuine enthusiasm, vigour of thought, and natural expression. The description of *Roslin Castle* has dignity and characteristic propriety. There is likewise considerable merit in the description of the retreats where he had experienced with his brother, the happy amusements of young simplicity; which naturally renew his grief and complaints for his loss.

His *Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots*, evinces strong powers of imagination, a brilliant fancy, and true sentimental feeling. The imagery is various and rich; the expression is at the same time beautiful and bold; and the sentiments are tender and interesting. They who think differently from him with respect to the character of *Mary*, must allow, that her misfortunes are lamented, and her virtues and accomplishments are commended, in numbers equally harmonious and tender.

His *Knowledge, an Ode*, is nervous and elegant, both in sentiment and expression; and though, by reason of its philosophical tenor, the descriptive part is less luxuriant, yet the colouring is not languid, nor are the descriptions inanimated.

His *Hengist and Mey*, and the *Sorcerefs*, are not inferior to the best imitations of the ancient heroic ballad. The *Sorcerefs*, is conceived with much fancy. It was written at the request of a friend, who possessed Mr. Mortimer's picture of "The Incantation," as a story to the painting. From this picture, Dixon, engraved a very fine print.

His *Eskdale Braes*, he has characterised in a letter, which he sent to a friend, with the song, "The ballad, indifferent as it is, has too much poetical expression, and is too clear of low nonsense and absurdity, ever to become popular."

The elegant stanzas on *Mr. Servinton*, were built on an incident somewhat similar to that which he has made the groundwork of his *Sir Martyn*, and may be considered as a miniature picture of the consequences of dissipation. The stanzas *On the neglect of Poetry* are beautifully pathetic. Of his smaller pieces, the *Epitaph on Mr. Mortimer* is the most successful. In the *Stanzas to a young Lady studious of Botany*, he makes the *primrose* a flower which lingers to the winter season; on the contrary, it is, as its name denotes, an early production of the Spring, and does not linger even to the approach of Summer.

THE WORKS OF MICKLE.

P O E M S.

POLLIO.

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

Written in the Wood near Roslin Castle. 1762.

"Hæc Jovem sentire deosque cunctos,
"Spem bonam certamque domum reporto."
HORAT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often said, that fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it as a circumstance against him. The following ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements, with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour, when to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;

Where yon skaith'd poplar through the window
waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains:

There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning
shade

Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a beauteful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he
bends.

While round the gates the dusky wallflowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have
led;

Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;
Now lost to them! and ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding
trees,

When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side:
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours
dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him with her purest flames the muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And fainted well, have lost their cheering pow-
ers.

For thou art gone—my guide, my friend, oh
where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind!
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd
Hope falters and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no
more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at
pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountains sung—"Messiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the crosses in hoary ruin nod,
And weeping yews o'er shade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred
bones.

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

SIR MARTYN.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenser, was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions, under the title of the *Concubine*; a title which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem. It is now more properly intitled *Sir Martin*; and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution, he still declines; for taste is not to be bribed; but, perhaps, justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

It is an established maxim in criticism, that an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the man of fortune is of the utmost importance, both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral; but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be one: that every part should contribute to the completion of one design; which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet, in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical; for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent critic, "As there must

"needs be a connection, so that connection will
 "best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer;
 "which, whilst it leads by a sure train of think-
 "ing to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all
 "the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfac-
 "tion of supplying the intermediate links, and
 "joining together, in his own mind, what is left
 "in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnec-
 "tion."

If, therefore, the delineation of the character of
 the man of birth, who, with every advantage of
 natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once
 lost to the public and himself; if this character has
 its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the
 unity that propriety requires: how far such unity
 is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the
 following argument.

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and
 proposition of the subject, the knight's first at-
 tachment to his concubine, his levity, love of
 pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over
 him which on this she assumes, are parts which
 undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the dif-
 ferent parts of a gentleman's relative character
 —in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and
 house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent,
 and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to
 his tenants, as a friend and a brother—and in his
 feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of
 birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the
 middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe fur-
 nishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected, for
 having adopted the manner of Spenser. To pro-
 pose a general use of it, were indeed highly absurd;
 yet it may be presumed, there are some subjects on
 which it may be used with advantage. But not to
 enter upon any formal defence, the author will on-
 ly say, that the fulness and wantonness of descrip-
 tion, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludi-
 crous, of which the antique phraseology and man-
 ner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly suscep-
 tible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the
 best, but the only mode of composition adapted to
 his subject.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
 Of pleasures faerie land,
 Where virtues buds are blighted as
 By foul enchanters wand.

AWAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
 And, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
 Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the
 gale,
 Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
 Through the pale willows faultering whispers
 wake, [dew;
 And evening comes with locks bedropt with
 On Desmonds * mouldering turrets slowly
 shake

* The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the
 river Mulla in Ireland, was at some time the residence of
 Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the
 Faery Queene.

The trembling rie-grafs, and the hare-bell blue
 And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

O for the namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
 That powre of charme by naiads once posselt,
 Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
 Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
 Of haplesse Spenser; long with woes opprest,
 Long with the drowfie patrons smyles decoy'd,
 Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
 No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
 The Sabbath of his life the milde good man en-
 joyd:

Enjoyd each wish; while wrapt in visions blest,
 The muses wooed him, when each evening grey
 Luxurious fancy, from her wardrobe drest
 Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
 By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
 Farre from the crowd, the careless bard supine:
 Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
 How mildly peaceful past these houres of thine!
 Ah, could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
 were mine!

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
 Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
 With pleasing reverence awd mine eye, survey
 The hallowed shades where Spenser strung
 his shell. [dell,
 The brooke still murmurs through the bushy
 Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous
 rise
 The hills green tops; still from her moss-
 white cell

Complayning echoe to the stockdove sighs,
 And fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye genii of the place! O come,
 Ye wilde-wood muses of the native lay!
 Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
 And round your Spenser ever gladson play!
 Oh come once more! and with your magic ray,
 These lawns transforming, raise the mystic
 scene—

These lawns already own your vertual sway,
 Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
 In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
 Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastic rose;
 From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
 And redd with blossoms hung the wildings
 boughs;
 On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
 On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove dis-
 playd,
 Beauteous and wilde as ever druid chose;
 From whence a reverend wizard through the
 shade
 Advaunst to meet my steps; for here me seemd
 I stray'd:

White as the snow-drop round his temples flowd
 A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
 Meint with heavens lightning, social mildnesse
 glowd;
 Yet when him list queynt was his leer and lie,
 Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
 For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
 The soul of worth and warra hart-honestie:

Such winning grace as age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the
withering rose.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loofely tyd his waift
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceald, and half reveald his vest;
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies;
The path of blustering fame and warlike ire,
Of scowling powre and lean-boned covetise,
Of thoughtlesse mirth and folly's giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He said, and to the field did strait his arm extend.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of virtue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villainy,
To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchant-
ment try.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where dissipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them
wage, [spright,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde
From pleasures servile bands release the luckles
wight.

This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, through the
rural scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire bescene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight be-
fore.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight—
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood; [tree,
All round the east grew many a sheltering
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the
wood.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres
What plesaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Among the hills and vales, and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn;

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing
swain,
And Avon's bard of peerlesse memorie,
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
When fancys sweetest impe, Dan Spenser, joins the
train.

Ne to Syr Martyn height were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning
bed:
Such happiness bloom'd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was form'd each joy to
taste,
From him, alas! dear homeselt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embrac'd;
Where all seemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary
waste.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown
hay, [green,
As carelesse fauntering through the elm-fenced
He with his book beguile the closing day,
The dairy-maide hight Kathrin frisk'd that
way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wishd the lemmans part to
play?
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past, [chast.
Ne entered in his heart, or wish or thought un-
Right plump she was, and ruddie glowd her
cheek,
Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover fly:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and
bye.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kifs,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she viewd his awkward
pain; [took,
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage
And Kathrin then a kifs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely
be;

But well his aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie [gree:
Should now be staind with blood of base de-
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprung of Venus
bright.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselic matching with plebeian blood,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull
disgrace, [vowd:
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath she
Yet could she not with cunning portance
shroud,

So as might best succeed her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes re-
pent, [shent.
And stand in long white sheet before the parson

So spake the wizard, and his hand he wayd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless
lay

The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features
gay,

And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touchd—but she with soft
delay

And gentle tears ybleds her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamour'd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring
stare,

What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle fears,
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.

And need, quoth she, need I my heart to
bare,

And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers
care—

By you deserted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your aunts fell spight, and wreakfull
crueltie.

My aunt! quoth he, forsooth shall she com-
mand?

No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said, and would have caught her
hand;

Her hand she shifted to her blubbered face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, alas!

Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silken garters, pledge of thy embrace,

Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell
to thee.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright

The gardner near, and weets not where to
flee:

And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?

That shalt thou have; and for thy peace be-
side, [be—

What mote I more? Housekeeper shalt thou
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrine was as blythe as ever blythesome
bride.

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see [pine
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine;
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of
thine,

Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with manie a daintie
cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,

So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:
But whether will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of burda
May

Bestrew her path, to defarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

Ah! says the wizard, what may now availle
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie
pore,

Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to
blight.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foaming bore and fallow deer,

At first the trader's beverage shylic tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,

Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restraint

Headlong attonce into the wyld career
Of jolitic, with all his mind unbent, [spent.

And dull and yrkfome hangs the day in sports un-

Now fly the wassal seasons wing with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;

The springs green months ycharmd with cook-
ing flee,

The jolly horse-race, summers grand employ,
His harvests sports the foxe and hare destroy;

But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O winter! thine to fire the boy

With Englands cause, and swell his mightie
foul,

Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,

The which had he through many a hedge per-
few'd, [and delve, and dale;

Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch,

To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make
 you pale; [late,
 Which well the groome height Patrick can re-
 Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
 And not one circumstance will he forgett,
 So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
 Beholds the springing racers sweep the
 ground:
 Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
 And thondring on, the ratling hoofs rebound;
 The coursers groan, the cracking whips re-
 found:
 And gliding with the gale they rush along
 Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly
 round
 And rising on his fell, his jocund tongue
 Is heard above the noise of all the noise throng.

While thus the knight persewd the shaddow
 joy,
 As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
 Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
 Kathrine did eve and morn before him lay,
 Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
 Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
 Refigns himself to her capricious sway:
 Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound
 spright
 In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
 What need her now, she recks, one smyle
 bestow;
 Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
 And thirstlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
 As, what were she the the better did she so?
 She conns, and freely sues her native bent:
 Yet still can she to guard his thraldom know,
 Though grim'd with snuff in tawdrie gown she
 went, [ment.
 Though peevish ere her spleen and rude her jolli-
 As when the linnet hails the balmie morne,
 And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
 Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorn
 He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
 Then all in vain he flaps his gaudy wings;
 The more he flutters still the more foredone;
 So fares it with the knight: each morning
 brings
 His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
 For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in
 in one.

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
 The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
 When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
 And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
 The gamesome trout then shows her silverie
 skin,
 As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
 Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
 Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her
 fides, [divides.
 While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame
 On the green banck a truant schoolboy stands;
 Well has his urchin markt her mery play,
 An ashen rod obeys his guileful hands,
 And leads the mimick fly across her way;

Askaunce, with listly look and coy delay,
 The hungrie trout the glitteraund treacher eyes,
 Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
 Then, flylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
 Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthlesse
 prize.

Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
 Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
 Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the
 beech
 Shaddows the poole, she runs in dread affright;
 In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
 In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
 The laughing else now curbs, now aids her
 flight,
 The more entangled still the more she flies,
 And soon amid the grafs the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
 That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
 That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
 When by the rivetts banks, with blushes coy,
 April walkd forth---ah! never more to toy,
 In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
 Ah me! how like the fortune of the boy,
 His days of revel, and his nights of noise
 Have left him now involvd, his lemman's haplesse
 prize.

See now the changes that attend her sway;
 The park where rural elegance had placed
 Her sweete retreat, where cunning art did play
 Her happiest freaks, that nature undefaced
 Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul
 disgraced
 Now lies thilke park so sweetlie wyld afore!
 Each grove and bowery walke be now laid
 waste;
 The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
 And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside
 the dore.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
 Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
 And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
 Enrong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
 These now their place to cabbages resign,
 And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
 Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
 Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
 And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

The fragrant orchard, once the summers pride,
 Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisie greene,
 In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
 Pomona and her bixom nymphs were scene;
 Or where the clear canal stretched out atweene,
 Dextly their locks with blossomes would they
 brede;
 Or resting by the primeroze hillocks sheene,
 Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
 They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily
 spread:

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
 In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
 The hillocks gently rising through the land
 Must now no trace of natures steps retain;
 The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
 And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
 Two dirty watering ponds alone remain;

And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had
 beene, [cleane.
 Is now a turnip fiede and cow yarde nothing

An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives thrift,
 All this devidd for trim oeconomie;
 But certes, ever from her birth bereft
 Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
 Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her cour-
 tesie,
 Hoyden her shap, but grave was her attyre,
 And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
 And still she plodden round the kitchen fire,
 To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and de-
 syre.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and flow,
 Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
 Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
 Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
 Yet sparing though she beene her guesstes e-
 mong,
 Ought by herselfe that she mote gormandise,
 The foul curmudgeon would have that ere
 long,
 And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
 Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
 This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
 She was her genius and her counsellor:
 Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
 Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
 The Knights complaints, and thriftlesse judg-
 ment ill: [buys,
 Eke verfd in sales, right wondrous cheap she
 Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
 Though useles, cheap they beene, and cheap she
 purchasd still.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
 Did like to sing and worken all the day,
 At seed time never were they left behind,
 And at the harvest feast still first did play;
 And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
 For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
 All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
 They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
 Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up
 the rear.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
 No more with social hospitable glee
 The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
 No more the Whitson gamboll may you see,
 Nor morrice-daunce, nor May daye jollitie
 When the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
 But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
 And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
 As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
 And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
 Muttering some words with serious-meaning
 face, [name;
 And on the church dore he would fix their
 Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
 And quight those fieldes their yeomen grand-
 fires plowd
 Eer since black Edwards days, when, crown'd
 with fame,

From Cressie field the knights old grandfire
 prowld [allowd.
 Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe

But now the orphan sees his harvest fiede
 Beneath the gripe of laws stern rapine fall,
 The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
 Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen
 wall:

And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
 For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full
 sore

Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
 Though he had pledged his troth, yet nathemore
 It mote he keep, except she wuld the same before.

Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
 What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
 Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
 Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
 Lo, manly sence, of princely dignitie,
 Witchd by thy spells, thy crouching slave is
 seen; [knee,
 Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling
 And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
 Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely
 mien.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
 Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
 As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
 Ne may the Knight escape, or cure his woes:
 As he who dreams he climbs some mountains
 brows,
 With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
 Anxious he pants and toils, but strength fore-
 goes
 His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains;
 So toils the powrelesse Knight beneath his servile
 chains.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
 Learn'd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing
 flie;
 Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
 As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high
 Pleasd dullness basking in his glossie eye,
 The smyle would oft steal through his native
 phlegm;
 And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
 Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
 But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
 claim.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
 Still yawns on everie long depending case.
 The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
 Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace,
 While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
 And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
 See now what scenes his household hours debase;
 And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall. [call.
 So spake the seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his

See, quoth the wizard, how with feltering mien,
 And discomposd yon stranger he receives;
 Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
 His frowning mistress to his friend behaves;
 In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
 Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obey;
 Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,

Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay :
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire ;
He begs the Knight by friendships long ago
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, arounde whose cheerlesse
fire

Sat grief and pale disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight : his inmost hearts desire
Gleams through his eyes ; yet all confusd, and
stung [tongue.

With inward pain he looks, and silence guards his

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour
shy

He steals the look to read his lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.

Look as he will, yet will she not comply.

His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain ;
From him even pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie stain.

Let other scenes now rise, the wizard said :

He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.

See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
Invokes the household hours of leard repose ;
An auncient song its manly joys bestows :
The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breast ; his wandering
fancy glows,

Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagin'd faire, and wooes the lovely
shade.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banished love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest
cheer. [sincere

Oh heaven ! he sighs, what blessings dwell
In love like this !—But instant as he sigh'd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemmans thunders, Ah ! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his
bride !

And must some lemmans of a whiffing song
Delight your fancy she disdainful cries ;
When strait her imps all brawling round her
throng, [plies :

And, bleard with teares, each for revenge ap-
Him chief in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still ;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill ;
And then, next breath, does all to coax his stub-
born will.

Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The Knight stares round ; yet good nor bad
he fed.

Alas ! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies : [fled,
His present peace and ease mote chance have

He deems ; and yielding, looks most wondrous
wife, [guise.

As from himself he hopd his grief and shame dif-

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be !

While now his days abroad with grooms he
wore,

His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unlettered herd ! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame ;
And still anon the flask of ratafie

Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or
dame.

One evening tide as with her crones she fate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdy boy approachd in view ;
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen [blue
An huge broad buckle glauncd in either shoe,
And round his neck an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch : a jolly wight I ween.

Farre had he saild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus slackes his fire team ;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal
sleepe,

And Oceans waves like molten silver seem)
Eke had he seen, with diamond glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,

While yet beneath the moon old Nilus stream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appears the milky
way.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped,
Eke had he beene, where flowry sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are
spred,

Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the sun of noone is seen :
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
Gama *, the darling care of Beautys heavenly
queene.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast [guide ;
Where bold Nearch young Anmons fleet did
A task so dread the world-subduing host

Could not another for such feats provide :
And often had he seen that ocean wide,
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say,
None but th' immortal gods had ever spy'd ;
Which fight, quoth he, will all your toils repay :
That none mote see it more als he the gods did
pray †.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the
battels fire,

Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the
hope the while

* See the *Lusiad*.

† For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alex-
ander, see *Q. Curtius*.

Of yet revisiting his natal soil:
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopia's coast or Java's ile,
When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and stea-
die sail:

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spread wing unmov'd, the eagle
bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promise blis would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblend,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought
employ;

And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

Around the meadows and the park he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was chang'd!--Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him
embrace.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said;
But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought
to me,

That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What shall we do!--great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenant's house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes
should fright.

Blunt was the boy, and to the farne-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and fly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans
cares,

When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!--amaz'd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of stranger guest; Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there? quoth he, Perdie, what
would

You seek? says to the boy the messenger.
To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scornes to come; the servant said.
Go bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywise the saytor made, [fed:
Till rage enflam'd the boy; and still his rage they

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His fair estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.

Next morne a lawyer been ybrought with
speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his
speed,

And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great
content.

CANTO II.

In musefull stownd Syr Martyn rews
His youthhede's thoughtlesse stage;
But dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

With gracefull pause awhile the wizard stood,
Then thus resum'd,—As he whose homeward
way [wood;
Lies through the windings of some verdant
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe
new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following
still our cue.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching
beame [plaid;
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres dis-
Wyld by the bancks the bathfull cowslips
spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wild so
sweet.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets
gay, [skyes
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-streakd
A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The shee goat from its height the lankkepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck
replies.

Here oft the knight had past the summers morne
What time the wondering boy to manhood
rose,
When fancy first her lankkepes gan adorne,
And reason's folded buds their flowres dis-
close,
What time young transport through the spi-
rits flows
When nature smyles with charmes unseen be-
fore,
When with unwonted hopes the blossom glows,
While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts
explore [store.

The endlesse wylde of joys that youth beholds in
The dryads of the place, that nurs'd the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambria's genius bade his worth excell.
His youthfull breast confest the wondrous
spell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,

The lover and the father now combine, [join.
And smyling visions form, where blifs and honour

Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat
Must now no more with dreams of blifs decoy;

Yet here he liken still himself to meet, [employ:
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts
Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy boy!

Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!—

Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!

The ærial genius of the cave returns, [mourns.
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive naiade

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broom clad hill;
See, quoth the wizard, where the knight bestows
An houre to thought and reason's whispers still;

Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering
swayne,

Truth, gleaming through the fogs of bias will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest shame gins
fayne

In her reflective glafs his life's ignoble straine.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe;

How oft hast thou, she cries, indignant viewd
The titled cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solitude,

That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim, [dewd
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind en-
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim

For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame:

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,

By labouring in the British clime to rear
Those arts that quencht prowde Romes patrician
fire, [spear;

And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick
Illustrious cares! besitting patriot peer!

Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!

Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;

When freedome bled unwept, and scorne was
glorys call.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant
fird,

What other views before thee would disclose!
As fancy painted and thy wish inspird, [rose!

What glorious scenes beneath thy shades a-
Britannias gardens here dispell her woes,

Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;

There Albion, smyling on her learn'd repose,
Sees manly genius in ther influence smile,

And spread the hallowd streames of virtue round
the ile.

How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving
houres,

Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres;
And scenes where friendship sheds his purest
fire? [pire

And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain ex-
A morning dreame!—As lorn the spendthrift
stands, [fire,

Who sees the fieldes bequeathd him by his

His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire honours fertile lands.

Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclind

On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind

Th' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,

And the domestick houre all smyles display,

Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:

Now through his heart would glide the
sprightlie ray

Where married love bids light his purest fires,
Where elegance presides, and wakes the young
desires.

Strait to his brawling lemman turns his mind;

Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,

Where selfishnesse, low pride and spleen com-
bind,

Bid every anguished thought his mate despise,

His mate unformd for sweet affections ties:

Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart

His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;

But soon his passion bursts with suddain start:

His children strike his thoughts with lively pier-
sant smart.

The mothers basnesse in their deeds he sees,

And all the wounded father swells his breast:

Suddain he leaves the cave and mantling trees,

And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,

While suddenly he sooths his soul to rest:

Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow
flowres ydrest,

His British chaplet, buxom summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smy-
ling plains.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,

And old grey towres of rural churches rise,

The fields still lengthening shew their crowded
charms

In sayre perspective and in richest guise:

His sweeping scythe the white-fleevd mower
plies,

The plowman through the fallow guides his
teame,

Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,

To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,

With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders
seeme.

See, now the knight arrives where erst an oak

Dan Æols blustering stormes did long repell,

Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,

As the hoar fathers of the village tell,

With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell:

But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,

And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;

Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,

And round the various lawnskepe range his
eyes:

There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,

Farre as the sight: there, to the peaceful skyes

The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise:

Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,

With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,

With here and there a lonlie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fields, now glids the woody dale,

The flocks now whitten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appears the frequent sail,
By traffic spread. Moord where the land di-
vides,

The British red-crofs waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre [air;
Long gazd the knight, with fretful languid
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britanias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the Poles in trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole su-
stain.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine!
What glorious lawrells court the patriots hand!
How base the hand that can such meed de-
cline! [mine?
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours
Yes! greene they spred, and faire they bloomed
for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turnd her hopefull eyes on thee.

Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowmans
toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrope spreads.
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publike nerves new vigour
sheds,
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping heads:

Who, founding on the plough and humble loome
His countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannias fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours! from his weeping
bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart
forlorn!

Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His brides distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave mans wrongs, let interest
plead:
Say, while his arme his countrys fate decrees,

Say, shall a fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each
mighty deed?

Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those arts that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvy'd still remain!
And hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribes sustain,
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours
vain.

While thus the knights long smotherd fires broke
forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the
north [pears;
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace ap-
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on courfers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the
fray; [Away!
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds,

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through
the bent,
When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had
spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd in-
tent, [plyd
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong
aside.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie sound, an hare was
laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thicket: Emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slye deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through
the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and
boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in
vain [noise,
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and
Till plunging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to
fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,

His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack at once rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a
hound;
His burning eyes flash wyld red sparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and
strength expire.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crownd
hill,
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating
still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmost sprae,
The sootie blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing
their way:

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains
hore
Flames the red beam; while on the distant [east
Led by her starre, the horned moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled west
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy
ray
Glide on, and holy peace assumes her woodland [sway.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest;
There, passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
Are these, he murmurs, these my friends! the
best
That croud my hall! the sonnes of madning [noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs
despise;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-tongue witt
employ:

Whose converse, oft as fulsom bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of philosophy
Made drunk, the cavil, the detected ly,
The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of baseness vaumpt in candours air:
Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my
hearth repair!

The man of worth shuns thy reputesse dore;
Even the old peasant shakes his silverd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, alas, those dayes be fled!
Here indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
Wakd at the sight, his brothers wrongs up-
braid

His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keen resolve its gleaming comfort
lends.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,

Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another saint George England then should
see,
Britannias genius should his Sabra bee,
Chained to the rock by dragon to be slain;
But he the virgin princeesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathlesse on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again.

Eke should he, freed from foul enchaunters
spell
Escape his false dueffas magicke charms,
And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms;
While bardes and minstiales chaunt the soft
alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by seneshall,
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and
hall.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its blis secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

Such was the powre that angry Jove bestowed
On this faire nymph: the legend thus is told.
To Dians care her life her mother owd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen spring-
times old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear,
And of her woodland traine her made a wellcome
fere.

But ill her mind received chaste Phœbes lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, fan my breast, she cried, O western
wind!
Soon as the wish-for word Favonius came,
From that day forth the conscious nymph
declind
The near inspection of the sovereign dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd
her shame.

Her throes with scorne the taunting dryads eyd,
The nymph changd colour, and hung down
her head;
Still change thy blushing hue, the goddess cry'd:
Forthwith a freezing langour gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with sudden leaves ar-
rayd,

A Russian poppey she transmied remains;
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the painters pains;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous nymph
retains.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe Favonius bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the sawns, by Peneus flowery shore,
From earliest youth the laughing impdid play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restless, as the dove Deucalion sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round, the day in vain was
spent.

When now the nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre Parnassus groves she took her flight;
There culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlondsight;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore in lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From inspirations fount that ever doth distil.

Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
Her drowy dulness from her mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And call'd her Dissipation: wylde and young
Still shalt thou be, he said; and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that proud
ingrate.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would en-
sue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies:
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spread before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst
daze.

So swore the god, by gloomy Styx he swore:
The fates assented, and the dæmon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wore
Was starrd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous
hue, [plays;
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder
view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous
meteor strays.

So shone the nymph, and prank in pleasures guise
With wylie traines the sonnes of earth beset;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And friendship ever feels the drowfie sitt
Just when his powre to serve could serve a
whitt.
And still behind her march remorse and shame
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whens the fiend relings her thralls to them:
Sad case, I weet, where still onefesse onefesse must
blame.

Long had the knight to her his powres resignd;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthful tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountaint with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did silyly glide,
And still his best resolve eithoons she scatterd wide.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull
stowre,
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambrias genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair.
The conscions oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the branches sighs the gloomy air.
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamens pray-
er.

The dryads of the grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured
dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So homeward he wends; where, wrapt in jol-
lipie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythsome com-
panie.

As when th' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen besprent with silver
here,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fields explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thundring
rore [dale;
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the
But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe,
nor quail.

Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twittered by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie fiend, self imposition hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye:
Himself did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
God help the man betwitchd in such ungracions
plight.

On dissipation still this treacher waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to discontents accursed gates,
The house of sorrow, these ungodlike two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to
do
The knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries
grew:

And now these demons of the captive mind
Him to the dreary cave of discontent resign'd.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofo all rudely
rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
For deep beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seemd
ybrent,
And leathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in fight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the captives grieved
fore.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were
spred;
Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes half
dead, [red,
Some drowsie dronkards, looking black and
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way
green [sped,
A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse
In chace of butterflies alert and keen
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butter-
flies I ween.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with sullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment durnly fares;
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most
bace, [grace.
The dronkard sits; there, shent with foul dis-
The thriftlesse heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friends heart gore, in woefull
cace
The duellist raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vain pursuits, the maniaek bends
his head.

Yet round his gloomy cell with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow
tree,
All that he wishd or feard his ghastly walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doomd, his cursed self to flee,
The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungracious
knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Lim seen, cold horror gleams athwart th' unhal-
lowed shade.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard satt,
His pining corse a restless ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas fret:
And with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouth he drew
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him around, as if his heart did row
His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores
to view.

Yet not himself, but Heavens Great King he
blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign;

For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes diftrain,
As when an wolfe, entrapt on village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And viewswith scalding tears his bleeding wound,
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wights dire por-
taunce crownd.

Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, content did wonne;
This now was his: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his neighbours lawns would
run,
Where every goodlie felde thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And such like was his cave that all with sorrowes
teemd.

To this fell carle gay dissipation led,
And in his dreary purliens left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous nymph from
flight,
But now the late obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry song beguild his inward
pain.

Yet, ever as he reard his slumbering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near;
And ay with ruthles clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings
tear:
See now, he sayes, where setts thy vain career:
Approaching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch the thy
heare,
And aged winter asks from youth its stay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unho-
noured gray.

Thou hast no friend!—still on the worthlesse
train [paid;
Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne re-
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

Thy children too! Heavens! what a hopelesse
fight;
Ah, wretched syre!—but ever from this scene
The wretched syre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowls wyld fever shuns his teene,
So pass his dayes, while what he might have
been
Its beauteous views does every morne present:
So passe his dayes, while still the raven
spleen
Croaks in his eares, the brightest parts mispent
Beget an hoarie age of grief and discontent.

But boast not of superior shrewd addresse,
 Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind mayd,
 Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse
 That crushes to the dust the parents head,
 And rends that easie heart by you betrayd,

Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;
 Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,
 Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
 For worthy is he still compar'd, perdie, to you.

GLOSSARY.

A.

ACLOYD, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo. Sax. *Adrædan*.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, also.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

B.

Bale, harm, sorrow.
Beene, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *To be*.
Beseene, becoming.
Blin, cease, *blinnan*. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, *bredan*. Sax.

C.

Carle, old man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a peasant.
Clept, called, named.
Covetise, avarice.

D.

Dan, a prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

E.

Eftsoons, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, also.
Eld, age.
Else, young one, child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, eyes.

F.

Fay, fairy.
Frytor, villain, deceiver.
Fæe, companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

G.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow, between two hills.
Goody, a countrywoman.

H.

Han, preterite plural of the verb, *To have*.
Heare, hair. Often used by Spenser.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, flattern, coarse.

I.

Imp, infant, child.
Jolliment, merriment.

K.

Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd*.

L.

Leach, physician.
Lemman, mistress, concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefest, dearest.

M.

Malengines, persons villainously employed, toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, *mot*. Sax.
Murk, dark.

N.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathlesse, nevertheless, *natheles*. Sax.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing, or unwilling.

P.

Perdie, an asseveration, *quasi* verily.
Piersant, piercing.
Portaunce, behaviour, manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Propine, recompense.

Q.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, leave.

R.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *ruthless*, pity, pitiless.

S.

Salews, salutes.
Sell, saddle.
Semblaunce, appearance.
Seneshall, master of ceremonies, steward.

Sheen, bright, shining, fine.
Shent, disgraced, *seende seendid*. Sax.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.
Stound, { emotion, fit, air, *seyrian*. Sax.
Stowre, {
Straine, tenor.
Sues, pursues, follows.

T.

Teen, grief, sorrow.
Thewes, habits, manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, devices, traps.
Transmewd, changed, transformed.
Treacher, traitor, deceiver.
Troublous, troublesome.

U.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

V.

Vild, vile.

W

Wareless, unsuspecting.
Wassal, festive.

Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go.
Weet, much the same as *ween*.
Weetless, thoughtless.
Whilom formerly, *hwilum*. Sax.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, *hwit aliquid*.
Whileare, erewhile, *hwilæan*. Sax.
Wight, person, *wibt*. Sax.
Wilding, the crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreathfull, revengeful.

Y.

Yblends, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Yorent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthbede, *quasi* youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, eyes, &c.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

AN ELEGY.

Quod tibi vitæ fors detraxit,
 Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
 Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

THE balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
 And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
 The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
 Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
 The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
 Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
 And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
 Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?

Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
 The songs of love, of innocence, of joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
 The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
 Here by the moon full oft in cheerful May,
 The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear
 In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
 Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
 And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
 Appears the lady of the aerial train,
 Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
 And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
 Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains wept,
 And with fair Iphis by the hallow'd strand
 Of Siloe's brook a mournful Sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
 'Tis Mary's guardian genius lost in woe,
 "Ah, say what deepest wrongs have thus com-
 "bin'd [snow!
 "To heave with restless sighs thy breast of

" Oh stay, ye dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
 " Your solemn rites ! here comes no foot pro-
 " fane !
 " The muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
 " Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.
 " See from her cheek the glowing life blush flies !
 " Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these !
 " Ye nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
 " Oh say what music will her soul appease !
 " Resound the solemn dirge," the nymphs reply,
 " And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower ;
 " Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
 " And melancholy wake her melting power.
 " For art has triumph'd---Art, that never stood
 " On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
 " Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
 " And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting
 " dew.
 " But come ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits
 " come,
 " And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
 " While in this hallowed bower we raise the
 " tomb,
 " And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.
 " O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
 " Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace,
 " When nature's happiest touch could add no
 " more,
 " Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.
 " O ! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
 " Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
 " Where creeping ivy shades the druids' cell,
 " Where from the rock the gurgling waters
 " flow :
 " Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
 " You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
 " Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia
 " sheds
 " Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's transcendent tide :
 " Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
 " By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come ;
 " Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
 " And wave the Cyprus bough at Mary's tomb.
 " And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,
 " The mournful lady of the chorus cried ;
 " Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
 " And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes
 " glide :
 " And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
 " And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe !"
 She spoke, and waking through the breathing
 wind,
 From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.
 The song began---" How bright her early morn !
 " What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
 " To wield the awful British sceptres born !
 " And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed af-
 " cends.
 " See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
 " The little loves their purple wings display ;

" When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
 " Of funeral torches, far they speed away.
 " Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds,
 " Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd
 " moan,
 " The bridal-bed the sable herse succeeds,
 " And struggling factions shake her native
 " throne.
 " No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
 " May'st thou, O queen ! thy lovely form dis-
 " play ;
 " No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 " Nor in Versailles' proud bowers outshine the
 " day.
 " For the cold north the trembling sails are spread ;
 " Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy
 " breast !
 " While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
 " Thy future woes in boding sighs confess* !
 " A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 " And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest
 " rage,
 " Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
 " And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful queen ;
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The house of Holy-Rood, in fullen state,
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears ;
 Cold on the mountain's side, the type of fate,
 Its shattered walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering
 bough ;
 O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign,
 Beneath the carving mountain's craggy brow
 The dreary echoes to the gales complain :

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
 The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers ;
 The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
 Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours †.

* The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France to the care of her mother's family, the house of Guise. The French Court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank ; and as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis : and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the house of Guise required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

† These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy-Rood-House, are local ; yet, how- ever dreary the unimproved November view may

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Strait dark brow'd factions entering in, destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour*,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil!" shrill trembles through
the air:

The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another † nuptial couch the fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears,
Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds
wield;

Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen all tears is seen to fly;
Now ‡ through the streets a weeping captive
borne,
Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen,
The lovely, injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's
chain:

But ah, no generous friend appears for thee

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend!

"Ah cease to tell it in the female ear!

"A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!

"Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear!

*appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive
that plantation, and the efforts of art, could easily
convert the prospect into an agreeable and most ro-
mantic summer landscape.*

* Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his
age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

† Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an
unprincipled politician of great address.

‡ When she was brought prisoner through the
streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every in-
dignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her
person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear in-
sulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even
Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates
these circumstances.

"And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
"No softening thought of what thy woes had
"been; [vain

"When thou, the heir of England's crown, in
"Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen?

"And could no pang from tender memory wake,
"And feel those woes that once had been thine
"own;

"No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
"For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

"Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
"Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had
"flow'd;

"Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
"With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

"And say, did wisdom own thy stern command?
"Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?

"Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
"And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

"The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
"When first thy woeful captive hours began,
"Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary, set thee free,
"That babe to battle march'd in arms—a
"man."

An awful pause ensues—with speaking eyes,
And hands half-rai'd, the guardian wood-
nymphs wait;

While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen;
She smiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd
head:

The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled—

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As wrapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;
"The depth of ages to my sight unfold,"
She cries, and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

"On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
"Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
"With sovereign pride wherever roars the main,
"Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling
"world.

"Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
"Age after age through length'ning time shall
"see

"Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
"And either India bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die ;
 " I see her death-scene on the lowly floor :
 " Dreary she sits, cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
 " And anguish gnaws her till she breathes no
 " more."

But hark!--loud howling through the midnight
 gloom,
 Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell !
 Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb !
 Oh save her ashes from the baleful spell !

" And, lo ! where time with brighten'd face se-
 " rene

" Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;
 " See truth walk forth, majestic awful queen !
 " And party's blackening mists before her fly.

" Falsehood unmask'd withdraws her ugly train,
 " And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine---
 " Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
 " Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine."

The milky splendours of the dawning ray,
 Now through the grove a trembling radiance
 shed ;
 With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
 And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

KNOWLEDGE: AN ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum.
 OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
 At ease my careless fancy stray'd,
 And o'er the landscape ran :
 Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show ;
 And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
 Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat ;
 The oxen low beneath my feet,
 Along the clover'd dale ;

*The author of this little poem to the memory
 of an unhappy princess, is unwilling to enter into
 the controversy respecting her guilt or her inno-
 cence. Suffice it only to observe, that the follow-
 ing facts may be proved to demonstration:--The
 letters which have always been esteemed the prin-
 cipal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged.
 Buchanan, on whose authority Francis and other
 historians, have condemned her, has falsified sever-
 al circumstances of her history, and has cited
 against her public records which never existed, as
 has been lately proved to demonstration. And, to
 add no more, the treatment she received from her
 illustrious cousin was dictated by a policy truly
 Machiavelian.--a policy which trampled on the
 obligations of honour, of humanity and morality.
 From whence it may be inferred, that, to express
 the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary,
 which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear
 over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer
 who would appear in the cause of virtue.*

VOL. XI.

The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
 The ploughman whistles near behind,
 And breaks the new mown vale.

" Hail knowledge ! gift of heaven !" I cried,
 " E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,
 " Compar'd to thee how low !
 " The blessings of the earth, and all
 " The beasts of fold and forest share,
 " But godlike beings know.

" How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense ;
 " But how sublime the excellence
 " Of wisdom's sacred lore !
 " In death's deep shades what nations lie,
 " Yet still can wisdom's piercing eye
 " Their mighty deeds explore.

" She sees the little Spartan band,
 " With great Leonidas, withstand
 " The Asian world in arms ;
 " She hears the heav'nly sounds that hung
 " On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
 " And glows at Tully's charms.

" The wonders of the spacious sky,
 " She penetrates with Newton's eye,
 " And marks the planets' roll :
 " The human mind with Locke she scans ;
 " With Cambray, virtue's fame she fans,
 " And lifts to heaven the soul.

" How matter takes ten thousand forms
 " Of metals, plants, of men and worms ;
 " She joys to trace with Boyle.
 " This life she deems an infant state,
 " A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
 " Beyond the mortal toil.

" What numerous ills in life befall !
 " Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
 " And arms the breast with steel :
 " E'en death's pale face no horror wears ;
 " But ah ! what horrid pangs and fears
 " Unknowing wretches feel !

" That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
 " And fairer than the morning shines,
 " Where wisdom's treasures glow :
 " But ah ! how void yon peasant's mind,
 " His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
 " Nor cares he more to know.

" The last two tenants of the ground,
 " Of ancient times his history bound ;
 " Alas ! it scarce goes higher :
 " In vain to him is Maro's strain,
 " And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain ;
 " In vain is Milton's fire.

" Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
 " Can give his soul the grand delight
 " To trace Almighty power :
 " His team thinks just as much as he
 " Of nature's vast variety,
 " In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
 Accosts mine ear ; I look'd around,
 And lo ! an ancient sage,

T t

Hard by an ivy'd oak stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle gray flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began:

"Godlike it is to know, I own;
"But oh! how little can be known,
"By poor short-sighted man.

"Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
"And star-crown'd science boastful guide,
"Display their fairest light;
"There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
"That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
"And grope in endless night.

"Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
"Virtue and vice are merely names,
"And changing every hour;
"Ashley, how loud in virtue's praise!
"Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
"And strips her of her dower.

"Hark, Bollingbroke his God arraigns;
"Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
"A godless passive cause.
"See Bayle oft sily shifting round,
"Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
"And change, O truth, thy laws!

"And what the joy this love bestows,
"Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
"Above what bestials claim:
"To quench our noblest native fire,
"That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
"Is all its hope, its aim.

"Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
"Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
"More dismal scene display;
"A scene where virtue sickening dies,
"Where vice to dark extinction flies,
"And spurns the future day.

"Wisdom, you boast to you is given;
"At night then mark the fires of heaven,
"And let thy mind explore;
"Swift as the lightning let it fly,
"From star to star, from sky to sky,
"Still, still, are millions more.

"Th' immense ideas strike the soul
"With pleasing horror, and controul
"Thy wisdom's empty boast,
"What are they?—Thou canst never say:
"Then silent adoration pay,
"And be in wonder lost.

"Say, how the self-same roots produce
"The wholesome food and poisonous juice;
"And adders balsams yield;
"How fierce the lurking tyger glares,
"How mild the heifer with thee shares
"The labours of the field?

"Why growling to his den retires
"The sullen pard, while joy inspires
"Yon happy sportive lambs?
"Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray,
"Now weary of their gambling play,
"All single out their dams.

"Instinct directs—but what is that?
"Fond man, thou never canst say what:
"Oh short thy searches fall!
"By stumbling chance, and flow degrees,
"The useful arts of men increase,
"But this at once is all.

"A trunk first floats along the deep,
"Long ages still improve the ship,
"Till she commands the shore,
"But never bird improv'd her nest,
"Each all at once of powers possess,
"Which ne'er can rise to more.

"That down the steep the waters flow,
"That weight descends, we see, we know,
"But why, can ne'er explain;
"Then humbly weighing nature's laws,
"To God's high will ascribe the cause,
"And own thy wisdom vain.

"For still the more thou know'st, the more
"Shalt thou the vanity deplore
"Of all thy soul can find.
"This life a sickly woeful dream,
"A burial of the soul will seem,
"A palsy of the mind.

"Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
"Alas, it points the secret spear
"Of many a nameless woe.
"Thy delicacy dips the dart
"In rankling gall, and gives a smart
"Beyond what he can know.

"How happy then the simple mind
"Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
"Where all is smiling peace!
"No thoughts of more exalted joy
"His present bliss one hour destroy,
"Nor rob one moment's ease.

"The stings neglected merit feels,
"The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
"When crush'd by wayward fate.
"These are not found beneath his roof,
"Against them all securely proof,
"Heaven guards his humble state.

"Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
"But mark how just the ways of Heaven;
"True joy to all is free,
"Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon.
"'Tis thine, O conscience, thine alone,
"It all belongs to thee!

"Blest in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
"Gay is his morn; his evening gives
"Content and sweet repose
"Without them—ever, ever cloy'd
"To sage or chief, one weary void
"Is all that life bestows.

"Then would'st thou mortal rise divine,
"Let innocence of soul be thine,
"With active goodness join'd;

" My heart shall then confess thee blest,
 " And ever lively, joyful taste
 " The pleasures of the mind."
 So spake the sage: my heart reply'd,
 " How poor, how blind is human pride,
 " All joy how false and vain:
 " But that from conscious worth which flows,
 " Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
 " And hopes an after reign."

HENGIST AND MEY.

A BALLAD.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
 Sir Elmer had no peer;
 And no young knight in all the land,
 The ladies lov'd so dear.
 His sister Mey, the fairest maid
 Of all the virgin train,
 Won every heart at Arthur's court;
 But all their love was vain.
 In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
 Her heart they could not move;
 Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
 Her mind was lost in love.
 The abbess saw---the abbess knew,
 And urg'd her to explain;
 " O name the gentle youth to me,
 " And his consent I'll gain."
 Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
 " His name---how can I say?
 " An angel from the fields above,
 " Has rapt my heart away.
 " But once, alas! and never more,
 " His lovely form I spy'd;
 " One evening by the sounding shore,
 " All by the greenwood side.
 " His eyes to mine the love confess'd,
 " That glow'd with mildest grace;
 " His courtly mien and purple vest,
 " Bespoke his princely race.
 " But when he heard my brother's horn,
 " Fast to his ships he fled;
 " Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
 " Still hovers round my bed.
 " Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
 " He shakes a warlike lance;
 " And now in courtly garments dight,
 " He leads the sprightly dance.
 " His hair, as black as raven's wing;
 " His skin---as Christmas snow;
 " His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
 " His lips like rose-buds glow.
 " His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
 " By nature's finest hand;
 " His sparkling eyes declare him born
 " To love, and to command."
 The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
 Her hopeless pining love;
 But when the balmy spring return'd,
 And summer cloth'd the grove;
 All round by pleasant Humber side,
 The Saxon banners flew,

And to Sir Elmer's castle gates,
 The spearmen came in view.
 Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
 The castle walls so shewn;
 And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
 Were sporting on the green.
 There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
 Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
 And all the armed youth around,
 Obey'd his manly glance.
 His locks, as black as raven's wing;
 Adown his shoulders flow'd;
 His cheeks outvy'd the blush of morn,
 His lips like rose-buds glow'd.
 And soon the lovely form of Mey
 Has caught his piercing eyes;
 He gives the sign, the bands retire,
 While big with love he fights.
 " Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas;
 " And came with peace or war!
 " Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
 " Relieve thy lover's care!
 " For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
 " With thee the wilds explore;
 " Or with thee share the British crown;
 " With thee the cross adore."
 Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
 With love's soft warmth she glows;
 So, blushing through the dew of morn,
 Appears the opening rose.
 'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
 When men their sins bewail,
 And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
 Shrill sounding through the dale.
 The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
 Like April dew-drops fell,
 When with a parting dear embrace,
 Her brother bade farewell.
 The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
 That veil'd the snowy breast,
 With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
 Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.
 Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
 He's march'd across the plain;
 Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
 He join'd King Arthur's train.
 Full forty thousand Saxon spears,
 Came glittering down the hill,
 And with their shouts and clang of arms,
 The distant valleys fill.
 Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
 Assum'd the hoary god;
 And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
 Before the horsemen rode.
 With dreadful rage the combat burns,
 The captains shout amain;
 And Elmer's tall victorious spear
 Far glances o'er the plain.
 To stop its course young Hengist flew,
 Like lightning o'er the field;
 And soon his eyes the well-known cross
 On Elmer's vest beheld.

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head--flow dropt his spear;
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood--his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

"O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried;
"Before my painful fight

"The combat swims---yet Hengist's vest
"I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;

The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

"O wash my wounds, my sister dear;

"O pull this Saxon dart,

"That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
"Has almost pierc'd my heart.

"Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;

"And Britons yet unborn,

"Shall with the trophies of to-day

"Their solemn feasts adorn."

All trembling Mey beheld the vest;

"Oh, Merlin!" loud she cried;

"Thy words are true---my slaughter'd love

"Shall have a breathless bride!

"Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more

"That low my Hengist lies!

"O Hengist, cruel was thine arm!

"My brother bleeds and dies!"

She spake--the roses left her cheeks,

And life's warm spirit fled:

So nipt by winter's withering blasts,

The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,

She lifts her languid eyes;

"Return my Hengist, oh return

"My slaughter'd love," she cries.

"Oh---still he lives---he smiles again,

"With all his grace he moves;

"I come---I come where bow nor spear

"Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake---she dy'd. The Saxon dart

Was drawn from Elmer's side,

And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,

And thrice he groan'd, and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross

O'er shades an aged thorn,

Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse

Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,

With many a sigh and tear,

The village maids to Hengist's grave

Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

THE SORCERESS;

OR, WOLFVOLD AND ULLA.

An Heroic Ballad.

—"Prisca fides." VIRG.

"Oh, low he lies; his cold pale cheek

"Lies lifeless on the clay;

"Yet struggling hope---O day-spring break,

"And lead me on my way.

"On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!

"Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;

"Before my Wolfvold's spear be driven---"

"O rise bright morning hour!"

Thus Ulla wail'd the fairest maid

Of all the Saxon race;

Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,

While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden o'er the fir-crown'd hill

The full orb'd moon arose;

And o'er the winding dale so still

Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast

Her anxious care delay;

But, deep with hope and fear impress'd,

She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone

She trac'd the dale so still;

And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,

Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound

With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:

The dreary mouth, half under ground,

Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spy'd,

Cold horror shook her knee;

And hear, O prophets, she cry'd,

A princess sue to thee.

Aghast she stood! athwart the air

The dismal screech-owl flew;

The fillet round her auburn hair

Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow glow'd

Beneath the moon's pale beam;

And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,

Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the sorceress spy'd,

As in her deepest cell,

At midnight's magic hour she try'd

A tomb o'erpowering spell.

When from the cavern's dreary womb

Her groaning voice arose,

"O come, my daughter, fearless come,

"And fearless tell thy woes."

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,

When whirlwinds sudden rise;

As stands aghast the warrior chief,

When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
 When from the dreary den
 A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
 In matted rags obscene.
 Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
 Loose hung her ash gray hair;
 As from two dreary caves profound
 Her blue flam'd eye-balls glare.
 Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
 Clung round her shoulder bones,
 Like wither'd bark, by lightning fear'd,
 When loud the tempest groans.
 A robe of squalid green and blue
 Her ghostly length array'd,
 A gaping rent full to the view
 Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.
 "And tell, my daughter, fearless tell
 "What sorrow brought thee here?"
 "So may my power thy cares expel,
 "And give thee sweetest cheer.
 "O mistress of the powerful spell,
 "King Edric's daughter see,
 "Northumbria to my father fell,
 "And sorrow fell to me.
 "My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
 "My father on him smil'd
 "Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
 "His pride the youth exil'd.
 "Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
 "Their gloomy black wings spread,
 "And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
 "Their dreadful squadrons sped.
 "Return brave Wolfwold, Edric cry'd,
 "O generous warrior hear,
 "My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
 "Awaits thy conquering spear.
 "The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
 "Had past the weary year;
 "And soon he heard the glad report,
 "And soon he grasp'd his spear.
 "He left the Scottish dames to weep,
 "And wing'd with true love speed;
 "Nor day nor night he stopt to sleep,
 "And soon he cross'd the Tweed.
 "With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
 "He press'd my willing hand;
 "I go, my fair, my love, he cries,
 "To guard thy father's land.
 "By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
 "The daring foe we meet;
 "Ere three short days I trust to lay
 "My trophies at thy feet.
 "Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
 "And three long days beside,
 "Yet not a word from Edon's shore
 "Has cheer'd his fearful bride.
 "O mistress of the powerful spell,
 "His doubtful fate decide;"—
 "And cease, my child, for all is well,"
 The grizly witch reply'd.
 Approach my cave, and where I place
 "The magic circle, stand

"And fear not ought of ghastly face
 "That glides beneath my wand."
 The grizly witch's powerful charms
 Then reach'd the labouring moon,
 And cloudless at the dire alarms
 She shed her brightest noon.
 The pale beam struggled through the shade,
 That black'd the cavern's womb,
 And in the deepest nook betray'd
 An altar and a tomb.
 Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
 Were forms of various mien,
 And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
 The altar's base obscene.
 Eyeless a huge and starv'd toad sat
 In corner murk aloof,
 And many a snake and famish'd bat
 Clung to the crevic'd roof.
 A fox and vultures skeletons
 A yawning rift betray'd;
 And grappling still each others bones,
 The strife of death display'd.
 "And now, my child, the forcerefs said,
 "Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
 "To me shall render up the dead,
 "And send him to my cave.
 "His skeleton shall hear my spell,
 "And to the figur'd walls
 "His hand of bone shall point and tell
 "What fate his son befalls."
 O cold down Ulla's snow-like face
 The trembling sweat-drops fell:
 And, borne by sprights of gliding;
 The corse approach'd the cell.
 And thrice the witch her magic wand
 Wav'd o'er the skeleton;
 And slowly, at the dread command,
 Up rose the arm of bone.
 A cloven shield, and broken spear,
 The finger wander'd o'er,
 Then rested on a sable bier,
 Distain'd with drops of gore.
 In ghastly writhes, her mouth so wide
 And black, the forcerefs throws;
 "And be those signs, my child," she cries,
 "Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.
 "A happier spell I now shall try;
 "Attend, my child, attend,
 "And mark what flames from altar high
 "And lowly floor ascend.
 "If of the rose's softest red
 "The blaze shines forth to view,
 "Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
 "The glimmering flame of blue!"
 The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
 And wav'd her wand on high;
 And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
 Dark lightning fill'd her eye.
 Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
 Her hands aloft were spread;
 And every joint, as marble bound,
 Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, ere while so like the rose,
 Were now as vi'let pale,
 And, tumbling in convulsive throes,
 Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, ere while so starry bright,
 Where living lustre shone,
 Were now transform'd to sightless white,
 Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
 And glimmering to the view,
 The quivering flame rose through the floor,
 A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
 Low from the inmost cave,
 Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
 The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
 His cheek was wan as clay,
 And half cut through his hand appear'd
 That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woeful shade,
 Her heart struck at her side,
 And burst—low bow'd her lifeless head,
 And down she sunk, and dy'd.

ALMADA HILL.

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso the first king of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus, below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally

higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the *Lusiad*; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad), is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean.

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

WHILE you, my friend, from low'ring wintry plains,
 Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,

From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
 Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
 Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
 Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream;
 While from these scenes by England's winter spread
 Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
 Pleas'd from the threat'ning tempest to retire
 And join the circle round the social fire;
 In other climes through sun bask'd scenes I stray,
 As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
 As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
 Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
 No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
 The genial influence of the clime I taste:
 Yet still regardful of my native shore,
 In every scene, my roaming eyes explore,
 Whate'er its aspect, still by mem'ry brought,
 My fading country rushes on my thought.

While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
 And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
 Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
 Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
 What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
 By friends deserted, by her chief betray'd,
 Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—t, with mind serene
 As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
 Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
 From other ills my country's fate foresee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
 Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,

Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
 Fcat down of late by Albion when it gor'd
 Their own, who impious doom their parents' fall
 Beneath the world's great foe th' insidious Gaul;
 Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
 Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
 Destin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
 Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
 The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
 The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
 Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd

By Isis' hallowed stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted * band,
While Lisboa aw'd with horror saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;
And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive muse's visionary fires;
Almada Hill to English memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here!

To ancient English valour sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valour given
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bath'd in Moorish blood

By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field
Dear to the muse that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowrs,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers,
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.
Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valour still renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland famous in the Croisade hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white †

* The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. — "On the next day when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death." Introduced to the Lusiad.

† The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the sun.

Climb o'er the steep, and through the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-pil'd base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.

Here while the sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,
Pursue the present and the past restore,
And nature's purpose in her steps explore.

Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
While Italy, obscur'd in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store;
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untrac'd in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe
Through Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras spread,

And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of * Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durus then and Bæti's flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the length'ning plains and mountain fides

Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,
When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lowr'd.

Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus † proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bath'd in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;

* The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his Geographia Antiqua; "Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius Limaas, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the River of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

† This great man is called by Florus the Remulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history,

Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain
 O'er Rome's patrician honour false and vain!
 Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
 And touch his bosom with unhallowed fire;
 If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
 O'er Ev'ra's * fields let dread Sertorius rise.
 Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
 Of wrongs reveng'd, illustrious let him ride
 Enshrined, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
 Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting blaze.
 But let the British wanderer through the dales
 Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails:
 There as the hoary villagers relate
 Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
 Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
 Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
 Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
 And Marius sinking in ambition's strife;
 As forest boars entangled in a chain,
 Dragg'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain;
 And each the furious leader in his turn,
 Till now they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye trampers on your country's mounds,
 Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
 Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
 Alas, full oft some worthless trunk of wood
 Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
 While noblest vessels, foundered, strew the coast!

If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
 That bear the title of our country's cause
 To humanize barbarians, and to raise
 Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
 If these delight, Hispania's dales display
 The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
 Here jealous Cato † laid the cities waste,
 And Julius ‡ here in fairer pride replac'd,
 Till ages saw the labours of the plough
 By every river, and the barren bough
 Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
 And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
 Hers mighty bards †, and hers the sacred earth
 That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
 Debased in false refinement nerveless lay,
 The northern hordes on Europe's various climes,
 Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
 Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
 To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd
 A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleas'd,
 And Saxony's wild forest freedom seiz'd,
 There held her juries, pois'd the legal scales;—
 And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
 The pensive lover fought; and Spain became
 The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
 Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
 The softest dreams of languishing desire,
 Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
 Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
 Till rapt devotion to the fair, refine
 And bend each passion low at honour's shrine.
 So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
 His worship of the fair with valour fraught:

* *Evora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.*

† *According to history, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.*

‡ *Lucan, Martial, Seneca.*

Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
 He rose a character unknown to Rome;
 His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
 And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
 New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
 Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
 Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
 The tender fair reclines with fondest trust:
 With nature's finest touch exulting glows
 The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
 That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
 In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
 Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
 Of danger then assum'd the dearest charms.
 What for the fair was dar'd or suffer'd, bore
 A saint-like merit, and was envied more;
 Till led by love-sick fancy's dazzled flight,
 From court to court forth roam'd adventure's
 knight;

And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
 Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd scars
 Of arduous battles for their country fought,
 Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
 All wild and fever'd and each peaceful shade,
 With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight display'd,
 In soothing transport, listening to the strain
 Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
 Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
 And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire, [thrall,
 When knights and ladies chaste, reliev'd from
 Holdover's high holiday in bower and hall.

'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
 With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
 Till by the muses arm'd, in all the ire
 Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
 Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and sudden fled
 Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
 As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
 When health returning smiles from vernal skies.
 But turn we now from chivalry diseas'd,
 To chivalry when honour's wreath she seiz'd
 From wisdom's hand.—From Taurus' rugged
 sleep,

And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
 As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den,
 Rush'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:
 Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
 Trampling with sullen joy on human kind,
 Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
 And Gallia trembled to the Atlantic wave:
 In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
 And human liberty expiring groan'd
 When chivalry arose:—Her ardent eye
 Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
 Where patience watch'd, and steadfast purpose
 frown'd,

Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round,
 Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
 The cross she bore, and, proudly to the field,
 High plum'd she rush'd; by honour's dazzling
 fir'd,

Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspir'd
 By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
 The lightning volleys, on the crested power
 Of Sarazen she wing'd her jav'lin's way,
 And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.

Let supercilious wisdom's smiling pride
 The passion wild of these bold days deride;

But let the humbler sage with reverence own,
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glow in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontroll'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fir'd at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's hill, * and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell;
Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:—
Yes, let the youth whose generous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wandering at the muse's hour
Of eve or morn where low the Moorish tow'r,
Fall'n from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments gray,
Let him with joy behold the hills around
With olive forests, and with vineyards crown'd,
All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the tow'rs
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner low'rs;
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes, debasing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bred,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardour, dar'd the horrors of the field.
The tow'rs of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open flood;
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's † plains:
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's
chains:
Vain was the hope the North might rest un-
spoiled;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion boun'ds,
And tears the hunters and the fated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagres ‡ braves
And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So brav'd, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
And such the honours that adorn'd her shield.

* Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits—are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the First, about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

† The irruption of the Mahomedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France, When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell By Fontarabia—

MILTON.

‡ The promontory of Sagres, where Henry Duke of Viseo resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal opposite to Africa.

And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
And ardent soul of gallant chivalry,
Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply!

As through the pictur'd abbey window gleams
The evening sun, with hold though fading beams,
So through the reverend shade of ancient days,
Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing fancy as it warms
O'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the stern ambition, and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
That worth which rous'd the nation to explore
Old ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.

By human eye untempted, unexplor'd,
An awful solitude, old ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye,
Appears the height untry'd of upper sky;
So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
Involv'd and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the sun their eyes
Through gulfs unknown explor'd the morning skies;
And taught the wondering world the grand design
Of parent Heaven, that shore to shore should join
In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
And ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos;
The Briton's earnest eye, and British muse!
Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego,
The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which rais'd that race of men, who
shone

The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole, wherever ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope vanish from the shore;
Sees from the filken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plum'd with conquest, proudly bring
The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the oceans murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval
throne—

Ah Heaven, how cold the bodding thoughts rust!
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.

Broad was the firm-bas'd structure and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:
On justice and benevolence he plac'd
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
Its mounting turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerque * renown'd its generous pride.

* Albuquerque, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the History of Portuguese Asia.

The injur'd native sought its friendly shade,
 And India's princes blest its powerful aid:
 Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
 Rose the dread demon of tyrannic power.
 Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
 And counsel deep, the seiz'd and foul profan'd.
 Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
 Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
 Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
 To lust of gold and self-devotion base:
 Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became,
 And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
 Yet though from far his hawk eye mark'd its prey,
 Soon through the rocks that crost his crooked
 way,

As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
 Till low he lay dishonour'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valour or his art,
 With all his interested rage of heart,
 Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
 And undermin'd and rend the mighty pile;
 Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore,
 Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
 Its falling turrets desolation spread;
 And from its faithless shade in horror fled
 The native tribes—yet not at once subdu'd;
 Its pristine strength long storms on storms with-
 stood;

A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
 Off rais'd its turrets, and its dread restor'd.
 Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day
 On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
 A tyrant race who own'd no country*, came,
 Deep to entrench themselves, their only aim;
 With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
 With the unhallow'd rage of game accurst;
 Against each spring of action, on the breast
 For wisest ends, by nature's hand imprest,
 Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
 On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
 The wise and good, with indignation fir'd,
 Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
 The base and cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
 Submits to every insult smiling bow'd.
 Yet while they smil'd and bow'd the abject head,
 In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
 Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
 O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
 Till secret art assum'd the thwarting face,
 And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
 Clos'd the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
 Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
 From Belgia lur'd by India's costly prey,
 Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay,
 And lies in desolated awful gloom,
 Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
 Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost:
 On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
 A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;

* Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia; and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

Of lofty boastful look and pompous show,
 Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
 Yet wildly starting from the gaming board
 At every distant brandish of the sword;
 Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
 Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread;—
 Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
 Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
 And the wide empires of the east no more
 Pour'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
 Of human pride! how soon is empire lost!
 The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
 By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
 And shall the Briton view that downward race
 With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!
 Ah Heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
 My fading country rushes on my thought.

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
 Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
 Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
 That mighty scene of hist'ry's shame and praise.
 Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
 From slaughter'd thousands shrieking * to the skies,
 As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
 Roll'd their dire chariot wheels though streams of
 Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
 I hear the triumph of a nation's joy †,
 From bondage rescu'd and the foreign sword,
 And independence and the throne restor'd!

Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock! the
 air
 Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare:
 Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
 And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the
 swell;

Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
 And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
 A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
 Ah Heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
 Bright light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
 Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
 Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
 Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod;

* Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velosquez a taylor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the Queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505, between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

† When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
 From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
 And penury and sloth of squalid mien
 Beneath the roofless palace walls * are seen
 In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
 Was trod by nobles and by kings before;
 How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
 How like the city's and the nation's fate!
 Yet time points forward to a brighter day;
 Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
 Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
 A loftier brow and mien of promise high;
 Points to the river-shore where wide and grand
 The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
 As an imperial palace † to retain
 The universal queen, and fix her reign;
 Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
 By magazines and arsenals mounded round.
 Whose yet unfinish'd grandeur proudly boasts
 The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
 And bids the muse's eye in vision roam
 Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that
 pays

To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;
 O'er every vauntful river be it thine
 To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
 But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
 By nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
 The sea-like port and central sway to pour
 Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,
 Thy genius, commerce, rear'd her infant head,
 Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
 And soon to wandering childhood sprightly rose;
 And when to green and youthful vigour grown
 On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne;
 Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
 That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
 Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
 And rolls the northern main with storms on storms;
 Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
 She gives the ventrous and returning sails:
 The smiling isles, nam'd Fortunate of old,
 First on her ocean's bosom fair unfold;
 Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
 Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves carest;
 And Afric woos and leads her easy way
 To the fair regions of the rising day.
 If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
 Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
 And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
 From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.

* This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypsies of England.

† The Praça de commercio, or forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

When Heaven decreed low to dust to bring
 That lofty oak *, Assyria's boastful king.
 Deep, said the angel voice, the roots secure
 With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
 For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
 The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
 Deep in the castl'd isles on Asia's strand,
 And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
 And say, while ages roll their length'ning train,
 Shall nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
 An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
 Has boldly promis'd the returning day
 Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
 Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
 Now heaven-taught science and her liberal band
 Of arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
 Beneath the smiles of a benignant queen
 Boast the fair opening of a reign † serene,
 Of omen high.—And Camoen's ghost no more
 Wails the neglected muse on Tago's shore;
 No more his tears the barbarous age ‡ upbraid.
 His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade
 Beheld th' Ulysses § of his age return
 To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
 The hero's brows, he waves the Elysian crown,
 What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
 And patriot heroes, in the Elysian bowers
 Shall hail Braganza: of the fairest flowers
 Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves
 From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he waves;

* See Daniel, c. iv.

† Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in July 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafons, &c. &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

‡ Camoens the first poet of Portugal, published his *Lusiad* at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his *Lusiad*, he severely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

§ This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafons. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the Belles Lettres, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!

The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave, [toft,
Through sunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools
Each power to save in counter-action lost,
Where, while combining storms the decks o'er-
whelm,

Timidity flow falters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By factions stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspir'd and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate fore-
bodes

That Albion's state, the toil of demigods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung;
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again resume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair frame restore;
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF
BOTANY.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies:

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossom's banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-stars ray,
Has shed his fiercest rage.

Yet search yon shade, obscure forlorn
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows.

SACRED TO THE HEIRS OF — CASTLE.

Oh thou whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,

With pensive eve here let thy steps retire,
What time rapt fancy's shadowy forms descend.

Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past—the mansion owns another lord,
The ousted heir so riotous ere while,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
Insulted by the base-born menial's smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and flow.

'Till here beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf how low his humbled head,
On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh,
Oh thou of these proud towers the promis'd heir,
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
By honour's fairest bloom, Oh fortune's child,
beware!

FRAGMENT.

TELL me gentle echo, tell,
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold grass did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave swift reply, [die.
Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did
His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
A cruel sword his bosom tore.
Say with his parting vital flame,
Did he sigh Ophelia's name,
Was he constant still the same?
Echo sigh'd Ophelia's name.
When in honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant soul away,
Ye gentler spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo answer'd her despair,
Why was not Ophelia there?
While the full moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill side lay,
Thus to echo, through the glade,
The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd;
Straight on fancy's wild wings borne,
By the glimpse of opening morn,
She saw—or thought she saw, her love
Lie bleeding * * * *

FRAGMENT.

COME gentle peace on every breathing gale,
O come and guard the slumbers of the vale,
Awake gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape
smile.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF
WALES.

ASPERS'D by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp to this flagitious age,

In conscious innocence secur'd from blame,
 She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame;
 She saw her children throng their early tomb,
 Disease, flow-wasting, fade her Glosters' bloom;
 She saw—but death appear'd a friendly guest,
 His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
 Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
 Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind.
 Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow,
 Which honour, truth, and gratitude, bestow.

EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'er Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
 Pleas'd was each muse, for full his honours spread;
 To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
 The length of human days could give no more.
 Oh Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn
 The arts and all the gentle muses mourn;
 And shades of English heroes gliding by,
 Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh!
 Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
 And all the poetry of painting thine;
 Oh, long had thy meridian sun to blaze!
 And onward hov'ring in its magic rays,
 What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old,
 Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
 In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
 Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!
 So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound,
 Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
 Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
 Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artist's doom;
 Thy friend, Oh Mortimer, in grief sincere,
 Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
 And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
 Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art.

TO THE

MEMORY OF COM. GEO. JOHNSTONE.

THROUGH life's tempestuous sea to thee 'twas given
 Thy course to steer, yet still preserv'd by Heaven;
 As childhood clos'd, thy ceaseless toils began,
 And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
 Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspir'd,
 Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;
 All life to trace the councils of the foe,
 All zealous life to ward the lifted blow*.

When dubious peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
 Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade,
 Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
 Forth burst the senator unaw'd, unstain'd!
 By private aim unwrapt as generous youth,
 Thy ear still listening to the voice of truth,

* The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies; in consequence of which the Havannah was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the Grand Spanish Fleet in 1760 to Admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. Both messages were carried from Lisbon by the same person, Capt. M^r Laurin. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that season.

That sacred power thy bursting warmth controul'd,
 And bade thee at her side be only bold.
 Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
 The muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.

When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
 And discord rioted on Salem's strand,
 Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore*,
 Alas, denied!—and liberal peace no more
 Smil'd on the crest of hope; thy country's weal
 Again to action wak'd thy patriot zeal;
 Old Tagus saw the British red cross stream
 O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam
 Of proud Iberia's castles: Belgia mourn'd
 Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd†
 Her Lisbon groans for British friendship spurn'd. }
 Again life's tempest beaten ocean roar'd,
 And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd;
 Dark lowr'd the storm; but heaven's own light
 Rose mild,

And rescued honour on thy death-bed smil'd‡,
 Soft shedding peaceful joy; the blissful sign,
 That Heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine.

All hail, sooth'd shade! The muse that own'd
 thy care

Hails thee, and blesses Heaven that heard her pray-
 For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
 Shall flourish, ever white its flowery bloom;
 And gratitude, Oh Johnstone, round thy shrine,
 And friendship, heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath
 entwine.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

FAIR was the graceful form Prometheus made,
 Its front the image of the god display'd.
 All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva stole
 The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakspeare's page, the flower of poesy,
 Ere Garrick rose had charms for every eye;
 'Twas nature's genuine image wild and grand,
 The strong-mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, nature's Pallas, came,
 The bard's bold painting burst into a flame:
 Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
 As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

*On passing through the Parliament-Close of Edinburgh
 at Midnight.*

So now the doors are shut, the busy hand
 Of industry suspends her toil a while,
 And solemn silence reigns: the men of law
 Throng not the passage to the august court;
 Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
 Their cause's long delay; the labourer
 Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
 Gath'ring new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
 Now o'er their cups immoderate, the rout

* He was one of the commissioners sent to America in 1778.

† Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent in to the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanha Bay in 1781.

‡ Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of Captain Sutton, being reversed by the House of Lords; the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
 Applaud the wileless, but invenom'd jest.
 At yon dim taper, poring on his bonds,
 Or ledger, crooked av'rice keenly sits;
 Or sleepless on his tawdry bed, sums up
 His rents and int'rests. O thrice dire disease!
 Oh doleful madness! Wherefore all this care,
 This sinful care, that from the mind excludes
 All thought of duty toward God or man!
 An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
 Than the old dotard dead, will throw it all
 On whores and dogs away; then, cursing life,
 That nothing gives but scoundrel poverty,
 By his own hand a mangled carcase falls.
 Now smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
 Of curs'd Gomorrha stroll along the streets,
 Scenting the prostitutes: perhaps the son
 Of some well-meaning countryman, entic'd
 By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
 Kennels with some abominable wretch,
 Contracting foul disease, one day to smart
 His pious parents souls with bitter grief,
 And o'er their rev'rend hoary cheeks to pour
 The sad parental tear.

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
 The silver moon, with majesty divine,
 Emerges from behind yon sable cloud;
 Around her all the spacious heavens glow
 With living fires. In the pale air sublime,
 St. Giles's column rears its ancient head;
 Whose builders many a century ago
 Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
 Be fill'd with sacred awe—I tread above
 Our brave forgotten ancestors. Here * lie
 Those who in ancient days the kingdom rul'd,
 The counsellors and favourites of kings,
 High lords and courtly dames, the valiant chiefs,
 Whose manly harness'd breasts, and mighty arms,
 Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land,
 Mingling their dust with those of lowest rank,
 And basest deeds, and now unknown as they:—
 Hark! 'twas the clock struck One---the solemn
 sound

Yet vibrates in my ear: Such is the life,
 The transient life of man: a while he breathes,
 Then in a little with his mother earth [race
 Lies mix'd, and known no more; even his own
 Forget his name. And if his name remains,
 What is it but an empty, airy sound?
 Cæsar, and Ammon's son, high-sounding air,
 Founders of states, their country's favours, lie
 In dark oblivion; others only live
 In fables wild and vague: yea, this same age,
 That saw the wave of Marlboro's sword decide
 The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
 Relate his actions past as an old tale,
 Without concern: and soon the days shall come,
 When Prussian peasants shall strange stories tell
 Of Fred'ric and his brothers; such as oft
 The British labourer, by winter's fire,
 Tells to his wond'ring children, of the feats
 Of Arthur and his knights: a few years more
 Shall see great Fred'ric and his glorious bands,
 And all the millions of his raging foes,
 All silent dust, and lodging with the hosts

* This was once a burial-place.

(Down in the dreary mansions of the dead),
 That fought at Cannæ or Thermopylæ,
 And those of later name, that stood beneath
 The banners of Godfredo or Gustave.

Say, ye immortal sons of heav'n, who rule
 This nether world, who, from old Nimrod's days
 Down to the present, have beheld the fate
 Of emperors and kings; say, which the life
 That the immortal shade will like to own?
 Does Cæsar boast of his eternal name,
 How, wading through the blood of millions, he
 Enslav'd his country? No, he droops his head,
 And imprecates oblivion to o'ershade
 The horrid tale. Not so poor Socrates:
 With everlasting smiles he humbly owns
 The life that was a blessing to mankind.
 The heroes, whose unconquerable souls
 Would from their country's int'rest never flinch,
 Look down with sweet complacency on th' realms
 Their valour sav'd. O Wallace, wond'rous chief!
 Who durst alone thy country's rights assert,
 Betray'd and sworn away by all but thee;
 And thou, great Bruce, who many a doleful day,
 For thy enslav'd and groaning country's sake,
 Stray'd o'er the solitary hills of Lorn;
 With what ecstatic raptures do you see
 A nation to this day blest'd by your arms!
 Such shall thy happiness, O Fred'ric! be,
 Thou glorious pattern of a perfect king;
 And such the recompensing heaven of those,
 The happy few, in blest'd obscurity
 Who pass their days; whom Gabriel pointing out,
 When in his silent rounds, unto his mates
 Will say, "There is the man, who at all times
 "Acts as becometh an immortal spirit."
 Such is the life that's worthy of a man,
 And such the life that God himself applauds.

ON THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT. IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

(From the Introduction to the English Lusiad *.)

HENCE, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving farm,
 Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
 My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
 Seek in the sloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
 There, while thy idle chaunting soothes thine ear,
 The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
 Their apple boughs, ungraft'd, four wildings bear,
 And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn,
 Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray for-
 lorn.

Such ruin withiers the neglected soil,
 When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends.
 And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
 Upon thy houseless head pale want descends

* A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to science and the arts; but poetry is neither the general taste, nor the fashionable favourite of these times. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While he has left his author upon the table, and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves almost imperceptibly in the stanza and allegory of Spenser.

In bitter shower : and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream :
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem,
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poi-
son'd stream.

And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel cry'd,
While indignation shook his silver'd head ;
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid !
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and chorlish scorn !
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
Though in his hallowed breast heaven's purest ar-
dours burn !

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd !
'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind ;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze :
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd,
Wide through the land thy forming power dis-
plays. [rays.

So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus
When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that
tore
The wolf-eyed barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair muse ; Heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and sooth the barbarous age :
A Shakspeare rose ; the barbarous heats aswage——
At distance due how many bards attend !
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of heaven
descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The muse, neglected in her wintry bower ;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurell'd head.——
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age !

And shall the warbled strain, or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour ;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour !
Ah no ! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn : In vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower ;
The year no more restores the short lived joy ;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands em-
ploy.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has closed his strain ; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while ere,
Drawn her blank curtains——never to the sight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own
light,
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine ;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptured music of each deathless line : [divine.
For death nor time may touch their living soul

And what the strain, though Perez swell the
note,
High though its rapture, to the muse of fire !
Ah ! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow ; as heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S SONNET.

“ Vasco, le cui felici, &c.”

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn ; and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and
brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore ;

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought ;
And he who, victor, with the harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camœns ow'st thy noblest fame ;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name ;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along.

AN INSCRIPTION

*On an Obelisk at Langford, in Wiltshire, the seat of the
Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate fate
of Mr. Servinton, who was formerly in possession of
that estate.*

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe ;
Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its lord flow wav'd the wither'd bough.
While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full
low,
On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay.

Even now, methinks, his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door ;
Fainting, he wander'd——then beneath the tree
Sunk down——sweet heaven, what pangs his bo-
som tore.

When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more
He roll'd his dying eyes——Ah ! what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar ?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all the hopes of joy, *Oh ! fortune's child beware.*

TRANSLATION OF AN EPITHALAMIUM,

*Written in Hebrew, by Abraam Depas, on the mar-
riage of Jacob Franco, Esq. to Miss Abigail D'A-
guilar, daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.*

THE voice of joy this happy day demands ;
Resound the song, and in our God confide :
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
O may their joys still blossom ever new,
Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view !

Rejoice, O youth ! and if thy thoughts aspire ;
To Heaven's pure bless, the sacred law revere ;

The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire
Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear,
So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers ye daughters of the song,
Behold the bride with star-light glory shine!
May each succeeding day still glide along,
Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
While she o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
See o'er your son the canopy unfolds,
And thou, O hoary reverend sire! rejoice,
May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold:
The song of joy, ye youthful kindred raise
And let the people join the living God to praise.

ESKDALE BRAES.

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins*,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines.

Maria, disconsolate maid,
Oft sigh'd the still noontide away,
Or, by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woeful she tun'd her love-lay.

Ah! no more from the banks of the Ewes,
My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm†, and the Deansbanks refuse
To echo the plaints of his song.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear,

* The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers
of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk: On the banks of
the former, was anciently a castle belonging to the Knights
Templers, on the ruins of which was built the manse or
parsonage house, called the Waas (Walls), at which
Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born.

† The seat of John Maxwell, Esq. author of the ce-
lebrated "Essay on Tune:" Deansbanks, so called from
the Dean of the Knights Templars.

No more the tir'd lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah! woe to the wars, and the pride
That my heroes, Oh Esk! could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh! why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore,
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar!

Ah! methinks his pale corse floating by,
I behold on the rude billows tost;
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast!

By this stream, and the May-blossom'd thorn,
That first heard his love-tale and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw* woods join the sad throng,
To ballad-weavers blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

Still the Ewes folls her paly blue stream,
Old Esk, still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And, still green, Oh! Broomholm, are thy bowers!

No—blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine.

Discover'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn—
Strait the village bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The silver streams murmur new charms;
As smiling her Jamie drew near,
And, all eager, sprung into her arms.

* The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form
a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered
with a beautiful and romantic wood.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD JAGO.

Containing

EDGE-HILL,
LABOUR AND GENIUS,
ELEGIES,



ECLOGUES,
EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann^d 1795.

THE

POLITICAL

JOHN D. JACO

THE LIFE OF THE

EDITION

THE LIFE OF THE

THE LIFE OF JAGO.

RICHARD JAGO was born October 1. 1715. His family was of Cornish extraction; but his father, the Rev. Richard Jago, was Rector of Beaudefert, near Henley in Arden, in Warwickshire. He married Margaret, the daughter of William Parker, Gent. of Henley, 1711, by whom he had several children. The poet was his third son.

He received a good classical education under the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an excellent country schoolmaster at Solihull, near Birmingham in Warwickshire; where he formed an acquaintance with several gentlemen who were his school-fellows; among others with Shenstone. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between these two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Shenstone.

"From the acquaintance," says Mr. Graves, in his "Recollection of some particulars in the Life of Shenstone," "which I had with Mr. Jago, and some others who were bred under Mr. Crumpton, he seems to have given his pupils a more early taste for the English classics, than was commonly done in grammar schools at that time."

About 1732, he was removed from the school of Solihull, and entered as a servitor, of University College, Oxford; where he was privately visited by his school-fellow Shenstone, then a commoner of Pembroke College, who introduced him to the acquaintance of his fellow collegians, Anthony Whistler, Esq. of Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, author of the "Shuttle-cock," and several original poems in "Doddsley's Collection," Mr. Robert Binnel, author of some learned notes in Grainger's "Tibullus," and Mr. Richard Graves, the present rector of Claverton in Somersetshire, author of "The Spiritual Quixote," "Euphrosyne," "Columella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenious performances.

On the humiliating situation in which he was placed at University College, his friend Mr. Graves makes the following liberal and indignant reflections, in his "Recollection, &c."

"Mr. Shenstone had one ingenious and much valued friend in Oxford, Mr. Jago, his school-fellow, whom he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor's gown; it being then deemed a great disparagement for a commoner to appear in public with one in that situation; which, by the way, would make one wish with Dr. Johnson, that there were no young people admitted in that servile state in a place of liberal education.

"Servitors, or Sizars as they are called in Cambridge, were probably appointed when colleges were first established, and when there was a scarcity of fit persons to supply the learned professions, that a greater number might have the advantage of literary instruction, by the poorer waiting on the more affluent students.

"But what good end can it answer in these times, when every genteel profession is overstocked, to rob our agriculture or our manufactures of so many useful hands, by encouraging every substantial farmer or mechanical tradesman, to breed his son to the church?

"If now and then a very uncommon genius in those walks of life discovers itself, there are seldom wanting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are proud of calling forth, and if necessary, of supporting, by a subscription, such extraordinary talents.

"Mr. Jago, however, who was the son of a clergyman in Warwickshire, with a large family, and who could not otherwise have given his son a liberal education, may be thought an instance in favour of this institution.

"But I make no doubt, that a respectable clergyman, as Mr. Jago's father was, might, by a very slight application to the head, or fellows of almost any college, have procured some scholarship or exhibition, for a youth of genius, and properly qualified; which, with a very small additional expence, might have supported him in the university, without placing him in so humiliating a situation, which in some future period of his life (when, perhaps, his parts might have raised him to some eminence in the world), might put it in the power of any purse-proud fellow collegian, to boast that he had waited on him in the college; though, perhaps, all the obligation he had lain under to such a patron, was the receiving sixpence a week, not as an act of generosity, but as a tribute imposed upon him by the standing rules of the society."

He took his degree of Master of Arts, July 9. 1738, having taken orders the year before, and served the curacy of Snitterfield, near Stratford upon Avon.

In 1744, he married Dorothea Susanna Fancourt, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fancourt, of Kilmcote in Leicestershire.

For several years after his marriage, he resided at Harbury; to which living he was instituted in 1746. At a small distance lay Chesterton, given him about the same time by Lord Willoughby de Broke; the two together amounting to about 100l. a-year.

Before his removal from Harbury, he had the misfortune to lose his amiable companion, who died in 1751, leaving him a numerous family of small children, and from such a loss the most inconsolable widower.

In 1754, Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, who had a great regard for him, by his interest with Dr. Madox, Bishop of Worcester, procured him the Vicarage of Snitterfield, where he had formerly been curate, worth about 140l. a-year; whither he removed, and where he resided the remainder of his life.

In 1759, he married a second wife, Margaret, the daughter of James Underwood, Esq. of Budgely in Staffordshire.

While he was engaged in the duties of his profession as a country clergyman, which he performed with exemplary diligence, he found leisure to indulge his early propensity to the study of poetry; and carried on a constant correspondence with his friend Shenstone, on the subject of their literary studies and poetical compositions.

It appears from Shenstone's "Letters," published in 1769, that he communicated from time to time to Mr. Jago and Mr. Graves, the detail of his improvements at the Leasowes, an account of the visits he received from people of rank, and the ordinary occurrences of his life. His eleventh "Elegy" is addressed to Jago. He appears also to have lived in intimacy with Somerville, Mr. Hylton, Lady Luxborough, and other friends of Shenstone.

In 1752, his *Elegy on the Blackbirds* was published by Dr. Hawkesworth in the "Adventurer," and attributed to West. It was afterwards inserted in "Doddsley's Collection," with his name.

When it first appeared with his name in Doddsley's Collection, a manager of the Bath theatre boasted in the circle of his acquaintance, that he was the author of it, and that Jago was a fictitious name which he had adopted from the celebrated tragedy of "Othello."

It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of West," should leave this affair still dubious; when it is demonstrable, from the very letters of Shenstone to which he refers, that Jago was the real author.

The case seems to have been thus: As Shenstone was fond of communicating any poetical productions of his friends, which he thought would do them credit, he probably gave a copy of Jago's elegy to the Lyttleton family at Hagley, where West frequently visited. And as West thought it worthy to appear in the "Adventurer," he might send it to Dr. Hawkesworth without mentioning Jago's name, which was then very little known in the world. So that Dr. Hawkesworth might well imagine that West himself was the author of it, as Dr. Johnson has hinted.

However this may be, there is a living evidence, Mr. Hylton, the editor of his poems, who is able and ready to support indisputably, Jago's claim to this beautiful elegy, as well as to the others of the *Swallows* and *Goldfinches*.

In 1767, he published his *Edge-Hill, or the rural prospect delineated and moralized*, a poem, in four books, 4to, which completely established his poetical reputation.

In 1768, he published his *Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable, written in the year 1762, and inscribed to the late William Shenstone, Esq.* 4to. It consists chiefly of encomiums on the genius and taste of Shenstone.

In 1771, he was presented by Lord Willoughby de Broke, to the living of Kilmcote, before mentioned, with near 300l. a-year, and resigned the vicarage of Harbury.

During the latter part of his life, as the infirmities of age came upon him, he seldom went far from home. He amused himself at his leisure, in improving his vicarage-house, and ornamenting his grounds, which were agreeably situated, and had many natural beauties.

After a short illness, he died on the 8th of May 1781, in the 66th year of his age; and was buried according to his desire, in a vault which he had made for his family in the church at Snitterfield.

He had children only by his first wife; three sons, who died before him, and four daughters, three of whom were living in 1784.

His poem of *Edge-Hill, Labour and Genius, Elegies, &c.* were reprinted, as they were corrected, improved, and enlarged by him, a short time before his death, with *Adam, or the Fatal Disobedience, an*

Oratorio, compiled from the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and adapted to music; and some additional pieces, never before printed, in one volume 8vo., under the title of *Poems, Moral and Descriptive*, by the late Richard Jago, M. A. with a preface, containing an account of his life and character, by his friend Mr. Hylton, which has been chiefly followed in this account. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1784, for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry. The *Oratorio* is omitted in this edition; because it is merely a compikation from the "Paradise Lost," in the language of Milton, adapted to representation. An *Oratorio*, on a similar plan, intituled, "Paradise Lost," was presented to the world, by the amiable and ingenious naturalist and poet Mr. Stillingfleet, in 1760.

The character of Jago appears to have been truly amiable and respectable. To his learning, taste, and good sense, Shenstone, Graves, &c. bear ample testimony. His moral and intellectual character has been so accurately delineated by the friendly pencil of Mr. Hylton, as to render the after-strokes of a casual hand unnecessary.

"Mr. Jago in his person," says Mr. Hylton, who knew him well, "was about the middle stature. In his manner, like most people of sensibility, he appeared reserved amongst strangers; amongst his friends he was free and easy, and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In domestic life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, the kind master, the hospitable neighbour, and sincere friend, and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy minister of the parish over which he presided.

"To do justice to Mr. Jago's character as a poet, would require the pen of a more able writer. It may safely be asserted, however, on the authority of the public approbation which they have already met with, that the pieces on which we rest his poetical fame, viz. his poem of *Edge-Hill*, his fable of *Labour and Genius*, and his *Elegies* on the *Blackbirds*, &c. are all excellent in their kind.

"The poem of *Edge-Hill*, though the subject is local and chiefly descriptive, yet he has contrived to make it generally interesting, by his historical narrations and digressive episodes; and by his philosophical disquisitions or moral reflections; particularly the philosophical account of the *Origin of Mountains*, which is equally curious and poetical. His description of the Earl of Leicester's Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Kênelworth Castle, which is truly characteristic of that pedantic age; as the moral reflections on the ruins and departed grandeur of that superb structure, is in the best manner of Young, in his "Night Thoughts." The story of the youth restored to sight, from the "Tatler," is told with so many natural and affecting circumstances, as makes Mr. Jago's *poetical* much superior to Sir Richard Steele's *prose* narration. The historical account of the important battle of Kineton or *Edge-Hill*, contains some curious facts not generally known, as well as very suitable reflections, religious and moral, on the fatal effects of civil discord.

"The fable of *Labour and Genius*, the subject of which was suggested by Mr. Shenstone, is told with some humour, and great clearness and precision, with a very useful moral forcibly inculcated.

"In the beautiful elegy on the *Blackbirds*, as well as in the others of the *Swallows* and *Goldfinches*, Mr. Jago's original genius appears, and as Thomson says, he has

————— touch'd a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

"Among the additional pieces, which now make their first appearance, the *Roundelay* for the Stratford Jubilee, in particular, is beautifully expressive and characteristic of Shakspeare's versatile genius and multifarious excellence."

These observations might be still augmented, by a more minute examination and developement of the beauties in his *Edge-Hill* and *Elegies*, which, if he had written nothing else, are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our country.

As a descriptive poet, he evinces a picturesque imagination, a correct judgment, and a delicate taste, refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. His *Edge-Hill* ranks with the "Cooper's Hill" of Denham, the "Grongar Hill" of Dyer, and similar compositions of other writers, who have proved their powers in loco-descriptive poetry. It is written in blank verse, and exhibits a specimen of great strength and harmony in that metre. The diction is elegant and poetical. He discovers no want of ease or fancy; and shows a goodness of disposition in every part of his work.

"The title is *Edge-Hill*," he informs us, in his introduction, "a place taken notice of by all the topographical writers who have had occasion to mention it; for its extensive and agreeable prospect, and farther, unhappily distinguished by being the scene of the first battle between the forces of King

Charles and those of the Parliament, under the command of the Earl of Essex, in the year 1642. These two circumstances of natural beauty and historical importance, coinciding with the affection of the writer for his native country, lying at the foot of this celebrated mountain, presented to his mind a theme for poetical imagery too pleasing to be resisted by him. His business, therefore, was first to select a stock of materials fit for his purpose, and then to arrange them in the best manner he could. Both these points he endeavoured to effect, not only by consulting his eye, but also by considering the character, natural history, and other circumstances of such places as were most likely to afford matter for ornament or instruction of this kind; forming from the whole, by an imaginary line, a number of distant scenes, placed in the most advantageous light, and corresponding with the different times of the day, each exhibiting an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

“ In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general sentiments, and moral reflections; and to enliven the descriptive part by digressions and episodes belonging to, or deducible from the subject; divesting himself as much as possible of all partiality in matters of a public concernment; in private ones, following with more freedom, the sentiments and dictates of his own mind.”

That poetry which is employed in rural description, lies under many disadvantages. Though there is a variety, there is likewise an uniformity in the works of nature, which renders it difficult to embellish such subjects that have not been exhibited by former writers. Hence it arises, that he who has perused one descriptive poem of this kind, is often struck with a seeming repetition of ideas; and more sensibly so, where the places described have no previous seat in his own imagination. The poet who describes, or the reader who peruses descriptions of scenes familiar to him, will easily find the distinct images awakened by general terms; but he who is to impress a local picture in his fancy, merely from the combination of words, will find little novelty in these reiterated descriptions of country prospects. The poem of *Edge-Hill* is local; and though it is embellished with strong painting, apt allusions, historical incidents, and moral reflections, yet its descriptions are not always adapted exclusively to the place it professes to celebrate. Like the descriptions of Thomson, they do not always apply to any particular spot, or raise any ideas of locality, but more frequently please, by exhibiting the general views and effects of nature. The different times of the day, *Morning*, *Noon*, *Afternoon*, and *Night*, produce an agreeable diversity of description. Pathetic reflections, and moral instructions, are often happily introduced, in places where one expects only painting and amusement. Through the whole poem, the descriptions of places, and images raised by the poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading to some reflection upon moral life or political institution, that have a relation to the object. But the moralizing of his rural paintings, is sometimes attended with quaintness, and a forced manner. Nor is it difficult to investigate the cause: All moral truths are of an abstracted nature; and when we attempt to illustrate them by objects of the senses, the transition from the natural simplicity of the latter, to the refinement of the former, is incompatible with that ease which we expect to find in poetical descriptions, and interrupts that attention which we are always inclined to afford. The digressions and episodes arise naturally from the subject, and enliven the description; but the episode of the *blind youth* in the third book, is perhaps too long. Where episodes are introduced, in works of this kind, they should be related in no very tedious or circumstantial manner; because we are not willing to be long detained from the principal subject. The famous story of the *Lady Godiva* of Coventry, will be read with pleasure. The rules he lays down for the situation and construction of a rural seat, are worthy of the genius and taste of Shenstone. They show him to have been a man of true taste and good observation.

Of his *Elegies* on the *Blackbirds*, *Goldfinches*, and *Swallows*, the extensive popularity is the best eulogium. They are characterized by an amiable humanity, and tender simplicity of thought and expression, which justly entitle him to the exclusive distinction of the “poet of the birds.” They have received the highest applause from Dr. Aikin, in his ingenious and entertaining “*Essay on the application of Natural History to poetry.*” Græme, Mr. Pratt, and other poets, have successfully employed similar circumstances of fictitious distress in their compositions; but the praise of invention, and the palm of merit, in this species of elegy, belong to Jago. Respecting his fable of *Labour and Genius*, the present writer is happy to coincide with the judgment of Mr. Hylton.

His *Eclogues* and smaller pieces, have considerable merit; but they require no distinct examination, or particular criticism.

THE WORKS OF JAGO.

HINTS FOR A PREFACE

FOR

ANY AUTHOR, AND FOR ANY BOOK.

THE following sheets were fairly transcribed, the title page was adjusted, and every thing, as the writer thought, in readiness for the press, when, upon casting his eyes over them for the last time, with more than usual attention, something seemed wanting, which, after a short pause, he perceived to be the preface. Now, it is fit the reader should know, as an apology for this seeming inattention, that he had formerly rejected this article under a notion of its being superfluous, and uninteresting to the reader; but now when matters were come to a crisis, and it was almost too late, he changed his mind, and thought a preface as essential to the figure of a book, as a portico is to that of a building.

Not that the author would insinuate by this comparison, that his paper edifice was entitled to any thing superb and pompous of this sort; but only that it wanted something plain and decent, between the beggarly style of Quarles, or Ogilby, and the magnificence of the profuse Dryden. Far be it from him, by calling this small appendage to his work by the name of a portico, or an antichamber, or a vestibule, or the like, to raise the reader's expectations, or to encourage any ideas but those of the most simple kind, as introductory to his subsequent entertainment: neither would he, like some undertakers in literary architecture, bestow as much expence on the entrance, as, prudently managed, might furnish the lofty town apartments, or pastoral villa of a modern poet. On the contrary, he reserves all his finery of carving and gilding, as well as his pictures, and cabinets for their proper places within.

But for the further illustration of his meaning, he chooses to have recourse to allusions more nearly related to his subject, such as the prelude

to a song, or the prologue to a play, there being evidently a great affinity between rhiming and fidling, writing verses, and playing the fool.

Another consideration which greatly influenced the author in this point, was, the respect which he bears to the public. For, conceiving himself now in the very act of making his appearance before every circle of the polite, and learned world, he was struck with awe, and felt as if he had been guilty of some indecorum, like a person abruptly breaking into good company with his hat on, or without making a bow. For though, by his situation in life, he is happily relieved from any personal embarrassment of this kind, yet he considers his book as his proxy, and he would by no means have his proxy guilty of such an impropriety as to keep his hat on before all the learned men of Europe, or to omit making his bow upon being admitted to an audience, or presented in the drawing-room.

Great is the force of this little article of gesticulation, from the lowest class of orators in the street, to those in the highest departments in life; insomuch that it has been thought a prudent, attentive, and skilful manager, either on the stage, or at the bar, as well as the bowing Dean in his walk, may acquire as much success, amongst polite and well-bred people, and particularly the ladies, who are the best judges, by the magic of his bow, as by any other part of his action, or oratory.

Yet, notwithstanding all that the author has said concerning this external mark of reverence, he is sensible that there is a set of cynical philosophers, who are so far from paying it due regard, that they count it no better than a refined species of idolatry, and an abomination utterly

unbecoming so noble and erect a creature as man. Upon these gentlemen it is not to be expected that the best bow which the author, or his book could make, would have any effect; and therefore he shall decline that ceremony with them, to take them by the hand in a friendly manner, hoping that they will make some allowance for his having been taught against his own consent to dance, and scribble from his infancy.

He is aware, likewise, that there is another sect of philosophers, whom his ingenious friend Mr. Graves, author of the *Spiritual Quixotte*, distinguishes by the name of censorious Christians, "who," as he expresses it, "will not suffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, or to talk nonsense without contradicting or ridiculing him."—But as the writer of this admirable work has shown himself so able, and successful a casuist in a similar instance of a petulant, and over-officious zeal, he hopes these gentlemen will, in imitation of Mr. Wildgoose, for the future refrain from a practice so injurious to their neighbours repose, and so contrary to all the laws of civility and good manners.

It is true, some of these literati may be considered under a more formidable character, from their custom of holding a monthly meeting, or office for arraigning the conduct of all whom they suspect of maintaining heretical opinions contrary to their jurisdiction. In this view, these good fathers scruple not to put an author upon the rack for the slightest offence, and not content with

their claims of inspiration and infallibility, will torture his own words to prove his guilt. In the execution of this office, they judge all men by their own standard, and like the tyrant Procrustes, regardless of the acute pain they inflict at every stroke, will lop off a foot, or any other portion of an author's matter, or lengthen it out, as best suits their purpose, to bring him to their measure.

But, to the inexpressible comfort of himself, and of every free-born English writer, the author reflects that the competence of such a court cannot be admitted in a Protestant country; and to speak the truth, from experience, its power, as exercised amongst us, though still very tremendous, is tempered with a gentleness and moderation unknown to those of Spain and Portugal.

But though the author is not without hopes, by his complaisance, and condescension, to conciliate the affections of all those various sects of the learned in every part of the world, yet his principal dependance is upon the gentle and humane, whose minds are always open to the feelings of others, as well as to the gratification of their own refined taste and sentiments; and to these he makes his appeal, which he hopes they will accept as a tribute due to their superior merit, and a testimony of the profound respect, with which he is their

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

EDGE-HILL: A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
 "Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artes
 "Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."

VIRG.

"Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired, or fatiated with its proper enjoyment."

Spectator, No. 411, On the Pleasures of Imagination.

PREFACE.

THE following poem takes its name from a ridge of hills, which is the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, and remarkable for its beautiful and extensive prospect, of which the latter forms a considerable part. This circumstance afforded the writer an opportunity, very agreeable to him, of paying a tribute to his native country, by exhibiting its beauties to the public in a poetical delineation; divided, by an imaginary line, into a number of distinct scenes,

corresponding with the different times of the day, each forming an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general reflections, historical, philosophical, and moral; and to enliven the description by digressions and episodes, naturally arising from the subject.

BOOK I.

MORNING.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address. Ascent to the Hill. General View. Comparison. Philosophical Account of the Origin and formation of Mountains, &c. Morning View, comprehending the South-West Part of the Scene, interspersed with Elements and Examples of rural Taste; showing, at the same Time, its Connexion with, and Dependence upon Civil Government; and concluding with an Historical Episode of the Red-Horse.

BRITANNIA'S rural charms, and tranquil scenes,
 Far from the circling ocean, where her fleets,
 Like * Eden's nightly guards, majestic ride,
 I sing; O may the theme and kindred soil
 Propitious prove, and to th' appointed hill
 Invite the muses from their cloister'd shades,
 With me to rove, and harmonize the strain!

Nor shall they, for a time, regret the loss
 Of their lov'd Isis, and fair Cherwel's stream,
 While to the north of their own beauteous fields
 The pictur'd scene they view, where Avon shapes
 His winding way, enlarging as it flows,
 Nor hastes to join Sabrina's prouder wave.

* Milton. *Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

Like a tall rampart, here the mountain rears
 Its verdant edge; and, if the tuneful maids
 Their presence deign, shall with Parnassus vie.
 Level, and smooth the track, which thither leads!
 Of champaign bold and fair! Its adverse side
 Abrupt, and steep! Thanks, Miller†! to thy
 paths,

That ease our winding steps! Thanks to the fount
 The trees, the flow'rs, imparting to the sense
 Fragrance or dulcet sound of murr'ring rill,
 And stilling ev'ry tumult in the breast!
 And oft the stately tow'rs, that overtop
 The rising wood, and oft the broken arch,
 Or mould'ring wall, well taught to counterfeit
 The waste of time, to solemn thought excite,
 And crown with graceful pomp the shaggy hill.

† So virtue paints the steep ascent to fame:
 So her aerial residence displays.

Still let thy friendship, which prepar'd the way,
 Attend, and guide me, as my ravish'd sight
 O'er the bleak hill, or shelter'd valley roves.
 Teach me with just observance to remark
 Their various charms, their storied fame record,
 And to the visual join the mental search.

The summit's gain'd! and, from its airy height
 The late-trod plain looks like an inland sea,
 View'd from some promontory's hoary head,

* Sanderson Miller, Esq. of Radway.

† See Lord Shaftsbury's *Judgment of Hercules*.

With distant shores environ'd ; not with face
Glassy, and uniform, but when its waves
Are gently ruffled by the southern gale,
And the tall masts like waving forests rise.

Such is the scene, that from the terrac'd hill,
Displays its graces ; intermixture sweet
Of lawns and groves, of open and retir'd.
Vales, farms, towns, villas, castles, distant spires,
And hills on hills, with ambient clouds enrob'd,
In long succession court the lab'ring sight,
Lost in the bright confusion. Thus the youth,
Escap'd from painful drudgery of words,
Views the fair fields of science wide display'd ;
Where Phœbus dwells, and all the tuneful nine ;
Perplex'd awhile he stands, and now to this,
Now that blest seat of harmony divine
Explores his way, with giddy rapture tir'd :
Till some sage Mentor, whose experienc'd feet
Have trod the mazy path, directs his search,
And leads him wond'ring to their bright abodes.
Come then, my friend ! guide thou th' advent'rous
muse,

And with thy counsel regulate her flight.
Yet, ere the sweet excursion she begins,
O ! listen, while, from sacred records drawn,
My daring song unfolds the cause, whence rose
This various face of things—of high, and low—
Of rough and smooth. For with its parent earth
Coeval not prevail'd what now appears
Of hill and dale ; nor was its new-form'd shape,
Like a smooth, polish'd orb, a surface plain,
Wanting the sweet variety of change,
Concave, convex, the deep, and the sublime :
Nor, from old ocean's wat'ry bed, were scoop'd
Its neighb'ring shores ; nor were they now de-
press'd,
Now rais'd by sudden shocks ; but fashion'd all
In perfect harmony, by * laws divine,
On passive matter, at its birth impress'd.

When now two days, as mortals count their
time,
Th' Almighty had employ'd on man's abode ;
To motion rous'd the dead, inactive mass,
The dark illumin'd, and the parts terrene
Impelling each to each the circle form'd,
Compact, and firm, of earth's stupendous orb,
With boundless seas, as with a garment cloth'd,
On the third morn he bade the waters flow
Down to their place, and let dry land appear ;
And it was so. Strait to their destin'd bed,
From every part, th' obedient waters ran,
Shaping their downward course ; and, as they
found
Resistance varying with the varying soil,
In their retreat they form'd the gentle slope,

* Amongst the many fanciful conceits of writers
on the subject, a learned divine, in his confuta-
tion of Dr. Burnett's theory, supposes that hills
and mountains might be occasioned by fermenta-
tion, after the manner of leaven in dough ; while
others have attributed their production to the se-
veral different causes mentioned above.

The following solution, by the descent of water
from the surface of the earth to the centre, seemed
most easy, and natural to the author, and is there-
fore adopted. Vid. Warren's Geologizæ, 1698.

Or headlong precipice, or deep-worn dale,
Or valley, stretching far its winding maze,
As farther still their humid train they led,
By heav'n directed to the * realms below.

Now first was seen the variegated face
Of earth's fair orb shap'd by the plastic flood :
Now smooth and level like its liquid plains,
Now, like its ruffled waves, sweet interchange
Of hill and dale, and now a rougher scene,
Mountains on mountains lifted to the sky.
Such was her infant form, yet unadorn'd !
And in the naked soil the subtle † stream
Fretted its winding track. So he ordain'd !
Who form'd the fluid mass of atoms small,
The principles of things ! who moist from dry,
From heavy sever'd light, compacting close
The solid glebe, stratum of rock, or ore,
Or crumbly marl, or close tenacious clay,
Or what beside, in wond'rous order rang'd,
Orb within orb, earth's secret depths contains.

So was the shapely sphere, on ev'ry side,
With equal pressure of surrounding air
Sustain'd, of sea and land harmonious form'd.
Nor beauteous cov'ring was withheld, for strait,
At the divine command, the verd'rous grass
Upsprang unfown, with ev'ry seedful herb,
Fruit, plant, or tree, pregnant with future store ;
God saw the whole—And lo ! 'twas very good.
But man, ungrateful man ! to deadly ill
Soon turn'd the good bestow'd with horrid crimes
Polluting earth's fair seat, his Maker's gift !
Till mercy could no more with justice strive.

Then wrath divine unbarr'd heav'n's wat'ry
gates,
And loos'd the fountains of the great abyfs.
Again the waters o'er the earth prevail'd.
Hills rear'd their heads in vain. Full forty days
The flood increas'd, nor, till seven moons had
wan'd,

Appear'd the mountain-tops. Perish'd all flesh,
One family except ! and all the works
Of art were swept into th' oblivious pool.
In that dread time what change th' avenging
flood

Might cause in earth's devoted fabric, who
Of mortal birth can tell ? Whether again
'Twas to its first chaotic ‡ mass reduc'd,
To be reform'd anew ? or, in its orb,
What violence, what § disruption it endur'd ?
What ancient mountains stood the furious shock ?
What new arose ? For doubtless new there are,
If all are not ; strong proof exhibiting
Of later rise, and their once fluid state,

* Called in scripture, the deep, the great deep,
the deep that lieth under, or beneath the earth—
the Tartarus or Erebus of the heathens.

† ————“ So the wat'ry throng
“ With serpent error wand'ring found their way,
“ And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.
“ Easy ! ere God had bid the ground be dry,
“ All but within those banks, where rivers now
“ Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.”

Milton. Paradise Lost, Book vii.

‡ According to Mr. Hutchinson and his fol-
lowers.

§ According to Dr. Burnett's Theory.

By stranger fossils, in their inmost bed
Of looser mould, or marble rock entomb'd,
Or shell marine, incorp'rate with themselves:
Nor less the * conic hill, with ample base,
Or scarry * slope by rushing billows torn,
Or * fissure deep, in the late delug'd soil
Cleft by succeeding drought, side answering side,
And curve to adverse curve exact oppos'd,
Confess the wat'ry pow'r; while scatter'd trains,
Or rocky fragments, wash'd from broken hills,
Take up the tale, and spread it round the globe.
Then, as the flood retir'd, another face
Of things appear'd, another, and the same!
Taurus, and Libanus, and Atlas feign'd
To prop the skies! and that fam'd Alpine ridge,
Or Appenine, or snow-clad Caucasus,
Or Ararat on whose emergent top
First moor'd that precious bark, whose chosen
crew

Again o'erspread earth's universal orb.
For now, as at the first, from ev'ry side
Hasted the waters to their ancient bounds,
The vast abyss! perhaps from thence ascend,
Urg'd by th' incumbent air, through mazy clefts
Beneath the deep, or rise in vapours warm,
Piercing the vaulted earth, anon condens'd
Within the lofty mountains' secret cells,
Ere they their summit gain, down their steep sides
To trickle in a never-ceasing † round.
So up the porous stone, or crystal tube
The philosophic eye with wonder views
The tinctur'd fluid rise; so tepid dews
From chymic founts in copious streams distil.

Such is the structure, such the wave-worn face
Of earth's huge fabric! beauteous to the sight,
‡ And stor'd with wonders, to th' attentive mind

* *There are some remarkable traces of the great event here treated of, in each of these kinds, at Welcombe, near Stratford upon Avon, formerly a seat of the Combe family, the whole scene bearing the strongest marks of some violent conflict of nature, and particularly of the agency of water.*

† *May not the ebbing and flowing of the sea, to whatever cause it is owing, tend to assist this operation as the pulsation of the heart accelerates the circulation of the blood in animal bodies?*

The reader may see this hypothesis very ably supported by Mr. Catcott, in his Essay on the Deluge, 2d edit. together with many respectable names, ancient and modern, by whom it is patronized. The following passage from Lucretius is quoted by him, as well expressing their general meaning.

"Partim quod subter per terras diditur omnes.

"Percolatur enim virus, retroque remanat

"Materies humoris, et ad caput amnibus
"omnis

"Convenit, unde super terras fluit agmine dulci,

"Quà via secta semel liquido pede detulit
"undas."

‡ *Trees of a very large size, torn up by the roots, and other vegetable and animal bodies, the spoils of the deluge, are found in every part of the earth, but chiefly in fens, or bogs, or amongst*

Confirming, with persuasive eloquence
Drawn from the rocky mount, or wat'ry fen,
Those sacred pages, which record the past,
And awfully predict its future doom.

Now, while the sun its heav'nly radiance sheds
Across the vale, disclosing all its charms,
Emblem of that fair light, at whose approach
The Gentile darkness fled! ye nymphs, and
swains!

Come haste with me, while now 'tis early morn,
Through Upton's * airy fields, to where yon' point
Projecting hides Northampton's ancient seat †
Retir'd, and hid amidst surrounding shades:
Counting a length of honourable years,
And solid worth; while painted Belvideres,
Naked, aloft, and built but to be seen,
Shrink at the sun, and totter to the wind.

So sober sense oft shuns the public view,
In privacy conceal'd, while the pert sons
Of folly flutter in the glare of day.

Hence, o'er the plain, where strip'd with
alleys green,

The golden harvest nods, let me your view
Progressive lead to ‡ Verney's sister walls,
Alike in honour, as in name allied!
Alike her walls a noble master own,
Studious of elegance. At his command,
New pillars grace the dome with Grecian pomp
Of Corinth's gay design. At his command,
On hill, or plain, new culture clothes the scene
With verdant grass, or variegated grove;
And bubbling rills in sweeter notes discharge
Their liquid stores. Along the winding vale,
At his command, observant of the shore,
The glitt'ring stream, with correspondent grace,
Its course pursues, and o'er th' exulting wave
The stately bridge a beauteous form displays.
On either side, rich as th' embroider'd floor
From Persia's gaudy looms, and firm as fair,
The chequer'd lawns with count'nance blithe
proclaim

The graces reign. Plains, hills, and woods reply
The graces reign, and nature smiles applause.
Smile on, fair source of beauty, source of bliss!
To crown the master's cost, and deck her path
Who shares his joy, of gentlest manners join'd
With manly sense, train'd to the love refin'd
Of nature's charms in || Wroxton's beauteous
groves.

Thy neighb'ring villa's ever open gate,
And festive board, O § Walton! next invite

peat-earth, which is an assemblage of decayed vegetables.

See Woodward's Nat. Hist. of the earth, &c.

* *Upton, the seat of Robert Child, Esq.*

† *Compton-Winyate, a seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton, at the foot of Edge-Hill.*

‡ *Compton-Verney, a seat of the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke.*

|| *Wroxton the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Guildford, father of Lady Willoughby de Broke.*

§ *Walton, the seat of Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart. many years a Member of Parliament for the county of Warwick.*

The pleasing toil. Unwilling who can pay
To thee the votive strain? For science here,
And candour dwell, prepar'd alike to cheer
The stranger-guest, or for the nation's weal
To pour the stores mature of wisdom forth,
In senatorial councils often prov'd,
And, by the public voice attested long,
Long may it be! with well-deserv'd applause.
And see, beneath the shade of full-grown elm,
Or near the border of the winding brook,
Skirting the grassy lawn, her polish'd train
Walks forth to taste the fragrance of the grove,
Woodbine, or rose, or to the upland scene
Of wildly-planted hill, or trickling stream
From the pure rock, or moss-lin'd grotto cool,
The naiads' humid cell! protract the way
With learned converse, or ingenuous song.
The search pursue to * Charlecote's fair domain,
Where Avon's sportive stream delighted strays
Through the gay smiling meads, and to his bed,
Hele's gentle current woos, by Lucy's hand
In ev'ry graceful ornament attir'd,
And worthier, such, to share his liquid realms!

Near, nor unmindful of th' increasing flood,
Stratford her spacious magazines unfolds,
And hails th' unwieldy barge from western shores,
With foreign dainties fraught, or native ore
Of pitchy hue, to pile the fuel'd grate
In woolly stores, or husky grain repay'd.
To speed her wealth, lo! the proud bridge † ex-
tends

His num'rous arches, stately monument
Of old munificence, and pious love
Of native soil! there Stower exulting pays
His tributary stream, well pleas'd with wave
Auxiliary her pond'rous stores to waft;
And boasting, as he flows, of growing fame,
And wond'rous beauties on his banks display'd—
Of Alscot's ‡ swelling lawns, and fretted spires
Of fairest model, Gothic, or Chinese—
Of Easington's §, and Tolton's ¶ verdant meads,
And groves of various leaf, and Honington ¶¶,
Profuse of charms, and Attic elegance;
Nor fails he to relate, in jocund mood,
How liberally the masters of the scene
Enlarge his current, and direct his course
With winding grace—and how his crystal wave
Reflects th' inverted spires, and pillar'd domes—
And how the frisking deer play on his sides,
Pict'ring their branched heads, with wanton sport,
In his clear face. Pleas'd with the vaunting tale,
Nor jealous of his fame, Avon receives
The prattling stream, and, towards thy nobler
flood,

Sabrina fair, pursues his length'ning way.

Hail, beauteous Avon, hail! on whose fair
banks

* Charlecote, the seat of George Lucy, Esq.

† This bridge was built in the reign of K.
Henry VII. at the sole cost and charge of Sir Hugh
Clopton, Knt. Lord Mayor of the city of London,
and a native of this place.

‡ The seat of James West, Esq.

§ The seat of the Hon. George Shirley, Esq.

¶ The seat of Sir Henry Parker, Bart.

¶¶ The seat of Joseph Townshend, Esq.

The smiling daisies, and their sister tribes,
Violets, and cuckow-buds, and lady-smocks,
A brighter dye disclose, and proudly tell
That Shakspeare, as he stray'd these meads along,
Their simple charms admir'd, and in his verse
Preserv'd, in never-fading bloom to live.

And thou, whose birth these walls unrival'd
boast,

That mock'st the rules of the proud Stagyrte,
And learning's tedious toil, hail mighty bard!
Thou great magician hail! thy piercing thought
Unaided saw each movement of the mind,
As skilful artists view the small machine,
The secret springs and nice dependencies,
And to thy mimic scenes, by fancy wrought
To such a wond'rous shape, th' impassion'd break
In floods of grief, or peals of laughter bow'd,
Obedient to the wonder-working strain,
Like the tun'd string responsive to the touch,
Or to the wizzard's charm, the passive storm.
Humour and wit, the tragic pomp, or phrase
Familiar flow'd, spontaneous from thy tongue,
As flowers from nature's lap.—Thy potent spells
From their bright seats aerial sprites detain'd,
Or from their unseen haunts, and slumb'ring shades
Awak'd the fairy tribes, with jocund step
The circled green, and leafy hall to tread:
While, from his dripping caves, old Avon sent
His willing naiads to their harmless rout.

Alas! how languid is the labour'd song,
The slow result of rules, and tortur'd sense,
Compar'd with thine! thy animated thought,
And glowing phrase! which art in vain essays,
And schools can never teach. Yet, though deny'd
Thy pow'rs, by situation more allied,
I court the genius of thy sportive muse
On Avon's bank, her sacred haunts explore,
And hear in ev'ry breeze her charming notes.

Beyond these flow'ry meads, with classic streams
Enrich'd, two sister rills their currents join,
And Ikenild displays his Roman pride.
There Alcester * her ancient honour boasts.
But fairer fame, and far more happy lot
She boasts, O Ragley †! in thy courtly train
Of Hertford's splendid line! lo! from these shades,
Ev'n now his sov'reign, studious of her weal,
Calls him to bear his delegated rule
To Britain's sister isle. Hibernia's sons
Applaud the choice, and hail him to their shore
With cordial gratulation. Him, well-pleas'd
With more than filial rev'rence to obey,
Beauchamp attends. What son, but would re-
joice

The deeds of such a father to record!

What father, but were blest in such a son!

Nor may the muse omit with Conway's ‡ name
To grace her song. O! might it worthy flow

* So called from its situation on the river
Alenus, or Alne, and from its being a Roman
station on the Ikenild-Street.

† A seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hert-
ford.

‡ The Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, Esq.
one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state,
and brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Hert-
ford.

Of those her theme involves! The cyder-land,
In Georgic strains, by her own Philips sung,
Shou'd boast no brighter fame, though proudly
grac'd

With loftiest-titled names—The Cecil line,
Or Beaufort's, or, O Chandois! thine, or his
In Anna's councils high, her fav'rite peer,
Harley! by me still honour'd in his race.

See, how the pillar'd isles and stately dome
Brighten the woodland-shade! while scatter'd hill,
Airy, and light, in many a conic form,
A theatre compose, grotesque and wild,
And, with their shaggy sides, contract the vale
Winding, in straiten'd circuit, round their base.
Beneath their waving umbrage Flora spreads
Her spotted couch, primrose, and hyacinth
Profuse, with ev'ry simpler bud that blows
On hill or dale. Such too thy flow'ry pride
O Hewel *! by thy master's lib'ral hand
Advanc'd to rural fame! Such Umberflade †!
In the sweet labour join'd, with culture fair,
And splendid arts, from Arden's ‡ woodland shades
The pois'nous damps, and savage gloom to chase.

What happy lot attends your calm retreats,
By no scant bound'ry, nor obstructing fence,
Immur'd, or circumscrib'd; but spread at large
In open day: save what to cool recess
Is destin'd voluntary, not constrain'd
By sad necessity, and casual state
Of sickly peace! Such as the moated hall,
With close circumference of wat'ry guard,
And penile bridge proclaim! or, rear'd aloft,
And inaccessible the massy tow'rs,
And narrow circuit of embattled walls,
Rais'd on the mountain-precipice! Such thine
O Beaufort ‖! old Montfort's lofty seat!
Haunt of my youthful steps! where I was wont
To range, chaunting my rude notes to the wind,
While Somerville disdain'd not to regard
With candid ear, and regulate the strain.

Such was the genius of the Gothic age,
And Norman policy! Such the retreats
Of Britain's ancient nobles! less intent
On rural beauty, and sweet patronage
Of gentle arts, than studious to restrain,
With servile awe, barbarian multitudes;
Or, with confederate force, the regal pow'r
Controul. Hence proudly they their vassal troops
Assembling, now the fate of empire plann'd:
Now o'er defenceless tribes, with wanton rage,
Tyrannic rul'd; and, in their castled halls
Secure, with wild excess their revels kept,
While many a sturdy youth, or beauteous maid,
Sole solace of their parents' drooping age!
Bewail'd their wretched fate, by force compell'd
To these abhor'd abodes! Hence frequent § wars,
In ancient annals fam'd! Hence haply feign'd
Th' enchanted castle, and its cursed train
Of giants, spectres, and magicians dire!
Hence gen'rous minds, with indignation fir'd,
And threat'ning fierce revenge, were character'd
By gallant knights on bold achievements bent,
Subduing monsters, and dissolving spells.

* The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Plymouth.

† The seat of the Right Hon. Lord Archer.

‡ The forest, or woodland part of Warwickshire.

§ So called, from its pleasant rural situation.

§ Called the Barons wars.

Thus, from the rural landscape, learn to know
The various characters of time and place.

To hail, from open scenes, and cultur'd fields,
Fair liberty, and freedom's gen'rous reign,
With guardian laws, and polish'd arts adorn'd.
While the portcullis huge, or moated fence
The sad reverse of savage times betray—
Distrust, barbarity, and Gothic rule.

Would ye, with faultless judgment, learn to
plan

The rural seat? To copy, as ye rove,
The well-form'd picture, and correct design?
First shun the false extremes of high and low.
With wat'ry vapours this your fretted walls
Will soon deface; and that, with rough assault,
And frequent tempests, shake your tott'ring roof.
Me most the gentle eminence delights
Of healthy champaign, to the sunny south
Fair op'ning, and with woods, and circling hills,
Nor too remote, nor, with too close embrace,
Stopping the buxom air, behind enclos'd.
But if your lot hath fall'n in fields less fair,
Consult their genius, and, with due regard
To nature's clear directions, shape your plan.
The site too lofty shelter, and the low
With sunny lawns and open areas cheer.
The marshy drain, and, with capacious urns,
And well-conducted streams, refresh the dry.
So shall your lawns with healthful verdure smile,
While others, sick'ning at the sultry blaze,
A russet wild display, or the rank blade,
And matted tufts the careless owner shame.
Seek not, with fruitless cost, the level plain
To raise aloft, nor sink the rising hill.
Each has its charms, though diff'rent; each in
kind

Improve, not alter. Art with art conceal.
Let no strait terrac'd lines your slopes deform;
No barb'rous walls restrain the bounded sight;
But to the distant fields the closer scene
Connect. The spacious lawn with scatter'd trees
Irregular, in beauteous negligence,
Clothe bountiful. Your unimprison'd eye,
With pleasing freedom, through the lofty maze
Shall rove, and find no dull satiety.
The sportive stream with stiffen'd line avoid
To torture, nor prefer the long canal
Or labour'd fount to nature's easy flow.
Your winding paths, now to the sunny * gleam
Directed, now with high embow'ring trees
Or fragrant shrubs conceal'd, with frequent seat
And rural structure deck. Their pleasing form
To fancy's eye suggests inhabitants
Of more than mortal make, and their cool shade,
And friendly shelter to refreshment sweet,
And wholesome meditation, shall invite.

To ev'ry structure give its proper site.
Nor, on the dreary heath, the gay alcove,
Nor the lone hermit's cell, or mournful urn
Build on the sprightly lawn. The grassy slope
And shelter'd border for the cool arcade
Or Tuscan porch reserve. To the chaste dome
And fair rotunda give the swelling mount
Of freshest green. If to the Gothic scene
Your taste incline, in the well-water'd vale,
With lofty pines embrown'd, the mimic fane

* "Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce
videri." HOR.

And mould'ring abbey's fretted windows place.
The craggy rock, or precipitious hill,
Shall well become the castle's massy walls.
In royal villas the Palladian arch
And Grecian portico with dignity
Their pride display: ill suits their lofty rank
The simpler scene. If chance historic deeds
Your fields distinguish, count them doubly fair,
And studious aid, with monumental stone,
And faithful comment, fancy's fond review.

Now other hills, with other wonders stor'd,
Invite the search. In vain! unless the muse
The landscape order. Nor will she decline
The pleasing task. For not to her 'tis hard
To soar above the mountain's airy height,
With tow'ring pinions, or, with gentler wing,
To explore the cool recesses of the vale.
Her piercing eye extends beyond the reach
Of optic tube, levell'd by midnight sage,
At the moon's disk, or other distant sun,
And planetary worlds beyond the orb
Of Saturn. Nor can intervening rocks
Impede her search. Alike the sylvan gloom
Or earth's profoundest caverns she pervades,
And to her fav'rite sons makes visible
All that may grace or dignify the song,
Howe'er envelop'd from their mortal ken.

So Uriel, winged regent of the sun!
Upon its evening beam to Paradise
Came gliding down; so, on its sloping ray,
To his bright charge return'd. So th' heav'nly
guest

From Adam's eyes the carnal film remov'd,
On Eden's hill, and purg'd his visual nerve
To see things yet unform'd, and future deeds.

Lo! where the southern hill with winding course
Bends tow'rd the west, and from his airy seat
Views four fair provinces in union join'd;
Beneath his feet, conspicuous rais'd, and rude,
A massy pillar rears its shapeless head.
Others in stature less, an area smooth
Enclose, like that on * Sarum's ancient plain.
And some of middle rank apart are seen:
Distinguish'd those by courtly character
Of knights, while that the regal † title bears.
What now the circle drear, and stiffen'd mass
Compose, like us were animated forms,
With vital warmth, and sense, and thought endu'd;
A band of warriors brave! Effect accrues
Of necromantic art and spells impure.

So vulgar fame. But clerks, in antique lore
Profoundly skill'd, far other story tell;
And, in its mystic form, temple or court
Espy, to fabled gods or throned kings
Devote; or fabric monumental, rais'd
By Saxon hands, or by that Danish chief
Rollo ‡ the builder in the name imply'd.

Yet to the west the pleasing search pursue,
Where from the vale Brails lifts his scarry sides,
And Ilmington, and Campden's hoary hills,
(By Lyttleton's sweet plaint, and thy abode
His matchless Lucia! to the muse endear'd)
Impress new grandeur on the spreading scene,
With champaign fields, broad plain, and covert
vale

* Stone-henge.

† Called the King's-stone, or Koning-stone.

‡ Called Roll-rich-Stones.

Diversify'd: By Ceres some adorn'd
With rich luxuriance of golden grain,
And some in Flora's liv'ry gaily dight,
And some with sylvan honours graceful crown'd.
Witness the forest glades, with stately pride,
Surrounding Sheldon's * venerable dome!
Witness the sloping lawns of Idlicot †!
And Honington's irriguous meads! Some wind
Meand'ring round the hills disjoin'd, remote,
Giving full licence to their sportive range;
While distant, but distinct, his Alpine ridge
Malvern erects o'er Esham's vale sublime,
And boldly terminates the finish'd scene.

Still are the praises of the Red-Horse Vale
Unsung; as oft it happens to the mind
Intent on distant themes, while what's more near,
And nearer, more important, 'scapes its note.

From yonder far-known hill, where the thin turf
But ill conceals the ruddy glebe, a form
On the bare soil pourtray'd, like that fam'd steed
Which in its womb the fate of Troy conceal'd,
O'erlooks the vale.—Ye swains, that wish to learn
Whence rose the strange phenomenon, attend!

Britannia's sons, though now for arts renown'd,
A race of ancestors untaught, and rude,
Acknowledge, like those naked Indian tribes,
Which first Columbus in the Atlantic isles
With wonder saw. Alike their early fate
To yield to conquering arms! Imperial Rome
Was then to them what Britain is to these,
And through the subject-land her trophies rear'd.

But haughty Rome, her ancient manners flown,
Stoop'd to barbaric rage. O'er her proud walls
The Goths prevail, which erst the Punic bands
Affail'd in vain, though Cannæ's bloody field
Their valour own'd, and Hannibal their guide!
Such is the fate, which mightiest empires prove,
Unless the virtues of the son preserve
What his forefather's ruder courage won!

† No Cato now the lift'ning senate warm'd
To love of virtuous deeds, and public weal.
No Scipios led her hardy sons to war,
With sense of glory fir'd. Through all her realms
Or hostile arms invade, or factions shake
Her tot'ring state. From her proud capitol
Her tutelary gods retire, and Rome,
Imperial Rome, once mistress of the world,
A victim falls, so righteous Heav'n ordains,
To pride and luxury's all-conquering charms.

Meantime her ancient foes, erewhile restrain'd
By Roman arms, from Caledonia's hills
Rush like a torrent, with resistless force,
O'er Britain's fenceless bounds, and through her
fields

Pour the full tide of desolating war.
Ætius, thrice consul! now an empty name,
In vain her sons invoke. In vain they seek
Relief in servitude. Ev'n servitude
Its miserable comforts now denies;
From shore to shore they fly. The briny flood,

* Weston, the seat of William Sheldon, Esq.

† The seat of the late Baron Legge, now belonging to Robert Ladbroke, Esq.

‡ "Non his juvenus orta parentibus

"Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,

"Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit

"Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum."

Hor.

A guardian once, their further flight restrains.
Some court the boist'rous deep, a milder foe;
Some gain the distant shores, and fondly hope
In each to find a more indulgent home.
The rest, protracting still a wretched life,
From Belgia's coast in wild despair invite
Its new inhabitants, a Saxon race,
On enterprise and martial conquest bent.
With joy the Saxons to their aid repair,
And soon revenge them on their northern foes.
Revenge too dearly bought! These courted guests
Give them short space for joy. A hostile look
On their fair fields they cast (for feeble hands
Alas! too fair), and seize them for their own.

And now again the conquer'd isle assumes
Another form; on ev'ry plain and hill
New marks exhibiting of servile state,
The massy stone with figures quaint inscrib'd—
Or dyke by * Woden, or the Mercian king †,
Vast bound'ry made—or thine, O Ashbury ‡!
And Tysoe's || wond'rous theme, the martial horse,
Carv'd on the yielding turf, armorial sign
Of Hengist, Saxon chief! of Brunswick now,
And with the British lion join'd, the bird
Of Rome surpassing. Studious to preserve
The fav'rite form, the treach'rous conquerors
Their vassal tribes compel, with festive rites,
Its fading figure yearly to renew,
And to the neighb'ring § vale impart its name.

BOOK. II.

NOON.

ARGUMENT.

NOON. The mid scene from the castle on Ratley-Hill. More particular account of the several parts of this scene, and of whatever is most remarkable in it. Warwick. Its antiquity. Historical account of the Earls of Warwick. Story of Guy. Guy's-Cliffe. Kenelworth. Its castle. History of it. Balsal. Wroxal. Coventry. Its environs. Manufactures. Story of Godiva. Peroration.

THE sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt
The mountain's brow, while up the steep ascent
With early step we climb'd, now wide displays
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage
Hath nearly measur'd. From th' illumin'd vale
The soaring mists are drain'd, and o'er the hill
No more breathes grateful the cool balmy air,
Cheering our search, and urging on our steps
Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake
The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade
Of spreading tree, or shelt'ring hedge-row tall:
Or, in the mantling pool, rude reservoir

* *Wansdyke, or Wodensdyke, a boundary of the kingdom of the West Saxons, in Wiltshire.*

† *Offa, from whom the boundary between the kingdom of the Mercians and the Britons in Wales, took its name.*

‡ *Ashbury, in Berkshire, near which is the figure of a horse cut on the side of a hill, in whitish earth, which gives name to the neighbouring valley.*

|| *The figure of the red horse here described is in the parish of Tysoe.*

§ *Called, from this figure, the Vale of Red-Horse.*

Of wint'ry rains, and the slow thrifty spring,
Cool their parch'd limbs, and lave their panting
sides.

Let us too seek the shade. Yon airy dome,
Beneath whose lofty battlements we found
A covert passage to these sultry realms,
Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends
The pleasing comment on fair nature's book,
In sumptuous volume, open'd to our view.

Ye sportive nymphs, that o'er the rural scene
Preside; you chief, that haunt the flow'ry banks
Of Avon, where, with more majestic wave,
Warwick's illustrious lord through the gay meads
His dancing current guides, or round the lawn
Directs th' embroider'd verge of various dyes,
O! teach me all its graces to unfold,
And with your praise join his attendant fame.

'Tis well! Here shelter'd from the scorching
heat,

At large we view the subject vale sublime
And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace
Stretching, in wanton bound'ry, from the foot
Of this green mountain, far as human ken
Can reach, a theatre immense! adorn'd
With ornaments of sweet variety,
By nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,
A verdant floor! with brightest gems inlaid,
And richly-painted flow'rs—the tillag'd plain,
Wide-waving to the sun a rival blaze
Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,
With outline fair, in naked pomp display'd,
Round, angular, oblong; and others crown'd
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn
Fair plenty pours, and cultivation spreads
Her height'ning lustre. See, beneath her touch
The smiling harvests rise, with bending line,
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe
Stretching their lengthen'd beds. Her careful
hand

Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay
Aduft for wint'ry store—the long-ridg'd mow,
Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,
Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wave fence
Nurses, and adds with care the hedge-row elm.
Around her farms and villages she plans
The rural garden, yielding wholesome food
Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb
Medicinal. The well-rang'd orchard now
She orders, or the shelt'ring clump, or tuft
Of hardy trees, the wint'ry storms to curb,
Or guard the sweet retreat of village swain,
With health and plenty crown'd. Fair science
next,

Her offspring, adds towns, cities, vaulted domes,
And splendid palaces, and chafes large,
With lake and planted grove. Hence Warwick,
fair

With rising buildings, Coventry's tall spires,
And Kenelworth! thy stately castle rose,
Which still in ruin charms th' astonish'd sight.
To crown the beauteous scene, the curtain'd sky,
Its canopy divine of azure tint,
Spreads heav'nly fair, and softens ev'ry charm.

Now yet again, with accurate survey,
The level plain, hills rising various, woods,
And meadows green, the simple cot, and towns,
Nurs'ries of arts, and commerce! Warwick, fair
With rising buildings, Coventry's tall spires,

Magnificent in ruin Kenelworth!
And still more distant scenes, with legends strange,
And smoky arts, taught in the dusky schools
Of Tubal's sons, attentive let us scan,
And all their charms and mysteries explore.

First view, but cautious, the vast precipice;
Left, startled at the giddy height, thy sense
Swimming forsake thee, and thy trembling limbs,
Unnerv'd and fault'ring, threaten dang'rous lapse.
Along th' indented bank, the forest tribes,
The thin-leav'd ash, dark oak, and glossy beech,
Of polish'd rind, their branching boughs extend,
With blended tints, and amicable strife,
Forming a checker'd shade. Below, the lawns,
With spacious sweep, and wild declivity,
To yellow plains their sloping verdure join.

There, white with flocks, and, in her num'rous
herds

Exulting, Chadfunt's * pastures, large and fair,
Salute the sight, and witness to the same
Of Lichfield's mitred saint †. The furzy heaths
Succeed, close refuge of the tim'rous hare,
Or prowling fox, but refuge insecure!
From their dark covert oft the hunter train
Rouse them unwilling, and o'er hill and dale
With wild tumultuous joy their steps pursue.
Just vengeance on the midnight thief! and life
With life aton'd! But that poor, trembling wretch!
"Who doubts if now she lives," what hath she
done;

Guiltless of blood, and impotent of wrong?
How num'rous, how insatiate yet her foes!
Ev'n in these thickets, where she vainly sought
A safe retreat from man's unfeeling race,
The busy hound, to blood and slaughter train'd,
Snuffs her sweet vapour, and to murd'rous rage,
By madd'ning sounds impell'd, in her close seat
With fury tears her, and her corse devours;
Or scares her o'er the fields, and by the scent,
With keen desire of reeking gore inflam'd,
Loud-bellowing tortures her with dreadful cries.
Nor more secure her path! Man even there,
Watching with foul intent her secret haunts,
Plants instruments of death, and round her neck
The fatal snare entwines. Thus innocence,
In human things, by wily fraud ensnar'd,
Oft helpless falls, while the bold plund'rer 'scapes.
Next the wide champaign, and the cheerful downs
Claim notice; chiefly thine, O Chesterton ‡!
Pre-eminent. Nor 'scape the roving eye
Thy solemn wood, and Roman vestiges,
Encampment green, or military road!
Amusive to the grave, historic mind.
Thee || Tachbroke joins with venerable shade.
Nor distant far, in Saxon annals fam'd,
The rural court § of Offa, Mercian king!
Where, sever'd from its trunk, low lies the head
Of brave Fermundus, slain by coward hands,
As on the turf supine in sleep he lay,
Nor wist it sleep from which to wake no more!

* The seat of James Newsum Craggs, Esq.

† St. Chad.

‡ A seat of the Right Honourable Lord Willoughby de Broke, so called from its being a Roman station on the Foss-Way.

|| A seat of Sir Walter Bagot, Bart.

§ Offchurch, the seat of Whitwick Knightley, Esq.

Now Warwick claims the song; supremely fair
In this fair realm; conspicuous rais'd to view
On the firm rock, a beauteous eminence,
For health, and pleasure form'd. Full to the south
A stately range of high, embattled walls
And lofty tow'rs, and precipices vast,
* Its guardian worth, and ancient pomp confess.
† The northern hills, where superstition long
Her gloomy rites maintain'd, a tranquil scene
Of gentler arts, and pleasures more refin'd
Displays. Lawns, parks, and meadows fair,
And groves around their mingled graces join,
And Avon pours his tributary stream.

‡ On thee contending kings their bounty pour'd,
And call'd the favour'd city by their names.
|| Thy worth the Romans publish'd, when to thee
Their legions they consign'd. Thee Ethelflede §,
Thy guardian fair! with royal grace restor'd,
When pagan foes had raz'd thy goodly streets.
A monarch's care, those walls ¶ to learning rais'd,
** These an asylum to declining age
A Leicester's love proclaim Nor pass unsung
The train of gallant chiefs, by thy lov'd name
Distinguish'd, and by deeds of high renown
Gracing the lofty title. †† Arthgal first,
And brave Morvidus, fam'd in druid song,
And British annals. Fair Felicia's fire,
Rohand! and with her join'd in wedded love,
Immortal Guy! who near Wintonia's walls
With that gigantic braggard Colebrand hight!
For a long summer's day sole fight maintain'd.
But huge gigantic size, and braggart oaths,
And sword, or massy club dismay'd thee not.
Thy skill the stroke eluded, or thy shield
Harmless receiv'd, while on his batter'd sides
Fell thick thy galling blows, till from his hands
Down dropp'd the pond'rous weapon, and himself
Prostrate, to thy keen blade his grisly head
Reluctant yielded. Lamentations loud,
And shouts victorious, in strange concert join'd,
Proclaim the champion's fall. Thee Athelstan
His great deliverer owns, and meditates
With honours fair, and festive pomp to crown.
But other meed thy thoughtful mind employ'd,
Intent in heav'nly solitude to spend
The precious eve of life. Yet shall the muse
Thy deed record, and on her patriot list
Enrol thy name, though many a Saxon chief
She leaves unsung. A Norman race succeeds,
To thee, fair town ††! by charitable deeds,
And pious gifts endear'd. The Beauchamps too
Thou claim'st, for arms and courtly manners fam'd!

* The Castle.

† The Priory, now the seat of Henry Wise, Esq.

‡ Called Caer-Leon from Guth-Leon, also Caer-Gwair, or Guaric, from Gwar, two British kings. Its present name is said to be taken from Warremund, a Saxon.

|| It was the Praesidium of the Romans.

§ She rebuilt it when it had been destroyed by the Danes.

¶ The Free-School.

** The Hospital.

†† The first Earl of Warwick, and one of the knights of King Arthur's round table.

‡‡ Henry de Novo Burgo, the first Norman Earl, founded the priory at Warwick, and Roger his son built and endowed the church of St. Mary.

* Him chief, whom three imperial Henrys crown'd
With envied honours. Mirror fair was he
Of valour, and of knightly feats achiev'd
In tilt and tournament. Thee † Nevil boasts
For bold exploits renown'd, with civil strife
When Britain's bleeding realm her weakness
mourn'd,

And half her nobles in the contest slain
Of York and Lancaster. He, sworn to both,
As int'rest tempted, or resentment fir'd,
To Henry now, and now to Edward join'd,
His pow'rful aid; now both to empire rais'd,
Now from their summit pluck'd, till in the strife
By Edward's conquering arms at length he fell.
Thou, ‡ Clarence, next, and next thy hapless son,
The last § Plantagenet awhile appears
To dignify the list; both sacrific'd
To barb'rous policy! Proud || Dudley now
From Edward's hand the bright distinction bore,
But soon to Mary paid his forfeit head,
And in his fate a wretched race involv'd:
Thee chief, thee wept by ev'ry gentle muse,
Fair ¶ Jane! untimely doom'd to bloody death,
For treason not thy own. To ** Rich's line
Was then transferr'd th' illustrious name, to thine
O †† Greville! last. Late may it there remain!
With promise fair, as now, (more fair what heart
Parental craves)? of long, transmissive worth,
Proud Warwick's name, with growing fame to
grace,

And crown, with lasting joy, her castled hill.
Hail, stately pile; fit mansion for the great!
Worthy the lofty title; Worthy him ††,
To Beauchamp's gallant race allied! the friend
Of gentle Sidney! to whose long desert,
In royal councils prov'd, his sov'reign's gift

* Richard Earl of Warwick, in the reigns of King Henry IV. V. and VI. was Governor of Calais, and Lieutenant-General of France. He founded the Lady's Chapel, and lies interr'd there under a very magnificent monument.

† Called Make-King. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.

‡ He married the Earl of Warwick's daughter, and was put to death by his brother Edward IV.

§ Beheaded in the Tower by Henry VII. under a pretence of favouring the escape of Peter Warbeck.

|| Made Earl of Warwick by Edward VI. and afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

¶ Lady Jane Grey, married to a son of the Earl of Warwick.

** Robert Lord Rich, created Earl of Warwick by James I.

†† Greville Lord Brook, first created Earl Brook of Warwick Castle, and afterwards Earl of Warwick, by King George II.

‡‡ Sir Fulke Greville, made Baron Brook of Beauchamp's-court by James I., had the Castle of Warwick, then in a ruinous condition, granted to him; upon which he laid out 20,000*l*. He lies buried in a neat octagon building, on the north side of the chancel at Warwick, under a fine marble monument, on which is the following very significant, laconic inscription:

"TROPHOEVM PECCATI!"

"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

VOL. XI.

Consign'd the lofty structure: Worthy he!
The lofty structure's splendour to restore.

Nor less intent, who now by lineal right,
His place sustains, with reparations bold,
And well-attemper'd dignity to grace
Th' embattled walls. Nor spares his gen'rous
mind

The cost of rural work, plantation large,
Forest, or fragrant shrub; or shelter'd walks,
Or ample verdant lawns, where the sleek deer
Sport on the brink of Avon's flood, or graze
Beneath the rising walls; magnificence
With grace uniting, and enlarg'd delight
Of prospect fair, and nature's smiling scenes!

Still is the colouring faint. O! could my verse,
Like their * Louisa's pencil'd shades describe
The tow'rs, the woods, the lawns, the winding
stream,

Fair like her form, and like her birth sublime!
Not Windsor's royal scenes by Denham sung,
Or that more tuneful bard on Twick'nam's shore
Should boast a loftier strain, but in my verse
Their fame should live, as lives proportion'd true,
Their beauteous image in her graven lines.

Transporting theme! on which I still could waste
The ling'ring hours, and still protract the song
With new delight: but thy example, Guy!
Calls me from scenes of pomp and earthly pride,
To muse with thee in thy sequester'd cell †.

Here the calm scene lulls the tumultuous breast
To sweet composure. Here the gliding stream,
That winds its wat'ry path in many a maze,
As loth to leave th' enchanted spot, invites
To moralize on fleeting time, and life,
With all its treach'rous sweets and fading joys,
In emblem shown, by many a short-liv'd flow'r,
That on its margin smiles, and smiling falls
To join its parent earth. Here let me delve,
Near thine, my chamber in the peaceful rock,
And think no more of gilded palaces,
And luxury of sense. From the till'd glebe,
Or ever-teeming brook, my frugal meal
I'll gain, and slake my thirst at yonder spring.
Like thee, I'll climb the steep, and mark the scene
How fair! how passing fair! in grateful strains
Singing the praises of creative love.

Like thee, I'll tend the call of matin bell ‡
To early orisons, and latest tune

My evening song to that more wond'rous love,
Which sav'd us from the grand apostate's wiles,
And righteous vengeance of Almighty ire,
Justly incens'd. O pow'r of grace divine!
When mercy met with truth, with justice, peace.
Thou, holy hermit! in this league secure,
Did'st wait death's vanquish'd spectre as a friend,
To change thy mortal coil for heav'nly bliss.

Next, Kenelworth! thy fame invites the song.
Assemblage sweet of social, and serene!
But chiefly two fair streets, in adverse rows,
Their lengthen'd fronts extend, reflecting each
Beauty on each reciprocal. Between

* The Right Hon. Lady Louisa Greville, daughter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick.

† Called Guy's Cliff, the seat of the Right Hon. Lady Mary Greatheed.

‡ Here was anciently an oratory, where tradition says Guy spent the latter part of his life in devotional exercises.

X x

A verdant valley, slop'd from either side,
Forms the mid space, where gently-gliding flows
A crystal stream, beneath the mould'ring base
Of an old abbey's venerable walls.
Still further in the vale her castle lifts
Its stately tow'rs, and tott'ring battlements,
Drest with the rampant ivy's uncheck'd growth
Luxuriant. Here let us pause a while,
To read the melancholy tale of pomp
Laid low in dust, and from historic page,
Compose its epitaph. Hail, * Clinton! hail!
Thy Norman founder still yon neighb'ring †
green,
And massy walls, with style ‡ Imperial grac'd,
Record. The § Montforts thee with hardy deeds,
And memorable siege by || Henry's arms,
And senatorial acts, that bear thy name
Distinguish. Thee the bold Lancastrian ¶ line,
A royal train! from valiant Gaunt deriv'd,
Grace with new lustre; till Eliza's hand
Transferr'd thy walls to Leicester's ** favour'd earl.
He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden queen,
And all her courtly guests, with rare device
Of mask, and emblematic scenery,
Tritons, and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle,
Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, joust, or tilt
Of harness'd knights, nor rustic revelry
Were wanting; nor the dance and sprightly mirth
Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,
And choicest lux'ry serv'd. But regal state
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
Are now no more. No more assembled crowds
At the stern porter's lodge admittance crave.
No more, with plaint, or suit importunate,
The thronged lobby echoes, nor with staff
Or gaudy badge, the busy pursuivants
Lead to wish'd audience. All, alas! is gone,
And silence keeps her melancholy court
Throughout the walls; save, where in rooms of
state,
Kings once repos'd! chatter the wrangling daws,
Or screechowls hoot along the vaulted isles.
No more the trumpet calls the martial band,
With sprightly summons to the guarded lists;
Nor lofty galleries their pride disclose
Of beauteous nymphs in courtly pomp attir'd,
Watching, with trembling hearts, the doubtful
strife,
And with their looks inspiring wond'rous deeds.
No more the lake displays its pageant shows,
And emblematic forms. Alike the lake,
And all its emblematic forms are flown,
And in their place mute flocks and heifers graze,

* Geoffrey de Clinton, who built both the Castle, and the adjoining Monastery, Temp. Hen. I.

† Clinton Green.

‡ Caesar's Tower.

§ The Montforts, Earls of Leicester, of which Simon de Montfort, and his son Henry, were killed at the battle of Evesham.

|| Henry III. who besieged this Castle, and called a convention here, which passed an act for redeeming forfeited estates, called *Dictum de Kenilworth*.

¶ From whom a part of this structure is called *Lancaster's Buildings*.

** Granted by Queen Elizabeth to Dudley Earl of Leicester.

Or buxom damsels ted the new-mown hay.

What art thou, grandeur! with thy flatt'ring train

Of pompous lies, and boastful promises?
Where are they now, and what's their mighty sum?
All, all are vanish'd! like the fleeting forms
Drawn in an evening cloud. Nought now remains,
Save these sad relics of departed pomp,
These spoils of time, a monumental pile!
Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
And warns them not to trust to fleeting dreams.

These too, though boasting not a royal train,
The muse, O * Balsal! in her faithful page
Shall celebrate: for long beneath thy roof
A band of warriors bold, of high renown,
To martial deeds, and hazardous emprise
Sworn, for defence of Salem's sacred walls,
From Paynim foes, and holy pilgrimage.
Now other guests thou entertain'st,
A female band, by female charity
Sustain'd. Thee, † Wrexal! too, in fame ally'd,
Seat of the poet's, and the muse's friend!
My verse shall sing, with thy long-exil'd knight,
To these brown thickets, and his mournful mate,
By Leonard's pray'rs, from distant servitude,
Invisibly convey'd. Yet doubted she
His speech, and alter'd form, and better proof
Impatient urg'd. (So Ithaca's chaste queen
Her much-wish'd lord, by twice ten absent years
And wise Minerva's guardian care disguis'd
Acknowledg'd not: so, with suspended faith,
His bridal claim repress'd.) Straight he displays
Part of the nuptial ring between them shar'd,
When in the bold crusade his shield he bore.
The twin memorial of their plighted love
Within her faithful bosom she retain'd.
Quick from its shrine the hallow'd pledge she drew,
To match it with its mate, when, strange to tell!
No sooner had the separated curves
Approach'd each other, but, with sudden spring,
They join'd again, and the small circle clos'd.
So they, long sever'd, met in close embrace.
At length, O Coventry! thy neigh'ring fields,
And fair surrounding villas we attend,
That views with lasting joy thy green domains,
‡ Allestly, and || Whitley's pastures, § Stivichale,
And ¶ Bagington's fair walls, and ** Stonely! thine,
And †† Combe's majestic pile, both boasting once,
Monastic pomp, still equal in renown!
And, as their kindred fortunes they compare,
Applauding more the present, than the past.
Ev'n now the pencil'd sheets, unroll'd, display

* Formerly a seat of the Knights Templars, now an Alms-house for poor widows, founded by the Lady Katharine Levison, a descendent of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

† The seat of Christopher Wren, Esq. once a nunnery, dedicated to St. Leonard.—See Dugdale's *Antiquities*.

‡ The seat of M. Neale, Esq.

|| The seat of Ed. Borwater, Esq. now belonging to Francis Wheeler, Esq.

§ The seat of Arthur Gregory, Esq. commanding a pleasant view of Coventry park, &c.

¶ The seat of William Bromley, Esq. one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Warwick.

** The seat of the Right Hon. Lord Leigh.

†† The seat of the Right Hon. Lord Craven.

More sprightly charms of beauteous lawn, and
grove,

And sweetly-wandering paths, and ambient stream,
To cheer with lasting flow th' enamell'd scene,
And themes of song for future bards prepare.

Fair city! thus environ'd! and thyself
For royal grants, and filken arts renown'd!
To thee the docile youth repair, and learn,
With sidelong glance, and nimble stroke to ply
The flitting shuttle, while their active feet,
In mystic movements, press the subtle stops
Of the loom's complicated frame, contriv'd, [art,
From the loose thread, to form, with wond'rous
A texture close, inwrought with choice device
Of flow'r, or foliage gay, to the rich stuff,
Or silky web, imparting fairer worth.
Nor shall the muse, in her descriptive song,
Neglect from dark oblivion to preserve
Thy mould'ring * crosses, with ornament profuse
Of pinnacles, and niches, proudly rais'd,
Height above height, a sculptur'd chronicle!
Less lasting than the monumental verse.
Nor scornful will she flout thy cavalcade,
Made yearly to Godiva's deathless praise,
While gaping crowds around her pageant throng,
With prying look, and stupid wonderment.
Not so the muse! who, with her virtue fir'd,
And love of thy renown, in notes as chaste
As her fair purpose, from memorials dark,
Shall, to the list'ning ear, her tale explain.

When † Edward, last of Egbert's royal race,
O'er sev'n united realms the sceptre sway'd,
Proud Leofric, with trust of sov'reign pow'r,
The subject Mercians rul'd. His lofty state
The loveliest of her sex! a noble dame
Of Thorald's ancient line, Godiva shar'd.
But pageant pomp charm'd not her saintly mind.
Like virtuous deeds, and care of others weal.
Such tender passions in his haughty breast
He cherish'd not, but with despotic sway,
Controul'd his vassal tribes, and, from their toil,
His luxury maintain'd. Godiva saw
Their plaintive looks; with grief she saw thy sons,
O Coventry! by tyrant laws oppress'd,
And urg'd her haughty lord, but urg'd in vain!
With patriot-rule, thy drooping arts to cheer.
Yet, though forbidden e'er again to move
In what so much his lofty state concern'd,
Not so from thought of charitable deed
Desisted she, but amiably perverse
Her hopeless suit renew'd. Bold was th' attempt!
Yet not more bold than fair, if pitying sighs
Be fair, and charity which knows no bounds.
What had'st thou then to fear from wrath inflam'd
At such transcendent guilt, rebellion join'd
With female weakness, and officious zeal?
So thy stern lord might call the gen'rous deed;
Perhaps might punish as befitted deed
So call'd, if love restrain'd not: yet though love
O'er anger triumph'd, and imperious rule,
Not o'er his pride; which better to maintain,
His answer thus he artfully return'd.

Why will the lovely partner of my joys,
Forbidden, thus her wild petition urge?

Think not my breast is steel'd against the claims
Of sweet humanity. Think not I hear
Regardless thy request. If piety,
Or other motive, with mistaken zeal,
Call'd to thy aid, pierc'd not my stubborn frame,
Yet to the pleader's worth, and modest charms,
Wou'd my fond love no trivial gift impart.
But pomp and fame forbid. That vassalage,
Which, thoughtless, thou wou'dst tempt me to
dissolve,

Exalts our splendour, and augments my pow'r.
With tender bosoms form'd, and yielding hearts,
Your sex soon melts at sights of vulgar woe;
Heedless how glory fires the manly breast
With love of rank sublime. This principle
In female minds a feeble empire holds,
Opposing less the specious arguments
For milder rule, and freedom's popular theme.
But plant some gentler passion in its room,
Some virtuous instinct suited to your make,
As glory is to ours, alike requir'd
A ransom for the vulgar's vassal state,
Then wou'dst thou soon the strong contention own,
And justify my conduct. Thou art fair,
And chaste as fair; with nicest sense of shame,
And sanctity of thought. Thy bosom thou
Did'st ne'er expose to shameless dalliance
Of wanton eyes; nor, ill-concealing it
Beneath the treach'rous cov'ring, tempt aside
The secret glance, with meditated fraud.
Go now, and lay thy modest garments by:
In naked beauty, mount thy milk-white steed,
And through the streets, in face of open day,
And gazing slaves, their fair deliv'rer ride:
Then will I own thy pity was sincere,
Applaud thy virtue, and confirm thy suit.
But if thou lik'st not such ungentle terms,
And sure thy soul the guilty thought abhors!
Know then, that Leofric, like thee, can feel,
Like thee, may pity, while he seems severe,
And urge thy suit no more. His speech he clos'd,
And, with strange oaths, confirm'd the sad decree.

Again, within Godiva's gentle breast
New tumults rose. At length her female fears
Gave way, and sweet humanity prevail'd.
Reluctant, but resolv'd, the matchless fair
Gives all her naked beauty to the sun:
Then mounts her milk-white steed, and, through
the streets,
Rides fearless; her dishevell'd hair a veil!
That o'er her beauteous limbs luxuriant flow'd,
Nurs'd long by fate for this important day!
Prostrate to earth th' astonish'd vassals bow,
Or to their inmost privacies retire.
All, but one prying slave! who fondly hop'd,
With venial curiosity, to gaze
On such a wond'rous dame. But foul disgrace
O'ertook the bold offender, and he stands,
By just decree, a spectacle abhorr'd,
And lasting monument of swift revenge
For thoughts impure, and beauty's injur'd charms.
Ye guardians of her rights, so nobly won!
Cherish the muse, who first in modern strains
Essay'd to sing your lovely * patriot's fame,

* Built by Sir William Hollies, Lord Mayor of
London, in the reign of King Henry VIII.

† Edward the Confessor.

* See Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*.

It is pleasant enough to observe, with what gravity
the above-mentioned learned writer dwells on the praises

Anxious to rescue from oblivious time
Such matchless virtue, her heroic deed
Illustrate, and your gay procession grace.

BOOK III.
AFTERNOON.

ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon. Metaphysical subtleties exploded. Philosophical account of vision, and optic glasses. Objects of sight not sufficiently regarded on account of their being common. Story relative thereto. Return to the mid-scene. Solihul. School-scene. Bremicham. Its manufactures. Coal-mines. Iron-ore. Process of it. Panegyric upon iron.

AGAIN, the muse her airy flight essays.
Will Villers, skill'd alike in classic song,
Or, with a critic's eye, to trace the charms
Of nature's beauteous scenes, attend the lay?
Will he, accusom'd to soft Latian climes,
As to their softer numbers, deign a while
To quit the Mantuan bard's harmonious strain,
By sweet attraction of the theme allur'd?
The Latian poet's song is still the same.
Not so the Latian fields. The Gentle arts
That made those fields so fair, when Gothic rule,
And superstition, with her bigot train,
Fixt there their gloomy seat, to this fair isle
Retir'd, with freedom's gen'rous sons to dwell,
To grace her cities, and her smiling plains
With plenty clothe, and crown the rural toil.

Nor hath he found, throughout those spacious
realms

Where Albis flows, and Ister's stately flood,
More verdant meads, or more superb remains
Of old magnificence, than his own fields
Display, where * Clinton's venerable walls
In ruin, still their ancient grandeur tell.

Requires there aught of learning's pompous aid
To prove that all this outward frame of things
Is what it seems, not unsubstantial air,
Ideal vision, or a waking dream,
Without existence, save what fancy gives?
Shall we, because we strive in vain to tell
How matter acts on incorporeal mind,
Or how, when sleep has lock'd up ev'ry sense,
Or fevers rage, imagination paints
Unreal scenes, reject what sober sense,
And calmest thought attest? Shall we confound

of this renowned lady. "And now, before I proceed," says he, "I have a word more to say of the noble Countess Godeva, which is, that besides her devout advancement of that pious work of his, i. e. her husband L. ofric, in this magnificent monastery, viz. of monks at Coventry, she gave her whole treasure thereto, and sent for skilful goldsmiths, who, with all the gold and silver she had, made crosses, images of saints, and other curious ornaments." Which passages may serve as a specimen of the devotion and patriotism of those times.

* The magnificent ruins of Kenelworth Castle, built by Geofrey de Clinton, and more particularly described in the preceding book, belong to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, many years resident in Italy, and Envoy to most of the Courts in Germany.

States wholly diff'rent? Sleep with wakeful life?
Disease with health? This were to quit the day,
And seek our path at midnight. To renounce
Man's surest evidence, and idolize
Imagination. Hence then banish we

These metaphysic subtleties, and mark
The curious structure of these visual orbs,
The windows of the mind; substance how clear,
Aqueous, or crystalline! through which the soul,
As through a glass, all outward things surveys.

See, while the sun gilds, with his golden beam,
Yon distant pile, which Hyde, with care refin'd,
From plunder guards, its form how beautiful!
Anon some cloud his radiance intercepts,
And all the splendid object fades away.

Or, if some incrustation o'er the sight
Its baleful texture spread, like a clear lens,
With filth obscur'd! no more the sensory,
Through the thick film, imbibes the cheerful
day,

'But cloud instead, and ever-during night
Surround it.' So, when on some weighty truth
A beam of heav'nly light its lustre sheds,
To reason's eye it looks supremely fair.
But if foul passion, or distemper'd pride,
Impede its search, or phrenzy seize the brain,
Then ignorance a gloomy darkness spreads,
Or superstition, with misshapen forms,
Erects its savage empire in the mind.

The vulgar race of men, like herds that graze,
On instinct live, not knowing how they live;
While reason sleeps, or waking stoops to sense.
But sage philosophy explores the cause
Of each phenomenon of sight, or sound,
Taste, touch, or smell; each organ's inmost frame,
And correspondence with external things:
Explains how diff'rent texture of their parts
Excites sensations diff'rent, rough, or smooth,
Bitter, or sweet, fragrance, or noisome scent:
How various streams of undulating air,
Through the ear's winding labyrinth convey'd,
Cause all the vast variety of sounds.

Hence too the subtle properties of light,
And sev'n-fold colour are distinctly view'd
In the prismatic glass, and outward forms
Shown fairly drawn, in miniature divine,
On the transparent eye's membranous cell.
By combination hence of diff'rent orbs,
Convex, or concave, through their crystal pores,
Transmitting variously the solar ray,
With line oblique, the telescopic tube
Reveals the wonders of the starry sphere,
Worlds above worlds; or, in a single grain,
Or wat'ry drop, the penetrative eye
Discerns innumerable inhabitants
Of perfect structure, imperceptible
To naked view. Hence each defect of sense
Obtains relief; hence to the palsi'd ear
New impulse, vision new to languid sight,
Surprise to both, and youthful joys restor'd!

Cheap is the bliss we never knew to want!
So graceless spendthrifts waste unthankfully
Those sums, which merit often seeks in vain,
And poverty wou'd kneel to call its own.
So objects, hourly seen, unheeded pass,
At which the new-created sight would gaze
With exquisite delight. Doubt ye this truth?
A tale shall place it fairer to your view.

A youth * there was, a youth of lib'ral mind,
And fair proportion in each lineament
Of outward form: but dim suffusion veil'd
His sightless orbs, which roll'd, and roll'd in vain
To find the blaze of day. From infancy,
Till full maturity glow'd on his cheek,
The long, long night its gloomy empire held,
And mock'd each gentle effort, lotions,
Or cataplasms, by parental hands,
With fruitless care employ'd. At length a leech,
Of skill profound, well-vers'd in optic lore,
An arduous task devis'd aside to draw
The veil, which, like a cloud, hung o'er his sight,
And ope a lucid passage to the sun.
Instant the youth the promis'd blessing craves.
But first his parents, with uplifted hands,
The healing pow'rs invoke, and pitying friends
With sympathizing heart, the rites prepare:
'Mongst these, who well deserv'd the important
trust,

A gentle maid there was, that long had wail'd
His hapless fate. Full many a tedious hour
Had she, with converse, and instructive song,
Beguil'd. Full many a step darkling her arm
Sustain'd him; and, as they their youthful days
In friendly deeds, and mutual intercourse
Of sweet endearment pass'd, love in each breast
His empire fix'd; in hers with pity join'd,
In his with gratitude, and deep regard. [film]

The friendly wound was giv'n; th' obstraining
Drawn artfully aside; and, on his sight
Burst the full tide of day. Surpris'd he stood,
Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw!
The skilful artist, first as first in place
He view'd, then seiz'd his hand, then felt his own,
Then mark'd their near resemblance, much perplex'd,

And still the more perplex'd, the more he saw.

Now silence first th' impatient mother broke,
And, as her eager looks on him she bent, [gaz'd
"My son," she cried, "My son!" On her he
With fresh surprise. And, what? he cried, art
thou

My mother? for thy voice bespeaks thee such,
Though to my sight unknown. Thy mother I!
She quick reply'd, thy sister, brother these—
O! 'tis too much, he said; too soon to part,
Ere well we meet! But this new flood of day
O'erpow'rs me, and I fell a death-like damp
Chill all my frame, and stop my fault'ring tongue.

Now Lydia, so they call'd his gentle friend,
Who, with averted eye, but in her soul,
Had felt the lancing steel, her aid apply'd,
And stay, dear youth, she said, or with thee take
Thy Lydia, thine alike in life, or death.

At Lydia's name, at Lydia's well known voice,
He strove again to raise his drooping head,
And ope his closing eye, but strove in vain,
And on her trembling bosom sunk away.

Now other fears distract his weeping friends.
But short this grief! for soon his life return'd,
And, with return of life, return'd their peace.
Yet, for his safety, they resolve a while
His infant sense from days bright beams to guard,
Ere yet again they tempt such dang'rous joy.

* For the general subject of the following story, see
the Tatler, No. 55. and Smith's Optics.

As, when from some transporting dream awak'd
We fondly on the sweet delusion dwell,
And, with intense reflection, to our minds
Picture th' enchanted scene—angelic forms—
Converse sublime—and more than waking bliss!
Till the coy vision, as the more we strive
To paint it livelier on th' enraptur'd sense,
Still fainter grows, and dies at last away:
So dwelt the youth on his late transient joy,
So long'd the dear remembrance to renew.

At length, again the wish'd-for day arriv'd.
The task was Lydia's! hers the charge, alone
From dangers new to guard the dear delight;
But first th' impatient youth she thus address'd:

Dear youth! my trembling hands but ill essay
This tender task, and, with unusual fear,
My flutt'ring heart forebodes some danger nigh.

Dismiss thy fears, he cried, nor think so ill
I con thy lessons, as still need be taught
To hail, with caution, the new-coming day.
Then loose these envious folds, and teach my sight,
If more can be, to make thee more belov'd.

Ah! there's my grief, she cried: 'tis true our
hearts

With mutual passion burn, but then 'tis true
Thou ne'er hast known me by that subtle sense
Through which love most an easy passage finds;
That sense! which soon may show thee many a
maid

Fairer than Lydia, though more faithful none.
And may she not cease then to be belov'd?
May she not then, when less thou need'st her care,
Give place to some new charmer? 'Tis for this
I sigh; for this my sad foreboding fears
New terrors form. And can'st thou then, he cried,
Want aught that might endear thee to my soul?
Art thou not excellence? Art thou not all
That man cou'd wish? Goodness, and gentlest love?
Can I forget thy long assiduous care?

Thy morning-tendance, surest mark to me
Of day's return, of night thy late adieu?
Do I need aught to make my blest complete,
When thou art by me? when I press thy hand?
When I breath fragrance at thy near approach;
And hear the sweetest music in thy voice?
Can that, which to each other sense is dear,
So wond'rous dear, be otherwise to fight?
Or can fight make, what is to reason good,
And lovely, seem less lovely, and less good?
Perish the sense, that wou'd make Lydia such!
Perish its joys, those joys however great!
If to be purchas'd with the loss of thee.

O my dear Lydia! if there be indeed
The danger thou report'st, O! by our love,
Our mutual love, I charge thee, ne'er unbind
These hapless orbs, or tear them from their seat,
Ere they betray me thus to worse than death.

No, Heav'n forbid! she cried, for Heav'n hath
heard

Thy parents pray'rs, and many a friend now waits
To mingle looks of cordial love with thine.
And shou'd I rob them of the sacred bliss?
Shou'd I deprive thee of the rapt'rous sight?
No! be thou happy; happy be thy friends;
Whatever fate attend thy Lydia's love;
Thy hapless Lydia! Hapless did I say?
Ah! wherefore? wherefore wrong I thus thy
worth?

Why doubt the well-known truth, and constant mind?

No, happiest she of all the happy train,
In mutual vows, and plighted faith secure!

So saying, she the filken bandage loos'd,
Nor added further speech, prepar'd to watch
The new surprise, and guide the doubtful scene,
By silence more than tenfold night conceal'd.
When thus the youth: And is this then the
world

In which I am to live? Am I awake?

Or do I dream? Or hath some pow'r unknown,
Far from my friends, far from my native home;
Convey'd me to these radiant seats? O thou!
Inhabitant of this enlightened world!

Whose heav'nly softness far transcends his shape,
By whom this miracle was first achiev'd,
O! deign thou to instruct me where I am;
And how to name thee by true character,
Angel, or mortal! Once I had a friend,
Who, but till now, ne'er left me in distress.

Her speech was harmony, at which my heart
With transport flutter'd; and her gracious hand
Supplied me with whatever my wish could form;
Supply, and transport ne'er so wish'd before!
Never, when wanted, yet, so long denied!

Why is she silent now, when most I long
To hear her heavenly voice? why flies she not
With more than usual speed to crown my bliss?
Ah! did I leave her in that darksome world?
Or rather dwells she not in these bright realms,
Companion fit for such fair forms as thine?

O! teach me, if thou canst, how I may find
This gentle counsellor; when found, how know
By this new sense, which, better still to rate
Her worth, I chiefly wish'd. This lovely form
Replied, In me behold that gentle friend,
If still thou own'st me such. O! yes, 'tis she,
He cried; 'tis Lydia! 'tis her charming voice!
O! speak again; O! let me press thy hand:
On these I can rely. This new-born sense
May cheat me. Yet so much I prize thy form,
I willingly would think it tells me true—

Ha! what are these? Are they not they of
whom

Thou warn'dst me? Yes—true—they are beautiful.
But have they lov'd like thee, like thee convers'd?
They move not as we move, they bear no part
In my new bliss. And yet methinks in one,
Her form I can descry, though now so calm!
Who call'd me son. Mistaken youth! she cried,
These are not what they seem; are not as we,
Not living substances, but pictur'd shapes,
Resemblances of life! by mixture form'd
Of light and shade, in sweet proportion join'd.
But hark! I hear, without, thy longing friends,
Who wait my summons, and reprove my stay.

To thy direction, cried th' enraptur'd youth,
To thy direction I commit my steps.
Lead on, be thou my guide, as late, so now,
In this new world, and teach me how to use
This wond'rous faculty; which thus, so soon
Mocks me with phantoms. Yet enough for me!
That all my past experience joins with this
To tell me I am happier than I know.

To tell me thou art Lydia! From whose side
I never more will part! with whom compar'd,

All others of her sex, however fair,
Shall be like painted unsubstantial forms.

So when the soul, inflam'd with strong desire
Of purer bliss, its earthly mansion leaves,
Perhaps some friendly genius, wont to steer
With ministerial charge, his dang'rous steps;
Perhaps some gentle partner of his toil,
More early blest, in radiant lustre clad,
And form celestial, meets his dazzled sight; [air,
And guides his way, through trackless fields of
To join, with rapt'rous joy, th' ethereal train.

Now to the midland search the muse returns.
For more, and still more busy scenes remain;
The promis'd schools of wise artificers
In brass and iron. But another school
Of gentler arts demands the muse's song,
Where first she learn'd to scan the measur'd verse,
And awkwardly her infant notes essay'd.

Hail, Solihul! respectful I salute
Thy walls; more awful once! when, from the
sweets

Of festive freedom, and domestic ease,
With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline
Of pedagogue morose I sad return'd.
But though no more his brow severe, nor dread
Of birchen sceptre awes my riper age,
A sterner tyrant rises to my view,
With deadlier weapon arm'd. Ah! critic! spare,
O! spare the muse, who feels her youthful fears
On thee transferr'd, and trembles at thy lash.
Against the venal tribe, that prostitutes
The tuneful art, to sooth the villain's breast,
To blazon fools, or feed the pamper'd lust
Of bloated vanity; against the tribe
Which casts its wanton jests at holy truths,
Or clothes, with virtue's garb, th' accursed train
Of loathsome vices, lift thy vengeful arm,
And ail thy just severity exert.

Enough to venial faults, and hapless want
Of animated numbers, such as breathe
The soul of epic song, hath erst been paid
Within these walls, still stain'd with infant blood.

Yet may I not forget the pious care
Of love parental, anxious to improve
My youthful mind. Nor yet the debt disown
Due to severe restraint, and rigid laws,
The wholesome curb of passion's headstrong reign.
To them I owe that ere with painful toil,
Through Priscian's crabbed rules, laborious task!
I held my course, till the dull tiresome road
Plac'd me on classic ground, that well repaid
The labours of the way. To them I owe
The pleasing knowledge of my youthful mates
Matur'd in age and honours. These among,
I gratefully whom Augusta's senate hails
Father! and, in each charge and high employ,
Found worthy all her love, with amplest trust,
And dignity invests. And well I ween,
Her tribunitial power, and purple pomp
On thee confers, in living manners school'd
To guard her weal, and vindicate her rights,
O Ladbroke! once in the same fortunes class'd
Of early life; with count'nance unestrang'd,
For ev'ry friendly deed still vacant found!

Nor can the muse, while she these scenes sur-
veys,
Forget her Sheffstone, in the youthful toil

Affociate; whose bright dawn of genius oft
Smooth'd my incondite verse; whose friendly
voice

Call'd me from giddy sports to follow him
Intent on better themes—call'd me to taste
The charms of British song, the pictur'd page
Admire, or mark his imitative skill;
Or with him range in solitary shades,
And scoop rude grottos in the shelving bank.
Such were the joys that cheer'd life's early morn!
Such the strong sympathy of soul, that knit
Our hearts congenial in sweet amity!
On Cherwel's banks, by kindred science nurs'd;
And well matur'd in life's advancing stage,
When, on Ardena's plain, we fondly stray'd,
With mutual trust, and amicable thought;
Or in the social circle gaily join'd:
Or round his Leasowe's happy circuit rov'd;
On hill, and dale invoking ev'ry muse,
Nor Tempe's shade, nor Aganippe's fount
Envied; so willingly the dryads nurs'd
His groves; so lib'rally their crystal urns
The naiads pour'd, enchanted with their spells;
And pleas'd to see their overflowing streams
Led by his hand, in many a mazy line;
Or, in the copious tide, collected large,
Or tumbling from the rock, in sportive falls,
Now, from the lofty bank, precipitate;
And now, in gentler course, with murmurs soft
Soothing the ear; and now, in concert join'd,
Fall above fall, oblique and intricate,
Among the twisted roots. Ah! whilst I write,
In deeper murmur flows the sadd'ning stream;
Wither the groves; and from the beauteous scene,
Its soft enchantments fly. No more for me
A charm it wears, since he alas! is gone,
Whose genius plann'd it, and whose spirit grac'd.
Ah! hourly does the fatal doom pronounc'd
Against rebellious sin, some social band
Dissolve, and leave a thousand friends to weep,
Soon such themselves, as those they now lament!
This mournful tribute to thy mem'ry paid!
The muse pursues her solitary way;
But heavily pursues, since thou art gone,
Whose counsel brighten'd, and whose friendship
shar'd

The pleasing task. Now Bremicham! to thee
She steers her flight, and, in thy busy scenes,
Seeks to restrain a while the starting tear.

Yet ere her song describes the smoky forge,
Or sounding anvil, to the dusky heath
Her gentle train she leads. What, though no
grain

Or herbage sweet, or waving woods adorn
Its dreary surface, yet it bears within
A richer treasury. So worthy minds
Oft lurk beneath a rude unsightly form,
More hapless they! that few observers search,
Studious to find this intellectual ore,
And stamp with gen'rous deed its current worth.
Here many a merchant turns adventurer,
Encourag'd, not disgusted. Interest thus,
On fordid minds, with stronger impulse works,
Than virtue's heav'nly flame. Yet Providence
Converts to gen'ral use man's selfish ends.
Hence are the hungry fed, the naked cloth'd,
The wint'ry damps dispell'd, and social mirth

Exults, and glows before the blazing hearth.

When likely signs th' advent'rous search invite,
A cunning artist tries the latent soil:
And if his subtle engine, in return,
A brittle mass contains of sable hue,
Strait he prepares th' obstructing earth to clear,
And raise the crumbling rock. A narrow pass
Once made, wide, and more wide the gloomy cave
Stretches its vaulted isles, by num'rous hands
Hourly extended. Some the pick-axe ply,
Loos'ning the quarry from its native bed,
Some waft it into light. Thus the grim ore,
Here useless, like the miser's brighter hoard,
Is from its prison brought, and sent abroad,
The frozen hours to cheer, to minister
To needful sustenance and polish'd arts.
Meanwhile the subterraneous city spreads
Its covert streets, and echoes with the noise
Of swarthy slaves, and instruments of toil.
They, such the force of custom's pow'ful laws!
Pursue their sooty labours, destitute
Of the sun's cheering light and genial warmth.
And oft a chilling damp, or unctuous mist,
Loos'd from the crumbly caverns, issues forth,
Stopping the springs of life. And oft the flood,
Diverted from its course, in torrents pours,
Drowning the nether world. To cure these ills
Philosophy two curious arts supplies,
To drain th' imprison'd air, and, in its place,
More pure convey, or, with impetuous force,
To raise the gath'ring torrents from the deep.
One from the * wind its salutary pow'r
Derives, thy charity to sick'ning crowds,
From cheerful haunts, and nature's balmy draughts
Confin'd; O friend of man, illustrious † Hales!
That, stranger still! its influence owes to air ‡,
By cold and heat alternate now condens'd,
Now rarified ||. Agent! to vulgar thought
How seeming weak, in act how pow'ful seen!
So Providence, by instruments despis'd,
All human force, and policy confounds.

But who that fiercer element can rule?
When, in the nitrous cave, the kindling flame,
By pitchy vapours fed, from cell to cell,
With fury spreads, and the wide fuell'd earth,
Around with greedy joy, receives the blaze.
By its own en'ails nourish'd, like those mounts
Vesuvian, or Aetnean, still it wastes,
And still new fuel for its rapine finds
Exhaustless. Wretched he! who journeying late,
O'er the parch'd heath, bewild'rd, seeks his way.
Oft will his snorting steed, with terror struck,
His wonted speed refuse, or start aside,
With rising smoke, and ruddy flame annoy'd.
While, at each step, his trembling rider quakes,
Appall'd with thoughts of bog, or cavern'd pit,
Or treach'rous earth, subsiding where they tread,
Tremendous passage to the realms of death!

Yet want there not ev'n here some lucid
spots
The smoky scene to cheer, and by contrast,

* The ventilator.

† Dr. Stephen Hales.

‡ The fire-engine.

|| "Densat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa
relaxat."

More fair. Such Dartmouth's cultivated * lawns!
Himself, distinguish'd more with ornament
Of cultur'd manners, and supernal light!
Such † thine, O Bridgman! such—but envious
time

Forbids the muse to these fair scenes to rove,
Still minding her of her unfinish'd theme,
From russet heaths, and smould'ring furnaces,
To trace the progress of thy steely arts,
‡ Queen of the sounding anvil! Aston ‖, thee,
And § Edgbaston, with hospitable shade,
And rural pomp invest. O! warn thy sons;
When, for a time their labours they forget,
Not to molest these peaceful solitudes.
So may the masters of the beauteous scene,
Protect thy commerce, and their toil reward.

Nor does the barren soil conceal alone
The fable rock inflammable. Oft-times
More pond'rous ore beneath its surface lies,
Compact, metallic, but with earthy parts
Incrusted. These the smoky kiln consumes,
And to the furnace's impetuous rage
Consigns the solid ore. In the fierce heat
The pure dissolves, the dross remains behind.
This push'd aside, the trickling metal flows
Through secret valves along the channel'd floor,
Where in the mazy moulds of figur'd sand,
Anon it hardens. Now the busy forge
Reiterates its blows, to form the bar
Large, massy, strong. Another art expands,
Another yet divides the yielding mass
To many a taper length, fit to receive
The artist's will, and take its destin'd form.

Soon o'er thy furrow'd pavement, Bremicham!
Ride the loose bars obitrep'rous; to the sons
Of languid sense, and frame too delicate,
Harsh noise perchance, but harmony to thine.

Instant innumerable hands prepare
To shape, and mould the malleable ore.
Their heavy sides th' inflated bellows heave,
Tugg'd by the pulley'd line, and, with their
blast

Continuous, the sleeping embers rouse,
And kindle into life. Strait the rough mass,
Plung'd in the blazing hearth, its heat contracts,
And glows transparent. Now, Cyclopean chief!
Quick on the anvil lay the burning bar,
And with thy lusty fellows, on its sides
Impress the weighty stroke. See, how they strain
The swelling nerve, and lift the sinewy ¶ arm
In measur'd time; while with their clatt'ring
blows,

From street to street the propagated sound
Increasing echoes, and, on ev'ry side,
The tortur'd metal spreads a radiant show'r.

'Tis noise, and hurry all! The thronged street,
The close-pil'd warehouse, and the busy shop!

* Sandwell, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl
of Dartmouth.

† Castle-Bromwich, the seat of Sir Henry Bridg-
man, Bart.

‡ Bremicham, alia s Birmingham.

‖ The seat of Sir Lister Holt, Bart.

§ The seat of Sir Henry Gough, Bart.

¶ Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt

"In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum."

VIRG.

With nimble stroke the tinkling hammers move;
While slow, and weighty the vast sledge descends,
In solemn bass responsive, or apart,
Or socially conjoin'd in tuneful peal.

The rough file * grates; yet useful is its touch,
As sharp corrosives to the scirrous flesh,
Or, to the stubborn temper, keen rebuke.

How the coarse metal brightens into fame
Shap'd by their plastic hands! what ornament!
What various use! See there the glitt'ring knife
Of temper'd edge! The scissars' double shaft,
Useless apart, in social union join'd,
Each aiding each! Emblem how beautiful
Of happy nuptial leagues! The button round,
Plain or imboss, or bright with steely rays!
Or oblong buckle, on the lacker'd shoe,
With polish'd lustre, bending elegant
Its shapely rim. But who can count the forms
That hourly from the glowing embers rise,
Or shine attractive through the glitt'ring pane,
And emulate their parent fires? what art
† Can, in the scanty bounds of measur'd verse,
Display the treasure of a thousand mines
To wond'rous shapes by stubborn labour wrought?

Nor this alone thy praise. Of various grains
Thy sons a compound form, and to the fire
Commit the precious mixture, if perchance
Some glitt'ring mass may bless their midnight
toil,

Or glossy varnish, or enamel fair,
To shame the pride of China or Japan.
Nor wanting is the graver's pointed steel,
Nor pencil, wand'ring o'er the polish'd plate,
With glowing tints, and mimic life endued.
Thine too, of graceful form, the letter'd type!
The friend of learning, and the poet's pride!
Without thee what avail his splendid aims,
And midnight labours? Painful drugery!
And pow'rless effort! But the thought of thee
Imprints fresh vigour on his panting breast,
As thou ere long shalt on his work impress;
And, with immortal fame, his praise repay.

Hail, native British ore! of thee possess'd,
We envy not Golconda's sparkling mines,
Nor thine, Potosi! nor thy kindred hills,
Teeming with gold. What? though in outward
form

Less fair? not less thy worth. To thee we owe
More riches than Peruvian mines can yield,
Or Montezuma's crowded magazines,
And palaces could boast, though roof'd with gold.
Splendid barbarity! and rich distress!
Without the social arts and useful toil;
That polish life, and civilize the mind!
These are thy gifts, which gold can never buy.

Thine is the praise to cultivate the soil;
To bare its inmost strata to the sun;
To break and meliorate the stiffen'd clay,
And from its close confinement, set at large
Its vegetative virtue. Thine it is

* "Tum ferri rigor, et argutæ lamina ferræ,
"Tum variæ venere artes, &c."

VIRG.

† "Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina
"quæ sint,

"Est numerus: neque enim numero compræn-
"dere refert."

VIRG.

The with'ring hay, and ripen'd grain to shear,
And waft the joyous harvest round the land.

Go now, and see, if, to the Silver's edge,
The reedy stalk will yield its bearded store,
In weighty sheafs. Or if the stubborn marle,
In sidelong rows, with easy force will rise
Before the silver plowshare's glitt'ring point.
Or wou'd your gen'rous horses tread more safe
On plated gold? Your wheels, with swifter force
On golden axles move? Then grateful own,
Britannia's sons! Heav'n's providential love,
That gave you real wealth, not wealth in show,
Whose price in bare imagination lies,
And artificial compact. Thankful ply
Your iron arts, and rule the vanquish'd world.

Hail, native ore! without thy pow'rful aid,
We still had liv'd in huts, with the green sod,
And broken branches roof'd. Thine is the plane,
The chissel thine; which shape the well-arch'd
dome,

The graceful portico; and sculptur'd walls.

Wou'd ye your coarse, unsightly mines exchange
For Mexicanian hills? to tread on gold,
As vulgar sand? with naked limbs to brave
The cold, bleak air? to urge the tedious chase,
By painful hunger stung, with artless toil,
Through gloomy forests, where the sounding axe,
To the sun's beam, ne'er op'd the cheerful glade,
Nor culture's healthful face was ever seen!
In squalid huts to lay your weary limbs,
Bleeding, and faint, and strangers to the bliss
Of home-felt ease, which British swains can earn,
With a bare spade; but ill alas! cou'd earn,
With spades of gold? Such the poor Indian's lot!
Who starves 'midst gold, like misers o'er their
bags;

Not with like guilt! Hail, native British ore!
For thine is trade, that with its various stores,
Sails round the world, and visits ev'ry clime,
And makes the treasures of each clime her own,
By gainful commerce of her woolly vests,
Wrought by the spiky comb; or steely wares,
From the coarse mafs, by stubborn toil, refin'd.
Such are thy peaceful gifts! And war to thee
Its best support, and deadliest horror owes,
The glitt'ring faulchion, and the thund'ring tube!
At whose tremendous gleam, and volley'd fire,
Barbarian kings fly from their useless hoards,
And yield them all to thy superior pow'r.

BOOK IV.

EVENING.

ARGUMENT.

EVENING walk along the hill to the N. E. point.
Scene from thence. Dasset Hills. Farnborough.
Wormleighton. Shuckburg. Leame and Ichene.
Places near those two rivers. Bennones, or
High-Cross. Foss-Way. Watling-Street. In-
land navigation. Places of note. Return. Pane-
gyric on the country. The scene moralized.
Though beautiful, yet transient. Change by
approach of winter. Of storms and pestilential
seasons. Murrain. Rot amongst the sheep.
General thoughts on the vanity and disorders of
human life. Battle of Edge-Hill. Reflections.
Conclusion.

In purple vestments clad, the temper'd sky
Invites us from our hospitable roof,
To taste her influence mild; while to the west
The jocund sun his radiant chariot drives,
With rapid course, untir'd. Ye nymphs and
swains!

Now quit the shade, and, with recruited strength,
Along the yet untrodden terrace urge
Your vig'rous steps. With moderated heat,
And ray oblique, the sun shall not o'erpow'r,
But kindly aid your yet unfinish'd search.

Not after sable night, in silence hush'd,
More welcome is th' approach of op'ning morn,
"With song of early birds," than the fresh breeze
Of soften'd air succeeding sultry heat,
And the wild tumult of the buzzing day.

Nor think, though much is past, that nought
remains,

Or nought of beauty, or attractive worth,
Save what the morning-sun, or noon-tide ray,
Hath, with his rising beam, distinctly mark'd,
Or more confus'dly, with meridian blaze,
Dazz'ling display'd imperfect. Downward he
Shall other hills illumine opposite,
And other vales as beauteous as the past;
Suggesting to the muse new argument,
And fresh instruction for her closing lay.

There Dasset's ridgy mountain courts the song.
Scarce Malvern boasts his adverse boundary
More graceful. Like the tempest-driven wave,
Irregularly great, his bare tops brave
The winds, and, on his sides, the fatt'ning ox
Crops the rich verdure. When at Hasting's field,
The Norman conqueror a kingdom won
In this fair isle, and to another race
The Saxon pow'r transferr'd; an alien * lord,
Companion of his toil! by sov'reign grant,
These airy fields obtain'd. Now the tall mount,
By claim more just, a nobler master owns;
To tyrant force, and slavish laws a foe.
But happier lands, near Ouse's reedy shore,
(What leisure ardent love of public weal
Permits his care employ; where nature's charms
With learned art combin'd; the richest domes,
And fairest lawns, adorn'd with ev'ry grace
Of beauty, or magnificent design,
By Cobham's eye approv'd, or Grenville plann'd,
The villas of imperial Rome outvie;
And form a scene of statelier pomp—a Stowe.
Her walls the living boast, these boast the dead,
Beneath their roof, in sacred dust entomb'd.
Lie light, O earth! on that illustrious Dame †,
Who, from her own prolific womb deriv'd,
To people thy green orb, successive saw
Sev'n times an hundred births. A goodlier train!
Than that, with which the patriarch journey'd erst
From Padan-Aram, to the Mamrean plains:
Or that more num'rous, which with large increase,
At Joseph's call, in wond'rous caravans,
Reviving fight! by Heaven's decree prepar'd,
He led to Goshen, Egypt's fruitful soil.
Where the tall pillar lifts its taper head,

* The Earl of Mellent.

† Dame Hester Temple, of whom this is recorded by
Fuller, in his account of Buckinghamshire, and who
lies buried, with many of that ancient family, in the
parish-church of Burton-Dasset.

Her spacious terrace, and surrounding lawns,
Deckt with no sparing cost of planted tufts,
Or ornamented building, * Farnborough boasts.
Hear they her master's call? in sturdy troops,
The jocund labourers hie, and, at his nod,
A thousand hands or smooth the flanting hill,
Or scoop new channels for the gath'ring flood,
And, in his pleasures, find substantial blifs.

Nor shall thy verdant pastures be unfung
† Wormleighton! erst th' abode of Spenser's race,
Their title now! What? though in height thou
To Dasset, not in sweet luxuriance [yield'st
Of fatt'ning herbage, or of rising groves;
Beneath whose shade the lusty steers repose
Their cumbrous limbs, mixt with the woolly tribes,
And leisurely concoct their grassy meal. [plays;

Her wood-capt summit ‡ Shuckburgh there dis-
Nor fears neglect, in her own worth secure,
And glorying in the name her master bears.
Nor will her scenes, with closer eye, survey'd,
Frustrate the searcher's toil, if steepy hills,
By frequent chasms disjoin'd, and glens profound,
And broken precipices, vast, and rude
Delight the sense; or nature's lesser works,
Though lesser, not less fair! or native stone,
Or fish, the little || Astroit's doubtful race,
For starry rays, and pencil'd shades admir'd!
Invite him to these fields, their airy bed.

Where Leame and Ichene own a kindred rise,
And haste their neighb'ring currents to unite,
New hills arise, new pastures green, and fields
With other harvests crown'd; with other charms
Villas, and towns with other arts adorn'd.

There Ichington its downward structures views
In Ichene's passing wave, which, like the mole,
Her subterraneous journey long pursues,
Ere to the sun she gives her lucid stream.
Thy villa, § Leamington! her sister nymph
In her fair bosom shows; while on her banks,
As further she her liquid course pursues,
Amidst surrounding woods his ancient walls
¶ Birb'ry conceals, and triumphs in the shade.

Not such thy lot, O ** Bourton! Nor from sight
Retirest thou, but with complacent smile,
Thy social aspect courts the distant eye,
And views the distant scene reciprocal,
Delighting, and delighted. Dusky heaths
Succeed, as oft to mirth, the gloomy hour!
Leading th' unfinish'd search to thy fam'd seat
†† Bennones! where two military ways
Each other cross, transverse from sea to sea,
The Roman's hostile paths! There ‡† Newnham's
walls

With graceful pride ascend, th' inverted pile
In her clear stream, with flow'ry margin grac'd,

* The seat of William Holbeck, Esq.

† An estate, and ancient seat, belonging to the Right Hon. Earl Spenser.

‡ The seat of Sir Ch. Shuckburgh, Bart.

|| The Astroits, or Star-stones, found here.

§ The seat of Sir William Wheeler, Bart.

¶ The seat of Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart.

** The seat of John Shuckburgh, Esq.

†† A Roman station, where the Foss-way and Watling-street cross each other.

‡† The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Denbigh.

Admiring. * Newbold there her modest charms
More bashfully unveils, with solemn woods,
And verdant glades enamour'd. Here her lawns,
And rising groves for future shelter form'd,
Fair † Coton wide displays. There Addison,
With mind serene, his moral theme revolv'd,
Instruction dress'd in learning's fairest form!
The gravest wisdom with the liveliest wit
Attemper'd! or, beneath thy roof retir'd
O ‡ Bilton much of peace, and liberty
Sublimely mus'd, on Britain's weal intent,
Or in thy shade the coy Pierians woo'd.

Another theme demands the varying song.
Lo! where but late the flocks, and heifers graz'd,
Or yellow harvests wav'd, now through the vale,
Or o'er the plain, or round the flanting hill
A glitt'ring path attracts the gazer's eye,
Where sooty barques pursue their liquid track
Through lawns, and woods, and villages remote
From public haunt, which wonder as they pass.
The channell'd road still onward moves, and still
With level course, the flood attendant leads.
Hills, dales oppose in vain. A thousand hands
Now through the mountain's side a passage ope,
Now with stupendous arches bridge the vale,
Now over paths, and rivers urge their way
Aloft in air. Again the Roman pride
Beneath thy spacious camp embattell'd hill,
O || Brinklow! seems with gentler arts return'd.
But Britain now no bold invader fears,
No foreign aid invokes. Alike in arts
Of peace, or war renown'd. Alike in both
She rivals ancient Rome's immortal fame.

Still villas fair, and populous towns remain—
Polesworth, and Atherstone, and Eaton's walls
To charity devote! and Tamworth, thine
To martial fame! and thine, O § Merival!
Boasting thy beauteous woods, and lofty scite!
And ¶ Colehill! long for momentary date
Of human life, though for our wishes short,
Repose of Digby's honourable age! [way

Nor may the muse, though on her homeward
Intent, short space refuse his alleys green,
And decent walls with due respect to greet
** On Blythe's fair stream, to whose laborious toil
She many a lesson owes, his painful search
Enjoying without pain, and, at her ease,
With equal love of native soil inspir'd,
Singing in measur'd phrase her country's fame.

†† Nor, Arbury! may we thy scenes forget,
Haunt of the naiads, and each woodland nymph!

* The seat of Sir Frances Skipwith, Bart.

† The seat of Dixwell Grimes, Esq.

‡ The seat of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, Esq.

|| The canal designed for a communication between the cities of Oxford and Coventry, passes through Brinklow, where is a magnificent aqueduct, consisting of twelve arches, with a high bank of earth at each end, crossing a valley beneath the vestiges of a Roman camp, and tumulus on the Foss-Way.

§ The seat of the late Edward Stratford, Esq. an extensive view to Charley Forest and Bosworth Field.

¶ Seat of the late Right Hon. Lord Digby, commonly called the good Lord Digby.

** Blythe Hall, the seat of Sir William Dugdale, now belonging to Richard Geast, Esq.

†† The seat of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. member of Parliament for the University of Oxford.

Rejoicing in his care, to whom adorn'd
 With all the graces which her schools expound,
 The gowny son's of Isis trust their own,
 And Britain's weal. Nor shall thy splendid walls,
 O * Packington! allure the muse in vain.
 The Goths no longer here their empire hold.
 The shaven-terrac'd hill, slope above slope,
 And high impris'ning walls to Belgia's coast
 Their native clime retire.—In formal bounds
 The long canal no more confines the stream
 Reluctant.—Trees no more their tortur'd limbs
 Lament—no more the long-neglected fields,
 Like outlaws banish'd for some vile offence,
 Are hid from sight—from its proud reservoir
 Of amplest size, and fair indented form,
 Along the channell'd lawn the copious stream
 With winding grace the stately current leads.
 The channell'd lawn its bounteous stream repays,
 With ever-verdant banks, and cooling shades,
 And wand'ring paths, that emulate its course.
 On ev'ry side spreads wide the beauteous scene,
 Assemblage fair of plains, and hills, and woods,
 And plants, of od'rous scent—plains, hills, and
 woods,
 And od'rous plants rejoice, and smiling hail
 The reign of nature, while attendant art
 Submissive waits to cultivate her charms.

Hail happy land! which nature's partial smile
 Hath rob'd profusely gay! whose champaigns
 wide [swarm
 With plenteous harvests wave; whose pastures
 With horned tribes, or the sheep's fleecy race;
 To the throng'd shambles yielding wholesome food,
 And various labour to man's active powers,
 Not less benign than to the weary rest.
 Nor destitute thy woodland scenes of wealth,
 Or sylvan beauty! there the lordly swain
 His scantier fields improves; o'er his own realms
 Supreme, at will to sow his well-fenc'd glebe,
 With grain successive; or with juicy herbs,
 To swell his milky kine; or feed, at ease,
 His flock in pastures warm. His blazing hearth,
 With copious fuel heap'd, defies the cold;
 And housewife-arts or tease the tangl'd wool,
 Or, from the distaff's hoard, the ductile thread,
 With sportive hand entice; while to the wheel
 The sprightly carol join'd, or plaintive song
 Diffuse, and artless sooths th' untutor'd ear
 With heart-felt strains, and the slow task beguiles.

Nor hath the sun, with less propitious ray,
 Shone on the masters of the various scene.
 Witness the splendid train! illustrious names,
 That claim precedence on the lists of fame,
 Nor fear oblivious time! enraptur'd bards!
 Or learned sages! gracing, with their fame,
 Their native soil, and my aspiring verse.

Say, now my dear companions! for enough
 Of leisure to descriptive song is giv'n;
 Say, shall we, ere we part, with moral eye,
 The scene review, and the gay prospect close
 With observation grave, as sober eve
 Hastes now to wrap in shades the closing day?
 Perhaps the moral strain delights you not!
 Perhaps you blame the muse's quick retreat;
 Intent to wander still along the plain,
 In coverts cool, lull'd by the murmur'ing stream,

* *The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesford.*

Or gentle breeze; while playful fancy skims,
 With careless wing, the surfaces of things:
 For deep research too indolent, too light
 For grave reflection. So the Syren queen
 Tempted Alcides, on a flow'ry plain,
 With am'rous blandishment, and urg'd to waste
 His prime inglorious: but fair virtue's form
 Rescu'd the yielding youth, and fir'd his breast
 To manly toil, and glory's well-earn'd prize.
 O! in that dang'rous season, O! beware
 Of vice, envenom'd weed! and plant betimes
 The seeds of virtue in th' untainted heart.
 So on its fruit th' enraptur'd mind shall feast,
 When, to the smiling day, and mirthful scene
 Night's solemn gloom, cold winter's chilling blasts,
 And pain, and sickness, and old age succeed.
 Nor slight your faithful guide, my gentle train;
 But, with a curious eye, expatiate free [theme,
 O'er nature's moral plan. Though dark the
 Though formidable to the sensual mind;
 Yet shall the muse, with no fictitious aid,
 Inspir'd, still guide you with her friendly voice,
 And to each seeming ill some greater good
 Oppose, and calm your lab'ring thoughts to rest.

Nature herself bids us be serious,
 Bids us be wise; and all her works rebuke
 The ever-thoughtless, ever-titt'ring tribe.
 What though her lovely hills, and valleys smile
 To-day, in beauty drest? yet ere three moons
 Renew their orb, and to their wane decline,
 Ere then the beauteous landscape all will fade;
 The genial airs retire; and shiv'ring swains
 Shall, from the whiten'd plain, and driving storm,
 Avert the smarting cheek, and humid eye.

So some fair maid to time's devouring rage
 Her bloom resigns, and, with a faded look,
 Disgusts her paramour; unless thy charms,
 O virtue! with more lasting beauty grace
 Her lovelier mind, and through declining age,
 Fair deeds of piety, and modest worth,
 Still flourish, and endear her still the more.

Nor always lasts the landscape's gay attire
 Till furly winter with his ruffian blasts,
 Benumbs her tribes, and dissipates her charms.
 As sickness oft the virgin's early bloom
 Spoils immature, preventing hoary age,
 So blasts and mildews oft invade the fields
 In all their beauty, and their summer's pride.
 And oft the sudden show'r, or sweeping * storm!
 O'erflows the meads, and to the miry glebe
 Lays close the matted grain; with awful peal,
 While the loud thunder shakes a guilty world,
 And forked lightnings cleave the sultry skies.

Nor does the verdant mead, or bearded field
 Alone the rage of angry skies sustain.
 Oft-times their influence dire the bleating flock,
 Or lowing herd assails, and mocks the force
 Of costly medicine, or attendant care.
 Such late the wrathful pestilence, that seiz'd
 In pastures far retir'd, or guarded stalls,
 The dew-lap'd race! with plaintive lowings they,

* "Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agnem
 "aquarum,

"Et fædam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
 "Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,
 "Et pluvîâ ingenti fata læta, boumque labores
 "Diluit."

VIRG.

And heavy eyes, confess'd the pois'nous gale,
And drank infection in each breath they drew.
Quick through their veins the burning fever ran,
And from their nostrils stream'd the putrid rheum
Malignant; o'er their limbs faint languors crept,
And stupefaction all their senses bound.
In vain their master, with officious hand,
From the pil'd mow the sweetest lock presents;
Or anxiously prepares the tepid draught
Balsamic; they the proffer'd dainty loathe,
And * death exulting claims his destin'd prey.

Nor seldom † coughs, and wat'ry rheums afflict
The woolly tribes, and on their vitals seize;
Thinning their folds; and, with their mangled
limbs,

And tatter'd fleeces, the averted eye
Disgusting, as the squeamish traveller,
With long-suspended breath, hies o'er the plain.
And is their lord, proud man! more safe than
they?

More privileg'd from the destroying breath,
That, through the secret shade, in darkness walks,
Or fmites whole pastures at the noon of day?

Ah! no, death mark'd him from his infant birth:
Mark'd for his own, and with envenom'd touch,
His vital blood defil'd. Through all his veins
The subtle poison creeps; compounded joins
Its kindred mafs to his increasing bulk;

And, to the rage of angry elements,
Betrays his victim, poor ill-fated man;
Not surer born to live, than born to die!

In what a sad variety of forms
Clothes he his messengers? Deliriums wild!
Inflated dropsy! slow consuming cough!

Jaundice, and gout, and stone; convulsive spasms;
The shaking head, and the contracted limb;

And ling'ring atrophy, and hoary age;
And second childhood, slack'ning ev'ry nerve,
To joy, to reason, and to duty dead!

I know thee, who thou art, offspring of Sin,
And Satan! nurs'd in hell, and then let loose
To range, with thy accursed train, on earth,
When man, apostate man! by Satan's wiles,
From life, from bliss, from God, and goodness fell!
Who knows thee not? who feels thee not within,
Plucking his heart-strings? whom hast thou not
robb'd

Of parent, wife, or friend, as thou hast me?
Glutting the grave with ever-crowding guests,
And, with their image, sadd'ning ev'ry scene,
Less peopled with the living than the dead!

Through populous streets the never-ceasing bell
Proclaims, with solemn sound, the parting breath;
Nor seldom from the village-tow'r is heard
The mournful knell. Alike the grassy ridge,
With osiers bound, and vaulted catacomb,
His spoils enclose. Alike the simple stone,
And mausoleum proud, his pow'r attest,

* "Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt."

VIRG.

† "Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit æthere
turbo,

"Quam multæ pecudum pestes, nec singula morbi
Corpora coripiunt, sed tota æstiva repente

"Spemque, gregemque simul, cunctamque ab
origine gentem."

VIRG.

In wretched doggrel, or elab'rate verse.

Perhaps the peasant's humble obsequies;
The flowing sheet, and pall of rusty hue,
Alarm you not. You slight the simple throng;
And for the nodding plumes, and scutcheon'd
herse,

Your tears reserve. Then mark, o'er yonder plain,
The grand procession suited to your taste.

I mock you not. The sable pursuivants
Proclaim th' approaching state. Lo! now the
plumes! [pear!

The nodding plumes, and scutcheon'd herse ap-
And clad in mournful weeds, a long sad train
Of slowly-moving pomp, that waits on death!

Nay—yet another melancholy train!
Another triumph of the ghastly fiend

Succeeds! 'Tis so. Perhaps ye have not heard
The mournful tale. Perhaps no messenger

Hath warn'd you to attend the solemn deed!
Then from the muse the piteous story learn;

And, with her, on the grave procession wait,
That to their early tomb, to mould'ring dust

Of ancestors, that crowd the scanty vault,
Near which our song began, * Northampton bears,

The gay Northampton, and his beauteous † bride!
Far other pageants in his youthful breast

He cherish'd, while, with delegated trust,
On stately ceremonials, to the shore,

Where Adria's waves the sea-girt city lave,
He went; and with him, join'd in recent love,

His blooming bride, of Beaufort's royal line,
The charming Somerset! But royal blood,

Nor youth, nor beauty, nor employment high,
Could grant protection from the rude assault

Of that barbarian death; who, without form,
To courts and cottages unbidden comes;

And his unwelcome embassy fulfils,
Without distinction, to the lofty peer,

The graceful bride, or peasant's homely race.
Ere from her native soil she saw the sun

Run half his annual course, in Latian climes,
She breath'd her last; him, ere that course was
done,

Death met returning on the Gallic plains,
And sent to join her yet unburied dust:

Who but this youthful pair's untimely fate
Must weep, who but in theirs may read their own?

Another lesson seek ye, other proof
Of vanity, and lamentable woe

Betiding man? Another scene to grace
With troops of victims the terrific king,

And humble wanton folly's laughing sons?
The muse shall from her faithful memory

A tale select; a tale big with the fate
Of kings, and heroes on this now fair field

Embattled! but her song shall to your view
Their ranks embody, and to future peace

Their fierce designs and hostile rage convert.
Not on Pharsalia's plain a bolder strife

Was held, though twice with Roman blood di-
stain'd,

Than when thy subjects, first imperial Charles!

* The Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton, who
died on his return from an embassy to Venice, while the
author was writing this poem.

† The Right Hon. the Countess of Northampton,
daughter to the Duke of Beaufort.

Dar'd in these fields with arms their cause to plead.
 * Where once the Romans pitch'd their hostile tents,

Other Campanias fair, and milder Alps
 Exploring, how a nobler warrior stood,
 His country's sov'reign liege! Around his camp
 A gallant train of loftiest rank attend,
 By loyalty and love of regal sway
 To mighty deeds impell'd. Meanwhile below
 Others no less intrepid courage boast,
 From source as fair, the love of liberty!
 Dear liberty! when rightly understood,
 Prime social bliss! Oh! may no fraud
 Usurp thy name, to veil their dark designs
 Of vile ambition, or licentious rage!

Long time had they, with charge of mutual blame,

And fierce debate of speech, discordant minds
 Avow'd, yet not to desp'rate chance of war
 Till now their cause referr'd: rude arbiter
 Of fit and right! Unhappy native land!
 Nought then avail'd that nature form'd thy fields
 So fair, and with her wat'ry barrier fenc'd!
 Nought then avail'd thy forms of guardian laws,
 The work of ages, in a moment lost,
 And ev'ry social tie at once dissolv'd!
 For now no more sweet peace, and order fair,
 And kindred love remain'd, but hostile rage
 Instead, and mutual jealousy, and hate,
 And tumult loud! nor, hadst thou then been there,
 † O Talbot! could thy voice, so often heard
 On heav'nly themes! nor † his fraternal! skill'd
 In social claims, the limits to define
 Of law and right, have calm'd the furious strife,
 Or still'd the rattling thunder of the field.

Across the plain, where the slight eminence
 And scatter'd hedge-rows mark a midway space
 To yonder || town, once deem'd a royal court,
 Now harbouring no friends to royalty!
 The popular troops their martial lines extend.
 High on the hill the royal banners wave
 Their faithful signals. Rang'd along the steep,
 The glitt'ring files, in burnish'd armour clad,
 Reflect the downward sun, and with its gleam
 The distant crowds affright, who trembling wait
 For the dire onset, and the dubious fight.

As pent-up waters, swell'd by sudden rains,
 Their former bounds disdain, and foam, and rage,
 Impatient of restraint, till at some breach
 Outward they burst impetuous, and mock
 The peasant's feeble toil, which strives to check
 Their headlong torrent; so the royal troops,
 With martial rage inflam'd, impatient wait
 The trumpet's summons. At its sprightly call
 The airy seat they leave, and down the steep,
 Rank following rank, like wave succeeding wave,
 Rush on the hostile wings. Dire was the shock,
 Dire was the clash of arms! The hostile wings
 Give way, and soon in flight their safety seek.

* A Roman camp at Warmington, on the top of Edge-Hill.

† The Rev. Mr. Talbot, of Kington.

‡ Ch. Henry Talbot, Esq. of Marston, at the bottom of Edge-Hill.

|| Kington, alias Kington. So called, as some conjecture, from a castle on a neighbouring hill, said to have been a palace belonging to King John.

6

They with augmented force and growing rage
 The flying foe pursue. But too secure,
 And counting of cheap conquest quickly gain'd
 O'er dastard minds, in wordy quarrels bold,
 But slack by deeds to vindicate their claim,
 In chase and plunder long they waste the day,
 And late return, of order negligent.
 Meanwhile the battle in the centre rag'd
 With diff'rent fortune, by bold Essex led,
 Experienc'd chief! and to the monarch's cause,
 And youthful race, for martial deeds unripe,
 Menac'd destruction. In the royal breast
 High passions rose, by native dignity
 Made more sublime, and urg'd to pow'rful act
 By strong, * paternal love, and proud disdain
 Of vulgar minds, arraigning in his race
 The rights of sov'reignty, from ancient kings
 In order fair deriv'd. Amidst his troops
 With haste he flies, their broken ranks reforms,
 To bold revenge reanimates their rage,
 And from the foe his short-liv'd honour wrests.

Now death, with hasty stride, stalks o'er the field,

Grimly exulting in the bloody fray.
 Now on the crested helm or burning shield
 He stamps new horrors; now the levell'd sword
 With weightier force impels, with iron hoof
 Now tramples on th' expiring ranks, or gores
 The foaming steed against th' opposing spear.
 But chiefly on the cannon's brazen orb
 He sits triumphant, and with fatal aim
 Involves whole squadrons in the sulph'rous storm.

Then † Lindsey fell, nor from the shelt'ring straw

Ceas'd he to plead his sov'reign's slighted cause
 Amidst surrounding foes, nor but with life
 Expir'd his loyalty. His valiant son †
 Attempts his rescue, but attempts in vain!
 Then || Verney too, with many a gallant knight,
 And faithful courtier, anxious for thy weal,
 Unhappy prince! but mindless of their own,
 Pour'd out his life upon the crimson plain.
 Then fell the gallant § Stewart, ¶ Aubigny,
 ** And Kingmill! He whose monumental stone
 Protects his neighb'ring ashes and his fame.

The closing day compos'd the furious strife;
 But for short time compos'd! anon to wake
 With tenfold rage, and spread a wider scene
 Of terror and destruction o'er the land!

Now mark the glories of the great debate!
 Yon grass-green mount, where waves the planted pine,

And whispers to the winds the mournful tale,

* Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. were then in the field, the former being in the 13th, and the latter just entered into the 10th year of his age.

† Earl of Lindsey, the King's general.

‡ Lord Willoughby, son to the Earl of Lindsey.

§ Sir Edmund Verney, standard-bearer to the king.

|| Lord Stewart.

¶ Lord Aubigny, son to the Duke of Lenox.

** Captain Kingmill, buried at Radway.

Contains them in its monumental mould;
A slaughter'd crew, promiscuous lodg'd below!
Still as the ploughman breaks the clotted glebe,
He ever and anon some trophy finds,
The * relics of the war—or rusty spear,
Or canker'd ball; but from sepulchral soil
Cautious he turns aside the shining steel,
Lest haply at its touch uncover'd bones
Should start to view, and blast his rural toil.

Such were the fruits of passion, froward will,
And unsubmitting pride! Worse storms than those
That rend the sky, and waste our cultur'd fields!
Strangers alike to man's primeval state,
Ere evil entrance found to this fair world,
Permitted, not ordain'd, whatever pride
May dream of order in a world of sin,
Or pre-existent soul, and penal doom
For crimes unknown. More wise, more happy he!
Who in his breast oft pond'ring, and perplex'd
With endless doubt, and learning's fruitless toil,
His weary mind at length repose's sure
On Heav'n's attested oracles. To them
Submits he bows, convinc'd, however weak
His reason the mysterious plan to solve,
That all he wills is right, who, ere the worlds
Were form'd, in his all-comprehensive mind
Saw all that was, or is, or e'er shall be.
Who to whate'er exists, or lives, or moves,
Throughout creation's wide extent, gave life,
Gave being, pow'r, and thought to act, to move
Impelling, or impell'd, to all ordain'd
Their ranks, relations, and dependencies,
And can direct, suspend, controul their pow'rs,
Else were he not supreme! Who bids the winds
Be still, and they obey; who to the sea
Assigns its bounds, and calms its boisterous waves;
Who, with like ease, can moral discord rule,
And all apparent evil turn to good.

Hail then, ye sons of Eve! th' unerring guide,
The sovereign grant receive, sin's antidote!
A cure for all our griefs! So heav'nly truth
Shall wide display her captivating charms,
And peace her dwelling fix with human race.
So love through ev'ry clime his gentle reign
Shall spread, and at his call discordant realms
Shall beat their swords to ploughshares, and their
spears

To pruning-hooks, nor more learn murd'rous war.
So when revolving years, by Heav'n's decree,
Their circling course have run, new firmaments,
With blessings fraught, shall fill the bright ex-
panse,

Of tempests void, and thunder's angry voice.
New verdure shall arise to clothe the fields;
New Edens, teeming with immortal fruit.
No more the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Or those that range the fields, or skim the flood,
Their fierceness shall retain, but brute with brute,
And all with man in amicable league
Shall join, and enmity for ever cease.

* "Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,
"Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
"Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,
"Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
"Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepul-
"chris." VIRG.

Remains there aught to crown the rapt'rous
theme?

'Tis this, unfading joy beyond the reach
Of elemental worlds and short-liv'd time.
This too is yours—from outward sense conceal'd,
But, by resemblance of external things,
Inward display'd, to elevate the soul
To thoughts sublime, and point her way to heav'n.

So, from the top of Nebo's lofty mount,
The patriot leader of Jehovah's sons
The promis'd land survey'd; to Canaan's race
A splendid theatre of frantic joys,
And fatal mirth, beyond whose scanty bounds
Darkness and horror dwell! Emblem to him
Of fairer fields and happier seats above!
Then clos'd his eyes to mortal scenes, to wake
In the bright regions of eternal day.

LABOUR AND GENIUS;

OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE.

Inscribed to William Shenstone, Esq.

— "discordia semina rerum." OVID.

NATURE with lib'ral hand dispenses
Her apparatus of the senses,
In articles of gen'ral use,
Nerves, sinews, muscles, bones profuse.
Distinguishing her fav'rite race
With form erect, and featur'd face;
The flowing hair, the polish'd skin—
But, for the furniture within,
Whether it be of brains or lead,
What matters it, so there's a head?
For wisest noddle seldom goes,
But as 'tis led by corp'ral nose.
Nor is it thinking much, but doing,
That keeps our tenements from ruin.
And hundreds eat, who spin or knit,
For one that lives by dint of wit.

The sturdy thresher plies his flail,
And what to this doth wit avail?
Who learns from wit to press the spade?
Or thinks 'twould mend the cobbler's trade?
The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,
Carries his brains upon his back.
Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,
Or hang them by with queue or pig.
Reduc'd, till they return again
In dishabille, to common men.
Then why, my friend, is wit so rare?
That sudden flash, that makes one stare!
A meteor's blaze, a dazzling show!
Say what it is, for well you know.
Or, if you can with patience hear
A witless fable, lend an ear.

BETWIXT two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung,
Till rural genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd, with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook;

Much griev'd to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.

How blind is man's incurious race
The scope of nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds?
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting, where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?

To bring her hidden worth to light,
And place her charms in fairest light?

Alike to intellectuals blind,
'Tis thus you treat the youthful mind;
Mistaking gravity for sense,
For dawn of wit, impertinence.

The boy of genuine parts and merit,
For some unlucky prank of spirit,
With frantic rage is scourg'd from school,
And branded with the name of fool,
Because his active blood flow'd faster
Than the dull puddle of his master.
While the slow plodder trots along
Through thick and thin, through prose and song,
Insensible of all their graces,
But learn'd in words and common phrases;
Till in due time he's mov'd to college,
To ripen these choice seeds of knowledge.

So some taste-pedant, wond'rous wife,
Exerts his genius in dirt-pies.
Delights the tinsle yew to raise,
But hates your laurels and your bays,
Because too rambling and luxuriant,
Like forward youths, of brain too prurient.
Makes puns and anagrams in box,
And turns his trees to bears and cocks.
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau or fountain,
Or leads his stream across a mountain,
To show its shallowness and pride,
In a broad grin, on t' other side.
Perverting all the rules of sense,
Which never offers violence,
But gently leads where nature tends,
Sure with applause to gain its ends.

But one example may teach more
Than precepts hackney'd o'er and o'er.
Then mark this rill, with weeds o'erhung,
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!
Ev'n this, conducted by my laws,
Shall rise to fame, attract applause;
Instruct in * fable, shine in song,
And be the theme of ev'ry tongue.
He said: and to his fav'rite son
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.

Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.

And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:
Compact and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gath'ring tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he op'd to view,
And from its course the rubbish drew.
Enlarg'd it now, and now with line
Oblique, pursu'd his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play;
The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invok'd the dryads aid,
And fring'd the borders round with shade.
Tap'stry, by nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.

Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light;
Sees ev'ry part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the summer's sun the rose
And jessamin their charms disclose.

While, all intent on this retreat,
He saw his fav'rite work complete,
Divine enthusiasm seiz'd his breast,
And thus his transport he express'd:
"Let others toil for wealth or pow'r,
I court the sweetly-vacant hour:
Down life's smooth current calmly glide,
Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.
Give me, O nature! to explore
Thy lovely charms, I ask no more.
For thee I fly from vulgar eyes;
For thee I vulgar cares despise;
For thee ambition's charms resign;
Accept a vot'ry wholly thine.

Yet still let friendship's joys be near,
Still on these plains her train appear.
By learning's sons my haunts be trod,
And Stamford's feet imprint my sod.
For Stamford oft hath deign'd to stray
Around my Leafow's flow'ry way.
And, where his honour'd steps have rovd,
Oft have his gifts those scenes improv'd.
To him I'll dedicate my cell,
To him suspend the votive spell.
His name shall heighten ev'ry charm,
His name protect my groves from harm,
Protect my harmless sport from blame,
And turn obscurity to fame."

He spake. His hand the pencil guides,
And * Stamford o'er the scene presides.
The proud device, with borrow'd grace,
Confer'd new lustre on the place:

* See Fable XLI. and LI. in Dodgley's new invented Fables, and many little pieces printed in the public papers.

* The scene here referred to, was inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stamford, but since to William Stenstone, Esq.

As hooks, by dint of dedication,
Enjoy their patron's reputation.

Now, launching from its lofty shore,
The loosen'd stream began to roar :
As headlong, from the rocky mound,
It rush'd into the vast profound.
There check'd awhile, again it flow'd
Glitt'ring along the channell'd road :
From steep to steep, a frequent fall,
Each diff'rent, and each natural.
Obstructing roots and rocks between,
Diversify th' enchanted scene ;
While winding now, and intricate,
Now more develop'd, and in state,
Th' united stream, with rapid force,
Pursues amain its downward course,
Till at your feet absorb'd, it hides
Beneath the ground its bustling tides.

With prancing steeds and liv'ried trains,
Soon daily shone the bord'ring plains.
And distant sounds foretold th' approach
Of frequent chaise, and crowded coach.
For sons of taste, and daughters fair,
Hasted the sweet surprise to share :
While * Hagley wonder'd at their stay,
And hardly brook'd the long delay.

Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill :
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that by friction's pow'r,
'Twould grind the firmest grain to flour.
Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice she'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below ;
And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill ;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion ;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.

This stream that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell :
Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation :

" Madam ! methinks you're vastly proud,
You wasn't us'd to talk so loud.

Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry ! what antics, what grimace !
For shame ! don't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter !
I'd have you know, you upstart minx !
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,
A lake I was, compar'd with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch :
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single flash mispent.
And yet no folks of high degree,
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
As in their coaches by they rattle,
Forsooth ! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding :
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it,
When † Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madam Cascadille !"

" Dear Coz," reply'd the beauteous torrent,
" Pray do not discompose your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance, or education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace.
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers :
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise.

* The seat of the Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton, distant but a few miles from the Leasowes.

† An eminent merchant, and very ingenious mechanic, at the Soho manufactory, near Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

AR DENNA.

A PASTORAL-ECLOGUE. TO A LADY.

Damon and Lycidas.

WHEN o'er the western world fair science spread
 Her genial ray, and Gothic darkness fled,
 To Britain's isle the muses took their way,
 And taught her list'ning groves the tuneful lay.
 'Twas then two swains the Doric reed essay'd
 To sing the praises of a peerless maid.
 On Arden's blissful plain her seat she chose,
 And hence her rural name Ardenna rose.
 In sportive verse alternately they vied,
 Thus Damon sang, and Lycidas replied.

Damon.

Here, gentle swain, beneath the shade reclin'd,
 Remit thy labours, and unbend thy mind.
 Well with the shepherd's state our cares agree,
 For nature prompts to pleasing industry.
 'Tis this to all her gifts fresh beauty yields,
 Health to our flocks, and plenty to our fields.
 Yet hath she not impos'd unceasing toil,
 Not restless plowshares always vex the soil.
 Then, shepherd, take the blessings Heav'n bestows,
 Assist the song, and sweeten our repose.

Lycidas.

While others, sunk in sleep, or live in vain,
 Or, slaves of indolence, but wake to pain,
 Me let the call of earliest birds invite
 To hail th' approaches of returning light;
 To taste the freshness of the cheerful morn,
 While glist'ring dew-drops hang on ev'ry thorn.
 Hence all the bliss that centers in our kind,
 Health to the blood, and vigour to the mind.
 Hence ev'ry task its meet attendance gains,
 And leisure hence to listen to thy strains.

Damon.

Thrice happy swain, so fitly form'd to share
 The shepherd's labour, and Ardenna's care!
 To tell Ardenna's praise the rural train
 Inscribe the verse, or chant it o'er the plain.
 Plains, hills, and woods return the well-known
 sound,
 And the smooth beech records the sportive wound.
 Then, Lycidas, let us the chorus join,
 So bright a theme our music shall refine.

Escap'd from all the busy world admires,
 Hither the philosophic dame retires;
 For in the busy world, or poets feign,
 Intemp'rate vice, and giddy pleasures reign;
 Then, when from crowds the loves, and graces flew,
 To these lone shades the beauteous maid withdrew,
 To study nature in this calm retreat,
 And with confed'rate art her charms complete.
 How sweet their union is, ye shepherds, say,
 And thou who form'dst the reed inspire my lay.

VOL. XI.

Her praise I sing by whom our flocks are freed
 From the rough bramble, and envenom'd weed;
 Who to green pastures turns the dreary waste,
 With scatter'd woods in careless beauty grac'd.

'Tis she, Ardenna! guardian of the scene,
 Who bids the mount to swell, who smooths the
 green,

Who drains the marsh, and frees the struggling flood
 From its divided rule, and strife with mud.

She winds its course the copious stream to show,
 And she in swifter currents bids it flow;
 Now smoothly gliding with an even pace,
 Now dimpling o'er the stones with roughen'd grace:
 With glassy surface now serenely bright,
 Now foaming from the rock all silver white.

'Tis she the rising bank with beeches crowns,
 Now spreads the scene, and now contracts its
 bounds.

Clothes the bleak hill with verdure ever gay,
 And bids our feet through myrtle-valleys stray.
 She for her shepherds rears the rooty shed,
 The chequer'd pavement, and the straw-wove
 bed.

For them she scoops the grotto's cool retreat,
 From storms a shelter, and a shade in heat.
 Directs their hands the verdant arch to bend,
 And with the leafy roof its gloom extend.
 Shells, flint, and ore their mingled graces join,
 And rocky fragments aid the chaste design.

Lycidas.

Hail happy lawns! where'er we turn our
 eyes,
 Fresh beauties bloom, and opening wonders rise.
 Whilome these charming scenes with grief I
 view'd

A barren waste, a dreary solitude!
 My drooping flocks their russet pastures mourn'd,
 And lowing herds the plaintive moan return'd.
 With weary feet from field to field they stray'd,
 Nor found their hunger's painful sense allay'd,
 But now no more a dreary scene appears,
 No more its prickly boughs the bramble rears,
 No more my flocks lament th' unfruitful soil,
 Nor mourn their ragged fleece, or fruitless toil,

Damon.

As this fair lawn excels the rushy mead,
 As firs the thorn, and flow'rs the pois'nous weed,
 Far as the warbling sky-larks soar on high,
 Above the clumsy bat, or buzzing fly;
 So matchless moves Ardenna o'er the green,
 In mind alike excelling as in mien.

Lycidas.

Sweet is the fragrance of the damask rose,
 And bright the dye that on its surface glows,
 Fair is the poplar rising on the plain,
 Of shapely trunk, and lofty branches vain;

Y y

But neither sweet the rose, nor bright its dye,
Nor poplar fair, if with her charms they vie.

Damon.

Grateful is sunshine to the sportive lambs,
The balmy dews delight the nibbling dams;
But kindlier warmth Ardenna's smiles impart,
A balm more rich her lessons to the heart.

Lycidas.

No more Pomona's guiding hand we need,
Nor Flora's help to paint th' enamell'd mead,
Nor Ceres' care to guard the rising grain,
And spread the yellow plenty o'er the plain;
Ardenna's precepts ev'ry want supply,
The grateful lay what shepherd can deny?

Damon.

A theme so pleasing, with the day begun,
Too soon were ended with the setting sun.
But see o'er yonder hill the parting ray,
And hark! our bleating flocks reprove our stay.

THE SCAVENGERS.

A TOWN-ECLOGUE.

Dulcis odor lucri ox re quolibet.

AWAKE, my muse, prepare a loftier theme.
The winding valley, and the dimpled stream
Delight not all: quit, quit the verdant field,
And try what dusty streets, and alleys yield.

Where Avon wider flows, and gathers fame,
Stands a fair town, and Warwick is its name.
For useful arts entitled once to share
The gentle Ethelfleda's guardian care.
Nor less for deeds of chivalry renown'd,
When her own Guy was with her laurels crown'd.
Now Syren sloth holds here her tranquil reign,
And binds in filken bonds the feeble train.
No frowning knights in uncouth armour lac'd,
Seek now for monsters on the dreary waste:
In these soft scenes they chase a gentler prey,
No monsters! but as dangerous as they.
In different forms as sure destruction lies,
They have no claws 'tis true—but they have eyes.

Last of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care!
To sweep the streets their task from sun to sun,
And seek the nastiness which others shun.
More plodding wight, or dame you ne'er shall see,
He Gaffer Pestel hight, and Gammer she.

As at their door they sat one summer's day,
Old Pestel first essay'd the plaintive lay:
His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,
And thus alternately their cares they mourn'd.

Old Pestel.

Alas! was ever such fine weather seen,
How dusty are the roads, the streets how clean!
How long, ye almanacks! will it be dry?
Empty my cart how long, and idle I!
Ev'n at the best the times are not so good,
But 'tis hard work to scrape a livelihood.
The cattle in the stalls resign their life,
And baulk the shambles, and th' unbloody knife.
While farmers sit at home in pensive gloom,
And turnpikes threaten to complete my doom.

Wife.

Well! for the turnpike that will do no hurt,
Some say the managers are friends to dirt.

But much I fear this murrain where 'twill end,
For sure the cattle did our door befriend.
Oft have I hail'd 'em, as they stalk'd along,
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.

Old Pestel.

See what a little dab of dirt is here!
But yields all Warwick more, O tell me where!
Yet, on this spot, though now so naked seen,
Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads have been.
Bigger, and bigger, the proud dunghill grew,
Till my diminish'd house was hid from view.

Wife.

Ah! Gaffer Pestel, what brave days were those,
When higher than our house our muckhill rose!
The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
And mark'd what each load added to its size.
Wrapt in its fragrant steam we often sat,
And to its praises held delightful chat.
Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,
To swell the goodly heap from day to day.
A cabbage once I bought; but small the cost—
Nor do I think the farthing all was lost.
Again you sold its well-digested store,
To dung the garden where it grew before.

Old Pestel.

What though the beaus, and powder'd coxcombs
jeer'd,

And at the scavenger's employment sneer'd,
Yet then at night content I told my gains,
And thought well paid their malice, and my pains.
Why toils the tradesman, but to swell his store?
Why craves the wealthy landlord still for more?
Why will our gentry flatter, fawn, and lie?
Why pack the cards, and what d'ye call't—the
die?

All, all the pleasing paths of gain pursue,
And wade through thick, and thin, as we folks do.
Sweet is the scent that from advantage springs,
And nothing dirty which good int'rest brings.

Wife.

When goody Dobbins call'd me nasty bear,
And talk'd of kennels, and the ducking-chair,
With patience I could bear the scolding quean,
For sure 'twas dirtiness that kept me clean.
Clean was my gown on Sundays, if not fine,
Nor Mrs. ———'s cap so white as mine.
A slut in silk, or kersey is the same,
Nor sweetest always is the finest dame.

Thus wail'd they pleasure past, and present cares,
While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint with
theirs.

To still his grunting diff'rent ways they tend,
To * West-street he, and she to * Cotton-end.

ABSENCE.

WITH leaden foot time creeps along
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious pow'r! reverse my doom,
Now double thy career,
Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,
And rest them when she's here.

* Names of the most remote, and opposite parts
of the town.

TO A LADY.

WHEN nature joins a beauteous face
With shape, and air, and life, and grace,
To ev'ry imperfection blind,
I spy no blemish in the mind.

When wit flows pure from Stella's tongue,
Or animates the sprightly song,
Our hearts confess the pow'r divine,
Nor lightly prize its mortal shrine.

Good-nature will a conquest gain,
Though wit, and beauty sigh in vain.
When gen'rous thoughts the breast inspire,
I wish its rank, and fortunes higher.

When Sidney's charms again unite
To win the soul, and bless the sight,
Fair, and learn'd, and good, and great!
An earthly goddess is complete.

But when I see a sordid mind
With affluence, and ill-nature join'd,
And pride without a grain of sense,
And without beauty insolence,
The creature with contempt I view,
And sure 'tis like Miss—you know who.

TO A LADY WORKING A PAIR OF RUFFLES.

WHAT means this useless cost, this wanton pride?
To purchase fopp'ry from yon' foreign strand?
To spurn our native stores, and arts aside,
And drain the riches of a needy land!

Pleas'd I survey, fair nymph, your happy skill,
Yet view it by no vulgar critic's laws;
With nobler aim I draw my sober quill,
Anxious to list each art in virtue's cause.

Go on, dear maid, your utmost pow'r essay,
And if for fame your little bosom heave,
Know, patriot hands your merit shall display,
And amply pay the graces they receive.

Let ev'ry nymph like you the gift prepare,
And banish foreign pomp, and costly show;
What lover but would burn the prize to wear,
Or blush, by you pronounc'd his country's foe?

Your smiles can win when patriot-speeches fail,
Your frowns controul when justice threatens in
vain,

O'er stubborn minds your softness can prevail,
And placemen drop the bribe if you complain.

Then rise the guardians of your country's fame,
Or wherefore were ye form'd like angels fair?
By beauty's force our venal hearts reclaim,
And save the drooping virtues from despair.

FEMALE EMPIRE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

LIKE Bruin's was Avaro's breast,
No softness harbour'd there;

While Sylvio some concern express'd,
When beauty shed a tear.

In Hymen's bands they both were tied,
As* Cupid's archives show ye;
Proud Celia was Avaro's bride,
And Sylvio's gentle Chloe.

Like other nymphs, at church they swore,
To honour and obey,
Which, with each learned nymph before,
They soon explain'd away.

If Chloe now would have her will,
Her streaming eyes prevail'd,
Or if her swain prov'd cruel still,
Hysterics never fail'd.

But Celia scorn'd the plaintive moan,
And heart-dissolving show'r;
With flashing eye, and angry tone,
She best maintain'd her pow'r.

Yet once the mandates of his Turk
Avaro durst refuse;
For why? important was his work,
"To register old shoes!"

And does, said she, the wretch dispute
My claim such clowns to rule?
If Celia cannot charm a brute,
She can chastise a fool.

Then strait she to his closet flew,
His private thoughts she tore,
And from its place the poker drew,
That fell'd him on the floor.

Henceforth, said she, my calls regard,
Own mine the stronger plea,
Nor let thy vulgar cares retard
The female rites of tea.

Victorious sex! alike your art,
And puissance we dread;
For if you cannot break our heart,
'Tis plain you'll break our head.

Place me, ye gods, beneath the throne
Which gentle smiles environ,
And I'll submission gladly own,
Without a rod of iron.

ON MR. SAMUEL COOKE'S POEMS,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1749.

INDEED, Master Cooke!
You have made such a book,
As the learned in pastry admire:
But other wits joke
To see such a smoke
Without any visible fire.

What a nice bill of fare,
Of whatever is rare,
And approv'd by the critics of taste!
Not a classical bit,
Ev'ry fancy to hit,
But here in due order is plac'd.

* The parish-register.
Y y ij

Yet, for all this parade,
You are but a dull blade,
And your lines are all scragged, and raw;
And though you've hack'd, and have hew'd,
And have squeez'd, and have stew'd,
Your forc'd-meat isn't all worth a straw.

Though your satire you spit,
'Tisn't season'd a bit,
And your puffs are as heavy as lead;
Call each dish what you will,
Boil, roast, hash, or grill,
Yet still it is all a calve's head.

I don't mind your huffing,
For you've put such vile stuff in,
I protest I'm as sick as a dog;
Were you leaner, or fatter,
I'd not mince the matter,
You're not fit to dress *Æsop* a frog.

Then, good master Slice!
Shut up shop, if your wife,
And th' unwary no longer trepan;
Such advice indeed is hard,
And may stick in your gizzard,
But digest it as well as you can.

THE MISTAKE.

ON CAPTAIN BLUFF. 1750.

SAYS a gosling, almost frighten'd out of her wits,
Help mother, or else I shall go into fits.
I have had such a fright, I shall never recover,
O! that *hawke*, that you've told us of over and over.

See, there, where he sits, with his terrible face,
And his coat how it glitters all over with lace.
With his sharp hooked nose, and his sword at his heel,

How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray, mother, feel.
Says the goose, very gravely, pray don't talk so wild,
Those looks are as harmless as mine are, my child.

And as for his sword there, so bright, and so nice,
I'll be sworn 'twill hurt nothing besides frogs, and mice.

Nay, prithee don't hang so about me, let loose,
I tell thee he dares not say—bo to a goose.
In short there is not a more innocent fowl,
Why, instead of a *hawke*, look ye, child 'tis an owl.

TO A LADY,

WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT.

ONCE of forbidden fruit the mortal taste
Chang'd beauteous Eden to a dreary waste.
Here you may freely eat, secure the while
From latent-poison, or insidious guile.
Yet O! could I but happily infuse
Some secret charm into the sav'ry juice,
Of pow'r to tempt your gentle breast to share
With me the peaceful cot, and rural fare:
A different fate should crown the blest device,
And change my desert to a paradise.

PEYTOE'S GHOST.

To Craven's health, and social joy,
The festive night was kept,
While mirth and patriot spirit flow'd,
And dulness only slept.

When from the jovial crowd I stole,
And homeward shap'd my way;
And pass'd along by Chesterton,
All at the close of day.

The sky with clouds was overcast:
An hollow tempest blow'd,
And rains and foaming cataracts
Had delug'd all the road.

When through the dark and lonesome shade,
Shone forth a sudden light;
And soon distinct an human form,
Engag'd my wondering sight.

Onward it mov'd with graceful port;
And soon o'ertook my speed;
Then thrice I lifted up my hands,
And thrice I check'd my steed.

Who art thou, passenger, it cry'd,
From yonder mirth retir'd?
That here pursu'st thy cheerless way,
Benighted, and bemir'd.

I am, said I, a country clerk,
A clerk of low degree,
And yonder gay and gallant scene,
Suits not a curacy.

But I have seen such sights to-day,
As make my heart full glad,
Although it is but dark, 'tis true,
And eke—my road is bad.

For I have seen lords, knights, and squires,
Of great and high renown,
To choose a knight for this fair shire,
All met at Warwick town.

A wight of skill to ken our laws,
Of courage to defend,
Of worth to serve the public cause,
Before a private end.

And such they found, if right I guess—
Of gentle blood he came;
Of morals firm, of manners mild,
And † Craven is his name.

Did half the British tribunes share
Experienc'd † Mordaunt's truth,
Another half, like Craven, boast
A free unbias'd youth:

The sun I throw, in all his race,
No happier realm should find;
Nor Britons hope for aught in vain,
From warmth with prudence join'd.

* Was the late Lord Willoughby de Broke.

† Hon. William Craven, of Wykin; he was afterwards Lord Craven.

‡ The late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart.

"Go on, my country, favour'd soil,
Such patriots to produce!
Go on, my countrymen, he cry'd,
Such patriots still to choose."

This said, the placid form retir'd,
Behind the veil of night:
Yet bade me, for my country's good,
The solemn tale recite.

TO A LADY,

FURNISHING HER LIBRARY, AT ****, IN WAR-
WICKSHIRE.

When just proportion in each part,
And colours mix'd with nicest art,
Conspire to show the grace and mien
Of Cloe, or the Cyprian queen:
With elegance throughout refin'd,
That speaks the passions of the mind,
The glowing canvas will proclaim,
A Raphael's, or a Titian's name.

So where through ev'ry learned page,
Each distant clime, each distant age
Display a rich variety,
Of wisdom in epitome;
Such elegance and taste will tell
The hand, that could select so well.
But when we all their beauties view,
United and improv'd by you,
We needs must own an emblem faint,
T' express those charms no art can paint.
Books must, with such correctness writ,
Refine another's taste and wit;
'Tis to your merit only due,
That theirs can be refin'd by you.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

ON RECEIVING A GILT POCKET-BOOK. 1751.

These spotless leaves, this neat array,
Might well invite your charming quill,
In fair assemblage to display
The power of learning, wit, and skill.

But since you carelessly refuse,
And to my pen the task assign;
O! let your genius guide my muse,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best lov'd art,
With frugal care to store my mind;
In this to play the miser's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To shun the coxcomb's empty noise,
To scorn the villain's artful mask;
Nor trust gay pleasure's fleeting joys
Not urge ambition's endless task.

Teach me to stem youth's boisterous tide,
To regulate its giddy rage;
By reason's aid my bark to guide,
Into the friendly port of age:

To share what classic culture yields,
Through the'ric's painted meads to roam;

With you to reap historic fields,
And bring the golden harvest home.

To taste the genuine sweets of wit;
To quaff in humour's sprightly bowl;
The philosophic mean to hit,
And prize the dignity of soul.

Teach me to read fair nature's book,
Wide opening in each flow'ry plain;
And with judicious eye to look
On all the glories of her reign;

To hail her, seated on her throne,
By awful woods encompass'd round,
Or her divine extraction own,
Though with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Through arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,
Near solemn rocks, with her to rove;
Or court her, 'mid her gentle fawns,
In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,
Or in the nearer landscapes charm,
Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
To grace your sweet Arcadian farm:

There let me sit, and gaze with you,
On nature's works by art refin'd:
And own, while we their contest view,
Both fair, but fairest, thus combin'd!

AN ELEGY ON MAN.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1752.

Behold earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay;
His outward form attentive scan,
And all within survey.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child, and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind,
More gen'rous passions share,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye,
O'er earth from pole to pole,
And through th' illimitable sky
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies,
His languid eye is bath'd in tears;
He sickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his destin'd lot,
This all his boasted sway?
For ever now to be forgot,
Amid the mould'ring clay!

Ah gloomy thought! ah worse than death!
Life sickens at the sound;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating fancy, then, away
O let us better try,

By reason's more enlighten'd ray,
What 'tis indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo-brood,
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay till some few suns are past,
Each forms a silken tomb,
And seems, like man, imprison'd fast,
To meet his final doom.

Yet from this silent mansion too
Anon you see him rise,
No more a crawling worm to view,
But tenant of the skies.

And what forbids that man should share,
Some more auspicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they?

There was a time when life first warm'd
Our flesh in shades of night,
Then was th' imperfect substance form'd,
And sent to view this light.

There was a time, when ev'ry sense
In straiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its task could then dispense,
We saw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living pow'r remains,
Though not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly sleep's
Soft charms the senses bind,
Yet fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And reason holds her sep'rate sway,
Though all the senses wake,
And forms in mem'ry's storehouse play,
Of no material make.

What are these then, this eye, this ear,
But nicer organs found,
A glass to read, a trumpet to hear,
The modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair
These instruments of clay,
And death may ravish what they spare,
Completing their decay.

But are these then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
Then say a scaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that death can do,
That still survives his stroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
Boots much to hope, and fear,

* *Vid. Butler's Analogy.*

And if instruction courts the mind,
'Tis madness not to hear.

ON RECEIVING A LITTLE IVORY BOX FROM A LADY,

CURIOUSLY WROUGHT BY HER OWN HANDS.

LITTLE box of matchless grace!
Fairer than the fairest face,
Smooth as was her parent-hand,
That did thy wond'rous form command.
Spotless as her infant mind,
As her riper age refin'd,
Beauty with the graces join'd.

Let me clothe the lovely stranger,
Let me lodge thee safe from danger,
Let me guard thy soft repose,
From giddy fortune's random blows.
From thoughtless mirth, barbaric hate,
From the iron-hand of fate,
And oppression's deadly weight.

Thou art not of a sort, or number
Fashion'd for a poet's lumber;
Though more capacious than his purse,
Too small to hold his store of verse.
Too delicate for homely toil,
Too neat for vulgar hands to soil.

O! would the fates permit the muse,
Thy future destiny to choose!
In thy circle's fairy round,
With a golden fillet bound:
Like the snow-drop silver white,
Like the glow worm's humid light,
Like the dew at early dawn,
Like the moon-light on the lawn,
Lucid rows of pearls shou'd dwell,
Pleas'd as in their native shell;
Or the brilliant's sparkling rays,
Shou'd emit a starry blaze.

And if the fair whose magic skill,
Wrought thee passive to her will,
Deign to regard thy poet's love,
Nor his aspiring suit reprove,
Her form should crown the fair design,
Goddess fit for such a shrine!

VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains,
Accost their feather'd loves;
While each fond mate with equal pains,
The tender suit approves.

With cheerful hop from spray to spray,
They sport along the meads;
In social bliss together stray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Through spring's gay scenes each happy pair
Their fluttering joys pursue;
Their various charms and produce share,
For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade,
Their mutual loves proclaim;
Till winter's chilling blasts invade,
And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight;
The drooping tribe in secret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blissful warblers! timely wise,
Th' instructive moral tell!
Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
My charming Annabelle!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,

IMITATED.

To print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The headach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound!
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
the rub—
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect that
makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem,
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire, and spirit,
With this regard from Doddsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

ROUNDELAY,

*Written for the Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon,
Celebrated by Mr. Garrick in honour of Shak-
speare, September 1769.*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DIBDIN.

SISTERS of the tuneful train,
Attend your parent's jocund strain,
'Tis fancy calls you; follow me
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakspeare's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust;
The sons of scenic mirth agree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprites and fairy crew,

And the sister graces three,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate the jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Bosworth field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate the jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
With their harmless merry plot,
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The humours of the braggard knight,
Fat knight, and ancient Pistol he,
To celebrate the jubilee.

But see in crowds the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate the jubilee.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain-snow,
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,
Whom nature wak'd to mirth, and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wintry storms are flown,
And zephyrs gently fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,
To please his croaking paramour,
The larks responsive carols sing,
And tell their passion as they soar:

But does the raven's sable wing
Excel the glossy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more sweetly sing,
Than we, who strength with softness join?

O let me then thy steps attend!
I'll point new treasures to thy sight:
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

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I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
And to thy downy bosom fly.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer thy labours with a song.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of ev'ry kind,
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And fondly tend our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life,
No bush shall boast in all the grove,
A mate so fond, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song—the plummy dame
Heard with delight the love-sick strain,
Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,
Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And perch'd with triumph by her side;
What gilded roof could boast that hour
A sonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song;
Behold, he said, the new-born day,
The lark his matten-peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away.

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murmur'ing riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd
With artless joy, and decent pride.

When O! with grief my muse relates
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, my dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,
Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!
O had he chose some other game,
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse,
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

THE GOLDFINCHES,

AN ELEGY.

To William Shenstone, Esq.

“Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.”

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choir,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plummy race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring
groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food?
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail?
A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to
wail.

The most ungentele of his tribe was he,
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concord false, and hideous profody
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his
part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cried,
What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;

For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face!
Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
And thievish as the cuckow's pilf'ring race!

May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
May birch trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SWALLOWS.

AN ELEGY.

PART I.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
The swallow-race with prescient gift inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind:

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!
With us through Summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.

But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,
With ev'ry pang, and scourge of tender life.

Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,
From this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing.

For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

No sorrow loads their breasts, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,

To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild domestic race!
O! for your wings to travel with the sun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done.

See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day,
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,
Ere yet 'tis night with haste they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on some happier shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
And what without a moral? would we read!
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the Summer's gale,
So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!
And nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense
The joyful tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

Yes, yes the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless joy,
That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
Though clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,
Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care,
To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host
Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side;
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,
A better promise, and a nobler guide.

PART II.

AT length Winter's howling blasts are o'er,
Array'd in smiles the lovely Spring returns,
Now fuel'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
And ev'ry breast with inward fervour burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
Again the vocal tenants of the grove
Forgot the patt'ring hail, or driving snow,
Renew the lay to melody, and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
Again the swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
Welcome again to Delia, and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan new settlements from danger free.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold

What policy directs your wand'ring states,
What bounds are settled and what tribes en-
roll'd.

Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
What Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean
flood.

Thrice happy race! whom nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her various stores, her best delights,
The Summer's radiance, and the sweets of
Spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of varying seasons, vapours dank, and dry,

Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wint'ry storms usurp the low'ring sky.

Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,
Its secret props of adamant shall fall.

But when yon radiant sun shall shine no more,
The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours shall soar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,
Where wint'ry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,
But ever-smiling Spring and pleasure reign.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

Containing

MORAL ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,
AMWELL,
AMOEBAEAN ECLOGUES,
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,



ESSAY ON PAINTING,
MEXICAN PROPHECY,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
SONNETS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Accept then this, nor more require;
The muse no farther task essays;
But, 'midst the sylvan scenes, she loves
The falling rills, and whispering groves;
With smiles her labours past surveys,
And quits the syrinx and the lyre.

CONCLUSION. TO A FRIEND.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

1795.

POETICAL WORKS

1803

THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

FOR the life of SCOTT, "the poet of Amwell," the world is obliged to John Hoole, Esq., the translator of "Tasso," and editor of his *Critical Essays*, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from personal knowledge.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Hoole's narrative, with such additional information as the "European Magazine" for 1782, the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1783, and subsequent publications, have supplied.

John Scott was born in the Grange-Walk, in the parish of St. Bermondsey, Southwark, Jan. 9. 1730. He was descended from two ancient and respectable families in the counties of York and Warwick. His father, Mr. Samuel Scott, was a linen-draper and citizen of London; a man of plain and irreproachable manners, and one of the society of the people called Quakers; among whom he was esteemed as an eminent preacher. His mother's maiden name was Martha Wilkins. He was the youngest of two sons, their only children that lived to be brought up, the rest dying very soon.

At about seven years of age, he was put under the tuition of one John Clarke, who kept a little school in Barnaby Street, and used to come home to his father's house, to instruct him in the rudiments of the Latin tongue.

He himself gives the following account of his tutor:—"My Caledonian tutor's name was John Clarke; he was, I believe, a native of the Shetland islands; he was ingenious and learned, but rather a severe pedagogue; yet, spite of the domination which he exercised over his pupils, I respected him: and there was something in the man, and in his manner, that I even now faintly recollect with pleasure."

In 1740, being then only ten years of age, his father removing to Amwell, near Ware in Hertfordshire, he was deprived of the benefit that might have arisen to him from the skill and attention of so able a master as Clarke; who continued to teach school in the same place, till death carried him off, probably as little known as he had lived.

Soon after the removal of the family to Amwell, he was sent to a private day-school kept at Ware; the master of which was named Hall, who is said to have been an admirable penman; but does not appear to have afforded, in his school, any opportunities of classical improvement.

He continued with him but a short time, and pursued his education in a lax and desultory manner; for, not having had the small pox, he was frequently kept at home, through fear of that distemper, and never persisted in a regular system of education.

Whatever disadvantages might result from these circumstances, he must have repaired by his own application, as no mark of it is visible in his writings.

He is said to have applied himself to reading about the age of seventeen, when he discovered an ardent propensity to the study of poetry; in which he was greatly encouraged by an acquaintance which he contracted about 1747 or 1748, with Charles Frogley, a man of strong parts, but without education, who had improved his mind by solitary reading and reflection; and had a peculiar predilection for that branch of study which soon became the favourite pursuit of Scott.

Frogley was by trade a bricklayer: His occupation in life first introduced him into the family. A similarity of disposition soon brought on an intimacy between them, and Frogley gave his young friend the first perception of good poetry, by putting into his hands the "Paradise Lost" of Milton.

His father carried on, for some time, the malting trade; but lived in a very retired manner, having little intercourse with any but those of his own persuasion; who, though not without frequent in-

stances of great ingenuity and ability among individuals, are not often much connected with the literary part of mankind.

The neighbourhood of Amwell affording little of such society, his conversations and reflections on his favourite studies, must have been therefore chiefly confined to his communications with Frogley, whose critical discernment was so accurate, that he seldom found reason, in his advancing state of judgment, to dissent from the opinion of his friend.

Besides the advantage of so sincere an adviser as Frogley, he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. John Turner, who resided at Ware, and who seems first to have been introduced to him by Frogley, in 1753 or 1754.

Mr. Turner was born at Hertford in 1734; and was removed to Ware at about three years old, where he received the rudiments of his education. At about sixteen years of age he was sent to London, to continue his studies at a dissenting academy, under the care of Dr. Jennings. He, however, made occasional visits to his friends at Ware, and neglected no opportunity of improving his intimacy with Scott. He passed many hours with him and Frogley; and during his absence, continued to correspond with him by letter.

It appears from his letters, that he supplied him from time to time with books; among which are particularly mentioned, Glover's "Leonidas," Thomson's "Seasons," and Pope's original works and translations. He likewise sent him a telescope, with directions to use it; for the curiosity and desire of knowledge in Scott now grew every day more general.

In the company of Frogley, who was accustomed to visit him when the business of the day was over, he passed most of his evenings; and to him and his friend Turner, from time to time, he communicated his performances, receiving from them such advice as tended greatly to ripen his judgment; but he was always dissuaded from too early publication; by which many have precluded themselves from that reputation which they might otherwise have obtained.

"It has been asserted by some," says Mr. Hoole, "that his early poetical essays were made in consequence of a tender passion, and that love first taught him to cultivate the muses; which opinion may not only have some countenance from the smaller poems at the end of his poetical volume, but may be farther strengthened from the correspondence between him and his friend Turner, during the residence of the latter in London and Devonshire."

His first poetical essays appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," to which he was afterwards a frequent contributor. His version of the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, intitled, *Epidemic Mortality*, in December Magazine 1753; *Verses occasioned by the description of the Æolian Harp*, in November Magazine 1754; and *verses on Fear*, in July Magazine 1758,—are all that can be traced with certainty. He likewise wrote several *Pastorals* about the same time; but it cannot be known if any, or what use was made of them in his last publications.

In 1754, his elder brother Samuel, who till then had made one of the family at Amwell, was married, and went to settle at Hertford, "in which town," says Mr. Hoole, "he now [1785] resides, beloved and esteemed by all, for his manly sense, unbiassed integrity, and universal philanthropy."

In 1757, his friend Turner, who had been some time preparing for the ministry, left Dr. Jennings, on account of some difference of opinion in matters of religion, and removed to Taunton in Somersetshire, where he finished his studies. About 1758, he became pastor of a dissenting congregation at Lympstone in Devonshire; and about 1762, he engaged with the Rev. Mr. Hogg and another gentleman, as tutor and manager of an academy at Exeter; but he continued still to correspond with Scott, and in time of vacation paid several visits to Ware. The verses *To an Absent Friend*, are supposed to have been addressed to Turner.

While thou far hence, on Albion's southern shore,
View'st her white rocks, and hear'st her ocean roar;
Through scenes where we together stray'd, I stray,
And think o'er talk of many a long past day.

He also addressed to him, *Winter Amusements in the Country*, an epistle, which was intended for the "Gentleman's Magazine," but appeared in "Pearch's Collection of Poems," 1770.

For about twenty years after the removal of the family to Amwell, he led a very retired life; for his father and mother being very apprehensive of the danger that might be incurred from the

infection of the small-pox, he seldom went from home; and, however extraordinary it may appear, though only at the distance of twenty miles, he is said to have visited London but once during so long a period.

Though he very early acquired the friendship and esteem of a large circle of acquaintance, yet he does not appear to have been known to any literary characters till 1760; after which he began to make occasional, though cautious and short visits to London.

In the spring 1760, being then thirty years of age, after many repeated revivals and corrections, he published his four *Elegies, Descriptive and Moral*, 4to, which were honoured with a very particular and liberal approbation, and publicly praised and recommended by Young, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Carter, and other eminent characters.

When the author of the "Night Thoughts" received a copy of the *Elegies* from his bookseller, he returned his acknowledgment in these words: "Sir, I thank you for your present; I admire the poetry and piety of the author, and shall do myself the credit to recommend it to all my friends." This praise was truly valuable, as it was not the voice of adulation to greatness, of ignorance to celebrity, or of partiality to friendship; but the sanction of learning, taste, and genius, given to modest and retired merit.

His acquaintance was now considerably enlarged, and he was introduced to several of the literati, with whom he had little or no connection before the appearance of his *Elegies*. But the praise which he received upon this occasion, did not in the least excite his vanity to claim again the attention of the public. He wrote little, and printed nothing till 1768. His natural caution and diffidence seemed to increase: he always expressed the strongest sense of the necessity of frequent revival before publication; and no writer adhered more strictly than himself, to the well-known precept of Horace—*nonum prematur in annum*.

In 1761, the small-pox being prevalent in the town of Ware, he removed for some time to St. Margarets, a small hamlet, at the distance of about two miles from Amwell, where Mr. Hoole was introduced to his acquaintance by Mr. Bennet, then master of the grammar school at Hoddeson, where they accidentally met.

"I shall always recollect with pleasure," says Mr. Hoole, "my first conversation with Mr. Scott at St. Margarets, where he showed me the early sketch of his poem of *Amwell*, which he then called a *Prospect of Ware, and the Country adjacent*. This sketch was afterwards greatly enlarged before its appearance in 1776; and in the course of our conversation, he showed me several manuscript pieces, some of which were made part of his poetical volume."

Having found the frequent disadvantages and inconveniencies arising from his apprehension of the small-pox, which prevented him from mixing frequently with the world, and improving that acquaintance at London, of which his increasing reputation and love of knowledge made him now more desirous, he resolved at once to remove every fear of that distemper, by submitting to the operation of inoculation, which he accordingly did, under the care of Dr. Dimdale, in 1776, with Mr. Joseph Cockfield, a gentleman with whom he had lived for some years in great intimacy, and to whom he addressed his 12th *Ode*. He writes to a friend, that "they had not one day's confinement, though sufficient tokens to secure them from future fear or danger."

About this time, Mr. Hoole introduced him to the acquaintance of his friend Dr. Johnson; "and notwithstanding," says his biographer, "the great difference of their political principles, Scott had too much love for goodness and genius, not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the Doctor, with a mind superior to the distinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always spoke with feeling regard."

He had a very early passion for gardening; and in 1765 and 1766, he amused himself in laying out and embellishing a few acres of his own ground, which are thought not unworthy the attention of strangers who come accidentally into that neighbourhood. In these plantations is a grotto, of his own design, considered as one of the curiosities of the country. His friend Turner, procured him fossils and shells for the completion of this work, in which he frequently exerted his own manual labour; and he told Mr. Hoole that, in making the excavation under the hill for the subterraneous

passage, he marched first, like a pioneer, with his pick-ax in his hand, to encourage his rustic assistants. These pleasure grounds have given rise to an epistle intituled *The Garden*.

In 1766, he lost his mother, who died on the 14th of December, aged eighty years. *A Sonnet* to her is said to have been found among his manuscripts.

In 1767, he was married to Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his friend Frogley, of whom such deserved and honourable mention has been made. The bride was, previous to her nuptials, admitted a member of the society to which he belonged; and the nuptials were celebrated at the Quaker's meeting-house at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire.

The connection between Scott and Frogley being strengthened by this marriage, Scott showed many acts of kindness to the companion of his early studies, to whom he always continued firmly attached; of which attachment he has left a public testimony in his 11th *Ode*, addressed to a friend apprehensive of declining friendship; which seems to have been written in order to dissipate some little uneasiness that might have arisen in the mind of Frogley, from a fear of being neglected by Scott.

Too much in man's imperfect state,
Mistake produces useless pain;
Methinks on friendship's frequent fate,
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.—
Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has raz'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to stand,
And on his crystal current gaze.

He was now to experience the most severe stroke he had ever met with; after having lost his father, who died in February 1768, in the 84th year of his age, he was deprived of his wife, who died in childbed in the same year, leaving behind her a child of which she had been delivered, that died the following August.

Till the death of his mother, his life seems to have run in one even tenor, calm and unruffled; but he was now called to an exertion of that philosophy, which made no inconsiderable part of his character. For some time after the death of his wife, he retired to the house of his friend Cockfield, at Upton, that, removed from those scenes which perpetually awakened every tender idea, his mind might, by degrees, recover its tranquillity. Of this circumstance he speaks in his 12th *Ode*, addressed to him.

'Twas when Misfortune's stroke severe,
And Melancholy's presence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
That thine my weary steps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindness gave me ease, &c.

When the first violence of his grief began to settle into a sedate and gentle sorrow, he solaced his lonely hours by composing an *Elegy* to the memory of one who had been so dear to him. If we were to estimate the poignancy of his grief by this pathetic performance, we cannot doubt the ardour of a passion which is, of all others, the most tender and sympathetic.

The *Elegy* was written at Amwell, in 1768; a few copies only were printed, and privately distributed among his friends. At his desire, Mr. Hoole presented a copy to Dr. Hawkesworth, who spoke of it in the highest terms of commendation. A copy also was sent to Langhorne, whose first wife died in childbed in the same month that proved fatal to the wife of Scott; a similarity of circumstance to which he alludes, and to his pathetic "Verses written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a Lady," in the following stanzas.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom;
Nor she alone the tear of song obtains:
The *Muse of Blagdon* o'er *Constantia's* tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.
My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd,
His heart, like mine, in its true partner blest;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd;
The same sad hours beheld us both distressed.

This similarity of circumstance and congenial affliction, gave rise to a friendship between these two poets, which was only interrupted by the death of the amiable Langhorne.

In 1769, he met with another loss, in the death of his friend Turner, the companion and associate of his early studies with Frogley. This amiable and ingenious man died, universally lamented, at Colliton in Devonshire, on the 30th of June, in the 35th year of his age. He possessed considerable natural abilities, and much acquired knowledge, with a candid disposition and elegant taste; and by the general tenor of his correspondence with Scott, appears to have been always of a religious and studious turn. A pathetic tribute is paid to his memory by Scott, in his poem of *Amwell*, speaking of the several losses which he had experienced in the death of his friends.

Of thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers to Devon's myrtle vales,
He mov'd a while with prospect op'ning fair,
Of useful life, and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds, new anguish wak'd.

On the 1st of November 1770, he was married at the Quaker meeting-house at Ratcliffe, to his second wife, Mary De Horne, daughter of the late Abraham De Horne; a lady whose amiable qualities promised him many years of uninterrupted happiness.

About the year 1771, he became acquainted with Dr. Beattie, who paid him two visits at his house at Amwell, one in 1773, and the other in 1781. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between these two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Scott.

His settled residence was at Amwell, in the same house where his father resided, when he first retired from London, and which he afterwards greatly enlarged; but he every year spent a considerable part of the winter, and sometimes a week in summer, at a house which he had at Ratcliffe Cross. By his visits to London, the number of his literary friends had been considerably increased. He was introduced to the elegant Mrs. Montague, at whose house he became first acquainted with Lyttleton; and whose defence of "Shakspeare's injur'd page" from "Gallic rage," he has praised in his *Ode to Criticism*. He had been visited at Amwell by the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay, the "faithful advocate for freedom;" to whom he addressed *Stanzas on reading her History of England*, 1766; first printed with five *Sonnets* in Pearch's "Collection of Poems," 1770. He was known to Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir William Jones, James Boswell, Esq. and to the Rev. Mr. Potter, the excellent translator of "Æschylus and Euripides;" and Mickle, whose "well-known masterly translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal," he has praised in his *Ode on Poetical Enthusiasm*.

While he resided in the country, he divided his time between the improvement of his pleasure grounds, the occupations of study, and the public business in the vicinity of his residence. He was very constant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and Commissioners of Land Tax. He took the lead in several undertakings, in which his plans proved successful. Ware and Hertford are indebted to him for opening a spacious road between those towns, which was undertaken in 1768, and is justly esteemed one of the greatest conveniencies in that part of the country; and, by his attention and diligence, alterations have been made in the principal streets of Ware, to the great improvement of that town.

In 1733, he showed the world that his studies were not confined to ornamental and elegant literature; but that many of his hours had been spent in such useful inquiries, as might tend to the general benefit of mankind. He published a pamphlet full of good sense and philanthropy, intitled, *Observations on the present State of the Parochial and Vagrant Poor*, 8vo; in which the cause of that unhappy part of the community is pleaded with much perspicacity of observation, and persuasive energy, against oppressive, or defective laws, and avaricious parish officers. Mr. Gilbert, in a bill brought into the House of Commons, in 1782, seems to have offered expedients for the prevention of imposition on the one hand, and of tyranny on the other, in some cases very similar to those proposed by Scott.

In the summer 1775, Mr. Hoole paid a family visit at Amwell, accompanied with Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams. They staid at Amwell some days, to the mutual satisfaction of Dr. Johnson and Scott; whose kindness for each other was not a little strengthened by this domestic intercourse. Scott led Dr. Johnson to take a view of his gardens, which were then completed; who, with great plea-

santry, termed the grotto *Fairy Hall*, and said, with a smile, that "none but a poet could have made such a garden." It appears from the epistle intituled *The Garden*, that the taste of Scott, afterwards more cultivated, would not suffer him always to view his improved grounds with the same complacency.

He had long determined to prove his powers in descriptive poetry, and to celebrate the beauties of his favourite village. He now greatly enlarged the first plan of his *Prospect of Ware*, and rendered it interesting by the introduction of historical allusions and moral reflections, with the addition of explanatory notes. In 1776, he published his performance, under the title of *Amwell, a descriptive Poem*, 4to, with his name. He had bestowed much attention on this poem; and its reception by the critics in general, and by poetical readers, was such as, from its merit, might be expected.

He employed his pen, at times, on various anonymous pamphlets, and essays on miscellaneous subjects; and particularly in vindication of the principles of political freedom, which he had invariably espoused. His peculiar attachment to the popular part of our constitution, made him regard, with jealousy, the influence of the Crown and of the Aristocracy. His active and public spirit would not permit him to remain an uninterested spectator, when any occasion offered for showing his exertions for the good of the community. The calm and dispassionate temper of the man of study and retirement, was lost in the season of party and turbulence, when it may reasonably be imputed as a crime for any member of society to observe a frigid neutrality. He disapproved of the conduct of Government in the American war; and notwithstanding his unfeigned veneration for the character of Dr. Johnson, he published two pamphlets in answer to his "Patriot" and "False Alarm;" and is said to have prepared an answer to "Taxation no Tyranny." On these subjects the writings of Scott have much clearness of argument, strength of style, and warmth of zeal for that cause which he had espoused, upon generous and deliberate principles.

When the poems attributed to Rowley were published by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in 1777, Scott openly pronounced them the forgeries of Chatterton, and disputed their authenticity in two judicious and well written letters in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July and August 1777, and produced the first arguments on that side, except what are contained in a letter in the same magazine for May 1777.

In 1778, he undertook, with a friendly zeal, the defence of his friend Dr. Beattie, from an anonymous attack in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, for not continuing his "Essay on Truth," in a letter in the same Magazine for March following, to which he signed his name; and received Dr. Beattie's acknowledgment upon the occasion.

The same year, he favoured the public with a work of great labour and utility, intituled *Digest of the General Highway and Turnpike Laws, with the schedule of forms, as directed by Act of Parliament, with remarks. Also an Appendix on the construction and preservation of Roads*, 8vo. In this compilation, all the Acts of Parliament in force are collected together, and placed in one point of view; and their contents are arranged under distinct heads. The *Appendix* on the construction and preservation of Roads, is perhaps the only scientific treatise on the subject. Nothing more distinguishes this work, than the humane and benevolent spirit that breathes through all his observations. The first sketch of this work appeared in 1773, under the title of *A Digest of the Highway Laws*, 8vo.

The same year he published, without his name, four *Moral Eclogues*, 4to; in which he professed to have endeavoured to exhibit a specimen of genuine and simple pastoral. But it was now no time for pastoral poetry to attract curiosity, when probably the merits of Theocritus and Virgil infused into an English Muse, could have been little attended to.

The Latin motto from Virgil, prefixed to these eclogues, was given him by Dr. Beattie; who, in one of his letters, speaks highly of the eclogue intituled *Armin*, which he appears to have seen in manuscript; and he expresses himself, respecting the variety of Scott's publications, in the following manner:

"I am astonished at the activity of your friend, and the versatility of your genius. It is truly amazing, that one and the same person should, in one and the same year, publish the most elegant poems, and *A Digest of the Laws relating to the Highways*. Go on, Sir, in your laudable resolution of delighting and instructing mankind, of patronizing the poor, and promoting the public weal."

He had long desired to be known to the Wartons, of whose critical and poetical abilities he was a great admirer; and about Christmas 1781, he was introduced by Mr. Hoole to the two brothers,

who were highly pleased with his unaffected frankness and amiable simplicity. He expressed the warmest wishes to cultivate their acquaintance, which they were no less desirous to improve; but they parted, to meet no more!

In the Spring 1782, he published a collection of his poems, which he had long projected, under the title of *The Poetical Works of John Scott, Esq.* in one volume, 8vo; which, besides what had been formerly printed, was enriched by the addition of *Amæban Eclogues, Oriental Eclogues, Odes, Epistles, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Pieces.*

The public gave a very favourable reception to this collection, which he had spared no pains to render as correct as possible; and the volume was very elegantly printed, and embellished by a variety of beautiful engravings, particularly a frontispiece by Bartolozzi, from a design of Angelica Kauffman; and a head of the author by Hall, from a painting by Townsend.

The remarks on this article in the "Critical Review," for July 1782, were introduced by some trifling witticisms, and ill-placed raillery, highly reprehensible in a literary censor, whose duty it is to deliver his sentiments with impartiality. Speaking of the plates with which the volume is decorated, the Reviewer observes: "To say the truth, there is a profusion of ornament and finery about this book, not quite suitable to the plainness and simplicity of the Barclean system; but Mr. Scott is fond of the Muses, and wishes, we suppose, like Captain Macheath, to see his ladies well dressed."

Scott, justly offended at this indecent behaviour, and little accustomed to disguise his sentiments, was induced, with inconsiderate warmth, to publish *A Letter to the Critical Reviewers, &c.* 8vo, 1782. in which he expostulated with them on their conduct. This letter produced a second article in the next Review; and to this Scott replied again, by a letter inserted in one of the newspapers, which closed this unpleasant controversy, in which he had engaged, contrary to the opinion of his friends.

The same year, he addressed an amicable *Letter to the Editor of the European Magazine*, objecting to the account of his *Poetical Works* in their September Magazine, which he thought degrading, not "on account of the manner, but the matter of it." "The gentleman," he says, "who wrote the article, has treated me civilly; his strictures, therefore, seem to be the result of incompetent judgment or superficial examination. To the memoirs you have given of my life, I have nothing to object; the information obtained is authentic, and expressed in a liberal and courteous manner." This correspondence has escaped the notice of Mr. Hoole; but it deserves attention, as it contains his opinion of his own compositions, and as it serves to authenticate the particulars of his life, recorded in the "European Magazine."

From the time of his second marriage till his death, he seems to have enjoyed a life of great tranquillity, gratified with the elegant and unblameable pleasures resulting from a well-cultivated mind, and possessed of a wife, whose disposition ensured to him a perpetual source of domestic peace. He mentions her with unaffected tenderness in his poem of *Amwell*; and addresses a copy of verses to her, written in the same year, and inserted in his *Poetical Works*, twelve years after his marriage.

He commenced a critic on Denham, Pope, and Thomson, in his correspondence with his friends, Cockfield and Turner, in 1756 and 1761. He had afterwards minutely examined some of the productions of Milton, Dyer, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, and had long designed to impart his strictures to the world. He corrected this work for the press, under the title of *Critical Essays on some of the Poems of several English Poets*, in 1783; but did not live to superintend the publication.

His wife having lately laboured under a very serious complaint, for which he was anxious to have the best advice, he accompanied her to London, Oct. 25. 1783; and on the 1st of December following, was attacked with a putrid fever, the symptoms of which, from the beginning, were judged to be dangerous. On the 12th of December, eleven days after he was seized, having retained his senses to the last, with his understanding at all times clear and unimpaired, he died at his house in Ratcliffe, in the 54th year of his age. He was buried in the Quaker burying-ground at Ratcliffe, on the 18th of the same month, his funeral being attended by a select number of relations and friends. He left behind him a widow and daughter, their only child, about six years old.

After his death, his *Critical Essays* being nearly ready for publication, it was thought advisable to prefix some account of his life to the posthumous volume. Mr. David Barclay, grandson of the great Apologist, applied to Dr. Johnson, to undertake the arrangement of the materials he would endeavour

to furnish. To this application Dr. Johnson returned the following answer, dated Ashbourn, Sept. 16. 1784.

"As I have made some advances towards recovery, and loved Scott, I am willing to do justice to his memory. You will be pleased to get what account you can of his life, with dates, where they can be had; and when I return, we will contrive how our materials can be best employed."

The death of Dr. Johnson, which happened Dec. 13. having frustrated the kind intentions of Mr. Barclay, and put an end to his expectations of procuring to him so honourable a testimony to the merits of his deceased friend, he prevailed upon Mr. Hoole to become his biographer; who executed the task in a manner that reflects much credit on his candour, modesty, and judgment.

A second edition of his *Poetical Works* was printed in 8vo, 1786. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1786, with the *Description of the Æolian Harp*, and the *Verses on Fear*, reprinted from the "Gentleman's Magazine," for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of the amiable and benevolent "poet of Amwell," as delineated by Mr. Hoole, who knew him well, seems to be a powerful rival, in point of philanthropy, to that of the worthy and public-spirited "Man of Ross."

"In his person he was tall and slender, but his limbs were remarkably strong and muscular; he was very active, and delighted much in walking; his countenance was cheerful and animated. The active member of society, the public-spirited man, and contemplative student, were all united in Scott. He was not only a lover and cultivator of polite literature, but, though not used to any profession, was no idle member of the community; he busied himself in many concerns that tended to the good of his neighbourhood. He knew how to blend the elegant with the useful; and such as had little predilection for the author of the *Elegies*, were forward enough to give their suffrage to those merits that promoted the good of general life. As he was well informed in the laws of his country, he was ever disposed to stand forward in the arbitration of any differences between his neighbours; he frequently interfered in the lesser quarrels and distresses of the poor inhabitants; and, to apply his own emphatical words in the *Vicar of Amwell*,

——— Oft heard and oft reliev'd
Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils———

"He is reported to have been at one time a sportsman; but in consequence of a humane and rational opinion, that men had no right to destroy or torment any of the animal creation for mere diversion, he, for many years before his death, totally relinquished the diversions of shooting and fishing.

"He certainly possessed a general knowledge in, and acquaintance with books. That he made any great progress in the languages, there is little reason to suppose; he, indeed, might attain some knowledge of the Latin; but that knowledge was very slender. From his inclination to know something of the excellencies of those poets who have so long held their claim to admiration, he seems, by a few remarks and references, to have looked into some of the Augustan writers, particularly Virgil, whose spirit would have been highly congenial to one whose professed aim was purity and correctness; but I think there is little room to believe, that those occasional researches were ever improved into any thing like the familiar perusal of a Latin classic. He had no acquaintance with the French or Italian.

"He had a constant desire to be acquainted with every character of learning or genius. He often regretted that he had not known the late Mr. Garrick; of whom, though he never went to the theatres, he had conceived a high idea; and, indeed, he has frequently expressed to me a strong curiosity to have seen him act.

"He imparted, without any disguise, his real feeling and sentiments on his own works, or on the works of others. His manner of reading verse was very peculiar, yet such as seemed to give him a strong perception of harmony; at the same time he frequently confessed to me, that he read ill, and was well pleased to have his lines repeated by another. This is a defect very common in authors; Goldsmith, one of the most harmonious and easy poets, was a very unskilful reader.

"He was a great lover of music, but had no practical knowledge of it. He preferred the time for poetical composition, when the rest of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his custom to sit in a dark room, and when he had composed a number of lines, he would go into another room, where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in

his hour of retiring to rest, he would sometimes be up great part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work."

On the poetical character of Scott, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as it has been illustrated by Mr. Hoole, with a minuteness of examination, and a justness of discrimination, that leaves little to be supplied.

"The greater part of Mr. Scott's poems, are turned on rural imagery; in which it will be found, that his principal merit is novelty in description, and a laudable endeavour to introduce an occasional simplicity of style, perhaps too much rejected by the present fastidious readers of poetry. He was certainly no servile copyist of the thoughts of others; for, living in the country, and being a close and accurate observer, he painted what he saw, though he must, unavoidably, sometimes fall on ideas and expressions common to all pastoral writers.

"He cultivated the knowledge of natural history and botany, which enabled him to preserve the truth of nature with many discriminating touches, perhaps not excelled by any descriptive poet since the days of Thomson.

"Perhaps it must be granted, that his first avowed poetical production, intituled *Elegies, Moral and Descriptive*, has not been excelled by any of his subsequent works, whether we consider the liveliness of the painting, the harmony of the verse, or the amiable strain of benevolence and piety that runs through the whole.

"His *Amwell*, a descriptive poem, is written in blank verse, the genius of which he professed to have particularly studied; and I think he exhibits a specimen of great strength and harmony in that metre. The face of the country here is very picturesque; but perhaps it will be found, that local description is far more adapted to the powers of the pencil than the pen. Those marking and peculiar features which the painter gives, with a few strokes, to the eye, will lose almost all their discrimination in the words of the poet; a hill, a vale, a forest, a rivulet, and a cataract, can be described only by general terms; the hill must swell, the vale sink, the rivulet murmur, and the cataract foam. On the great defect of words to discriminate material objects, Dr. Johnson once observed to me, that no description, however accurately given, could impress any determinate idea of the different shapes of animals on the mind of one who had never seen those animals. Hence, it must be concluded, that the appearance of nature at large may be the province of poetry, but that the form of particular objects must belong to the painter. Scott has availed himself of every circumstance that could with propriety be introduced to decorate his poem; but nothing shows his taste and judgment more than the tribute paid by him to the memory of Thomas Hassal, the venerable minister of Amwell, which furnishes a passage at once so pathetic and poetical. Though Scott's poem will not raise in the mind of a stranger any strong idea of the place meant to be described, yet it will always be perused with delight by poetical lovers of rural imagery.

"His *Moral Eclogues* undoubtedly deserve praise, for easy versification and good painting, and for several natural observations of the poet. Several new images may be collected from these poems. In some places, the poet has not unskillfully introduced the names of wild plants and flowers, which, when they are marked with picturesque epithets, have a good effect. I am sensible that some persons have affected to hold mere descriptive poetry in little estimation, but, surely, not to mention that description, must necessarily make great part of every narrative poem, and has ever been considered as a material talent in the poet; a poem consisting of rural painting, may, at least to the ear, have the same merit that landscape-painting has to the eye. But few poems of this kind were ever known to come from the pen of a good writer, without a mixture of moral reflections; and in this, the poetry of Scott, is entitled to no little approbation. But whatever praise is due to the harmony of his numbers, I cannot pass over a peculiarity in his predilection for sometimes laying an uncommon accent on words or syllables, which he thought gave strength to the line. This liberty should, in my opinion, be very sparingly used. Roughness of verse may indeed be emphatical where the image requires it, of which a forcible example is given in the following line:

The slow wain grating bore its cumbrous load.

"The *Amabean Eclogues* seems to me the least happy of Mr. Scott's productions; for in his attempt at novelty, he has admitted such names and circumstances, as, in my opinion, no versification, however harmonious, can make poetical; these lines may, in some measure, show the force of my objections,

Old oaken stubs, tough saplings there adorn,
 There hedge-row plashe yield the knotty thorn,
 The swain for different uses these avail,
 And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

"In his *Oriental Eclogues*, he has, with judgment, made use of such circumstances as might give them an air of local truth. The Eclogue of *Serim*, or the *Artificial Famine*, has much poetical merit. The Chinese Eclogue, called *Li-po*, or the *Good Governor*, has picturesque touches of the country, and contains many amiable reflections, political and moral. The vision of *Confucius* is very poetical.

"The *Odes*, as he informs us, were written at very different periods, and some appear to be his earliest effusions in poetry. The style of these odes is various, gay and familiar, pathetic and sublime. In the odes on *Recruiting* and *Privateering*, the thoughts are new, and singularly characteristic of Mr. Scott's religious tenets, and which ought to reflect no small honour on these tenets, strictly conformable to the dictates of every feeling mind, uncorrupted with the maxims of human policy. The *Mexican Ode* may admit of much praise. It opens with a spirited abruptness; it ends with equal dignity, after the prophecy of the Mexican idol. The vanishing of the demon is attended with circumstances not very dissimilar from the disappearance of the "Spirit of the Cape," in Camoens.

"The two *Epistles* that follow the odes, are written in a very familiar and easy strain of versification. The second *Epistle* describes the occupations and amusements of a contemplative mind in the country, and may be considered as a picture of the author's own manner of living.

"The *Essay on Painting* is an elegant piece of versification, and shows, in the fullest light, Mr. Scott's turn for the polite arts. He was always a great admirer of painting, and for many years never missed an annual exhibition. The poem is said to be addressed to a young painter, but has no reference to any particular person. It will perhaps be found, that not any very new remarks are introduced on a subject relative to which so much has been written; but the rules and observations are at least delivered with taste and propriety."

Of his success as a critic, in his posthumous volume, Mr. Hoole thinks no less favourably than of his poetical pretensions.

"This volume displays an open, manly spirit of criticism, and may be perused by all lovers of poetry with advantage. He seems, with reason, to have disputed the claim of Denham to the reputation which he has so long enjoyed, and several of the passages adduced by him from *Cooper's Hill*, very well support his assertions. He has skilfully defended Milton's *Lycidas* against some of Dr. Johnson's objections, and has well apologised for the profusion of imagery admitted into a poem expressive of grief. He has judiciously pointed out several inaccuracies in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, one of the correctest of our poets. His remarks on *Gronger Hill*, and the *Ruins of Rome* of Dyer, and the *Oriental Eclogues* of Collins, are replete with taste, the defects and beauties of each poem being singled out with great discernment. The *Elegy* of Gray seems to have given him little room for objection, but I think that he has indulged himself too much in his proposed transposition of several passages in that poem. Amidst all the beauties of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, he has very clearly discovered redundancy and incorrectness. His strictures on Thomson are generally just, and several examples are given of false figures, and confused metaphors, wherein the poet's fancy has carried away his judgment."

Such are the criticisms of Mr. Hoole, which, with a few exceptions, will be generally allowed to be the result of a competent judgment, a candid disposition, and an elegant taste. He has estimated the moral and intellectual character of Scott with impartiality, and discriminated the beauties and defects of his compositions with accuracy.

In such an age as this, "when dissipation reigns, and prudence sleeps," too much cannot be said in favour of a man who was not less distinguished by the blameless simplicity of his manners, than the warmth of his friendship, and the activity of his benevolence. But his amiable worth and poetical genius, may be better known from his works, that truly reflect their author's mind, than any formal comments. Though a disciple of Barclay, he is also a legitimate son of Apollo. The present writer is happy to agree with Mr. Hoole, in assigning him a respectable rank among the poets of our nation. His compositions are characterized by elegance, simplicity, and harmony, more than invention or sublimity; neither of which are wanting. They breathe a spirit of tenderness and philanthropy, and

display an amiable and virtuous mind. In natural enthusiasm and fire, they are by no means deficient. The subjects on which choice or accident has induced him to write, afford no great room for invention to be exercised. His *third* and *fourth eclogues*, and the *second* and *third Oriental* ones, and some other poems, have, however, a disposition of conduct not very frequently met with. All his pieces show a propriety of plan, and regularity of connection; their component parts are homogenous and concordant, and close in an easy and agreeable manner. They are distinguished by correctness and neatness of expression; a style free from elliptical abruptness, violent transpositions, or a slovenly recurrence of the same words in one sentence. His lines are seldom cold or prosaic, though sometimes a verse may be found purposely varied from the common structure by trochaic accents, or otherwise. In some instances the *limæ labor et mora* are too visible, and seem to have destroyed the characteristic relief, the glowing thought, and the ardent language. But his poems have a merit of no common kind; they have no poetical common-places; the sentiments and diction are unborrowed; and his style of composition, as well as his modes of thinking, are entirely his own.

His *Elegies, Descriptive and Moral*, are characterized by a natural enthusiasm, harmony, and simplicity. The descriptions are truly poetical, and the morality so happily interwoven with them, as to seem almost necessarily connected with the subject; while the melodious gravity of the verse, and the agreeable melancholy spirit of the sentiments and expression, compose a very decent and suitable garb for the elegiac Muse.

His *Elegy written at Amwell*, 1768, at a time when he was suffering the greatest of human calamities, the death of the object whom he mourns, is fraught with fine poetical feeling, that entitles it to rank with the "Monodies" of Shaw and Lyttleton, and the "Verses," &c. of Langhorne; the most pathetic funeral elegies in the English language.

His *Amwell* is an easy and melodious descriptive poem; the objects of which are those rural scenes and images that strike upon a young mind impregnated with the seeds of poetry, of course, with an ardent love of nature—that strike with a degree of enthusiasm, which seems, like other generous passions, to have its empire in youth, but can never be divided from memory. He begins with invoking the descriptive Muse, who inspired Thomson, Dyer, and Shenstone; invites his *Maria*, the second fair partner of his joys, to accompany him in his walk; directs our eye to *Hertford's gray towers*—which introduces a short episode of the defeat of the Danes by Alfred, in 879; to Berleio and Ware-Park, once the residence of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the translator of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, who is elegantly commemorated; to the New River, brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton; to Ware, once famous for its tournaments, in one of which an Earl of Pembroke was slain, 25th Hen. III.; to Langley-bottom, an Elysian scene, on which he seriously moralizes. After lamenting, in the close of these melancholy ideas, the death of his friends Turner and De Horne, he proceeds in his pastoral landscape, near and remote, till he rests at last on *Amwell*, his favourite scene; of which he gives a more particular and more graphical view. Scarcely any thing of the descriptive kind can be more poetical than the farewell address to the scene and subject of this elegant poem. It is rendered interesting by the introduction of historical incidents, apt allusions, and moral reflections. Introduced are Isaac Walto, the scene of whose "Angler's Dialogues" is the Vale of Lee; William Warner, the author of "Albion's England," who resided here; Thomas Hassal, vicar of *Amwell*, who, like the good Bishop of Marseilles, performed his parochial duty during the plague in 1603 and 1625; and Mr. Hoole, the *British Tasso*, his future biographer, who thither

——— Oft from busy scenes,
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

In his *Amæbean Eclogues*, the rural imagery that is introduced and illustrated by notes, is new and Linnæan; though some of his plants and shrubs, like the barbarous town in Horace, no versification can make poetical—*versu dicere non est*. They evince, however, strong powers of appropriate and discriminating description, natural and pathetic sentiment, and correct and spirited versification.

His *Oriental Eclogues* have little to fear from a comparison with any of their predecessors. Like those of Collins, they have description, incident, sentiment, and moral; they have simplicity of thought, and melody of language. To describe the manners and habits of life of a people, and the scenery of a country that is known, and known too but imperfectly, by the description of others, is a task of considerable difficulty. Of the numerous attempts of this kind, whether in prose or verse, there are few, perhaps, will stand the test of examination. Should it possibly be objected to Scott,

that he has not wholly escaped the impropriety of sometimes blending European with Asiatic ideas, he has, however, other beauties, that will more than atone for what, perhaps, in an Englishman might be unavoidable. They breathe a spirit of humanity and poetry, that does equal honour to his heart and his understanding. In the East Indian eclogue, intituled *Serim, or the Artificial Famine*, the misery and destruction accumulated, some years ago, on the Gentop natives of Bengal, &c. by the monopoly of rice, are painted in strong colours, and exhibit a picture of our unfeeling countrymen, from which we turn with horror, to scenes not less horrid, though long past in the West.

The Mexican Prophecy is a spirited production. On the approach of *Cortez* to the neighbourhood of Mexico, the Emperor Montezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the forcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol *Tleatlēpūca*, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the ode, of which the conclusion approaches to sublimity. Respecting the general poetical merit of his *Essay on Painting*, *Epistles*, and *Odes*, the present writer is happy to coincide in judgment with Mr. Hoole. His *Sonnets* are correct and elegant, and will be read with pleasure; though they do not possess all the appropriate excellencies of this species of verse. His verses on the *Æolian Harp*, and on *Fear*, are spirited and poetical. But there is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of his poetry, any thing more expressive of his philanthropical affections and comprehensive benevolence, than the following little *Ode*. It is truly British, and truly humane.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

His *Critical Essays* are no inconsiderable addition to his fame. They have much merit, in the mode of criticism which he has pursued. In the minuteness and rigour of his examination, he approaches to the inquisitorial strictness of Dr. Johnson. This exactness, however, is sometimes misapplied, and sometimes leads him into error. Just observations are sometimes mixed with faults. Some peculiar words and phrases do not produce a pleasing effect; but, on the whole, they may be read by an ardent young poet with advantage.

THE WORKS OF SCOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SUCH of the following pieces as were formerly published having been honoured with general approbation, any apology for reprinting them must be unnecessary. The others, which constitute the

Amwell, 1782.

principal part of this volume, it is apprehended, are not of inferior merit; and the whole may, perhaps, afford an innocent and agreeable amusement to the lovers of nature and poetry.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juvenus,
Sacra deum, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

VIRG. Georg. II. l. 467.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE most rational definition of pastoral poetry seems to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr. Johnson, in the 37th number of his Rambler. 'Pastoral,' says he, 'being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects on a country life, has nothing peculiar, but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral.' This theory the author of the following eclogues has endeavoured to exemplify.

ECLOGUE I.

THERON; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

Scene, a Heath:—Season, Spring; Time, Morning.

FAIR Spring o'er nature held her gentlest sway,
Fair morn diffus'd around her brightest ray;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue:
There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May lilies richest odours shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There shrill the lark, and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the thrush's music rung,

The gentle swain the cheerful scene admir'd;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
'Chant on,' he cry'd, 'ye warblers on the spray!
'Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play!
'Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
'Murmur, ye rills! and whisper soft, ye gales!
'How blest my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
'Where peace and leisure sooth the tuneful mind;
'Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
'Of unperturbed nature's golden reign,
'When love and virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
'With undefining youths and artless maids!
'For us, though destin'd to a later time,
'A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
'For us the country boasts enough to charm,
'In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.
'Come, Cynthia, come! in town no longer stay;
'From crowds, and noise, and folly, haste away!
'The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
'The vernal showers awake a rich perfume,

' Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
 ' Rears its white walls that through green wil-
 lows gleam,
 ' Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day;
 ' And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
 ' Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf
 laid,
 ' In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade;
 ' These for their friends th' expected feast pro-
 vide,
 ' Beneath cool bowers along th' enclosure's side.
 ' To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
 ' Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there;
 ' Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
 ' Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
 ' Come, Cynthia, come! If towns and crowds in-
 vite,
 ' And noise and folly promise high delight;
 ' Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these—
 ' The rural prospect, only, long can please!

ECLOGUE II.

PALEMON; OR, BENEVOLENCE.

Scene, a Wood-side on the Brow of a Hill:—Season, Summer; Time, Forenoon.

BRIGHT fleecy clouds flew scattering o'er the sky,
 And shorten'd shadows show'd that noon was
 nigh;
 When two young shepherds, in the upland shade,
 Their listless limbs upon the greenward laid.
 Surrounding groves the wandering fight confin'd—
 All, save where, westward, one wide landscape
 shin'd,

Down in the dale were neat enclosures seen,
 The winding hedge-row and the thicket green;
 Rich marsh land next a glossy level show'd,
 And through gray willows silver rivers flow'd:
 Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
 And waving forests, form'd the prospect's bound.
 Sweet was the covert where the swains reclin'd!
 There spread the wild rose, there the woodbine
 twin'd; [ground,

There stood the green fern; there, o'er the grassy
 Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around;
 And centaury red and yellow cinquefoil grew,
 And scarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
 And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
 And ruddy strawberries yielding rich perfume.
 Gay flies their wings on each fair flower display'd,
 And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.

Along the brow a path delightful lay;
 Slow by the youths Palemon chanc'd to stray,
 A bard, who often to the rural throng,
 At vacant hours rehears'd the moral song!

The song the shepherds crav'd; the sage reply'd:
 ' As late my steps forsook the fountain side,
 ' Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
 ' Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
 ' With us perchance they'll rest a while!—The
 swains [plains:

Approach'd the shade; their sheep spread o'er the
 Silent they view'd the venerable man,
 Whose voice melodious thus the lay began:
 What Alcon sung where Evesham's vales extend,
 I sing; ye swains, your pleas'd attention lend!

' There long with him the rural life I led,
 ' His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
 ' Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
 ' Stood pleasant cots with trees dispers'd between,
 ' Beside his door, as waving o'er his head
 ' A lofty elm its rustling foliage spread,
 ' Frequent he sat; while all the village train
 ' Press'd round his seat, and listen'd to his strain.
 ' And once of fair Benevolence he sung,
 ' And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
 " Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
 " Sweet scenes, where plenty reigns, and plea-
 sure roves!

" Woo to your bowers benevolence the fair,
 " Kind as your soil, and gentle as your air.
 " She comes! her tranquil step, and placid eye,
 " Fierce rage, fell hate, and ruthless avarice fly.
 " She comes! her heav'nly smiles, with power-
 ful charm, [arm.

" Smooth care's rough brow, and rest toil's weary
 " She comes! ye shepherds, importune her stay!
 " While your fair farms exuberant wealth display,
 " While herds and flocks their annual increase
 yield,

" And yellow harvests load the fruitful field;
 " Beneath grim want's inexorable reign,
 " Pale sickness, oft, and feeble age complain!
 " Why this unlike allotment, save to show,
 " That who possess, possess but to bestow?"
 Palemon ceas'd.—' Sweet is the sound of gales
 ' Amid green osiers in the winding vales;
 ' Sweet is the lark's loud note on sunny hills,
 ' What time fair morn the sky with fragrance fills;
 ' Sweet is the nightingale's love-soothing strain,
 ' Heard by still waters on the moonlight plain?
 ' But not the gales that through green osiers play,
 ' Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
 ' Please like smooth numbers by the muse in-
 spir'd!—

Larvon reply'd, and homeward all retir'd.

ECLOGUE III.

ARMYN; OR, THE DISCONTENTED.

Scene, a Valley:—Season, Summer; Time, After-noon.

SUMMER o'er heav'n diffus'd serenest blue,
 And painted earth with many a pleasing hue;
 When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
 Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendant
 spray.

Cool was the shade, and cool the passing gale,
 And sweet the prospect of the adjacent vale:
 The fertile soil, profuse of plants, bestow'd
 The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple show'd,
 The spiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
 And meadowsweet tall with tufts of flowrets crown'd,
 And comfry white, and hoary silver weed,
 The bending osier, and the rustling reed.
 There, where clear streams about green islands
 spread,

Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armyn fed;
 There, on the hill's soft slope, delightful view!
 Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armyn grew;
 His sturdy hinds, a slow laborious band,
 Swept their bright scythes along the level land:

Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them past,
And the thick swarth in careless wind-rows cast.
Full on the landscape shone the westering sun,
When thus the swain's soliloquy begun:

'Haste down, O sun, and close the tedious day!
'Time to the unhappy slowly moves away.
'Not so to me, in Roden's sylvan bowers, [hours;
'Pass'd youth's short blissful reign of careless
'When to my view the fancy'd future lay,
'A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
'O then, what ardours did my breast inflame!
'What thoughts were mine, of friendship, love
'and fame!

'How tasteless life, now all its joys are try'd,
'And warm pursuits in dull repose subside!
He paus'd: his closing words Albino heard,
As down the stream his little boat he steer'd;
His hand releas'd the sail, and dropt the oar,
And moor'd the light skiff on the sedgey shore.

'Cease, gentle swain,' he said; 'no more, in vain,
'Thus make past pleasure cause of present pain!
'Cease, gentle swain,' he said; 'from thee alone
'Are youth's blest hours and fancy'd prospects
'flown?

'Ah no!—remembrance to my view restores
'Dear native fields, which now my soul deplores;
'Rich hills and vales, and pleasant village scenes
'Of oaks, whose wide arms stretch'd o'er daïsied
'greens,

'And windmill's sails slow-circling in the breeze;
'And cottage walls envelop'd half with trees—
'Sweet scenes, where beauty met the ravish'd sight,
'And music often gave the ear delight;
'Where Delia's smile, and Mira's tuneful song,
'And Damon's converse, charm'd the youthful
'throng! [plains,

'How chang'd, alas, how chang'd!—O'er all our
'Proud Norval now in lonely grandeur reigns;
'His wide-spread park a waste of verdure lies,
'And his vast villa's glittering roofs arise.
'For me, hard fate!—But say, shall I complain?
'These limbs yet active, life's support obtain.
'Let us, or good or evil as we share,
'That thankful prize, and this with patience bear.
'The soft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle breast;
His alter'd brow a placid smile express'd.
'Calm as clear ev'nings after vernal rains,
'When all the air a rich perfume retains,
'My mind,' said he, 'its murmurs driv'n away,
'Feels truth's full force, and bows to reason's
'sway!

He ceas'd: the sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains, and the glittering streams.
Slow down the tide before the sinking breeze
Albino's white sail gleam'd among the trees;
Slow down the tide his winding course he bore
To wat'ry Talgar's aspin-shaded shore.
Slow cross the valley, to the southern hill,
The steps of Armyn sought the distant vill, [rose;
Where through tall elms the moss-grown turret
And his fair mansion offer'd sweet repose.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCORON; OR, THE UNHAPPY.

Scene, a Valley; Season, Autumn; Time, Evening.

THE matron, Autumn, held her sober reign
O'er fading foliage on the russet plain:

Mild evening came; the moon began to rise,
And spread pale lustre o'er unclouded skies.
'Twas silence all—save where along the road
The slow wane grating bore its cumb'rous load;
Save where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And screaming herons sought their wat'ry prey—
When hapless Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his soft sorrows on the passing gale.

'That grace of shape, that elegance of air,
'That blooming face so exquisitely fair;
'That eye of brightness, bright as morning's ray,
'That smile of softness, soft as closing day,
'Which bound my soul to thee; all, all are fled—
'All lost in dreary mansions of the dead!
'Ev'n him, whom distance from his love divides,
'Toil'd on scorch'd sands, or tost on rolling tides,
'Kind hope still cheers, still paints, to sooth his
pain,
'The happy moment when they meet again.
'Far worse my lot! of hope bereft, I mourn!—
'The parted spirit never can return!

Thus Damon spoke, as in the cypress gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the still valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle shepherds chanc'd his voice to hear:
Lycoron's head time's hand had silver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's rosy blushes bore.

'How mournful,' said Lycoron, 'flows that
'strain!

'It brings past miseries to my mind again.
'When the blithe village, on the vernal green,
'Sees its fair daughters in the dance convene;
'And youth's light step in search of pleasure strays,
'And his fond eyes on beauty fix their gaze;
'Should'st thou, then lingering midst the lovely
'train,

'Wish some young charmer's easy heart to gain,
'Mark well, that reason love's pursuit approve,
'Ere thy soft arts her tender passions move:
'Else, though thy thoughts in summer regions
range,

'Calm sunny climes that seem to fear no change;
'Rude winter's rage will soon the scene deform,
'Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering
storm!

'When parents interdict, and friends dissuade,
'The prudent censure, and the proud upbraid;
'Think! all their efforts then shalt thou disdain,
'Thy faith, thy constancy, unmov'd, maintain?

'To Isca's fields me once ill-fortune led;
'In Isca's fields her flocks Zelinda fed:
'There oft, when ev'ning, on the silent plain,
'Commenc'd with sweet serenity her reign,
'Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
'The fair one listen'd to my tender tales;

'Then when her mind, or doubt, or fear, distress'd,
'And doubt, or fear, her anxious eyes oppress'd,
"O no!" said I, "let oxen quit the mead,
"With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
"Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,

"And larks pursue the falcon through the sky;
"Streams cease to flow, and winds to stir the lake,
"If I, unfaithful, ever thee forsake!—"

'What my tongue utter'd then, my heart be-
'liev'd:

'O wretched heart, self-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
'Fell slander's arts the virgin's fame accus'd;
'And whom my love had chose, my pride refus'd.

' For me, that cheek did tears of grief distain?
 ' To me, that voice in anguish plead in vain?
 ' What fiend relentless then my soul possest?
 ' Oblivion hide! for ever hide the rest!
 ' Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd;
 ' Too late my pity and my justice mov'd! [express;
 He ceas'd, with groans that more than words
 And smote in agony his aged breast.

His friend reply'd not; but, with soothing strains
 Of solemn music, sought to ease his pains:
 Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
 From cowslip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
 Peace o'er their minds a calm composure cast;
 And slowly down the shadowy vale in pensive
 mood they past.

ELEGIES; DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
 And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
 Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
 Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes th' approaching months pre-
 pare;

Kind spring's full bounty soon will be display'd;
 The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear;
 The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
 Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield
 Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
 Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,
 The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
 If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
 Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
 Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
 And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves
 O'er prostrate virtue, in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field, [gay,
 The rude stone fence with fragrant wallflow'rs
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield,
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display:

And yet even here, amid these secret shades,
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
 And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed
 (The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom);
 While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the
 mead,
 Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
 O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!
 'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
 Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
 And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below:

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
 Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
 Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
 And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace
 within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
 As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
 To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
 And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such mine, when first from London's crowded
 streets, [hills,
 Rov'd my young steps to Surry's wood-crown'd
 O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thousand
 sweets,
 By shady coverts and by crystal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
 What share I now that can your loss repay,
 While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
 spread,
 And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
 Or raise our views to happier seats above, [more?
 Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no
 more:

These grateful share the gifts of nature's hand;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine
 (Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand),
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder, and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of
 morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring

The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centers in eternal spring.

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusky street,
And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and
heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Loft is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flow'rs, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance
fled?

Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine through this long, long course of sultry
hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by summer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance
fraught?

The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul imagination cheers,
Her pleasing colours paint the future gay:
Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
The pleasing colours instant fade away.

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,
And these will spring supply, and summer these;
Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface,
And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess,
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome
trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze!

But why these plaints?—reflect, nor murmur
more—

Far worse their fate in many a foreign land;
The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore,
The Arabs wand'ring over Mecca's sand.

Far worse, alas! the feeling mind sustains, [shame;
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or
The hopeless lover bound in beauty's chains,
The bard whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame;

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely consort lost in early bloom;

He, whom fell Febris, rapid fury, burns,
Or Phthisis slow leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Lest man should sink beneath the present pain;
Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
For him th' unvarying laws of Heav'n ordain,
Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Thence shall our fruits a richer flavour share,
Thence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn, refreshing show'rs may fall,
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the east loud-blust'ring gales arise;
Wide and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies!

O, in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail, and rain, and wind, and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of rev'rent praise be mine!

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread:

Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown
hay,

When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield:

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;
Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the flocks, some load the spacious
wains,
Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn,—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clam'rous song,
Th' enclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng.

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;

Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys smile,
Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands,
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fall'n the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine
and oil; [coast;
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!
Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund
swain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's valleys smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied
hues,
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs,
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of
old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elyfian bow'rs,
And silver streams through fragrant meadows
roll'd?

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot war her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when mad with
pow'r,
They call'd for vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;

And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Fair truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
Sweet peace whose brow no angry frown de-
forms;

Soft charity, with over-open hand;
And courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
So may the pow'r who ev'ry blessing yields,
Bid on her clime serene seasons smile,
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd
fields.

ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects spring supply'd,
The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er th' mountain's side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees;

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance
yields,

What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies, [flow;
Where Indian streams through green Savannahs
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey—
There frowning months descend in wat'ry
storms;

Or nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature, free from nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;

I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season, sacred from annoy:

For me, while winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I human life compare;
Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds,
and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wond'rous turn of mind our
fate—

Whate'er the season or the place possessest,
We ever murmur at our present state;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest?

Why else, when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of reason thunders in my ear: [clay;
' Thus thou, ere long, must join thy kindred
' No more those nostrils breathe the vital air,
' No more those eyelids open on the day!'

O winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
Spread wide thy skies in darkest horrors drest!
Of their dread rage no longer I'll complain
Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
Contentment, smiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in winter many a view to please;
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work
gay,
The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blust'ring Caurus purifies the air;
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer
harvest bear:

She bids, for all, our grateful praise arise,
To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
Gay spring's gay bloom, and summer's cheerful
skies,
And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter
founding storm.

ELEGY V.

WRITTEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE,
1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.
Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,
My mournful tale perchance escap'd thy ear:
Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day;
There his lov'd parent's slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude imprest,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest.

Swift pass'd the hours; alas, to pass no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore;
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, clos'd the
ground;
The final home of man ordain'd to die!

O cease at length, obtrusive mem'ry! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw disease on her dear life increase,
And med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene (in misery how sublime)!
Of love's vain pray'rs to stay her fleeting breath!
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of time,
And helpless dumb despair awaiting death!

O the dread scene!—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head,
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting, ere her spirit fled.

' Restore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
' In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
' Her looks, her language, show how hard to
leave
' The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

' Restore her, Heaven! for once in mercy spare—
Thus love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd:
And soon suspense gave place to dumb despair,
And o'er the past, death's sable curtain clos'd—

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wish beneath the sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror
stain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime!
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night!

Sweet excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admir'd;
That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inspir'd?
The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear:

Yet the lov'd features mem'ry's eyes explore;
 Yet the lov'd accents fall on mem'ry's ear.
 Ah sad, sad change (sad source of daily pain)!
 That sense of loss ineffable renews;
 While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
 While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.
 Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
 The mould'ring veil her spirit left below,
 Fond fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
 The soul-dissolving melody of woe.
 Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
 Nor she alone the tear of song obtains;
 The muse of Blagdon *, o'er Constantia's tomb,
 In all the eloquence of grief complains.
 My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
 His heart, like mine, in its true partner blest;
 Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
 The same sad hours beheld us both distressed.
 O human life! how mutable, how vain!
 How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
 A sunny island in a stormy main,
 A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!
 All-gracious Heaven! since man, infatuate man,
 Rests in thy works too negligent of thee,
 Lays for himself on earth his little plan,
 Dreads not, or distant views mortality;
 'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
 To rouse us ling'ring on earth's flowery plain,
 To virtue's path our wand'rings to controul,
 Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain!

AMWELL:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
 When pleas'd, their pleasure to extend to those
 Of kindred taste; and thence th' enchanting arts
 Of picture and of song, the semblance fair
 Of nature's forms produce. This fond desire
 Prompts me to sing the lonely sylvan scenes
 Of Amwell; which, so soft in early youth,
 While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
 Gave rapture to my soul; and often, still,
 On life's calm moments shed serener joy.
 Descriptive muse! whose hand along the stream
 Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's shady
 groves,
 And Sheen's fair valleys, once thy † Thomson led,
 And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody vales,
 And sunny landscapes of Campania's plain,
 Thy other favour'd bard ‡; thou, who so late,
 In bowers by Clent's wild peakes §, to Shenstone's
 ear
 Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody,
 (Alas no longer heard!)—vouchsafe thine aid:

* See verses written at Sandgate castle, in memory of a lady, by the late ingenious Dr. Langborne.

† Thomson, author of the Seasons, resided part of his life near Richmond.

‡ Dyer, Author of Grongar Hill; The ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.

§ The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley-park, and are not far distant from the Leasowes.

From all our rich varieties of view,
 What best may please, assist me to select,
 With art dispose, with energy describe,
 And its full image on the mind impress.
 And ye, who e'er in these delightful fields
 Consum'd with me the social hour, while I
 Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
 And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight;
 Accept this verse, which may to memory call
 That social hour, and sweetly varied walk!
 And thou, by strong connubial union mine;
 Mine, by the stronger union of the heart;
 In whom the loss of parents and of friends,
 And her, the first fair partner of my joys,
 All recompens'd I find; whose presence cheers
 The soft domestic scene: Maria, come!
 The country calls us forth; blithe summer's
 hand
 Sheds sweetest flowers, and morning's brightest
 smile
 Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
 By winding pathways through the waving
 corn,
 We reach the airy point that prospect yields,
 Not vast and awful, but confin'd and fair;
 Not the black mountain and the foamy main:
 Not the throng'd city and the busy port;
 But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
 And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
 And twining course of rivers clear, and sight
 Of rural towns, and rural cots, whose roofs
 Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.
 Far tow'rs the west, close under sheltering
 hills,
 In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean stream,
 Hertford's gray towers * ascends; the rude re-
 mains
 Of high antiquity, from waste escap'd
 Of envious time, and violence of war.
 For war there once, so tells th' historic page,
 Led desolation's steps: the hardy Dane,
 By avarice lur'd, o'er ocean's stormy wave,
 To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite seat,
 There fix'd awhile; and there his castles rear'd
 Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
 Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
 With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
 Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay
 Triumphant fluttering on the passing winds.
 In fear, the shepherd on the lonely heath
 Tended his scanty flock; the ploughman turn'd,
 In fear, his hasty furrow: oft the din
 Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
 Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom
 from far
 Gleam'd dismal on the sight: till Alfred came,
 Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
 Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
 And left a-ground the Danian fleet, and forc'd

* In the beginning of the Heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national synod, was held, Sept. 24th, 673. Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire, p. 237.

The foe to speedy flight *. Then freedom's voice
Reviv'd the drooping swain; then plenty's hand
Recloth'd the desert fields, and peace and love
Sat smiling by; as now they smiling sit,
Obvious to fancy's eye, upon the side
Of yon bright sunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengoe's villas rise, and Ware Park's
lawns

Spread their green surface, interspers'd with groves
Of broad umbrageous oak, and spiry pine,
Tall elm, and linden pale, and blossom'd thorn,
Breathing mild fragrance, like the spicy gales
Of Indian islands. On the ample brow,
Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front
Half hid with glossy foliage, many a chief
Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
Renown'd for song, have pass'd the rural hour.
The gentle Fanshawe † there, from "noise of
" camps,

" From courts disease retir'd ‡," delighted view'd
The gaudy garden fam'd in Wotton's page ||;
Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat musing, and from smooth Italian strains
The soft Guarini's amorous lore transfus'd
Into rude British verse. The warrior's arm
Now rests from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
In silence lies; frail man his lov'd domains
Soon quits for ever! they themselves, by course
Of nature often, or caprice of art,
Experience change: even here, 'tis said of old
Steep rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
Mix with the vale; and fluctuating waves
Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden
flowers

Shines, and where yonder winding chrystal rill,

* Towards the latter end of the year 879, the
Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and
erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the
security of their ships, which they had brought up
that river. Here they were attacked by the Lon-
doners, who were repulsed. But Alfred advanced
with his army, and viewing the nature of their
situation, turned the course of the stream, so that
their vessels were left on dry ground; a circum-
stance which terrified them to such a degree, that
they abandoned their forts, and, flying towards
the Severn, were pursued by Alfred as far as
Quatbridge. Smollet's Hist. of England, 8vo.
Edition, vol. i. p. 183.

† Sir Richard Fanshawe, translator of Guarini's
Pastor Fido, the Lusiad of Camoens, &c. He
was son of Sir Henry Fanshawe of Ware-Park,
and is said to have resided much there. He was
ambassador to Portugal, and afterwards to Spain,
and died at Madrid in 1666. His body was
brought to England and interred in Ware church,
where his monument is still existing. In Cibber's
Lives of the Poets, it is erroneously asserted, that
he was buried in All-saints church, Hertford.

‡ The words marked with inverted commas are
part of a stanza of Fanshawe's.

|| See Reliquæ Wottonianæ, where the author
makes a particular mention of the garden of Sir
Henry Fanshawe at Ware-Park, "as a delicate
and diligent curiosity," remarkable for the nice
arrangement of its flowers.

VOE XI.

Slides through its smooth shorn margin, to the
brink
Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's
pool

To London's plains, the Cambrian artist brought
His ample aqueduct *: suppos'd a work
Of matchless skill, by those who near had heard
How, from Preneste's heights and Anio's banks,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls,
On marble arches came the limpid store,
And out of jasper rocks in bright cascades
With never-ceasing murmur gush'd; or how,
To Lusitanian Ulysses's towers †,
The silver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll through heaven: to these
Not sordid lucre, but the honest wish
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Existence gave; and unconfin'd, as dew
Falls from the hand of evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary stream,
No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides
O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating sanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled streets
Transmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, mean-
while,

Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
With eye indignant his diminish'd tide ‡
That laves yon ancient priory's wall §, and shows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to fame; to her fair
fields

Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming
maids:

Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the muse
Bids fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd conversing, or reclin'd at ease
To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
Resign'd the enchanted ear; till sudden heard
The silver trumpet's animating sound
Summon'd the champions forth; on stately steeds,
In splendid armour clad, the ponderous lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree,

* The New River brought from Chadwell, a
spring in the meadows between Hertford and
Ware, by Sir Hugh Middleton, a native of
Wales.

† The ancient name of Lisbon.

‡ A considerable part of the New River water
is derived from the Lee, to the disadvantage of
the navigation on that stream.

§ "About the 18th of Henry III. Margaret,
"Countess of Leicester, and Lady of the Manor,
"founded a priory for friars in the north part of
"this town of Ware, and dedicated the same to
"St. Francis." Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire.

Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
Of grateful shade (as oft in Agra's streets
The filken canopy from side to side
Extends to break the sun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs pass beneath); there sat the fair,
A glittering train on costly carpets rang'd,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
Th' engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in th' expressive eye, th' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
Nor this aught strange; that those whom love in-
spir'd

Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely sex to please:
'Tis strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
The tender breast complacence in the sight
Of barb'rous sport, where friend from hand of
friend

The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to false glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous show
Ended in silent gloom*. One pitying tear
To human frailty paid; my roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighb'ring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows intersect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or
dark

[mount
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's
With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boast; and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep sequester'd dale
Of Langley †, down whose flow'r-embroider'd
meads

Swift Ash through pebbly shores meandering rolls,
Elysian scene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whose wand'rings trace thy winding length, ap-
pears

No mark, save one white solitary spire
At distance rising through the tufted trees—
Elysian scene! reclusé as that, so fam'd
For solitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,

* "In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of
June, Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, a
"potent peer of the realm, proclaimed here [at
"Ware] a disport of running on horseback with
"lances, which was then called a tournament."
Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire.

"At this tournament, the said Gilbert was
"slain by a fall from his horse; Robert de Say,
"one of his knights, was killed, and several
"others wounded." Smollet's Hist. of Eng-
land.

† This delightful retreat, commonly called
Langley-bottom, is situated about half a mile from
Ware, and the same distance from Amwell. The
scene is adapted to contemplation, and possesses
such capabilities of improvement, that the genius
of a Shenshane might easily convert it to a second
Leasowes. The transition from this solitude to
Widbury-Hill, is made in a walk of a few minutes,
and the prospect from that hill, in a fine evening,
is beautiful beyond description.

Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt—Elysian scene!
At ev'ning often, while the setting sun
On the green summit of thy eastern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice
Of zephyr whispering 'midst the rustling leaves,
The sound of water murmuring through the sedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
Of distant bells, whose ever varying notes
In slow sad measure mov'd, combin'd to sooth
The soul to sweet solemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
Much on the imperfect state of man I've mus'd:
How pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends! how pleasure from the path
Of innocence allures his steps; how hope
Directs his eye to distant joy, that flies
His fond pursuit; how fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancy'd ill; how doubt and care
Perplex his thought; how soon the tender rose
Of beauty fades, the sturdy oak of strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern time triumphant stands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has memory pass'd,
And mourn'd the loss of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, de Horne, kind, generous, wife, and
good!

And thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers, to Devon's myrtle
vales,

Remov'd a while, with prospect opening fair
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds*, new anguish wak'd.
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
I've left the gloom for gayer scenes, and sought
Through winding paths of venerable shade,
The airy brow where that tall spreading beech
O'ertops surrounding groves, up rocky steep,
Tree over tree dispos'd; or stretching far
Their shadowy coverts down th' indented side
Of fair corn-fields; or pierc'd with sunny glades,
That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
And shining silver rills; on these the eye
Then wont to expatiate pleas'd; or more re-
mote

Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn spread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glitt'ring spires that rise
In misty air on Thames's crowded shores.

How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of these sweet pastoral landscapes! fair, perhaps
As those renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel seen; or those, the pride of Greece,
Tempè or Arcady; or those that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the skirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's isle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard

* See Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

The muse's lofty lay.—How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills
Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding
streams

Divided, that here glide through grassy banks
In open sun, there wander under shade
Of aspen tall, or ancient elm, whose boughs
O'erhang gray castles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.
Delightful habitations! with the song
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
Of falling waters and of whisp'ring winds—
Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Dispers'd around, from Waltham's osier'd isles
To where bleak Nasing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleasant groves
And Hunsdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodsdon's airy street;
From Haly's woodland to the flow'ry meads
Of willow-shaded Stansted, and the slope
Of Amwell's mount, that crown'd with yellow
corn;

There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows
Like some bright vernal cloud by zephyr's breath
Just rais'd above the horizon's azure bound.

As one long travell'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene!
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tow'r, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where flow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
Whose white-wash'd gable prominent through
green

Of waving branches shows, perchance inscrib'd
With some past owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With rustic dial, that scarcely serves to mark
Time's ceaseless flight; the wall with mantling
vines

O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbine
wreath'd,

And under sheltering eaves the sunny bench
Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants
fill,

With drowsy hum, the little garden gay,
Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, and
flowers,

Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharnes'd, here the steed,
Short ease enjoying, crops the daisied lawn;

Here bleats the nursing lamb, the heifer there
Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-house stands (so once stood
thine,

Deserted Auburn! in immortal song
Consign'd to fame*), the cottage fire recounts
The praise he earn'd when cross the field he drew
The straightest furrow, or neatest built the rick,
Or led the reaper band in sultry noons
With unabating strength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,
The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the stile
Leaning with downcast look, the artless tale
Of ev'ning courtship hears. The sportive troop
Of cottage children on the grassy waste
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or rustic notes
Wake on their pipes of jointed reed; while near
The careful shepherd's frequent-falling strokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.

Such rural life! so calm, it little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd Walton †, erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lee's shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.
He, who in verse his country's story told ‡,

* See *The Deserted Village*, a beautiful poem, by the
late Dr. Goldsmith.

† Isaac Walton, author of *The Complete Angler*, an
ingenious biographer, and no despicable poet. The scene
of his *Anglers' Dialogues*, is the vale of Lee, between
Tottenham and Ware; it seems to have been a place he
much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell-bill.

‡ William Warner, author of *Albion's England*, an
Historical Poem; an episode of which, intitled *Argentile*
and *Curan*, has been frequently reprinted, and is much
admired by the lovers of old English poetry. The inge-
nious Dr. Percy, who has inserted this piece in his *Col-
lection*, observes, that, "though Warner's name is so sel-
dom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level
"with Spenser, and called them the *Homer and Virgil*
"of their age;" that Warner was said to have been
"a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated at
"Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his life,
"he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord
"Hunston, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that
"more of his history is not known." Mrs. Cooper, in
her *Muses' Library*, after highly applauding his poetry,
adds, "What were the circumstances and accidents of
"his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture;
"any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in
"the service of the Lord Hunston, and acknowledges
"very gratefully both father and son for his patrons and
"benefactors."—By the following extract from the *Pa-
rish Register of Amwell*, it may be reasonably concluded,
that Warner resided for some time at that village; and,
as his profession of an attorney is particularly mentioned,
it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependence he might
have on Lord Hunston, it could not be in the capacity of a

Here dwelt a while; perchance here sketch'd the scene,

Where his fair Argente, from crowded courts
For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the flighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by fame forgotten; (fickle fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his side
Sleeps gentle Hassal*, who with tenderest care
Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
Their hands oft join'd; oft heard, and oft reliev'd
Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urg'd
Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
Dropt on the graves the tear, to early worth
Or ancient friendship due. In dangerous days,
When death's fell fury, pale-ey'd pestilence,
Glar'd horror round, his duty he discharg'd
Unterrified, unhurt; and here, at length,
Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful consort clos'd; on earth's cold breast
Both sunk to rest together.—On the turf,
Whence time's rude grasp has torn their rustic
tombs,

I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause

menial servant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable; his Argente and Curan has many beauties; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.

"*Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honest reputation, by his profession, an attorney at the Common Please, author of Albion's England; dying suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night, being the 9th of March, was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gwalter Fader.*"

Parish Register of Amwell, 1608-9.

* *Thomas Hassal, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-mentioned parish register with uncommon care and precision, enriching it with many entertaining anecdotes of the parties registered. He performed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances, it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his residence there; in 1603, when 26 persons, and in 1625 when 22 persons died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The character here given of him must be allowed, strictly speaking, to be imaginary; but his composition, in the said register, appeared to me to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and benevolence, that I almost think myself authorised to assert that it was his real one. He himself is registered by his son Edmund Hassal, as follows:*

"*Thomas Hassal, vicar of this parish, where he had continued resident 57 years 7 months and 16 days, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, departed this life September 24th, Thursday, and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body was laid in the chancel of this church, under the priests, or marble stone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit post te similis. Edmund Hassal.*"

Register of Amwell, 1657.

Elisabeth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about the same time, aged 78 years 8 months, married 46 years and 4 months.

Of solemn thought; then seek th' adjacent spot,
From which, through these broad lindens' verdant arch,

The steeple's Gothic wall and window dim
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the muse, enamour'd of our shades,
Deigns still her favouring presence; where my friend,

The British Tasso*, oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

As some fond lover leaves his favourite nymph,
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging; on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top [steep
Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank; then, on the left,
Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
Of water softly sliding by: once, where
That bright expanse of water softly slides.
O'erhung with shrubs that fring'd the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps some fainted maid,
For holy life rever'd; to such, erewhile,
Fond superstition many a pleasant grove,
And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate.
Of Emma's story nought tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind oblivion's veil,
Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation†.—Thou, sweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the perching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy; Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its generous produce: annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners:—and th' alternate strokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid morn in dark November wake.
But, happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair
Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view:
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps

* *Mr. Hoole, Translator of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*

† *In Doomday-book, this village of Amwell is written Emmeville, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened, there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelar Saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.*

Have travers'd o'er; oft fancy's eye has seen
Gay spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake fresh flowers at morn; and summer spread
His listless limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's
bloom

Brought odour exquisite; oft fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The last sad sigh of autumn, when his throne
To winter he resign'd; oft fancy's thought,
In ecstasy, where from the golden east,
Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the sun
A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat

Of innocence and beauty! while I wish'd
The skill of Claude, or Rubens, or of him
Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that
breathe

Enthusiasm sublime, the sister nymphs *
Inspire †; that, to the idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
Springs from delight bestow'd; to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

* *Painting and poetry.*

† *Mr. George Smith of Chichester, a justly celebrated landscape painter, and also a poet. Lavant is a name of the river at Chichester, which city gave birth to the sublime Collins.*

AMOEBEAN ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MUCH of the rural imagery which our country affords, has already been introduced in poetry; but many obvious and pleasing appearances seem to have totally escaped notice. To describe these, is the business of the following Eclogues. The plan of the Carmen Amœbæum, or responsive verse of the ancients, inconsistent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occasion, as admitting an arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preserve a regular connection.

ECLOGUE I.

RURAL SCENERY; OR, THE DESCRIBERS.

DECEMBER'S frost had bound the fields and
streams,

And noon's bright sun effus'd its cheerful beams:

Where woodland, northward, screen'd a pleasant
plain,

And on dry fern-banks bronzed the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural scenes could please,
Both skill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with ease,
Charm'd with the prospect, slowly stray'd along,
Themselves amusing with alternate song.

First.

These pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
These hardy hornbeams yet unstripp'd remain;
The wint'ry groves all else admit the view
Through naked stems of many a varied hue.

Second.

Yon shrubby slopes a pleasing mixture show;
There the rough elm and smooth white privet
grow,

Strait shoots of ash with bark of glossy gray,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's russet spray.

First.

These stony steeps with spreading moss abound,
Gray on the trees, and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion * spreads its clust'ring leaves.

* *Mezerion, Laureola Sempervirens: vulg. Spurge-laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its smooth shining leaves are placed on the top of the stems in circular tufts or clusters. Its flowers are small, of a light green, and perfume the*

Second.

Old oaken stubs tough saplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn;
The swain for different uses these avail,
And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

First.

Where yon brown hazel's pendent catkins bear,
And prickly furze unfolds its blossoms fair,
The vagrant artist oft at ease reclines,
And broom's green shoots in besom's neat combines.

Second.

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
There his keen bill the busy workman plies,
And bids in heaps his well-bound faggots rise.

First.

Soon shall kind spring her flowery gifts bestow,
On sunny banks when silver snowdrops blow,
And tufts of primrose all around are spread,
And purple violets all their fragrance shed.

Second.

The woods then white anemones array,
And lofty fallows their sweet bloom display,
And spicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
And crowfoot clothes the mead with shining gold.

First.

Then soon gay summer brings his gaudy train,
His crimson poppies deck the corn-clad plain;

air at a distance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild seasons and warm situations. The common deciduous mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another species of this genus.

There scabious blue *, and purple knapweed † rise,
And weld ‡ and yarrow show their various dyes.

Second.

In shady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
And golden spikes the downy mulleins rear || ;
The inclosure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
And branchy succory crowds the pathway side.

First.

The autumnal fields few pleasing plants supply,
Save where pale eyebright grows in pastures dry,
Or vervain blue, for magic rites renown'd,
And in the village precincts only found §.

Second.

Th' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
Save where wild climbers spread their silvery
down ¶,
And rugged blackthornes bend with purple flocs,
And the green skewerwood seeds of scarlet
shows **,

First.

When healthful fallads crown the board in spring,
And nymphs green parsley from the gardens bring,
Mark well left hemlock mix its poisonous leaves—
Their semblance oft th' incatious eye deceives.

Second.

Warn, O ye shepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet wastes, beside the public way;
There oft rank soils pernicious plants produce,
There nightshade's berry swells with deadly juice.

First.

What varied scenes this pleasant country yields,
Form'd by th' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the shady road,
My dwelling stands—a sweet recluse abode!
And o'er my darken'd casement interwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

Second.

How different scenes our different tastes delight!
Some seek the hills, and some the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moist margin hazels meet,
Stands my lone home—a pleasant, cool retreat!
Gay loosestrife there and pale valerian spring ††,
And tuneful reed-birds midst the sedges sing.

* Scabious: *Scabiosa vulgaris*.

† Knapweed: *Factea vulgaris*.

‡ Weld: *Luteola vulgaris*, or dyers' weed.

— These plants, with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent on the balks, or ridges, which separate different kinds of corn in our common fields.

|| The digitalis, or foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are several varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The mullein is not inferior in beauty, consequently merits equal notice.

§ It is a vulgar opinion, that vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile distant from a house.—Vide Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article *verbena*.

¶ Wild climbers: *Clematis*, *viorna*, or traveller's joy. The white downy seeds of this plant make a very conspicuous figure on our hedges in autumn.

** Skewerwood: *Evonymus*; or spindle-tree. The twigs of this shrub are of a fine green; the capsules, or seed-vessels, of a fine purple; and the seeds of a rich scarlet. In autumn, when the capsules open and show the seeds, the plant has a most beautiful appearance.

†† Loosestrife; *Lythymachia lutea vulgaris*. Dr. Hill observes, that it is so beautiful a plant, in its erect stature,

First.

Before my door the box-edg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tansy rise;
Along my wall the yellow stonecrop grows,
And the red houseleek on my brown thatch blows.

Second.

Among green osiers winds my stream away,
Where the blue halcyon skims from spray to spray,
Where waves the bulrush as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flow'rs deck the sunny side.

First.

Spread o'er the slope of yon steep western hill,
My fruitful orchard shelters all the vill;
There pear-trees tall their tops aspiring show,
And apple-boughs their branches mix below.

Second.

East from my cottage stretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows rise, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof and circling wheels are seen.

First.

Palemon's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
With flow'rs of white, or fruit of crimson, crown'd;
There vernal lilacs show their purple bloom,
And sweet syringas all the air perfume;
The fruitful mulberry spreads its umbrage cool,
And the rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

Second.

Albino's fence green currants hide from view,
With bunches hung of red or amber hue;
Beside his arbour blows the jasmine fair,
And scarlet beans their gaudy blossoms bear;
The lofty hollyhock there its spike displays,
And the broad sunflow'r shows its golden rays.

First.

Where moss-grown pales a sunny spot enclos'd,
And pinks and lilies all their hues expos'd,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines enwreath'd,
The morning breeze the charming Sylvia breath'd:
Not pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And, O how soft the languish of her eye!
I saw and lov'd; but lov'd, alas, in vain!
She check'd my passion with severe disdain.

Second.

When o'er the meads with vernal verdure gay
The village children went at eve to stray,
I pluck'd fresh flow'rets from the grassy ground,
And their green stalks with bending rushes bound;
My wreaths, my nosegays, then my Delia dress'd,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her
breast.

Young as I was, the pleasing thought was mine,
One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!

First.

Beside his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old Thyrsis' well-known seat I vacant see;
There, while his prattling offspring round him
play'd,

He oft, to please them, toys of osiers made:
That feat his weight shall never more sustain,
That offspring round him ne'er shall sport again.

Second.

Yon lone church tow'r that overlooks the hills!—
The sight my soul full oft with sorrow fills:

regular growth, and elegant flowers, that is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moist places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour,

There Damon lies;—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown, by night he vent'rous tried:
In vain he struggled with the foaming wave;
No friendly arm, alas, was near to save!

First.

Cease, friend! and, homeward as we bend our
way,
Remark the beauties of the closing day;
See, tow'rd the west, the redd'ning sun declines,
And o'er the fields his level lustre shines.

Second.

How that bright landscape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the distant windows blaze!
And the gilt vane, high on the steeple spire,
Glow in the air—a dazzling spot of fire!

First.

Behind yon hill he now forsakes our sight,
And yon tall beeches catch his latest light;
The hamlet smokes in amber wreaths arise;
White mist, like water, on the valley lies.

Second.

Where yon chalk cliffs th' horizon eastward
bound,
And spreading elms the ancient hall surround,
The moon's bright orb arises from the main,
And night in silence holds her solemn reign.

ECLOGUE II.

RURAL BUSINESS; OR, THE AGRICULTURISTS.

MAY's lib'ral hand her fragrant bloom disclos'd,
And herds and flocks on grassy banks repos'd;
Soft evening gave to ease the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bow'r.
Where near the village rose the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leav'd aspens trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural bards, the village youth among,
The pleasing lore of rural business sung.

First.

The care of farms we sing—attend the strain—
What skill, what toil, shall best procure you gain;
How different culture different ground requires;
While wealth rewards whom industry inspires.

Second.

When thy light land on scorching gravel lies,
And to the springing blade support denies;
Fix on the wint'ry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl or untried mould.

Third.

If thy strong loam superfluous wet retain,
Lead through thy fields the subterraneous drain,
And o'er the surface mellowing stores expand
Of fiery lime, or incoherent sand.

First.

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waste,
The ample dunghill's steaming heap be plac'd;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy slow team disperse it o'er the plain.

Second.

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row sides;
For him their mud the stagnant ponds supply;
For him their soil, the stable and the sty.

Third.

For this the swain, on Kennet's winding shore,
Digs sulphurous peat along the sable moor;
For this, where ocean bounds the stormy strand,
They fetch dank sea-weed to the neighb'ring land.

First.

Who barren heaths to tillage means to turn,
Must, ere he plough, the greenward pare and
burn;

Where rise the smoking hillocks o'er the field,
The saline ashes useful compost yield.

Second.

Where sedge or rushes rise on spongy soils,
Or rampant moss th' impoverish'd herbage spoils,
Corrosive foot with liberal hand bestow;
Th' improving pasture soon its use will show.

Third.

Hertfordian swains on airy hills explore
The chalk's white vein, a fertilizing store;
This, from deep pits in copious baskets drawn,
Amends alike the arable and lawn.

First.

Who spends too oft in indolence the day,
Soon sees his farm his base neglect betray;
His useless hedge-greens, docks and nettles bear,
And the tough cammock clogs his shining share*.

Second.

Thy weedy fallows let the plough pervade,
Till on the top th' inverted roots are laid;
There left to wither in the noon-tide ray,
Or by the spiky harrow clear'd away.

Third.

When wheat's green stem the ridge begins to hide,
Let the sharp weedhook's frequent aid be tried,
Lest thy spoil'd crop at harvest thou bemoan,
With twitch and twining bindweed overgrown.

First.

Much will rank melilot thy grain disgrace,
And darnel, fellest of the weedy race:
T' extirpate these might care or cost avail,
T' extirpate these nor care nor cost should fail.

Second.

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills,
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen sickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands.

Third.

Wield oft thy scythe along the grassy layes,
Ere the rude thistle its light down displays;
Else that light down upon the breeze will fly,
And a new store of noxious plants supply.

First.

Would ye from tillage ample gains receive,
With change of crops th' exhausted soil relieve;
Next purple clover let brown wheat be seen,
And bearded barley after turnips green.

Second.

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches spread,
There buckwheat's white flow'r faintly ting'd with
red;

Bid here potatoes deep green stems be born,
And yellow cole th' enclosure there adorn.

Third.

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans ascend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend;
There rest thy glebe, left fallow not in vain,
To feel the summer's sun and winter's rain.

* Cammock: Ononis, or Restharrow. The roots of this troublesome plant are so strong, that it is credibly asserted they will stop a plough drawn by several horses.

First.

The skill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their soil;
The spiky faintfoin best on chalk succeeds,
The lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

Second.

Best on loose sands, where brakes and briars
once rose,
Its deep fring'd leaves the yellow carrot shows;
Best on stiff loam rough teasels* rear their heads,
And brown coriander's odorous umbel spreads.

Third.

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding pasturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom disclose,
Or spiry pines a gloomy grove compose.

First.

On rushy marshes, rank with wat'ry weeds,
Clothe the clear'd soil with groves of waving
reeds;
Of them the gard'ner annual fences forms,
To shield his tender plants from vernal storms.

Second.

Cantabrian hills the purple saffron show;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains, green hop-grounds scent the
gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales†.

Third.

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Suffex lies;
Her smooth green downs sublime from ocean rise:
That, fittest soil supplies for growth of grain;
These, yield best pasture for the fleecy train.

First.

Say, friends! whoe'er his residence might choose,
Would these sweet scenes of sylvan shade refuse,
And seek the black waste of the barren wold,
That yields no shelter from the heat or cold?

Second.

Dull are slow Ousa's mist-exhaling plains,
Where long rank grass the morning dew retains:
Who pastures there in autumn's humid reign,
His flock from sickness hopes to save in vain.

Third.

The bleak, flat, sedgey shores of Essex shun,
Where fog perpetual veils the winter sun;
Though flattering fortune there invite thy stay,
Thy health the purchase of her smiles must pay.

First.

When, harvest past, thy ricks of yellow corn
Rise round the yard, and scent the breeze of
morn;
Rude winter's rage with timely care t' avert,
Let the skill'd thatcher ply his useful art.

Second.

When thy ripe walnuts deck the glossy spray,
Ere pilfering rooks purloin them fast away,
Wield thy tough pole, and lash the trees amain,
Till leaves and husks the lawn beneath distain.

* *Teasel: Dipsacus Sativus.* This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the use of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Essex; where the coriander is also grown.

† There is a part of Herefordshire, from its extraordinary fertility and pleasantness, usually denominated *The Golden Vale*.

Third.

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit
appear
Thy lofty ladder 'midst the boughs uprear;
Thy basket's hook upon the branch suspend,
And with the fragrant burden oft descend.

First.

Spread on the grass, or pil'd in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red, the pippin's speckled gold;
There shall the russet's auburn rind be seen,
The read-streak's stripes, and nonpareil's bright
green.

Second.

These on dry straw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noon-tide ray;
They, safe from frosts, thy table shall supply,
Fresh to the taste, and pleasing to the eye.

Third.

When favouring seasons yield thee store to spare,
The circling mill and cumbrous press prepare;
From copious vats, the well-fermented juice
Will sparkling beverage for thy board produce.

First.

From red to black when bramble-berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copses range,
On new reap'd fields the thick strong stubble mow,
And safe in stacks about thy homestead stow.

Second.

With purple fruit when elder branches bend,
And their bright hues the hips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar frost comes, or fleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain.

Third.

When clamorous fieldfares seek the frozen mead,
And lurking snipes by gurgling runnels feed;
Then 'midst dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where sheltering sheds the well-stor'd crib sur-
round.

First.

Though winter reigns, our labours never fail:
Then all day long we hear the sounding flail:
And oft the beetle's strenuous stroke descends,
That knotty block-wood into billets rends.

Second.

Then in the barns in motion oft are seen
The rustling corn-fan, and the wiry screen:
In sacks the tasker measures up his grain,
And loads for market on the spacious wain.

Third.

Th' enclosure fence then claims our timely care,
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair;
The well-plash'd hedge with frequent stakes con-
fine,
And o'er its top tough wyths of hazel twine.

First.

Where in the croft the russet hayrick stands,
The dextrous binder twists his sedgey bands,
Across the stack his sharp-edg'd engine guides,
And the hard mass in many a truss divides*.

Second.

When frost thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food stand bleating round,
Let sturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the rais'd roots loose on the surface lie.

* Hay is usually cut with an oblong triangular instrument, called a *Cutting-knife*.

Third.

When stormy days constrain to quit the field,
The house or barn may useful business yield;
There crooked snaths* of flexile fallow make,
Or of tough ash the fork-stale and the rake.

First.

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loss diminishes his gains;
Wet spoils the seed, or frosts its growth o'erpower,
Beasts break the stalk, and birds the grain devour.

Second.

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy liberal aid may age and sickness share!
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireless hearth, her cupboard's scanty store.

Third.

The haughty lord, whom lust of gain inspires,
From man and beast excessive toil requires:
The generous master views with pitying eyes
Their lot severe, and food and rest supplies.

First.

Amid Achaia's streamy vales of old,
Of Works and Days th' Ascrean pastor told;

* *Snath, is the technical term for the handle of a scythe.*

Around him, curious, came the rustic throng,
And wond'ring listen'd to th' informing song.

Second.

Where fam'd Anapus' limpid waters stray,
Sicilia's poet tun'd his Doric lay;
While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain sprung.

Third.

The Latian Maro sung, where Mincio's stream
Through groves of ilex cast a silvery gleam;
While down green vallies stray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or slept in shadow of the mossy rocks.

First.

Fair fame to him, the bard whose song displays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praise!
Rich as the field with ripen'd harvest white—
A scene of profit mingled with delight!

Second.

As dewy cherries to the taste in June,
As shady lanes to travellers at noon,
To me so welcome is the shepherd's strain;
To kindred spirits never sung in vain!

Third.

While lindens sweet and spiky chesnuts blow,
While beech bears mast, on oaks while acorns
grow;
So long shall last the shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And please in every age and every clime!

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Oriental Eclogues of Collins have such excellence, that it may be supposed they must preclude the appearance of any subsequent work with the same title. This consideration did not escape the author of the following poems; but as the scenery and sentiment of his predecessor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little consequence.

This kind of composition is, in general, subject to one disadvantage, for which allowance should be made. He, who describes what he has seen, may describe correctly: he, who describes what he has not seen, must depend for much on the accounts of others, and supply the rest from his own imagination.

ZERAD: OR, THE ABSENT LOVER.

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

THE learned and ingenious Mr. Jones, in his elegant and judicious essay on the poetry of the Eastern Nations, speaking of the Arabians, has the following passage: "It sometimes happens," says he, "that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship. Hence, almost all the Arabic poems opens in this manner: The author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty; comparing her to a wanton

"fawn that plays among the aromatic shrubs. His friends endeavour to comfort him; but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions."—The author of the following eclogue was struck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleasing subjects of love and beauty, when nothing is said to offend the ear of chastity, he supposes needless. If any, however, there be, who question the utility of at all describing those subjects; such may remember, that there is an eastern poem, generally esteemed *sacred*, which abounds with the most ardent expressions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

KORASA's tribe, a frequent-wandering train,
From Zenan's pastures fought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Her parting hand her fair companions press'd;
A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast;
As some thin cloud across the morning ray
Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
And lost in them the memory of their friend.

But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore,—
A wealthy emir from Katara's shore;
A warrior he, the bravest of his race;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And listening beauty languish'd while he sung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the fair-one he was wont to stray;
There oft for her fresh fruits and flow'rs he
fought,

And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought.

Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's
green,

And fable tents in many a rank were seen*;
While evening's steps the setting sun pursu'd,
And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The pensive lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the sorrows of his anxious heart.

His graceful head the costly turban drest;
The crimson sash confin'd his azure vest;
His hand the sounding arabes† sustain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—

Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,

In Zibit's gardens, when she woos the rose‡:

‘Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless
blaze

‘Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!

‘Sweet flow'r of Azem's vale, whose matchless
bloom

‘O'er thy fam'd house spreads exquisite perfume!

‘Blithe fawn of Kofa, at the break of dawn,

‘Midst groves of cassia, sporting on the lawn!

‘Too charming beauty! why must I bemoan

‘Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?

‘Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,

‘And banners high in air began to wave;

‘Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,

‘And herds and flocks slow mov'd along the road;

‘Ere slow behind them march'd the warrior train,

‘And the struck tents left vacant all the plain;

‘Could no fond plea obtain a longer stay;

‘Would no kind hand th' intelligence convey?

‘Ah, hapless me! to Aden's port I stray'd,

‘Sought gold and gems, but lost my lovely
maid!

‘My friends, they come my sorrows to allay—

‘Azor the wife, and Soliman the gay—

‘One cries, “Let reason hold her sober reign,

“Nor love's light trifles give thy bosom pain!

* The Arabian tents are black. Vide Canticles, i. 5.

† Arabebbab, an Arabian and Moorish instrument of music. Vide Shaw's Travels, and Russell's History of Aleppo.

‡ Alluding to an Eastern fable of the Nightingale courting the Rose.

“For thee kind science all her lore displays,
“And fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise.”

“O why,” cries one, “is she alone thy care?”

“She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:

“Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,

“And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine;

“On Hinda's brow Kufhemon's lily blows,

“And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose!

“With them the tale, the song, the dance, shall
“please, [ease.”

“When mirth's free banquet fills the bow'r of

“Ah cease,” said I; “of love he little knows,

“Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes!

“Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings stay,

“Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey:

“Kind science' lore with beauty best we share,

“And beauty's hands fame's fairest wreaths pre-
pare.

“I praise Negima's lovely hair and eyes;

“Nor Hinda's lily, nor her rose despise;

“But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam

“Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream.—

“O lov'd Semira! whither dost thou rove?

“Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jessamine grove?

“Dost thou thy flocks on Ocrah's mountain keep?

“Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep?—

“Ah no!—the maid, perhaps, remote from
these,

“Some hostile troop, in ambush laid, may seize:

“Too lovely captive! she, in triumph borne,

“The proud Pacha's throng'd harem shall adorn.

“Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends;

“Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends;

“Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,

“And rear on high El-makin's ponderous shield!

“Ah, shame to me! Shall sloth's dishonouring
chain

“From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,

“Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,

“And my eyes, weeping, match th' Argavan's
red*?

“Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and
grace,

“First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase;

“His fire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,

“His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed:

“Bring my strong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,

“Pierc'd the fierce tyger on Hegesa's plain.

“Across the desert I her steps pursue;

“Toil at my side, and danger in my view!

“There thirst, fell demon, haunts the sultry air,

“And his wild eyeballs roll with horrid glare;

“Their deadly Sumiel†, striding o'er the land,

“Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning
sand;

“As winds the weary caravan along,

“The fiery storm involves the hapless throng,

“I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;

“The faithful lover safety's hand shall lead.

* D'Herbelot informs us, that saffron faces, and argavan eyes, are expressions commonly used in the east, to describe passionate lovers, whose melancholy appears in their countenances, and whose eyes become red with weeping. The argavan is supposed to be the arbor Jude; whose blossoms are of a bright purple. Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song, p. 162.

† Sumiel, the fiery blasting wind of the desert.

' The heart that fosters virtue's generous flames,
 ' Our holy prophet's sure protection claims.
 ' Delightful Irem * ('midst the lonely waste,
 ' By Shedad's hand the paradise was plac'd),
 ' Each shady tree of varied foliage shows,
 ' And every flower and every fruit bestows;
 ' There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
 ' There sing sweet birds of every gaudy plume;
 ' There soft-ey'd Houries tread th' enamell'd
 ' green—

' Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen;
 ' As his stray'd camel 'midst the wild he sought,
 ' Chance to the spot the wandering Essar brought;
 ' A blissful Irem, 'midst the desert drear,
 ' Semira's tent my love-sick sight shall cheer.
 ' What palm of beauty tow'rs on Keran's hills?
 ' What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
 ' 'Tis she, who left so late her favourite shades,
 ' The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
 ' Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
 ' Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold;
 ' O lift that veil! thy radiant eyes display—
 ' Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way!
 ' On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
 ' Thus the moon rising lights the wilder'd swain.
 ' O raise thy voice! the sound shall give delight,
 ' Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night!
 ' I come, I come!—He spoke, and seiz'd the
 rein,
 And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

SERIM;

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

An East Indian Eclogue.

THE following account of British conduct, and its
 consequences, in Bengal and the adjacent pro-
 vinces, some years ago, will afford a sufficient
 idea of the subject of the following eclogue.
 After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-
 nut, and tobacco, the historian thus proceeds:
 "Money, in this current, came but by drops;
 "it could not quench the thirst of those who
 "waited in India to receive it. An expedient
 "such as it was, remained to quicken its pace.—
 "The natives could live with little salt, but not
 "without food. Some of the agents saw them-
 "selves well situated for collecting the rice into
 "stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos
 "would rather die, than violate the precepts of
 "their religion by eating flesh. The alterna-
 "tive would therefore be, between giving what
 "they had, and dying. The inhabitants sunk;
 "they that cultivated the land, and saw the
 "harvest at the disposal of others, planted in
 "doubt—scarcity ensued—then the monopoly
 "was easier managed. The people took to roots,
 "and food they had been unaccustomed to eat.
 "Sickness ensued. In some districts, the languid

* "Mahommed in his *Alcoran*, in the Chapter of the
Morning, mentions a garden called Irem, which is no
 less celebrated by the Asiatic poets, than that of the *Hes-
 perides* by the Greeks. It was planted, as the commen-
 tators say, by a king, named Shedad; and was once seen
 by an Arabian, who wandered far into the desert, in
 search of a lost camel." Jones's *Essay on the Poetry*
of the Eastern Nations.

"living left the bodies of their numerous dead
 "unburied." *Short History of English Tran-
 sactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

The above quotation sufficiently proves, that the
 general plan of the following poem is founded
 on fact. And even with regard to its particular
 incidents, there can be little doubt, but that,
 among the varied miseries of millions, every
 picture of distress which the author has drawn,
 had its original.

' O GUARDIAN genius of this sacred wave * !
 ' O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!
 So Serim spoke, as sad on Ganges' shore
 He sat, his country's miseries to deplore—
 ' O guardian genius of this sacred wave!
 ' O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!
 ' From Agra's tow'rs to Muxadabat's † walls,
 ' On thee for aid the suffering Hindoo calls:
 ' Europe's fell race controul the wide domain,
 ' Engross the harvest, and enslave the swain.
 ' Why rise these cumbrous piles along thy tide?
 ' They hold the plenty to our prayers deny'd!
 ' Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
 ' Where want in anguish craves relief in vain.
 "Bring gold, bring gems," the insatiate plunder-
 ers cry; [dic."
 "Who hoards his wealth, by hunger's rage shall
 ' Ye fiends! ye've ravish'd all our little store;
 ' Ye see we perish, yet ye ask for more!
 ' Go ye yourselves, and search for gold the mine;
 ' Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean shine!
 ' What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
 ' No ships of ours e'er sought your western strand:
 ' Ne'er from your fields we snatch'd their crops
 away,
 ' Nor made your daughters, or your sons our prey.
 ' Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
 ' A calm, contented, inoffensive race!
 ' By avarice led, ye range remotest climes,
 ' And every nation execrates your crimes.
 ' When Timur's house ‡ renown'd in Delhi
 ' reign'd,
 ' Distress, assistance unimplor'd obtain'd:
 ' When famine o'er the afflicted region frown'd,
 ' And sickness languish'd on the barren ground,
 ' The Imperial granaries wide display'd their doors,
 ' And ships provision brought from distant shores;

* The Hindoos worship a god or genius of the Gan-
 ges.

† Muxadabat, or Morsbedabat, a large city of India,
 about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is
 commonly pronounced with the accent on the last syllable:
 Muxadabat. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this,
 and some few other words, to my verse, by altering the ac-
 centuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little consequence to
 the English reader.

‡ The famous Mahometan tyrant, Aurangzebe, during
 a famine which prevailed in different parts of India, ex-
 erted himself to alleviate the distress of his subjects. "He
 remitted the taxes that were due; he employed those al-
 ready collected in the purchase of corn, which was distri-
 buted among the poorer sort. He even expended immense
 sums out of the treasury, in conveying grain, by land and
 water, into the interior provinces, from Bengal, and the
 countries which lie on the five branches of the Indus."
 Dow's *Indostan*, vol. iii. p. 340.

The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
 From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming fails.
 But ye!—even now, while fav'ring seasons smile,
 And the rich glebe would recompense our toil,
 Dearth and disease to you alone we owe;
 Ye cause the mischief, and enjoy the woe!
 This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty
 blest!
 What days of pleasure, and what nights of rest!
 From Gola's streets, fam'd mart of fragrant
 grain!
 Trade's cheerful voice resounded o'er the plain;
 There now sad silence listens to the waves,
 That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
 Sweet were the songs o'er Jumal's level borne,
 While busy thousands throng'd to plant the corn;
 Now tenfold tax the farmer forc'd to yield,
 Despairs, and leaves unoccupied the field.
 Sweet were the songs of Burdwan's mulberry
 grove,
 While the rich silk the rapid shuttle wove;
 Now from the loom our costly vestments torn,
 Th' insulting robbers meanest slaves adorn.
 In Malda's shades, on Purna's palmy plain,
 The hapless artists, urg'd to toil in vain,
 Quit their sad homes, and mourn along the land,
 A pensive, pallid, self-disabled band *!—
 The year revolves—"Bring choicest fruits and
 flowers,
 Spread wide the board in consecrated bowers;
 Bring joy, bring sport, the song, the dance pre-
 pare! [share!]"
 'Tis Drugah's † feast, and all our friends must
 The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are
 seen;
 Nor festive board in bowers of holy green;
 Nor joy, nor sport, nor dance, nor tuneful strain:
 'Tis Drugah's feast—but grief and terror reign.
 Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome guests ye came,
 And talk'd of honour's laws and friendship's
 flame.
 The year revolves—and Bishen's ‡ fast invites,
 On Ganges' marge to pay the solemn rites;

* "Those who now made the things the English most
 wanted, were pressed on all sides—by their own necessi-
 ties, their neighbours, and the agents employed to procure
 the Company's investments, as the goods sent to Europe are
 called. These importunities were united, and urged so
 much, so often, and in such ways, as to produce, among
 the people in the silk business, instances of their cutting off
 their thumbs, that the want of them might excuse them
 from following their trade, and the inconveniences to which
 they were exposed beyond the common lot of their neigh-
 bours." History of the English Transactions in the
 East Indies.

† Drugah, a Hindoo goddess. "Drugah Poojah is the
 grand general feast of the Gentoos, usually visited by all
 Europeans (by invitation), who are treated by the pro-
 prietors of the feast with the fruits and flowers in sea-
 son, and are entertained every evening with bands of sing-
 ers and dancers." Vide Howell's Indostan, vol. ii.

‡ Bishen, Bishnoo, or Jaggernaut, is one of the princi-
 pal Hindoo deities. "This fast, dedicated to him, is call-
 ed the Sinan Jattrā, or general washing in the Ganges;
 and it is almost incredible to think the immense multitude,
 of every age and sex, that appears on both sides of the
 river, throughout its whole course, at one and the same
 time." Vide Mr. Howell, vol. ii. p. 124. 128.

All, boons of Bishen, great preserver, crave;
 All in the sacred flood their bodies lave:
 No more, alas!—the multitude no more
 Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the shore;
 No more from towns and villages they throng,
 Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:
 Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
 Stalks the dim form of solitude forlorn!—
 From Ava's mountains morn's bright eyes survey
 Fair Ganges' streams in many a winding stray;
 There fleecy flocks on many an island feed;
 There herds unnumber'd pasture many a mead;
 (While noxious herbs our last resource supply,
 And, dearth escaping, by disease we die);
 "Take these," ye cry, "nor more for food com-
 plain; [slain!]"
 "Take these, and slay like us, and riot on the
 Ah no! our law the crime abhor'd withstands;
 We die—but blood shall ne'er pollute our hands.
 O guardian genius of this sacred wave,
 Save, save thy sons, if thine the power to save!"
 So Scrim spoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
 The frequent corse came floating down the stream *.
 He sigh'd, and rising turn'd his steps to rove
 Where wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the cocoa-grove;
 There, 'midst scorch'd ruins, one lone roof re-
 main'd,
 And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
 The sound of feet he near his threshold heard;
 Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
 Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
 Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!
 Com'st thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
 My darling daughter in distress to save!
 Thy faithless brethren took the shining store,
 Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore!
 Three days, three nights, I've languish'd here
 alone—
 Three foodless days, three nights to sleep un-
 known!
 Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
 Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!"
 "No hostile steps the haunt of woe invade,"
 Serim replied—and, passing where the glade
 A length of prospect down the vale display'd,
 Another sight of misery met his view;
 Another mournful voice his notice drew!
 There, near a temple's recent ruin, stood
 A white-rob'd Bramin by the sacred flood:
 His wives, his children, dead beside him lay—
 Of hunger these, and those of grief the prey.
 Thrice he with dust defil'd his aged head;
 Thrice o'er the stream his hands uplifted spread:
 Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer!
 Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
 'Tis not for them, though lifeless there they lie;
 'Tis not for me, though innocent I die:—
 My country's breast the tyger, avarice, rends,
 And loud to you her parting groan ascends.
 Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer!
 Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
 Hear and avenge! [sphere,
 But hark! what voice from yonder flarry
 Slides like the breeze of evening o'er my ear?

* The Hindoos frequently cast the bodies of their de-
 ceased into the Ganges; with the idea, I suppose, of com-
 mitting them to the disposal of the god or genius of the ri-
 ver.

* Lo, Birmah's * form! on amber clouds enthron'd;
 * His azure robe with lucid emerald zon'd;
 * He looks celestial dignity and grace,
 * And views with pity wretched human race!

135 " Forbear, rash man! nor curse thy country's
 " foes;

" Frail man to man forgiveness ever owes.
 " When Moisafoor † the fell on earth's fair plain
 " Brought his detested offspring, strife and pain,
 " Revenge with them, relentless fury, came,
 " Her bosom burning with infernal flame!
 " Her hair sheds horror, like the comet's blaze;
 " Her eyes, all ghastly, blast where'er they gaze;
 " Her lifted arm a poison'd cruce ‡ sustains;
 " Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
 " Who asks her aid, must own her endless reign,
 " Feel her keen scourge, and drag her galling
 " chain!"

* The strains sublime in sweetest music close,
 * And all the tumult of my soul compose.

150 * Yet you, ye oppressors! uninvok'd on you ||,
 * Your steps the steps of justice will pursue!

* Go, spread your white sails on the azure main;
 * Fraught with our spoils, your native land regain;
 * Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
 * And on green hills the pompous palace stand:
 * Let luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
 * Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich per-
 * fume—

[vite,
 * There night's kind calm in vain shall sleep in-
 * While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright;
 * Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
 160 * The widow'd wife's, the sonless mother's calls;
 * And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
 * And lift to you their supplicating eyes:
 * Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
 * And your own hands plunge deep the avenging
 * steel §.

[dain,
 * (For Europe's cowards Heaven's command dis-
 * To death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain.)

* For us, each painful transmigration o'er,
 * Sweet fields receive us to resign no more;

* Where safety's fence for ever round us grows,

170 * And peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading
 * blows;

* Birmah is a principal deity of the Hindoos, in whose person they worship the Divine Attribute of Wisdom. From the best accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worship "stocks and stones," merely as such: but rather the Supreme Existence, in a variety of attributes or manifestations.

† The Hindoo author of evil, similar to our Satan.

‡ An Indian dagger.

|| The reader must readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought in a poem designed to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a person wishing evil to his enemy, and presaging that evil will be the consequence of that enemy's crimes. The first is an immoral act of the will; the second, a neutral act of the judgment.

§ The Hindoo religion strongly prohibits suicide. Mr. Howell gives us the following passage from the Shastah: "Whosoever of the delinquent Debtah shall dare to free himself from the mortal form wherewith I shall enclose him, thou Sieb shalt plunge him into the Onderah for ever: he shall not again have the benefit of the fifteen Bebeons of purgation, probation, and purification."

* Light's sun unsetting shines with cheering beam;
 * And pleasure's river rolls its golden stream!

Enrapt he spoke—then ceas'd the lofty strain,
 And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—

A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
 Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade;

Go to thy gods! with rage infernal cried,
 And headlong plung'd the hapless sage into the
 foaming tide.

LI-PO;

OR, THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

A Chinese Eclogue.

THOSE who are conversant in the best accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's History, must have remarked, that the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince in that country can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his subjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

WHERE Honan's hills Kiansi's vale enclose,
 And Xifa's lake its glassy level shows,
 Li-po's fair island lay—delightful scene!—
 With swelling slopes, and groves of every green:
 On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
 Rear'd its light front with golden columns grac'd;
 High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
 And jasmine boughs the lattice twin'd among;
 In porcelain vases crested amaranth grew,
 And starry aster, crimson, white, and blue;
 Lien-hoa flowers upon the water spread;
 Bright shells and corals varied lustre shed;
 From sparry grottos crystal drops distill'd
 On sounding brass, and air with music fill'd;
 Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
 The rustling leaves continual murmur made;
 Gay shoals of gold-fish glitter'd in the tide,
 And gaudy birds flew sportive by its side.
 The distant prospects well the sight might please,
 With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
 From craggy cliffs, between the verdant shades,
 The silver rills rush'd down in bright cascades;
 O'er terrac'd steepes rich cotton harvests * wav'd,
 And smooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
 Long rows of cypress † parted all the land,
 And tall pagodas crown'd the river's strand!

'Twas here, from business and its pomp and pain,
 The pensive master sought relief in vain.

Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's sceptre sway'd,
 And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
 The morn's transactions to his memory came,
 And some he found to praise, and some to blame;
 Mark'd here how justice, pity there prevail'd,
 And how from haste or indolence he fail'd.

Beneath a bower of sweet ka-fa, whose bloom
 Fill'd all the adjacent lawn with rich perfume,

* The Chinese reduce the steep slopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.

† Their rice-grounds are separated by broad ditches, the sides of which are planted with cypresses. Vide Osbeck's Voyage to China.

His slaves at distance sat—a beauteous train!—
 One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal strain:
 They saw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
 And wish'd to ease th' anxiety he bore.
 Amusive tales their soothing lay disclos'd,
 Of heroes brave to perils strange expos'd;
 Of tyrants proud, from power's high summit cast;
 And lovers, long desponding, blest at last.
 They ceas'd; the warblings softly died away,
 Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day.
 'This scene,' said he, 'how fair! to please the
 ' fight,
 ' How nature's charms, art's ornaments unite!
 ' Those maids, what magic in the strains they
 ' sung! [tongue.
 ' Song sweetliest flows from beauty's tuneful
 ' Yet say, did Tien bid power and wealth be mine,
 ' For me my soul to pleasure to resign?
 ' What boots, that annual, on our fathers' tombs,
 ' We strew fair flowers, and offer choice perfumes;
 ' Our veneration of their memories show,
 ' And not their steps in virtue's path pursue?
 ' When, from his province as the prince returns,
 ' Rich feasts for him are spread, and incense burns,
 ' And gilded barks unfold their streamers gay,
 ' And following crowds their loud applauses pay;
 ' Avails all this, if he from right has swerv'd,
 ' And conscience tells him all is undeserv'd?
 ' Arise, Li-po! 'tis duty calls, arise!
 ' The sun sinks reddening in Tartarian skies.
 ' Yon walls that tower o'er Xensi's neighbouring
 ' plain,
 ' Yon walls unnumber'd miseries contain.
 ' Think; why did Tien superior rank impart,
 ' Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
 ' Last night in sleep, to fancy's sight display'd,
 ' Lay lovelier scenes than e'er my eyes survey'd;
 ' With purple shone the hills, with gold the vales,
 ' And greenest foliage wav'd in gentlest gales:
 ' 'Midst palmy fields, with sunshine ever bright,
 ' A palace rear'd its walls of silvery white;

' The gates of pearl a shady hall disclos'd,
 ' Where old Confucius' rev'rend form repos'd:
 ' Loose o'er his limbs the silk's light texture flow'd,
 ' His eye serene ethereal lustre show'd:
 " My son," said he, as near his seat I drew,
 " Cast round this wonderful spot thy dazzled
 " view;
 " See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
 " The blest inhabitants consume their hours!
 " They ne'er to war, fell fiend! commission gave
 " To murder, ravish, banish, and enslave; [pile,
 " They ne'er bade grandeur raise her gorgeous
 " With tribute ravish'd from the hand of toil;
 " But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
 " The weak defended, and the poor sustain'd."
 ' Smiling he ceas'd—the vision seem'd to fly,
 ' Like fleecy clouds dispersing in the sky. 90
 ' Arise, Li-po! and cast thy robes aside,
 ' Disguise thy form, thy well-known features hide;
 ' Go forth, yon streets, yon crowded streets per-
 ' vade, [aid:
 ' Mix with the throng, and mark who seeks thy
 ' There avarice stern o'er poverty bears sway,
 ' And age and sickness fall his easy prey;
 ' There hands that justice' sacred ensigns bear,
 ' Protect the plunderer, and the plunder share;
 ' Perhaps there discord's desperate rage prevails,
 ' And wisdom's voice to calm the tumult fails; 100
 ' Perhaps revenge gives victims to the grave,
 ' Perhaps they perish, ere I haste to save!
 He spoke, and rose; but now along the way
 That from the city-gate fair-winding lay,
 Stretch'd through green meads where lowing cat-
 tle graz'd,
 Amid the lake's wide silver level rais'd,
 Led up steep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
 Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
 Slow tow'rd his palace came a suppliant train;—
 Whoe'er his presence sought ne'er sought in vain—
 The ready vessel, waiting at his call,
 Receiv'd, and bore him to the audience-hall. 110

O D E S.

THE Horatian, or Lesser Ode, is characterized principally by ease and correctness. The following little pieces, attempted on that plan, were the production of very different periods; and, on revision, were thought not undeserving a place in this collection.

ODE I.

TO LEISURE.

GENTLE leisure, whom of yore
 To wealth the fair contentment bore,
 When peace with them her dwelling made,
 And health her kind attendance paid;
 As wandering o'er the sunny plains
 They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
 O thou! who country scenes and air
 Preferr'st to courts, and crowds, and care;
 With thee I've often pass'd the day,
 To thee I wake the grateful lay.

With thee on Chadwell's thymy brow*,
 Beneath the hazel's bending bough,

* The New River Head, near Ware.

I've sat to breathe the fragrance cool
 Exhaling from the glassy pool;
 Where, through th' un sullied crystal seen,
 The bottom show'd its shining green:
 As all attentive these I view'd,
 And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
 Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
 Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!

With thee, on Mufsla's † corn-clad height
 The landscape oft has charm'd my sight;
 Delightful hills, and vales, and woods,
 And dusty roads, and winding floods;
 And towns, that through thin groups of shade
 Their roofs of varied form display'd:

† A hill on the north side of Ware.

As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!

With thee, where Eafna's * horn-beam grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've stray'd,
By banks in hoary moss array'd;
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!

With thee, by Stansted's † farms enclos'd,
With aged elms in rows dispos'd;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The silver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leav'd sycamore,
I've linger'd on the shady shore:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!

With thee, where Thames his waters leads,
Round Poplar's Isle ‡ of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide,
I've seen the white-sail'd vessels glide;
Or gaz'd on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!

O gentle leisure!—absent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful song:
If e'er, allur'd by grateful change,
O'er scenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's east or western shore
For rural solitudes explore:
As all attentive these I view,
And many a pleasing thought pursue,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow,
To thee that pleasure I must owe!

ODE II.

THE EVENING WALK.

WHAT time fair spring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowslip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffuse a rich perfume:

Young Theron down the valley stray'd
At evening's silent hour,
When bright the setting sunbeams play'd
On Hertford's distant tower.

He sigh'd, and cast around his eye
O'er all the pleasing scene,
Now tow'rs the golden-clouded sky,
Now on the fields of green.

* A pleasant wood, east of Ware.

† A village in the same neighbourhood.

‡ Commonly called The Isle of Dog, opposite Greenwich.

' Thrice has fair spring her cowslip bloom
' Awak'd with dewy hand,
' And hawthorn boughs diffus'd perfume,
' By western breezes fann'd;

' Since here, at evening's silent hour,
' Delighted oft I stray'd,
' While bright on Hertford's distant tower
' The setting sunbeams play'd:

' 'Twas then the flatterer hope was near,
' And sung this soothing strain:
" Where through the trees yon tow'rs appear
" Far o'er the level plain;

" There oft thy pleasant evening walk
" Thy favourite maid shall join,
" And all the charms of tender talk
" And tuneful song be thine:

" With thee she'll hear the bleat of flocks,
" The thrush's mellow lay,
" The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
" The whispers of the spray."—

' So sung false hope—Deceiv'd I heard,
' And set my heart at ease;
' The future then so fair appear'd,
' It made the present please.

' So sung false hope—The approaching years,
' That distant look'd so gay,
' With clouds of cares and storms of fears
' All fraught, have pass'd away.

' As glides yon sun adown the sky,
' As rolls yon rapid stream;
' So fast our joys and sorrows fly,
' And flown appear a dream.

' Be then the events that time has brought
' To me not brought in vain;
' By painful disappointment taught,
' Let wisdom be my gain!

Thus Theron spoke, and earnest ey'd
The sun's departing ray;
Again he look'd, again he sigh'd,
And homeward bent his way.

ODE III.

TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to tofs the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

ODE IV.

HEARING MUSIC.

Yon organ! hark!—how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!

The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, innocence, and pleasure play,
And beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And, gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

ODE V.

A LANDSCAPE.

On the eastern hill's steep side
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
Cross the vale, where willows rise,
Further still another lies;
And, beneath a steeper hill,
Lies another further still:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where health and labour rove!

Northward swelling slopes are seen,
Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
There, through grassy plains below,
Broad and smooth the waters flow;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its clustering houses throng,
In the sunshine glittering fair;
Haunts of business, haunts of care!

Westward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills through waving reeds;
From dark elms a shadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls;
Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens stand:
Fair retreat! that well might please
Wealth, and elegance, and ease.

Hark! amidst the distant shades
Murmuring drop the deep cascades;

Hark! amidst the rustling trees
Softly sighs the gentle breeze;
And the Æolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the stream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled strain,
Rising now, now sunk again.

How the view detains the sight!
How the sounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the scene! but think not there
Happiness sincere to share:
Reason still regrets the day
Passing rapidly away;
Lessening life's too little store;
Passing, to return no more!

ODE VI.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE, AND REMOVAL
INTO THE COUNTRY.

Written at Stanway-Hall, in Essex.

WHATE'ER of lighter strain the muse
Essay'd, in vacant hours of ease,
At thy expence to raise a smile,
I deem thy candour will excuse;
For sure I meant not to displease,
For sure I wish'd thee well the while.

And now the nuptial knot is ty'd,
That muse no idle flattery brings,
Nor talks of joy unmixt with care—
I trust that none who e'er has try'd
The sober state of human things,
Will give thee hope such joy to share.

Domestic life must soon be thine—
'Tis various as an April day;
'Tis pleasure now, and now 'tis pain:
Through storms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy steady way,
And these enjoy, and those sustain.

From London's streets to solitude,
From brilliant shops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is strange and rude:
Yet scarce a place so little yields,
But he who seeks amusement finds.

Perchance thou'lt not disdain to hear
The ploughman's hist'ry of the plain;
Thy sight the prospect's scenes may charm:
And sure fastidious is the ear
That slights the milkmaid's simple strain
At evening echoing from the farm,

The market lore of artful swains,
The price of cattle and of corn,
The sportsman's feats of dogs and guns;—
To practise that will cost thee pains;
And these with patience must be borne,
For he will be dislike'd who shuns.

Courage, my friend! whate'er our fate;
So versatile the human mind,

* The author alludes to some trifling pieces of humour, written on his friend, for the amusement of a few intimate acquaintance.

That oft, when novelty is o'er,
To objects of our former hate
Assimilated and resign'd,
We wonder they displeas'd before.

'Twas on the festive social day,
Where beauty cast her smiles around,
And mirth the mind from care reliev'd;
What time our hands in harmless play
Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
My thoughts this grateful lay conceiv'd.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer*,
To other scenes and other friends
To-morrow calls my steps away;
Yet memory them in view shall bear;
Yet them the wish of health attends,
And many a moment calm and gay.

ODE VII.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHILE in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul.

Yet worse what polar climate share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his voice a storm:
His frown the shivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or song
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak † and the dart prepare,
On summer seas to work their way,
And wage the wat'ry war, and make the seals
their prey.

Too delicate! reproach no more
The seasons of thy native shore—
There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
With smiling brow and placid eye;
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And scatter'd from her liberal hand,
Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flow'rs adorn
the land.

ODE VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

WHERE Grove-hill‡ shows thy villa fair,
But late, my Lettſom, there with thee

* Layer Breton, a village in Essex.

† A Greenland fishing boat.

‡ At Camberwell, in Surrey.

'Twas mine the tranquil hour to share—
The social hour of converse free;
To mark the arrangement of thy ground,
And all the pleasing prospect round,
Where, while we gaz'd, new beauties still were
found.

There, as the impending cloud of smoke
Fled various from the varying gale,
Full on the view fresh objects broke
Along the extensive peopled vale,
Beside Thamesis' bending stream,
From ancient Lambeth's west extreme,
To Limehouse glittering in the evening beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
Caught glimpse of spots remoter still,
On Hampstead's street-clad slope so high,
Or Harrow's fair conspicuous hill;
Or eastward wander'd to explore
All Peckham's pleasant level o'er,
To busy Deptford's vessel-crowded shore:

Or sought that southern landscape's bound,
Those swelling mounts—one smooth and green,
And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
And one where scattering trees are seen*.
'Twas these, with Summer's radiance bright,
That gave my earliest youth delight,
Of rural scenes the first that met my sight †.

That business with fatiguing cares,
For this delightful seat of thine
Such scanty store of moments spares,
Say, friend, shall I for thee repine?
Were it the commerce of the main,
Or culture of the teeming plain,
From blame or pity I should scarce refrain.

But O! to alleviate human woes,
To banish sickness, banish pain,
To give the sleepless eye repose,
The nerveless arm its strength again;
From parent eyes to dry the tear,
The wife's distressful thought to cheer,
And end the husband's and the lover's fear;

Where want sits pining, faint, and ill,
To lend thy kind unpurchas'd aid,
And hear the exertions of thy skill
With many a grateful blessing paid—
'Tis luxury to the feeling heart,
Beyond what social hours impart, [art,
Or nature's beauteous scenes, or curious works a

ODE IX.

LEAVING BATH. M.DCC.LXXVI.

BATH! ere I quit thy pleasing scene,
Thy beechen cliff I'll climb again,
To view thy mountains vivid green,
To view thy hill-surrounded plain;
To see distinct beneath the eye,
As in a pictur'd prospect nigh,

* The Dulwich hills.

† The author was born in the environs of London, on the Surrey side.

Those Attic structures shining white,
That form thy sunny crescent's bend,
Or by thy dusty streets extend,
Or near thy winding river's site.

Did commerce these proud piles upraise !
For thee she ne'er unfurl'd her sails—
Hygeia gave thy fountains praise,
And pain and languor sought thy vales :
But these suffic'd an humble cell,
If they with strength and ease might dwell.
Then fashion call'd ; his potent voice
Proud wealth with ready step obey'd,
And pleasure all her arts essay'd,
To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift !—Thy mansions gay,
Where peers and beauties lead the ball,
Neglected soon may feel decay ;
Forlorn, moulder to their fall—
Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
But still thy environs so fair,
Thy waters salutary aid,
Will surely always some persuade
To render thee their care.

ODE X.

TO J. PAYNE, ESQ. ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF
THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O FRIEND ! to thee, whose lib'ral mind
Was form'd with taste for joys refin'd,
For all the extended country yields,
Of azure skies and verdant fields ;
For all that genius' hand displays,—
The painter's forms, the poet's lays :—
To thee, restraint to that dull room,
Where sunshine never breaks the gloom ;
To thee, restraint to that dull lore
Of books, with numbers cypher'd o'er—
How hard the lot ! I see with pain,
And wish it oft exchang'd in vain.

Yet not for thee I ask the stores
Which rapine rends from foreign shores,
Nor those oppression's power procures
From ills that poverty endures.
Far happier thou ! thy honest gain
Can life with decency sustain ;
For thee, content, with thought serene,
Surveys the present changeful scene ;
And piety her view sublime
Extends beyond the realm of time.

ODE XI.

TO A FRIEND, APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING
FRIENDSHIP.

Too much in man's imperfect state
Mistake produces useless pain.—
Methinks, of friendship's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes ;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends ;

Where'er may chance my steps dispose,
The absent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that time's oblivious hand
From mem'ry's page has raz'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to stand
And on his crystal current gaze.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with shade,
From Widdbury's prospect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the scenes we then survey'd,
While fancy sought for sweeter still :

Then how did learning's stores delight !
From books what pleasures then we drew !
For then their charms first met our sight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas ! life's Summer swiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair !
Why bid distrust's chill east-wind rise,
To blast the scanty blooms they bear ?

ODE XII.

TO A FRIEND.

No, Cockfield, no ! I'll not disdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain ;
Nor scorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and isles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaistow's level meads,
To Woolwich streets, or Charlton fields :
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleasant call,
And praise the lonely lane that leads
To that old tower upon the wall.

'Twas when misfortune's stroke severe,
And melancholy's presence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
That thine my weary steps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindness gave me ease ;
For o'er the past as thought would stray,
That thought thy voice as oft retriev'd,
To scenes which fair before us lay.

And there in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleas'd with friendly talk ;
From theme to theme that wander'd still—
The long detail of where we had been,
And what we had heard, and what we had seen ;
And what the poet's tuneful skill,
And what the painter's graphic art,
Or antiquarian's searches keen,
Of calm amusement could impart.

Then oft did nature's works engage,
And oft we search'd Linnæus' page ;
The Scanian sage, whose wond'rous toil
Had class'd the vegetable race :
And curious, oft, from place to place
We rang'd, and sought each different soil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice distinctions drew.

O moments these, not ill employ'd !
O moments, better far enjoy'd
Than those in crowded cities pass'd ;
Where oft to luxury's gaudy reign

Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till pride, a bankrupt wretch at last,
Bids fraud his specious wiles essay,
Youth's easy confidence to gain,
Or industry's poor pittance rend away.

ODE XIII.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lure's from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE XIV.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN
LOVE-VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifle's lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain
Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All flatt'ry's round of fulsome praise,
All falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the muse whose tongue has told
Love's genuine plaintive tender tale;
Bring me the muse whose sounds of woe
'Midst death's dread scenes so sweetly flow,
When friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
When beauty's blooming cheek is pale:
Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
It sooths my sympathetic gloom:
For, oh! love's genuine pains I've borne,
And death's dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er friendship's early bier,
And dropt the tear on beauty's tomb.

ODE XV.

THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
The poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank*, or Thames's shore†:
From silver Avon's flowery side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,

* Alluding to Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal; of whose *Lusiad* we have a well-known masterly translation by Mr. Mickle.

† Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.

As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that is heard in freedom's cause.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of fancy fades,
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Bawdin's fate*.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his whom Athen's tragic maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade;
While he for British nymphs bid flow
Her notes of terror and of woe†.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme, or humble or sublime;
If pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;
If epic's voice sonorous calls
To Oeta's cliffs‡ or Salem's walls||;
Enough—the muse, the muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

ODE XVI.

VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

To a Friend.

How steep yon mountains rise around,
How bold yon gloomy woods ascend!
How loud the rushing torrents sound
That 'midst these heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,

* See Rowley's poems, supposed to have been written by Chatterton, an unhappy youth born at Bristol.

† See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*.

‡ See Mr. Glover's *Leonidas*, alluded to as an example of classical dignity and simplicity.

|| See Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.

And one lone aisle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend !

Here once a self-sequester'd train
Renounc'd life's tempting pomp and glare ;
Rejected power, relinquish'd gain,
And shunn'd the great, and shunn'd the fair :
The voluntary slaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little soil,
By night they awoke and rose to prayer.

Though superstition much we blame,
That bade them thus consume their years ;
Their motive still our praise must claim,
Their constancy our thought reveres :
And sure their solitary scheme
Must check each passion's wild extreme,
And save them cares, and save them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all ;
Their minds no sad presage oppress'd,
What fate might absent wealth befall,
How absent friends might be distress'd :
Domestic ills ne'er hurt their ease ;
They nought of pain could feel from these,
Who no domestic joys possess.

But imperfection haunts each place :
Would this kind calm atone to thee
For fame's or fortune's sprightly chase,
Whose prize in prospect still we see ;
Or Hymen's happy moments blest,
With beauty leaning on thy breast,
Or childhood prattling at thy knee ?

ODE XVII.

PRIVATEERING.

Now custom steels the human breast
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest !
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame !
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight ;
And rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores ;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change !
For the dark prison's scanty range ;
By plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread ;
And with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,

The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again ;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictur'd face !

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be ;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale !
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till !
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown !

ODE XVIII.

ON HOSPITALITY.

DOMESTIC powers ! erewhile rever'd,
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train ;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
'Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-structur'd hall
With rural trophies strown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathless forest wild ;
The huntsman, in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chase o'ertail'd ;
Wide their view around them cast,
Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
And fought and found the festive bower,
And shar'd the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys ;
Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet e'en here disdain'd thy sway,
Where grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay ;
Or where fair quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes not often seen amuse,
When tales not often told we hear ;
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle power ! where'er thy reign,
May health and peace attend thee still ;

Nor folly's presence cause thee pain,
Nor vice reward thy good with ill;
Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praise.

ODE XIX.

THE APOLOGY.

' PASTORAL, and elegy, and ode !
' Who hopes, by these, applause to gain,
' Believe me, friend, may hope in vain—
' These classic things are not the mode ;
' Our taste polite, so much refin'd,
' Demands a strain of different kind.

' Go, court the muse of Chevy Chase,
' To tell in Sternhold's simple rhimes
' Some tale of ancient English times ;
' Or try to win rude satire's grace,
' That scold, who dirt around her throws,
' And many a random stain bestows.

' Or dull trite thoughts in songs combine,
' And bid the tuneful accents fall,
' To wake the echoes of Vauxhall ;
' Or tow'rs the stage thy thoughts incline,
' And furnish some half-pilfer'd play,
' To shine the meteor of the day.'

O ! no—though such the crowd amuse,
And peals of noisy praise procure ;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And pass the ordeal of reviews ?
And who is he for whom they'll gain
A niche in fame's immortal fane ?

The plan that Virgil's choice could claim,
The plan that Horace deign'd to choose,
Trust me, I wish not to refuse :—
To Akenfide's or Shenstone's name
The praise that future days shall pay,
Methinks may well content my lay.

ODE XX.

THIS scene how rich from Thames's side,
While evening suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glassy-surfac'd tide,
And 'midst the masts and cordage gleam ;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground,
Whole cornfields bright the prospect bound * !

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey ;
Some Neptune's hardy thoughtless train,
And some the careful sons of gain,

* Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the north side of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

And some the enamour'd nymph and swain
Listening to music's soothing strain.

But there, while these the sight allure,
Still fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse, and vales obscure,
And streams that solitary stray ;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distill,
The meads that quivering aspens fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuse a rich perfume
That hovers in the soft calm air ;
The hedge-row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the skylark's airy song,
And throstle's note so clear and strong.

But say, if there our steps were brought,
Would these their pow'r to please retain ?
Say, would not restless, roving thought
Turn back to busy scenes again ?
O strange formation of the mind !
Still, though the present fair we find,
Still tow'rs the absent thus inclin'd,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind !

ODE XXI.

WRITTEN AFTER A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

THEE, Bristol, oft my thoughts recal,
Thy Kingsdown brow and Brandon hill ;
The space, once circled by thy wall,
Which tow'rs and spires of churches fill ;
And masts and sails of vessels tall,
With trees and houses intermingled still !

From Clifton's rocks how grand the sight,
When Avon's dark tide rush'd between !
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide-spread wat'ry scene,
Her waves with trembling sunshine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them rising green !

To Mendip's ridge how stretch'd away
My view, while fancy sought the plain
Where Blagdon's groves secluded lay,
And heard my much-lov'd poet's strain * !
Ah ! why so near, nor thither stray
To meet the friend I ne'er shall meet again ?

Occasion's call averse to prize,
Irresolute we oft remain—
She soon irrevocably flies,
And then we mourn her flown in vain ;
While pleasure's imag'd forms arise,
Whose fancied loss regret beholds with pain.

And Bristol ! why thy scenes explore,
And why those scenes so soon resign,
And fail to seek the spot that bore
That wonderous tuneful youth of thine,

* The late ingenious Dr. John Langborne, then resident at Blagdon, near Bristol.

The bard *, whose boasted ancient store
Rose recent from his own exhaustless mine †!

Though fortune all her gifts denied,
Though learning made him not her choice,
The muse still plac'd him at her side,
And bade him in her smile rejoice—
Description still his pen supplied,
Pathos his thought, and melody his voice!

Conscious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But fame, regardless, pass'd him by,
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care:
The sun of hope forsook his sky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare!

Then poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror o'er the prospect threw—
His deep distress too nice t' expose;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the painful scene withdrew.

Ah! why for genius' headstrong rage
Did virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boast the public praise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd?
O why not snatch'd his desperate hand?
His foot on fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspeare or new Milton paid?

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where, at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent moon's slow-westering ray
Pours full on Redcliff's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of gray.

'Midst toil and commerce slumbering round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view sad-wandering by the shore,
With streaming tears, and notes of mournful
sound,
Too late their hapless bard, untimely lost, deplore.

ODE XXII.

TO CRITICISM.

FAIR nymph! of taste and learning born,
Whom truth's and candour's gifts adorn,

* Chatterton.

† This is at least the author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason, in his elegy to a young nobleman:

"See from the depths of his exhaustless mine
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift
"throws."

The muse's friend! to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When genius, ranging nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What matter's tract immense supplies,
Or wide in mind's vast region lies,
And every thought with skill combines,
And all transmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture sparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy solemn voice on high;
Thy comment still his work pursues,
The plan explains, the style reviews,
And marks its strength, and marks its ease;
And tells us why and how they please.
And when, perhaps, disdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.

'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her sage * allur'd to rove;
'Twas thee to whom in Tadmora's bowers,
Her statesman † vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her bard ‡ in careless measures sung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd, to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age by thee inspir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd;
And Pope, intent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays:
And now, by thee, our favour'd coast
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast;
And her, whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakspeare's injur'd page §.

Give me, bright power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to merit's modest brow:
And when the muse her presence deigns,
And prompts my own unstudied strains,
Instruct me them, with view severe,
To inspect, and keep from error clear;
Nor spare, though fancy'd e'er so fine,
One ill-plac'd thought, or useless line.

ODE XXIII.

TO DISEASE.

DISEASE! man's dread, relentless foe,
Fell source of fear, and pain, and woe!
O say, on what ill-fated coast
They mourn thy tyrant reign the most?
On Java's bogs, or Gambia's sand,
Or Persia's sultry southern strand;
Or Egypt's annual-flooded plain,
Or Rome's neglected, waste domain;
Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
And mosques and turrets crescent-crown'd,

* Aristotle. † Longinus. ‡ Horace.

§ The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has so ably vindicated Shakspeare from the cavils of Voltaire.

And from his high serail the sultan hears
The wide Propontis' beating waves resound *.

I'll ask no more—Our clime, though fair,
Enough thy tyrant reign must share;
And lovers there, and friends, complain,
By thee their friends and lovers slain:
And yet our avarice and our pride
Combine to spread thy mischiefs wide;
While that the captive wretch confines,
To hunger, cold, and filth resigns,—
And this the funeral pomp attends
To vaults, where mouldering corse lie,—
Amid foul air thy form unseen ascends,
And like a vulture hovers in the sky †.

ODE XXIV.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE'S grandeur in this founding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapt my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

ODE XXV.

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O HASTE, ye hovering clouds away,
Ye clouds so fleecy, dim, and pale,
Through which the moon's obstructed ray
Sheds this sad whiteness o'er the vale!

* *Byzantium: Constantinople; subject to frequent visitations of that dreadful fever, the plague.*

† *Alluding to the too frequent miserable situation of prisoners of war, debtors, &c.; and the absurd custom of burying in churches; circumstances contributing greatly to the propagation of disease.*

Forbear, ye bells, that languid strain!
The sight, the sound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the last look, and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms rise,
The plagues of hapless human-kind!
Pale fear, who unpursu'd still flies,
And starts, and turns, and looks behind;
Remorse, whose own indignant aim
Deforms with useless wounds her frame;
Despair, whose tongue no speech will deign,
Whose ghastly brow looks dark disdain,
And bends from steep rocks o'er the foaming
main.

And rage, whose bosom inly burns,
While reason's call he scorns to hear;
And jealousy, who ruthless turns
From suppliant beauty's prayer and tear;
Revenge, whose thoughts tumultuous roll
To seek the poniard or the bowl;
And phrensy, wildly passing by,
With her chain'd arm and starting eye,
And voice that with loud curses rends the sky!

Ambition, here, to heights of power
His course with daring step pursues,
Though danger's frown against him lour,
Though guilt his path with blood bestrews;
There avarice grasps his useless store,
Though mercy's plaints his aid implore,
Though he her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famish'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their last expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O spare, O spare!
Alas, your ear no prayers persuade!
But, ah! if man your reign must bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliss beyond the tomb?
Yes, haply for her chosen train;
The rest, they say, severe decrees ordain
To realms of endless night, and everlasting pain*!

ODE XXVI.

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear, calm sky,
With Cynthia's orb on high!
Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around;
Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and castle walls,
That crown the spacious river's further side,

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's strain melodious trills;

* *The author does not give these as his own sentiments, but merely such as the gloomy moment described might naturally suggest. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Christians, is sufficient to authorise its admission into a poem, professing to paint the dark side of things.*

And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song:
And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
The passions feel their strong controul:
While fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral fees,
No famine fell, nor dire disease,
Nor war's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet innocence, a cherub fair,
And peace and joy, a sister pair:
And kindness mild, their kindred grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vast range of animated space!

Blest vision! O for ever stay!
O far be guilt and pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with him, whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To general good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

ODE XXVII.

AFTER READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

To fancy's view what visions rise,
Remote amid yon azure skies!
What goddess-form descends in air?
The Grecian muse, severely fair!
What sage is he, to whom she deigns
Her lyre of elevated strains?
The bard of Tyne—his master hand
Awakes new music o'er the land;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach the unheeding throng.

What mean those crystal rocks serene,
Those laureate groves for ever green,
Those Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
Of freedom's sons the happy seats!—
There dwell the few who dar'd disdain
The lust of power and lust of gain;
The patriot names of old renown'd,
And those in later ages found;
The Athenian, Spartan, Roman boast,
The pride of Britain's sea-girt coast!

But, oh! what darkness intervenes!
But, oh! beneath, what different scenes!
What matron she, to grief resign'd,
Beside that ruin'd arch reclin'd?
Her sons, who once so well could wield,
The warrior-spear, the warrior shield,
A turban'd ruffian's scourge constrains
To toil on desolated plains!—

And she who leans that column nigh,
Where trampled arms and eagles lie;
Whose veil essays her blush to hide,
Who checks the tear that hastes to glide?
A mitred priest's oppressive sway
She sees her drooping race obey:
Their vines unprun'd, their fields untill'd,
Their streets with want and misery fill'd.

And who is she, the martial maid
Along that cliff so careless laid,
Whose brow such laugh unmeaning wears,
Whose eye such insolence declares,
Whose tongue descants, with scorn so vain,
On slaves of Ebro or of Seine?
What grievously Churl*, what harlot bold†,
Behind her, chains enormous hold?
Though virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, she will not, will not hear!
And now she sinks in sleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.

O what is he, his ghastly form,
So half obscur'd in cloud and storm,
Swift striding on‡?—beneath his strides
Proud empire's firmest base subsides;
Behind him dreary wastes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

* Avarice. † Luxury. ‡ Ruin.

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY: AN ODE.

DE SOLIS, in his History of the Conquest of Mexico, informs us, that, on the approach of Cortez to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Montezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the forcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following poem. The conquest of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumstances of cruelty; but it produced the subversion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a detestable religion of horrid rites and human sacrifices.

FROM Cholula's hostile plain*,
Left her treacherous legions slain,

Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.

* Cholula was a large city, not far distant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexi-

cans; and after professing friendship for the Spaniards, endeavoured to surprise and destroy them.

High on Chalco's stormy steep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;
High the Hispanian banner rais'd,
Bore the cross in gold emblaz'd *.
Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
Loud the neighing steeds were heard;
Flash'd the muskets lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thousand caves,
Down to Tenustitan's waves—†;
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever-sunny shore
Groves of palm and coco bore;
Maize-fields rich, savannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubâ, Tezeûco fair,
Rear'd their shining roofs in air;
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd 'midst the glassy tide,
Bright with gold, with silver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the sight ‡.
From their post the war-worn band
Raptur'd view'd the happy land:
' Haste to victory, haste to ease,
' Mark the spot that gives us these!

On the exulting heroes strode,
Shunn'd the smooth insidious road,
Shunn'd the rock's impending shade,
Shunn'd the expecting ambuscade ||.

Deep within a gloomy wood
Motezume's magicians stood:
Tlâtlepûca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague and storm,
High on magic stones they rais'd;
Magic fires before him blaz'd;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence steams of sulphur flew;
There, while bleeding victims smok'd,
Thus his aid they loud invok'd:

' Minister supreme of ill,
' Prompt to punish, prompt to kill,
' Motezuma asks thy aid!
' Foreign foes his realms invade;
' Vengeance on the strangers shed,
' Mix them instant with the dead!
' By thy temple's fable floor,
' By thy altar stain'd with gore,
' Stain'd with gore and strew'd with bones,
' Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans!
' Vengeance on the strangers shed,
' Mix them instant with the dead!

* The device on Cortes's standard was the sign of the cross.—Vide De Solis.

† Tenustitan, otherwise Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.

‡ The Spanish historians assert, that the walls and houses of the Indian cities were composed of a peculiar kind of glittering stone or plaster, which at a distance resembled silver.

|| The Indians had blocked up the usual road to Mexico, and opened another broader, and smooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambush. Cortes discovered the stratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obstructions. Being asked by the Mexican ambassadors the reason of this procedure, he replied, that the Spaniards always chuse to encounter difficulties.

Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their fauchions' blaze appear'd;
Alvarado rushing near,
Furious rais'd his glittering spear;
Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene *,
Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between:
' Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
' Weak attempts beneath your care;
' Warriors! let the wretches live!
' Christians! pity, and forgive!
Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
Glow'd the woods with dusky red;
Vast the idol's stature grew,
Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
Cortes' veterans paus'd to hear,
Wondering all, though void of fear;
' Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
' Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
' Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
' Scenes of battle, scenes of woe!
' Who is he—O spare the fight!—
' Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright?
' Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
' Chiefs and warriors prostrate fall †.
' Reverence now to fury yields;
' Strangers o'er him spread your shields!
' Thick the darts, the arrows, fly;
' Hapless monarch! he must die!
' Mark the solemn funeral state,
' Passing through the western gate!
' Châpultèques cave contains
' Mighty Motezume's remains.
' Cease the strife! alas, 'tis vain!
' Myriads throng Otumba's plain;
' Wide their feathery crests they wave,
' All the strong and all the brave ‡.
' Gleaming glory through the skies,
' See the imperial standard flies!
' Down by force resistless torn;
' Off in haughty triumph borne.
' Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
' Fugitives the mountains spread.
' Mexico, 'tis thine to know
' More of battle, more of woe!—
' Bright in arms the stranger train
' O'er thy causeways move again.

* Bartholome de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he seems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

† Motezuma, who was resident in the Spanish quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, proposed showing himself to the people, in order to appease the tumult. At his first appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was soon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

‡ Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and surrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every side, with ind-fatigable valour, he found himself overpowered by numbers; when, making one desperate effort, with a few select friends, he seized the imperial standard, killed the general, and routed the army.

' Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
 ' Join the breastplate's folds with care;
 ' Raise the sacrificial fire,
 ' Bid the captive youths expire *;
 ' Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
 ' Pouring anguish, pouring death †;
 ' Troops from every street repair,
 ' Close them in the fatal snare;
 ' Valiant as they are, they fly,
 ' Here they yield, and there they die.
 ' Cease the strife! 'tis fruitless all,
 ' Mexico at last must fall!
 ' Lo! the dauntless band return,
 ' Furious for the fight they burn!
 ' Lo! auxiliar nations round,
 ' Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
 ' Corfies fill thy trenches deep;
 ' Down thy temple's lofty steep
 ' See thy priests, thy princes thrown—
 ' Hark! I hear their parting groan!
 ' Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
 ' Flames from all thy domes arise!
 ' What are those that round thy shore
 ' Launch thy troubled water's o'er?
 ' Swift canoes that from the fight
 ' Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight;

* *De Solis relates, that the Mexicans sacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards, whom they had taken prisoners, and whose cries and groans were distinctly heard in the Spanish camp, exciting sentiments of horror and revenge in their surviving companions.*

† *The above author observes, that the sacred trumpet of the Mexicans was so called, because it was not permitted to any but the priests to sound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.*

' Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
 ' Them the stranger barks invade;
 ' Soon thy lord a captive bends,
 ' Soon thy far-fam'd empire ends *;
 ' Otomèca shares thy spoils,
 ' Tlāscalā in triumph smiles †.
 ' Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
 ' Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
 ' Cease your boast, O stranger band,
 ' Conquerors of my fallen land!
 ' Avarice strides your van before,
 ' Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!
 ' Discord follows, breathing flame,
 ' Still opposing claim to claim ‡;
 ' Kindred demons haste along!
 ' Haste, avenge my country's wrong!
 Ceas'd the voice with dreadful sounds,
 Loud as tides that burst their bounds;
 Roll'd the form in smoke away,
 Amaz'd on earth the exorcists lay;
 Pondering on the dreadful lore,
 Their course the Iberians downward bore;
 Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
 And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

* *When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to escape in his canoes across the lake; but was pursued and taken prisoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spanish brigantines.*

† *The Otomies were a fierce, savage nation, never thoroughly subdued by the Mexicans. Tlāscala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.*

‡ *Alluding to the dissensions which ensued among the Spaniards, after the conquest of America.*

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

THE GARDEN.

To a Friend.

FROM Whitby's rocks steep rising o'er the main,
 From Esk's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
 Say rove thy thoughts to Amwell's distant bow'rs,
 To mark how pass thy friends sequester'd hours?

' Perhaps, think'st thou, ' he seeks his pleasing
 ' scenes
 ' Of winding walks, smooth lawns, and shady
 ' greens:
 ' Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
 ' And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
 ' And the dark maple spreads its umbrage wide,
 ' And the white bench adorns the basin side;
 ' At morn reclin'd, perhaps, he sits to view
 ' The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue.

' Where, 'midst thick oaks, the subterraneous way
 ' To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
 ' Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,
 ' And rough flint-walls are deck'd with shells and
 ' ores,
 ' And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,
 ' Glimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky;
 ' From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleas'd re-
 ' tires,
 ' Indulging musings which the place inspires.
 ' Now where the airy octagon ascends,
 ' And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,
 ' 'Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,
 ' And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,
 ' Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear,
 ' And willow groves, or osier islands near.
 Alas, my friend, how strangely men mistake,
 Who guess what others most their pleasure make!
 These garden scenes, which fashion o'er our plains
 Spreads round the villas of our wealthy swains,

Though envy grudge, or friendship wish to share,
They claim but little of their owners' care.

For me, my groves not oft my steps invite,
And far less oft they fail to offend my sight:
In vain the fenna waves its glossy gold,
In vain the cistus' spotted flowers unfold,
In vain the acacia's snowy bloom depends,
In vain the sumach's scarlet spike ascends,
In vain the woodbine's spicy tufts disclose,
And green slopes redden with the shedding rose:
These neat-shorn hawthorns useless verdant bound,
This long straight walk, that pools unmeaning round,

These short-curv'd paths that twist beneath the trees,

Disgust the eye, and make the whole displease.

'No scene like this,' I say, 'did nature raise,
'Brown's fancy form, or Walpole's* judgment
'praise;

'No prototype for this did I survey

'In Woollett's landscapes†, or in Mason's lay.'

But might thy genius, friend, an Eden frame,
Profuse of beauty, and secure from blame;
Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,

Now lost in gloom, and now with prospect gay;
Now screen'd with clumps of green, for wint'ry bow'rs;

Now edg'd with sunny banks, for summer flow'rs;
Now led by crystal lakes with lilies dress'd,
Or where light temples court the step to rest—
Times gradual change, or tempest's sudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.
That tyrant oak, whose arms so far o'ergrow,
Shades some poor shrub that pines with drought below;

These rampant elms, those hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the spiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unsparing hand
Bade one vast swell of purple bloom expand,
Soon past its prime, shows signs of quick decay,
The naked stem, and scanty-cover'd spray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy soft magnolia mourns her blasted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are seen.

But discontent alone, thou'lt say, complains
For ill success, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's sway
What art, what power, can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, short ease he sometimes yields,
When my lone walk surrounds the rural fields;
There no past errors of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth, expended unrepaid:
There nature dwells, and throws profuse around
Each pastoral sight and every pastoral sound;
From spring's green copse, that pours the cuckoo's strain,
And evening bleatings of the fleecy train,

* See Mr. Walpole's ingenious *History of Modern Taste in Gardening*, at the end of the fourth volume of his *Anecdotes of Painting*.

† The above-named excellent artist, several years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in some of our most celebrated modern gardens.

To autumn's yellow field and clamorous horn*
That wakes the slumbering harvesters at morn.
There fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
Sees o'er the scene ideal people rise;

There calm contentment, in his cot reclin'd,
Hears the gray poplars whisper in the wind;
There love's sweet song adown the echoing dale
To beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
And there devotion lifts his brow to heaven,
With grateful thanks for many a blessing given.

Thus oft through Maylan's shady lane I stray,
Trace Rushgreen's paths, or Postwood's winding way;

Thus oft to Eastfield's airy height I haste;
(All well-known spots thy feet have frequent trac'd!)

While memory, as my sight around I cast,
Suggests the pleasing thought of moments past;
Or hope, amid the future, forms again
The dream of bliss experience broke in vain.

EPISTLE II.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

To a Friend in London.

WHILE thee my friend, the city's scenes detain,—
The cheerful scenes where trade and pleasure reign;

Where glittering shops their varied stores display,
And passing thousands crowd the public way;
Where paintings forms and music's sounds delight,
And fashions frequent novelties invite,
And conversations sober social hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers—
Far different scenes for us the country yields,
Deserted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these
Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please.
Though here the tyrant winter holds command,
And bids rude tempests desolate the land;
Sometimes the sun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landscape casts a golden gleam:
Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,
And through thin mist each object looks more fair.

Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove,
Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove:
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend,

And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,
And round their tops, in many a pendant row,
Their scaly cones of shining auburn show;
There the broad cedar's level branches spread,
And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head;

* There is a custom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harvest-men to and from work by the sound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the harvest-shouting, seems much on the decline. The latter could boast its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful stroke of Eastern poetry, *Isaiah*, chap. xvi. "I will water thee with my tears." "O Hebbon and Elealeh; for the shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest, is fallen."

With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,
And white viburnum * o'er the border strays.

Where these from storms the spacious green-house screen,

Ev'n now the eye beholds a flow'ry scene;
There crystal fashies ward the sun's heat
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.

While strip'd geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep burn and 'cross the level meads,
Soon mounts the opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antequely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its grass-plat square;
The barns long ridge, and doors expanded wide:
The stable's straw-clad eves and clay-built side;
The cartshed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood made,

And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts sustain,

Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain;
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws.

Then round the moat we turn, with pales inclos'd,

And 'midst the orchard's trees in rows dispos'd,
Whose boughs thick tufts of mistletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy stalks intertwine,
And on their arms the fable berries shine):
Here oft the sight, on banks bestrewn with leaves,
The early primrose' opening bud perceives;
And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brightest gold;
Here oft the redbreast hops along the way,
And 'midst grey moss explores his insect prey;
Or the green woodspite † flies with outcry shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill;
Or the rous'd hare starts rustling from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles high
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry.

And now the covert ends in open ground,
That spreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll through the ruflet herd-forsaken meads;
There from the meads th' enclosures sloping rise,
And 'midst th' enclosures, dusky woodland lies;
While pointed spires and curling smokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unseen.
And now, for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the last remnants of the mist away,—

* That well-known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called *Laurustinus*.

† *The Green Woodspite*.—Vide Pennant's *British Zoology*, folio, p. 78.

Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the sky:
To these the curious optic tube apply'd
Reveals each object distance else would hide;
Their seats or homesteads, plac'd in pleasant shades,
Show their white walls and windows through the glades;

There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r
(The clock's bright index points the passing hour);
There green-rob'd huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chase withdrawn,

And ploughs flow moving turn the broad cham-
And on steep summits feed the fleecy train.

But wintry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,

To sheltering rooms th' unwilling step detain;
Yet there, my friend, shall liberal science find
Amusement various for th' inquiring mind.

While history's hand her sanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;
Plague thins the street, and famine blasts the plain,
War wields his sword, oppression binds his chain;
Curiosity pursues the unfolding tale,
Which reason blames, and pity's tears bewail.

While fancy's powers the eventful novel frame,
And virtues care directs its constant aim;
As fiction's pen domestic life portrays,
Its hopes, and fears, and joys, and griefs displays;
By Grandison's or Clinton's * story mov'd,
We read delighted, and we rise improv'd.

Then with bold voyagers our thought explores
Vast tracts of ocean and untrodden shores;
Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aspire,

Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire:
Now seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm-groves wave,

And cany banks translucent rivers lave;
Where plenty's gifts luxuriant load the soil,
And ease reposes, charm'd with beauty's smile.
Such, hapless Cook †! amid the southern main,
Rose thy Ta-heitè's peaks and flowery plain;—
Why, daring wanderer! quit that blissful land,
To seek new dangers on a barbarous strand?
Why doom'd, so long escap'd from storms and foes,
Upon that strand thy dying eyes to close;
Remote each place by habit render'd dear,
Nor British friends nor Otaheitean near?

Nor less than books the engraver's works invite,
Where past and distant come before the sight;
Where, all the painter's lively tints convey'd,
The skilful copyist gives in light and shade:
While faithful views the prospect's charms display,
From coast to coast, and town to town, we stray;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the speaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.

* *Vide the Fool of Quality*, a well-known novel by Mr. Henry Brooke, author of *Gustavus Vasa*, &c.

† This celebrated circumnavigator, after surmounting numerous difficulties, and escaping many dangers, was at length slain by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, a little island in the Pacific Ocean.

Cease these to please? philosophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends;
The sun's vast system in a model shows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to light expose;
Constructs machines, whose wond'rous powers
declare

The effects of light, and properties of air;
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their use inquires.
O nature! how immense thy secret store,
Beyond what ev'n a Priestley can explore!

Such, friend, the employments may his time
divide,
Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noise and nonsense of the passing day *

* *A short epistle, partly on the same plan as the foregoing was, some years ago, inadvertently suffered to appear in a collection of poems, by several hands, published by G. Pearch.—Such lines of that piece as were thought worth preservation, are here retained.*

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

The author had conceived a design of writing a pretty extensive poem on the subject of painting, long before Mr. Hayley's ingenious "Poetic Epistle to an eminent painter" appeared. That performance anticipated and precluded part of his intended work, but seemed not to render the suppression of the following lines necessary.

FROM sunny Adria's sea-surrounded towers,
From Tyber's vales and Arno's viny bowers,
The muse of painting seeks Britannia's plain,
And leads to Thames's bank her favourite train:
There, where a nation's wealth her dome has
plac'd,

With her kind sister's * Attic beauties grac'd,
She, like the spring, as liberal and as gay,
Bids her rich hand its annual stores display;
And mimic being glowing round the walls,
From scene to scene the rapt attention calls.
There, where the public gives the palm of praise,
And only merit to renown can raise,
Doubtless, my friend, the just ambition's thine
To see thy future works distinguish'd shine.
Hear then thy poet's monitory lay,
That hints not useless may perchance convey:
No artist I, like him of Gallia's shore †,
Whose pencil practis'd, ere he taught his lore;
Yet taste incites me others' works to view,
And risk a judgment haply not untrue.

Were painting's path my pleasing road to fame,
The choice of subject much my care should claim;
His graphic power he sure but ill bestows,
Who best a trifle's nice resemblance shows.
Though the rich tints so finely blended fall,
When carps and pheasants deck the rural hall,
That oft, like Zenxis' grapes, they scarcely fail,
To tempt to touch the feather or the scale,—
Yet not ev'n Elmer's ‡ skill can make us prize
What every field or every pond supplies;

* *Architecture.*

† *C. A. Du Fresnoy, a well known French painter; author of a Latin poem, De Arte Graphica.*

‡ *The author must here once for all remark, that whatever he may say respecting the works of any painter, is solely the result of impartial, though possibly mistaken opinion. He cannot be misled by friendship; for, excepting a slight acquaintance with those amiable characters, Mr. West and Mrs. Kauffman, he has not the pleasure of knowing any artist whose name he has taken the liberty to mention.*

Regret gives pain to view such wonderous art
Tried on no theme that interests the heart.

The pride of genius should thy hand restrain
From all that life's inferior ranks contain *;
Thy conscious pallet ne'er its hues should spare
To draw a sportsman's hound or racer's mare;
Nor thy reluctant crayon stoop to trace
A fool's dull eye or villain's ill-mark'd face.

But deem not portrait's gifts I mean to flight,—
Portrait, the source of many a pure delight!
When bards' or sages works our wishes fire
To see their forms whose minds we there admire,
The featur'd canvas full to view displays
Reason's deep calm or fancy's glowing rays.
When beauty's charms their varied graces wear,
Love's gentle smile, or mirth's vivacious air,
The pleasing image strikes remotest climes,
And goes unalter'd down to distant times.
When death's relentless hand in dust has laid
The school-companion, or the first-lov'd maid;
The father kind, with filial awe rever'd;
The tender mother by her cares endear'd;
When from our arms the darling child is torn,
Or when the husband or the wife we mourn—
As on their picture many a glance we cast,
Remembrance wanders to the vanish'd past;
Our thoughts o'er numberless minutiae roll,
And pain-mix'd pleasure solaces the soul.
To portrait's study should thy choice incline,
Ev'n there to aim at excellence be thine;
And strive to reach the point that few can gain,
Preserve the likeness, yet the sp'rit retain.

Of landscape's province wide extends the range,
From the deep vale, and humble rural grange,
To Cambrian heaths sublimely brown and bare †,
Or Alpine ice-points glittering white in air:

* *This is meant only of such objects, when considered as the principal subject of a picture. Almost every class of animals may be occasionally introduced as ornaments in landscape, and often in history.*

† *That celebrated artist, Mr. Wilson, has painted a set of beautiful views from nature, in different parts of Wales.*

And not from nature only she designs,
But diff'rent parts of diff'rent scenes combines;
Or new creations of her own she forms,
Illumes with sunshine, or involves in storms*.

Familiar prospects would thy hand bestow?
Mark what our hay-fields and our hop-grounds
show;

Where in neat rows the ruffet-cocks are seen,
Or from tall poles depend festoons of green;
And long straight paths in perspective extend,
And yellow sandhills close behind ascend †.
Nor sweeter contrast sure can meet the eye,
Than village lanes in vernal months supply,
When amber clouds, in sky of soft bright blue,
Hang o'er the copse just crown'd with verdure
new;

Or where the orchard's sun-gilt branches spread
Their bloom of white or faintly-blushing red.
The fairest scenes, when peopled, look more fair,
But these to people asks peculiar care:
We wish not here for Virgil's classic swains,
Nor dryad nymphs light tripping o'er the plains;
Nor yet the grinning hobbinols of Gay,
Nor cottage Marians in their torn array:
The rustic life in ev'ry varied place,
Can boast its few of beauty and of grace;
From them select the forms that most may please,
And clothe with simple elegance and ease:
Such forms in Smith's ‡ delightful spots we prize,
And such in Sandby's pleasant fields arise.

Th' observant artist much from travel gains;
Increase of knowledge well rewards his pains.
Now his pleas'd eye o'er Tuscan prospects roves,
Their sunny corn-fields and their cypress groves;
Their roads, where sports from tree to tree the
vine,
And through broad leaves its crystal clusters
shine ||;

Their white Casines, with olive groves around;
And glitt'ring cliffs with towns and castles crown'd.
Now his pleas'd step a wider circuit tries,
Where Nile's vast flood on Egypt's level lies;
While 'midst the tide tall palms their tops uprear,
And causeways broad, and cities fair appear §.
Now Indian climes he east or west explores,
Quits the dull fact'ry and the sandy shores ¶,
Climbs craggy hills, pervades romantic woods,
Or winds along the cataracts of the floods;
Through beasts, and birds, and insects, fruits and
flow'rs,

In shape and colour all distinct from ours;
Or strays o'er isles that spicy vales unfold,
'Midst skies of glory and 'midst seas of gold;

* These circumstances, termed by the painters accidents of nature, often agreeably diversify landscape.

† For this imagery the author is indebted to Mr. Walpole, who, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iv. p. 65, proposes our hay-fields and hop-grounds as new subjects of landscape.

‡ The late Mr. George Smith of Chichester.

|| The hedgerow trees in Tuscany are covered with vines.—Vide Smollet's *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 46.

§ Vide Rollin's *Ancient History*, 18mo. vol. i. p. 22.

¶ Several of our artists have attended to this circumstance of foreign scenery. The ingenious Mr. George Robertson has painted several fine romantic views in *Jamaica*, which have been engraved.

Such skies, such seas, as Hodge's pencil drew,
And round the rocks of Ulitea threw*.

Whate'er we copy, or whate'er we feign,
Through all the piece one character should reign:
When Claude's bright morn on Mola's precincts
dawns, [lawns!

What sweet quiescence marks the groves and
How calm his herds among the ruins graze!
How calm his curious peasant stands to gaze †!
When bold Salvator under turbid skies
Bids his scath'd hills and blasted trees arise,
Behind wild rocks bids his wild stream be lost,
And from vast cliffs shows broken fragments tost;
'Midst them no shepherds lead their flocks along.
Nor village maidens seem to tune their song;
But solemn augurs flights of birds survey,
Or stern-ey'd robbers wait the passing prey ‡.
In Rubens' forest, when the wounded boar,
Plung'd in the stream, attempts the further shore,
How the fierce dogs retard his awkward speed!
How the fierce hunters urge the straining steed!
And eager one the winged arrow sends,
And one firm fix'd th' expectant spear protends ||.

To hist'ry's group, where passion'd thought ex-
press,
Strikes kindred feelings on the gazer's breast,—
To hist'ry's group, the epic of thy art,
Proceed we now, and what we can, impart.

The mighty masters of Italian name,
All Rome, all Florence, and Bologna claim;
Whose fresco forms still animate their walls,
Whose living canvass decks their domes and halls:
What various powers for these their glory won,
And what of theirs to choose, and what to shun,
Illustrious Reynolds much in prose has told,
And more my verse pretends not to unfold.
These still thy study but with caution make,
Nor prize the picture for the painter's sake;
Raffaello himself, beneath himself oft fell,
And meaner hands' best works his worst excel §.

'Tis general nature, in thy art and mine,
Must give our fame in future times to shine:
Sublime and pathos, like the sun's fix'd flame,
Remain, and please through ev'ry age the same;
Humour's light shapes, like vapours in the sky,
Rise, pass, and vary, and for ever fly:

* Several beautiful landscapes, taken in different parts of the new discovered islands, by Mr. Hodges, who attended Captain Cook in one of his voyages, must be well remembered by those who attend the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

† Vide a beautiful engraving, by Vivarez, from a capital picture of Claude Lorrain, called the Morning, in which he introduces himself drawing an antique temple on the banks of the Tyber, between Ponte Mola and Rome.

‡ Vide Salvator Rosa's landscapes, engraved by Goupy. See also Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses*, p. 175.

|| Vide Rubens's landscape of boar-hunting, engraved by Bofsvert.

§ For this assertion the author has the highest authority, viz. that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "I have no desire," says he, "to degrade Raffaello from the high rank he deservedly holds; but, in comparing him with himself, he does not appear to me to be the same man in oil as in fresco."—*Discourses*, p. 165.

Hogarth and Swift, if living, might deplore
Half their keen jokes, that now are jokes no
more.

What truth's rich page of real event supplies,
What fancy's pow'rs of fabled act devise,
Before thee lie—but where the field so wide,
There judgment's hand selection's step must guide.

To horror's form the mind aversion feels,
To Spaniolet's * flea'd saints and tort'ring wheels;
Nor praise for nauseous images we win,
For Spenser's error, or for Milton's sin.

Mythology, that Greek enchantress, long
Has reign'd the idol of the painting throng:
But reason's thought disdains Ovidian dreams
Absurd, of nymphs transform'd to trees and
streams;

And virtue Homer's wanton gods abhors,
With all their lewd amours and all their idle
wars.

The battle's conflicts ample scope bestow,
Th' effects of fury, fear, and pain to show;
As diff'rent features these unlike express,
The contrast's force affects us more or less.
But here confusion holds his crowded reign,
And the tir'd eye attempts to rest in vain;
And o'er the scene humanity complains,
Where mangled corse lie, and blood the land
distains.

When in the fore-ground kings or gen'ral stand,
Direct th' attack, or head the charging band,
Their graceful forms we unconcern'd survey,
Who fight for conquest, or who fight for pay:
Nor in their postures can there much be rais'd,
Their pistols levell'd, or their fauchions rais'd;
And to dull sameness here so oft we fall,
That who beholds one piece, beholds them all.

But war's dire field, not all confin'd to these,
Affords us often incidents that please:
For oft th' historian's, oft the poet's art,
Can win our wishes on some hero's part;
His country nam'd, his place and parents known,
Our busy thought his perils makes its own.
To fierce Pelides, 'midst Scamander's waves,
When young Lycaon's voice for pity craves †;
The chief's stern brow, and lance suspended high,
The youth's bent knee and deprecating eye,
Not West's rich pencil need disdain to trace,
Or Romney's stroke with glowing colours grace.
When Dithyrambus, on Oeta's plain,
Mourns the brave Persian whom his hand has
slain,

* Spaniolet. *Giuseppe Ribera, a native of Valencia in Spain. He was noted for painting horrid subjects; such as Prometheus with the Vulture, feeding on his liver; Ixion tortured on the wheel; and St. Bartholomew with the skin flayed from his body.—Vide Dryden's Translation of Fiesnoy, p. 352.*

† *Vide the Iliad, book xxi.—This story of Lycaon is perhaps, one of the most affecting passages in the whole poem. Vide Pope's Note, vol. v. p. 208. of his translation. The countenance of Achilles, at the moment when the death of Patroclus, occurring to his thought, determined him to kill Lycaon, would afford a fine expression:*

"Talk not of life or ransom, he replies;
"Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies."

Nor marks his danger from th' approaching foe,
Nor his bold friend prepar'd to ward the blow;
In one what grief, in one what vengeful rage,
In one what ardour might the fight engage *!

The gentle Kauffman's traits can best declare
The sentimental feelings of the fair,
When soft Erminia in the sylvan shade
Leaves Tancred's name on ev'ry tree display'd †;
Or kind Louisa pens the friendly scroll,
To sooth the mournful sister of her soul ‡.
The same skill'd hand more strong expression
tries,

At Edward's feet when Woodville's daughter
lies ||;

Or, 'midst th' admiring weeping train around,
Fond Eleanora sucks the poison'd wound §.
Delightful artist!—Grace her pencil guides,
And delicacy o'er its stroke presides!

Th' immortal swans, appointed to redeem
Genius and worth from Lethe's silent stream,
Pleas'd with their charge shall bear her medall'd
name

To the fair priestess of the fane of fame ¶.
Now from the page of Richardson bestow
On Clementina's face the lines of woe;
Or let sweet Harriet's livelier beauty wear
The soul-fraught eye and apprehensive air;
Or draw the proud Olivia's rage-flush'd charms,
When the calm hero seiz'd her deadly arms;
And paint that hero, firm in trial prov'd,
Unaw'd by danger, and by vice unmov'd **.

Such tender subjects, if thy choice they gain,
Enough for thee as yet untouch'd remain.

* *Vide Leonidas, book viii. l. 355.*

"He ended: ruffling furious on the Greek,
"Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd;
"While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
"The last embraces of his gasping friend,
"Stood nigh reclin'd in sadness on his shield,
"And in the pride of victory repin'd.
"Unmark'd his foe approach'd. But forward
"sprung
"Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
"Aloft he rais'd his targe——"

† *Vide Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*

‡ *See Emma Corbett, an interesting novel, by Mr. S. I. Pratt, vol. i. letter 34.*

|| *See the story of Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, suing to Edward IV. for restitution of her lands.—Rapun, vol. i. p. 601.*

§ *The well-known story of Eleanor of Castile, queen of Edward I. sucking the poison from her husband's arm, when he was wounded by an assassin in Palestine.*

¶ *See a painting of Mrs. Kauffman's, from a passage in Ariosto, where swans are introduced bringing the names of ingenious persons, inscribed on medals, to a nymph who deposits them in the Temple of Fame.*

** *The history of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. iv. p. 176. The interview between Grandison and Olivia, at the instant of his seizing her poniard, would make a noble picture. This work of Richardson's abounds with fine situations. Brookes's Fool of Quality, and the Adventurer of Hawkefworth, are also books worthy the perusal of an artist who wishes for choice of interesting incidents.*

To Sterne's soft Maniac let thy hand impart
The languid cheek, the look that pierc'd his
heart,

When to her virgin faint the vesper song she rais'd,
Or earnest view'd him as he sat and gaz'd *.
Mark, if thou canst, philanthropy divine,
That swells the breast and bids the features shine,
When the tear glist'ning starts from Toby's eyes
Fix'd on the couch where poor Le Fevre dies.

The Grecian classics' venerable lore
I see thee often diligent explore;
What Homer's muse to Chian cities taught,
Or pity's priest † to Athens' audience brought.
Methinks, now rising from thy plastic hand,
Troy's hoary monarch shall a suppliant stand;
To stern Achilles all his griefs explain,
And ask his Hector's corse, nor ask in vain †.
Now Jove's kind son to Thebes's forr'wing king
Shall his restor'd unknown Alcestis bring;
Admetus' eyes his anguish'd thoughts declare,
And turn disgusted from the proffer'd fair ‖.

The dark sublime of extra-nat'ral scenes
The vulgar magic's puerile rite demans;
Where hags their cauldrons fraught with toads
prepare,

Or glide on broomsticks through the midnight air.
Chain'd on the rock let bold Prometheus lie,
And cast wild looks, upbraiding, to the sky §;
Bid Milton's Satan from the burning steep
Call his wide legions, slumb'ring on the deep;
Or Camoens' spirit of the Cape upraise,
And show him only by the lightning's blaze;
Or place sad Hosier's ghost amid the tide,
Where by the pale moon anchor'd navies ride ¶.

O where is he, whose thought such grandeur
gave

To bold Fitzwalter and the barons brave,
When, rang'd in arms along their Thames's
strand,

They snatch'd their charter from a tyrant's hand **?

* This subject has been attempted by several ingenious
artists, who have given very pleasing figures; but, per-
haps, none that convey the precise idea of Sterne. This
author being mentioned, a trite observation must be indulg-
ed, viz. That there probably never was a more striking
instance of misapplication of talents than in him. With
superior powers for the pathos, he chose to descend to ri-
baldry, that affronted the taste and corrupted the morals
of the public. What pity that the gold had not been se-
parated from the dross, and the latter consigned to that ob-
livion it so richly merits.

† Euripides.

‡ Vide the Iliad, book xxiv.

§ Vide the Alcestis of Euripides. * Hercules restores
to life Alcestis, the deceased wife of Admetus, and brings
her to her husband, disguised with a veil, and represented
as a stranger; whom Admetus, in the height of distress
for the loss of his beloved consort, refuses to admit into his
palace.

¶ See the Prometheus of Æschylus.

¶ See that admirable song, intitled Hosier's Ghost;
by the author of Leonidas.

** Vide the late Mr. Mortimer's picture of King
John delivering Magna Charta to the Barons. That
ingenious artist's obvious powers of imagination promised
the attainment of a high degree of excellence in his pro-
fession.

Through all the scenes his rapid stroke bestow'd,
Rosa's wild grace and daring spirit glow'd;
In him—ah lost ere half his pow'rs were shown!—
Britain, perhaps, an Angelo had known!

Wouldst thou his honours emulous pursue,
And give the patriot energy to view,—
Deep in the gloom of Dalecarlia's mine,
Bid freedom's flame in Vasa's visage shine *;
The pass of fam'd Thermopylæ display,
And Sparta's monarch's port august portray †.

For pontiffs and for kings, the painter's skill
From sacred story toils their walls to fill;
Where'er we turn, its subjects strike the eye,
And few untry'd are left for us to try.
Yet who has Jephthah's matchless woe express'd,
By his lov'd daughter's sudden sight distress'd;
Or shown the patriarchs, struck with wild amaze,
As on the viceroy's hidden cup they gaze ‡?
Or who, when Israel's hosts on Edom's plain
Despairing lie,—a thirst-afflicted train!—
Has bade the prophet and his minstrel stand,
And call new waters o'er the burning sand ‖?
When David's chiefs, with gen'rous thought in-
spir'd,

Bring the clear wave his sick'ning soul desir'd;
What dignity might to his act be giv'n,
The pure libation pouring out to Heav'n §!

No more of theme; design must now succeed—
The mind's strong picture when we hear or read ¶.
Where ev'ry person finds his proper place,
And turn of attitude and turn of face:
The artist's pow'rs in this must greatly fail,
Whose figures point not out at once his tale **.

* Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, act i. sc. 2. where Gus-
tavus discovers himself to Anderson and Arnoldus in the
copper-mines of Dalecarlia. See another fine subject in
the same Tragedy, act iv. sc. xi.

† Vide Leonidas, book x. where the hero of the poem
repeats to the assembled council the message of Argestes;
while Alpheus, at the same instant, brings news of the
Persians having passed the Upper Strait. This would
make a noble picture; the dauntless appearance of the
Greeks might be well contrasted with the fear and shame
of the ambassador of Xerxes—The Banquet of Melissa,
Priestess of the Muses, where Leonidas and Æschylus are
supposed present, book vii. is another fine subject. Such
pictures would hardly be popular; but to some minds they
would afford singular pleasure.

‡ The author does not recollect seeing or hearing of any
celebrated picture on those interesting subjects, of Jephthah's
return, and the discovery of Joseph's cup in the sack of
Benjamin.

§ Vide 2 Kings, chap. iii.—This subject would
afford a variety of noble expression in the different charac-
ters of the kings, the pious confidence of Jehoshaphat, and the
desponding anxiety of Jehoram, the distress of the soldiers,
and the enthusiasm of Elisha. The streams of water might
appear in the distance, seemingly visible only to the Prophet,
from his situation.

¶ 2 Samuel, chap. xxiii.

¶ See Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, p. 104.

** "That composition must be defective, which cannot,
to a careful observer, point out its own tendency; and
those expressions must be either weak or false, which do
not in some degree mark the interest of each actor in the
drama" Webb's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting,
Preface, p. 8.

When Lysira's crowd around th' apostles throng,
And joyful lead the victim ox along;
Ask we the cause, while he that cause explains,
Whose limb, late useless, strength and use obtains * ?
When West's young warrior, bleeding on the
ground,

His mournful group of martial friends surround;
Their gallant gen'ral instantly we know, [show;
Their griefs, their cares, his life's importance
Quebec's proud tow'r, th' encount'ring troops be-
tween,

In distant view discriminates the scene †.

As in the drama all events should tend
In course unbroken to the purpos'd end;
So must the picture's bus'ness still maintain
The same connective unity of train.

When Copley's youth, swift-struggling through
the wave,

The anxious boatmen strain each nerve to save;
As strives the rav'nous shark to reach his prey,
One lifts the jav'lin to arrest his way;
And now, as near his dreadful jaws expand,
One casts the cord, and one extends the hand:
What care, what pity, mark their eager eyes!
What hopes, what terrors in our bosoms rise ‡!

The skilful painter, at whose option lie
Positions various, fails not all to try;
And those prefers, where ev'ry part the best
Accordance keeps, illustrating the rest.
By diff'rent modes effect he oft obtains;
To one chief figure now th' attention gains;
Now force on second characters bestows,
And all his meaning by reflection shows;
Now through the whole, each rank, and sex, and
age,

One common ruling passion bids engage.

When Raffaele's Saviour from the tomb ascends,
Such majesty and grace his presence blends,
That the fix'd eye contemplates him alone,
Nor heeds th' astonish'd guards around him
thrown §.

When Vandyke's gen'ral, whose victorious
spear [reer,
Sunk Persia's pride, and check'd the Goth's ca-
Of service paid with indigence complains,
And sightless age on daily alms sustains;
As the young chief th' affecting scene surveys,
How all his form th' emotion'd soul betrays!
O thus has fortune for the brave decreed?

O, toils and dangers this at last the meed § ?

When Rome's fair princess, who from Syria's
shore

Her late-lost consort's sacred ashes bore,

* Vide Raffaele's St. Paul and Barnabas at Lysira.
For the above observation and description, the author is
indebted to the ingenious "Inquiry into the Beauties of
Painting, p. 180.

† Vide West's celebrated picture of the death of Ge-
neral Wolfe, engraved by Woollett.

‡ See Mr. Copley's picture of a youth rescued by sailors
from a bark in the harbour of the Havannah. There is
a fine Menzotinto of this piece by Green.

§ Raffaele's picture of the Resurrection of Christ, en-
graved by Vivarez and Grignon, from a drawing of
Dalton.

§ Vide the Belisarius of Vandyke; engraved by Goupy
and Scotin.

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With steps slow-moving o'er Brundisium's strand,
Meets her lov'd friends—a numerous mourning
band—

Her gentle frame no gestures rude disgrace,
No vulgar grief deforms her beauteous face;
Her downcast eyes immoveable remain,
Fix'd on the urn her careful hands sustain.
The widow'd mother, by her garments folds,
Close on each side each tender offspring holds;
While melancholy all the train o'er shades,
Of hoary warriors and of blooming maids,
And all their breasts with pity seem to heave,
And for the dead and for the living grieve *.

The great sublime with energy t' express
Exert thy utmost power, nor fear excess.
When passion's tumults in the bosom rise,
Inflate the features, and enrage the eyes;
To nature's outline can we draw too true,
Or nature's colours give too full to view?
Did Reynolds' hand with force too strong disclose
Those looks that mark th' unutterable woes,
When Ugoline the wretch in prison lies,
And hears his dying children's piercing cries;
And while fell hunger haunts the impervious walls,
And one by one the suffering victims calls,
Invokes the lightning's bolt those walls to rend,
Or earth to open, and his miseries end †?

Our bards indeed, I own, here often fail,
And spoil with bombast and conceit their tale;
Their heroes rant in many a curious strain [pain.
Of thought, that none could think in anger or in
Celestial scenes with caution must be try'd,
Where knowledge fails, and fancy sole can guide;
The Great First Cause no form reveals to sight,
We mark his presence by excess of light ‡;
While angel shapes at ease on wing remain,
Or on thin clouds their airy steps sustain.

But though, fair painting! thus by just design,
And strong expression, much to please is thine,
Yet not from these thy utmost praises rise,
For useful moral oft thy work supplies.
When, 'midst Poussin's Arcadian vale serene,
The virgin's sculptur'd monument is seen,
And the sad shepherd pointing seems to say,
'O death, no place is sacred from thy sway!'
Our mournful thoughts the well-known truth re-
cal,
That youth and beauty oft untimely fall §.

* This capital picture of Agrippina landing at Brun-
disium, with the ashes of Germanicus, is, in the author's
opinion, one of Mr. West's most pleasing compositions.
There is a beautiful print of it by Earlom.

† Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds's excellent picture of
Count Ugolino and his children in the dungeon, where
they were confined and starved to death by the Archbi-
shop Puggieri. This circumstance is described by the
Italian poet Dante.

‡ The author could not here omit censuring the prac-
tice of some celebrated painters, who have presumptuous-
ly and absurdly represented the Supreme Being in the
form of an aged man.

§ Vide Poussin's picture, called The Shepherds in
Arcadia, engraved by Ravenet, in Mr. Boydell's Col-
lection of Prints: Also the Abbé Du Bos's Reflections
on Poetry, Painting, and Music; and Dr. Warton's
ingenious Essay on Didactic Poetry, in his Translation
of Virgil.

On Carthage's plains, when Marius meets the eye,
And the stern prætor's mandate bids him fly,
Fresh from the view the strong reflection springs,
How strange the vast vicissitude of things!
Rome's rival city to the dust deprest;
Her haughty consul there deny'd to rest * !
When Persia's conqueror, 'midst her female train,
Appears the chaste, the generous, and humane,
His look, his action, on the mind impress
The needful knowledge how to bear success †.

Thus may thy art, O friend, for ever prove
Of force to virtue, and from vice to move!
To statesmen, thoughtless on the heights of pow'r,
Mark Wolsey's fall, or show his final hour;
To patriot eyes give Marvell's calm disdain,
When Danby urg'd the tempting bribe in vain ‡;
Or bid th' inconstant her own doom deplore
In the sad exit of the hapless Shore §.

Without the Entheus nature's self bestows,
The world no painter nor no poet knows:
But think not mind in its own depth contains
A source of wealth that no disbursement drains:
Quick observation, ever on the wing,
Home, like the bee, its useful stores must bring;
From hills, and vales, and rocks, and streams, and
trees,

And towns, and all that people those and these;
From meanest objects that may hints inspire,
Discolour'd walls, or heaps of glowing fire §.
Care too beside thee still must take her place,
Retouch each stroke, and polish every grace;

* *There is a fine picture of Mortimer's on this subject. The reply of Marius, to the messenger who came with orders for him to depart, was nobly concise and affecting: "Go, tell the Prætor thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."*

† *Vide Le Brun's Alexander in the tent of Darius, engraved by Edelinck.*

‡ *See the Life of Andrew Marvell, in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.*

§ *The interview between Shore and her husband, in the last scene of Rowe's Tragedy, would afford a fine picture.*

§ *Vide Reynolds's Discourses, p. 61.*

For when we join not dignity with ease,
Nor thou canst paint, nor I can write, to please.

Perfection's point the artist nearest gains
Who with his work unsatisfied remains:
Da Vinci's thought an excellence conceiv'd,
That his eye miss'd in all his hand achiev'd *.

The clear-obscure how happiest to produce,
And what of various tints the various use,
My lay to that presumes not to aspire,
Nor with trite precept this thy ear shall tire:
Coreggio's practice that describes the best;
In Fresnoy's theory this we find express'd.

No rude incongruence should thy piece disgrace,

No motley modes of different time and place;
By Grecian chiefs no Gallic airs be worn †,
Nor in their hands be modern weapons borne;
Nor mix the crested helm or coat of mail
With the vast curl'd peruke, or pointed tail.
And sacred ever be the solemn scene
From base intrusion of burlesque and mean;
Nor in a patriarch's or apostle's sight
Set snarling dogs and growling cats to fight.
One caution further must the muse impart;
Shun naked form, that scandal of thy art:
Even Dryden blames them who refuse to spare
The painful blushes of the modest fair.
Let decency her veil of drapery throw,
And grace diffuse its folds in easy flow ‡.

And now, my friend, for thee may fortune find
Employ congenial to thy liberal mind;
Not tasks impos'd by power, or chosen for gain,
Begun reluctant, and pursu'd with pain.

What warms the heart, the hand with force reveals,

And all that force the charm'd spectator feels:
For genius, piercing as th' electric flame,
When wak'd in one, in others wakes the same.

* *Vide Graham's Account of Painters, in Dryden's Fresnoy, p. 278.*

† *Vide Reynolds's Discourses, p. 87.*

‡ *Vide Dryden's Preface to his Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, p. 22. &c. where the licence of painters, in the above respect, is severely censured.*

SONNETS*.

SONNET I.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT. 1766.

WHY asks my friend what cheers my passing day,
Where these lone fields my rural home enclose,
That all the pomp the crowded city shows
Ne'er from that home allures my steps away?

Now through the upland shade I musing stray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows;
Now in the meads on river banks repose,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay:

* *First published in Peare's Collection of Poems, 1770.*

Now pleas'd I read the poet's lofty lay,
Where music fraught with useful knowledge flows;
Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay,
The maid for love and innocence I chose:
O friend! the man who joys like these can taste,
On vice and folly needs no hour to waste.

SONNET II.

TO DELIA. 1766.

THRICE has the year its varied circuit run,
And swiftly, Delia, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for thee my care begun,
To improve thy tender mind to science prone.

The flatteries of my sex I bade thee shun,
I bade thee shun the manners of thy own;
Fictitious manners, by example won,
That ill for loss of innocence atone!

Say, generous maiden, in whose gentle breast
Dwells simple nature, undisguis'd by art,
Now amply try'd by time's unerring test,
How just the dictates of this faithful heart;
Which, with the joys thy favouring smiles impart,
Deems all its care repaid, itself supremely blest!

SONNET III.

AFTER READING SHENSTONE'S ELEGIES. 1766.

THE gentle Shenstone much of fortune 'plain'd,
Where nature's hand the liberal spirit gave;
Partial, her bounty she too oft restrain'd,
But pour'd it full on folly's tasteless slave.

By her alike my humble prayer disdain'd,
She stern denies the only boon I crave;
O'er my fields, fair as those Elysian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave.
On the high hill to raise the higher tower,

To ope wide prospects over distant plains,
Where by broad rivers towns and villas rise,
Taste prompts the wish, but fortune bounds the
power:
Yet while health cheers, and competence sustains,
These more than all contentment bids me prize.

SONNET IV.

PREFIXED TO LANGHORNE'S POETICAL WORKS.
1766.

LANGHORNE! unknown to me (sequester'd swain!)
Save by the muse's soul-enchanting lay,

To kindred spirits never sung in vain,
Accept the tribute of this light essay.

Sweet are thy songs; they oft amuse my day,
Of fancy's visions while I hear thee plain,
While Scotland's honours claim thy pastoral strain,
Or music comes o'er Handel tears to pay.

For all thy Irwan's flowery banks display,
Thy Persian lover, and his Indian fair;
For all Theodosius' mournful lines convey,
When pride and avarice part a matchless pair;
Receive just praise, and wreaths that ne'er de-
cay,

By fame and virtue twin'd for thee to wear.

March 16. 1766.

SONNET V.

TO BRITAIN. 1766.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry—

When wealth enormous sets the oppressor high,
When bribes thy ductile senators command,
And slaves in office freemen's rights withstand,
Then mourn, for then thy fate approacheth
nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Though leagu'd in war tremendous round thy
shore—

But from thyself, thy ruin must proceed!
Nor boast thy power; for know it is decreed,
Thy freedom lost, thy power shall be no more!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

STANZAS *

ON READING MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND. 1766.

To Albion's bards the muse of history spoke:
'Record the glories of your native land,
'How power's rude chain her sons' brave efforts
'broke, [hand.
'And the keen scourge tore from oppression's

'Give to renown the patriot's noble deeds;
'Brand with disgrace the tyrant's hated name;
'Though falsehood oft a while the mind misleads,
'Impartial time bestows impartial fame.'

She said; and soon the lofty lyre they strung,
But artful chang'd the subject and the lore;
Of kings, and courts, and courtly slaves they sung,
And gloss'd with vain applause their actions o'er.

The servile strain the muse indignant heard;
Anxious for truth, for public virtue warm,

* First published in *Pearch's Collection of Poems*,
1770.

She freedom's faithful advocate appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair Macaulay's form.

ELEGY,

IN THE MANNER OF HAMMOND.

*Supposed to have been Written in the Author's Garden
during a Storm. 1756.*

BLOW on, ye winds! exert your utmost rage,
Sweep o'er the dome, or through the forest howl!
Could north with south, or east with west engage,
What were their war to that within my soul?

There adverse passions fierce contention hold,
There love and pride maintain alternate sway,
There fell despair's dark clouds on clouds are
roll'd,
And veil hope's transient, faint, delusive ray!

Too charming Sylvia! dear capricious fair!
What strange perplexing change of mind is thine!
No more thy smiles I'll trust, thy frowns I'll bear;
I'll shun the beauty that must ne'er be mine!

Was it for thee I form'd this fair retreat,
Bade through the grove the smooth walk wind
away,
Adorn'd that walk with many a rustic seat,
And by those seats bade tinkling runnels stray;

Along my sunny wall the fruit-tree spread,
Upon my eves expos'd the curling vine,
Around my door the spicy woodbine led,
Beneath my window saw the jasmine twine?

Blow on, ye winds! exert your utmost power
Bage through my groves, and bear down every
tree;
Blast the fair fruit, and crush the blooming flower—
For Sylvia's lost, and these are nought to me!

THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE. 1776.

FRIEND of my heart, by favouring Heaven be-
stow'd,
My lov'd companion on life's various road!
Now six swift years have wing'd their flight away
Since yon bright sun adorn'd our nuptial day—
For thy sweet smiles, that all my cares remove,
Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy sweet converse, ever fram'd to please,
With prudence lively, sensible with ease;
To thee the muse awakes her tuneful lay,
The thanks of gratitude sincere to pay!
Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his easy chain;
Still may fond love and firmest faith be mine,
Still health, and peace, and happiness, be thine!

STANZAS

*Written at Medhurst in Sussex, on the Author's return
from Chichester, where he had attempted in vain to
find the Burial-place of Collins.*

To view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleasing distant scene I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,
To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray;
To her fam'd poet's venerated grave,
Anxious my tribute of respect to pay*.

O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,
Midst the rude stones that crowd th' adjoining
space,
The sacred spot I seek, but seek in vain;
In vain I ask—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye whose quick observant glance
Marks every nobler, every fairer form?
What the skill'd ear that sound's sweet charms en-
trance,
And the fond breast with generous passion warm?

What boots the power each image to portray,
The power with force each feeling to express?
How vain the hope that through life's little day
The soul with thought of future fame can bless?

* Collins was born at Chichester, died, and probably
was interred there.

While folly frequent boasts th' ensculptur'd
tomb,

By flattery's pen inscrib'd with purchas'd praise;
While rustic labour's undistinguish'd doom
Fond friendship's hand records in humble phrase;

Of genius oft and learning worse the lot;
For them no care, to them no honour shown*:
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
Even Collins slumbers in a grave unknown.

Flow, Lavant, flow! along thy sedge shore
Bear the fraught vessel from the neighbouring
main!

Enrich thy sons!—but on thy banks no more
May lofty poet breathe his tuneful strain!

VERSES

TO A FRIEND PLANTING.

PROCEED, my friend, pursue thy healthful toil,
Dispose thy ground, and meliorate thy soil;
Range thy young plants in walks, or clumps, or
bowers,
Diffuse o'er sunny banks thy fragrant flowers;
And, while the new creation round thee springs,
Enjoy uncheck'd the guiltless bliss it springs;
But hope no more. Though fancy forward stray
There scenes of distant pleasure to survey,
To expatiate fondly o'er the future grove,
The happy haunt of friendship and of love;
Know, each fair image form'd within thy mind,
Far wide of truth thy sickening sight shall find!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHILE thou far hence on Albion's southern shore
View'st her white rocks, and hear'st her ocean
roar;

Through scenes, where we together stray'd, I stray,
And think o'er talk of many a long-past day.

That favourite park now tempts my steps again,
On whose green turf so oft at ease we've lain;
While Hertford's turrets rose in prospect fair,
And my fond thought beheld my Sylvia there;
And much the muse rehears'd in careless lays
The lover's sufferings, and the beauty's praise.

Those elm-crown'd fields now oft my walk in-
vite,

Whence Lee's wide vale lies pleasant to the sight;
Where, as our view o'er towns and villas roll'd,
Our fancy imag'd how they look'd of old;
When Gothic mansions there uprear'd their towers,
Their halls for banquet, and for rest their bowers.

But, O my friend! when'er I seek these scenes
Of lovely prospects and delightful greens;
Regardless idly of the joys possess'd,
I dream of days to come, of days more blest,
When thou with me shalt wander here once more,
And we shall talk again our fav'rite topics o'er.

On time's smooth current, as we glide along,
Thus expectation ever tunes her song:

* This censure may seem too general—perhaps it is
so. But must it not be allowed that the public is capri-
cious in bestowing its honours? Does not Westminster
Abbey show monuments erected to men, as poets, who had
little or no title to the name, while it contains no memo-
rials of writers of far superior merit?

' Fair these green banks with gaudy flow'rets
' bloom,
' Sweet breathe these gales, diffusing rich perfume;
' Heed, heed them not, but carelessly pass by,
' To-morrow fairer, sweeter will supply.'
To-morrow comes—the same the siren's lay—
' To-morrow sweeter gales, and flow'rets still
' more gay.'

THE SHEPHERD'S ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INGENIOUS
FRIEND.

UPON a bank, with spreading boughs o'erhung,
Of pollard oak, brown elm, and hornbeam gray,
The faded fern and russet grass among,
While rude winds swept the yellow leaves away,
And scatter'd o'er the ground the wild fruits lay;
As from the churchyard came the village throng,
Down sat a rural bard, and rais'd his mournful
song.

' Nature's best gifts, alas, in vain we prize!
' The powers that please, the powers that pleasure
' gain!
' For O with them, in full proportion, rise
' The powers of giving and of feeling pain!
' Why from my breast now bursts this plaintive
' strain!
' Genius, my friend! with all its charms was thine,
' And sensibility too exquisite is mine!
' There low he lies!—that head in dust repos'd
' Whose active thought scann'd every various
' theme!
' Clos'd is that eye, for ever, ever clos'd,
' Whence wont the blaze of sentiment to beam!
' Mute is that tongue, whence flow'd the copious
' stream
' Of eloquence, whose moral lore so rare
' Delighted and improv'd the listening young and
' fair.

' Witness for me, ye rain-polluted rills;
' Ye desert meads, that one brown hue display;
' Ye rude east winds, whose breath the dank air
' chills;
' Ye hovering clouds, that veil the sun's faint ray!
' Witness, as annual here my steps shall stray,
' How his dear image thought shall still recal,
' And oft the sigh shall heave, and oft the tear
' shall fall!

As cease the murmurs of the mantling pool,
As cease the whispers of the poplar spray,
While o'er the vale the white mist rises cool
At the calm sunset of a summer's day—
So softly, sweetly ceas'd the shepherd's lay:
While down the pathway to the hamlet plain
Return'd, with lingering steps, the pensive rural
train.

*On the Ingenious Mr. Jones's Elegant Translations and
Imitations of Eastern Poetry, and his Resolution to
decline Translating the Persian Poets.*

THE Asian muse, a stranger fair!
Becomes at length Britannia's care;
And Hafi's lays, and Sadi's strains,
Resound along our Thames's plains.

They sing not all of streams and bowers,
Or banquet scenes, or social hours;
Nor all of beauty's blooming charms,
Or war's rude fields, or feats of arms;
But freedom's lofty notes sincere,
And virtue's moral lore severe,
But ah! they sing for us no more!
The scarcely-tasted pleasure's o'er!
For he, the bard whose tuneful art
Can best their varied themes impart—
For he, alas! the task declines,
And taste at loss irreparable repines.

HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

ALMIGHTY Pow'r! amazing are thy ways;
Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
How all thy works thy excellence display!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heav'n uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended heav'n with stars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, since time his course be-
gun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!
A point an atom in the field of space!
Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r defends;
Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea.
Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air;
Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
All these are ours; and, for th' extensive claim,
We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
Almighty pow'r! how wond'rous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praise!

CONCLUSION.

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN erst th' enthusiast fancy's reign
Indulg'd the wild romantic thought,
That wander'd 'midst Arcadian vales,
Sicilian streams, Arabian gales;
Blest climes with wond'rous pleasures fraught,
Sweet pleasures, unalloy'd with pain!

When observation's calmer view
Remark'd the real state of things,
Whate'er amusive ore obtain'd,
Whate'er of use the other gain'd,
To thee my verse a tribute brings,
A tribute to thy friendship due.

Accept then this, nor more require;
The muse no further task essays;
But, 'midst the sylvan scenes, she loves
The falling rills, and whispering groves;
With smiles her labours past surveys,
And quits the syrinx and the lyre.

VERSES *

*Occasioned by the Description of the Æolian Harp, in
the Gentleman's Magazine, for February 1754.*

UNTAUGHT o'er strings to draw the rosin'd bow,
Or melting strains on the soft lute to blow,

* This and the following poem are reprinted from
the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754 and 1758.

With others long I mourn'd the want of skill,
 Resounding roofs with harmony to fill,
 Till happy now the Æolian lyre is known,
 And all the powers of music are my own.
 Swell all thy notes, delightful harp, O! swell!
 Inflame thy poet to describe thee well.
 When the full chorus rises with the breeze,
 Or, slowly sinking, lessens by degrees,
 To sounds more soft than amorous gales disclose,
 At evening panting on the blushing rose.
 More sweet than all the notes that organs breathe,
 Or tuneful echoes, when they die, bequeath;
 Oft where some sylvan temple decks the grove,
 The slave of easy indolence I rove;
 There the wing'd breeze the lifted fash pervades,
 Its breath is music, vocal all the shades;
 Charm'd with the soothing sound, at ease reclin'd,
 To fancy's pleasing power I yield my mind;
 And now enchanted scenes around me rise,
 And some kind Ariel the soft air supplies;
 Now lofty Pindus through the shades I view,
 Where all the nine their tuneful art pursue;
 To me the sound the panting gale conveys,
 And all my heart is ecstasy and praise.
 Now to Arcadian plains, at once convey'd,
 Some shepherd's pipe delights his favourite maid.
 Mix'd with the murmurs of a neighbouring stream,
 I hear soft notes that suit an amorous theme!
 Ah! then a victim to the fond deceit,
 My heart begins with fierce desires to beat,
 To fancy'd sighs, I real sighs return,
 By turns I languish, and by turns I burn.
 Ah! Delia haste! and here attentive prove,
 Like me, that "music is the voice of love:"
 So shall I mourn my rustic strains no more,
 While pleas'd you listen, who could frown before.
 July 1758.

TO FEAR.

O THOU, dread foe of honour, wealth, and fame,
 Whose touch can quell the strong, the fierce can
 tame,
 Relentless fear! ah! why did fate ordain
 My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
 There are, thrice happy! who disdain thy sway,
 The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
 The chief serene before th' assaulted wall;
 The climbing statesmen thoughtless of his fall;
 All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inspires,
 And all who burn with proud ambition's fires;
 But peaceful bards thy constant presence know,
 O thou of ev'ry glorious deed the foe!
 Of thee the silent studious race complains,
 And learning groans a captive in thy chains:
 The secret wish when some fair object moves,
 And cautious reason what we wish approves,
 Thy gorgon front forbids to grasp the prize,
 And seas are spread between, and mountains rise:
 Thy magic arts a thousand phantoms raise,
 And fancy'd deaths and dangers fill our ways;
 With smiling hope you wage eternal strife,
 And envious snatch the cup of joy from life.
 O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameless breast,
 Of guilt alone, the tyrant and the guest;
 Go, and thy train of fable horrors spread
 Where murder meditates the future dead,

Where rapine watches for the gloom of night,
 And lawless passion pants for other's right;
 Go to the bad, but from the good recede,
 No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE author, in the course of his literary inquiries, has had reason to believe that the productions of some writers have not unfrequently received very considerable alterations and improvements from the hands of their friends. What he has been told of others, may possibly be suspected of himself; he therefore takes the liberty to observe, that, although he has often derived advantage from the judicious remarks of a few kind acquaintance, to whom his MSS. have been shown, he is not indebted to them, nor indeed to any person, for the insertion of a single line.

From the works of preceding poets, memory has sometimes supplied him with turns of expression, which, at the instant of composing, he imagined were his own; and at other times he has happened on lines used by writers, whose performances he had not then seen. Some instances of such unconscious plagiarism, and accidental coincidence, are here pointed out as matter of curiosity; others may possibly exist, though he is not apprized of them.

Blows not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble, &c.

Elegies Descriptive and Moral, p. 29.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore—

Shenstone's Works, vol. i. 8vo. p. 140.

Perhaps Shenstone was indebted to Akenfide:

———Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends———

Pleasures of Imagination, book iii. line 593.

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

Elegies Descriptive and Moral, p. 29.

Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise.

Addison to Dryden, Works, vol. i. p. 3.

Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands.

Elegies Descriptive and Moral, p. 37.

Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

Hammond, Elegy xiii. l. 12.

No more those nostrils breathe the vital air.

Elegies Descriptive and Moral, p. 46.

That while my nostrils draw the vital air.

Pope, Rape of the Lock, canto iv.

In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie.

Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 53.

In one lone spot their mouldering ashes lie.

Mr. Keate's Ruins of Netley Abbey, 1764.

Of classic lore accompanied my walk. *Amwell*, p. 76

In sumptuous cars accompanied his march.
Leonidas, book viii.

And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare.
Arabian Eclogue, p. 135.

And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Dryden's Meleager and Atalanta.

And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
Indian Eclogue, p. 148.

The cities no inhabitant contain'd.
Fauke's Song of Deborah; Poems, p. 100.

Again he look'd, again he sigh'd. *Ode ii. p. 175.*

And sigh'd and look'd— *Dryden's Alexander's Feast.*

There poverty, grim spectre! rose. *Ode xxi. p. 228.*

Sear'd at the spectre of pale poverty.
Pope, Imitation of Horace, book ii. epist. 1.

Each pastoral sight, and every pastoral sound.
Epistle i. p. 266.

Designedly imitated from Milton:

Each rural sight, each rural sound.—

All pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.
Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

All pure as blossoms which are newly blown.
Wm. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, vol. i. p. 101.

Davie's Edition of Browne's Works was published in 1772. The Author had never seen any of the old editions, nor any extract from them.

Haste, bring my steeds supreme in strength and
grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chace.
Arabian Eclogue, p. 135.

This Eclogue was written in 1777. In a volume of Poems by the ingenious Mr. Maurice, printed in 1779, the Author met with the following near resemblance:

Full fifty steeds I boast of swiftest pace,
Fierce in the fight, and foremost in the race.

In the Amœbean Eclogue, intituled The Describers, p. 101, 102, a part of the imagery bear a considerable resemblance to some descriptions in a little collection of pleasing sonnets, by Mr. Bamfylde, 1778; which collection the Author never saw till after his own volume was printed. This is a proof, that two writers, both painting from nature, will often unknowingly coincide very nearly in selection, arrangement, and expression.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Containing his

LONDON,
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,
IRENE,
ODES,
ELEGIES,

EPITAPHS,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
IMPROMPTUS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Transcendent genius, whose prolific vein
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain,
To whom Apollo opens all his store,
And every Muse presents her sacred lore;
Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
With so much grace, such energy of thought;
Whether thy *Juvenal* instructs the age
In chaster numbers, and new-points his rage;
Or fair *Irene* sees, alas, too late,
Her innocence exchange'd for guilty state:
Whate'er you write, in every golden line
Sublimity and elegance combine;
Thy nervous phrase impresses every soul,
While harmony gives rapture to the whole.

MR. MURPHY'S POETICAL EPISTLE TO JOHNSON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann^o 1795

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Comprising his

POETICAL
WORKS
IN
PROSE
TRANSLATIONS

LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. B. ALLEN,
STATIONER,
AND
SOLD BY
R. B. ALLEN,

AT THE

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Translucent gleams, whose purple vein
He'er knew the light port's red and pale;
To whom Apollo opens all his store,
And every Muse presents her sacred lore;
Say, how this human, whence thy verse is fraught,
Wish to much great, such energy of thought;
Whether thy Muse's influence the age
Is either number, and now-points his rage;
Or that some too, alas, too late,
Her innocence exchanged for guilty fate;
Whether you wish to every golden line
Sublimity and cleanness combine;
The nervous phrase, the rapid every soul,
While harmony gives spirit to the whole.

MR. MURPHY'S POETICAL EPIQUE TO JOHNSON.

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1793

THE LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THE events of the life of JOHNSON, "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century," who has written the lives of so many eminent persons, and so much enriched our national stock of criticism and biography, have been related by friend and foe, by panegyrists and satirical defamers, by the lovers of anecdote, and the followers of party, with a diligence of research, a minuteness of detail, a variety of illustration, and a felicity of description, unexampled in the records of literary biography.

Besides several slight sketches of his life, by unknown authors, taken, sometimes with a favourable, flattering pencil, sometimes in the broader style of caricature, which lie scattered in the periodical publications of the last ten years; voluminous biographical accounts of him have been given to the world by Thomas Tyers, Esq. Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, Sir John Hawkins, James Boswell, Esq. and Arthur Murphy, Esq. who were his most intimate friends, and wrote from personal knowledge. Their several publications, which place his character in very different, and often opposite points of light, by exhibiting a striking likeness of the features of his mind, which were strong and prominent, and by recording so considerable a portion of his wisdom and wit, have exquisitely gratified the lovers of literary anecdotes, and largely contributed to the instruction and entertainment of mankind. The publications of Mr. Tyers, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, and Mr. Murphy, come under the description of "biographical Sketches," "Anecdotes," and "Essays." Those of Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boswell are more elaborately composed, and entitle them to the exclusive appellation of his biographers.

On an attentive perusal, it will be found that the narrative of Sir John Hawkins contains a collection of curious anecdotes and observations, which few men but its author could have brought together; but a very small part of it relates to the person who is the subject of the work. He appears to be a worthy, and often a well-informed man, but he possesses neither animation nor correctness, expansion of intellect, nor elegance of taste. He writes without much feeling or sentiment; his work is heavy, cold, and prolix; but we discover in it many gleams of good sense, and openings of humanity, sometimes checked by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice.

The narrative of Mr. Boswell is written with more comprehension of mind, accuracy of intelligence, clearness of narration, and elegance of language; and is more strongly marked by the *desiderium charitatis*, which is the first feature of affectionate remembrance. He was peculiarly fitted for the task of recording the sayings and actions of this extraordinary man, by his assiduous attention. From the commencement of his acquaintance with him in 1763, he had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view; and continued his collections, with his approbation and assistance, with unwearied diligence, and meritorious perseverance, for upwards of twenty years. He gave a specimen of his being able to preserve his conversation, in an authentic and lively manner, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 8vo, 1786. His veneration and esteem for his friend, induced him, at a subsequent period, to go through the laborious task of digesting and arranging the immense mass of materials, which his own diligence, and the kindness of others, had furnished him, and of forming the history of his life; which was published in 2 vols. 4to, 1791, and was received by the world with most extraordinary avidity.

Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates may possibly have suggested to Mr. Boswell the idea of preserving and giving to the world the *Memorabilia* of his venerable friend; but he professes to have followed the model of Mason in his "Memoirs of Gray." He has, however, the advantage of Mason, in the quantity, variety, and richness of his materials. His work may be referred to that class of compilements known by the name of "Books in *Ana*." To compare it with Monnoye's edition of the *Menagiana*, one of the most esteemed of these publications, would not be doing justice to it. The incidental *conversations* between so eminent an instructor of mankind, and his friends, the numerous body of *anecdotes*, literary and biographical, and the *letters* which are occasionally interspersed, and naturally introduced, in the narrative part of Mr. Boswell's ample performance, open and disclose to the eager curiosity of rational and laudable inquiry, an immense storehouse of mental treasure, which far exceeds, in merit and value, the voluminous collections of the wise and witty sayings of the learned and ingenious men of other nations. With some venial exceptions on the score of egotism and indiscriminate admiration, his work exhibits the most copious, interesting, and finished picture of the life and opinions of an eminent man, that was ever executed; and is justly esteemed one of the most instructive and entertaining books in the English language.

The eccentricities of Mr. Boswell, it is useless to detail. They have already been the subject of ridicule in various different forms and publications, by men of superficial understanding, and ludicrous fancy. Many have supposed him to be a mere relater of the sayings of others; but he possessed considerable intellectual powers, for which he has not had sufficient credit. It is manifest to every reader of any discernment, that he could never have collected such a mass of information, and just observations on human life, as his very valuable work contains, without great strength of mind, and much various knowledge; as he never could have displayed his collections in so lively a manner, had he not possessed a very picturesque imagination, or, in other words, had he not had a very happy turn for poetry, as well as for humour and for wit.

This lively and ingenious biographer, is now beyond the reach of praise or censure. He died at London, May 19. 1795, in the 55th year of his age. His death is an irreparable loss to English literature. He had many failings; and many virtues, and many amiable qualities, which predominated over the frailties incident to human nature. He will be long regretted by a wide circle of friends, to whom his good qualities and social talents always made his company a valuable accession.

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from the narratives of Sir John Hawkins, and Mr. Boswell; with the addition of such particulars of the progress of his mind and fortunes, as the subsequent narrative of Mr. Murphy, and the most respectable periodical publications of the last ten years, have supplied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield in Staffordshire, September 7. 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a native of Cubley, in Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Litchfield as a bookseller, and carried on that business at all the neighbouring towns on market days; but was so respectable as to be made one of the magistrates of that city. He was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; but was always subject to a morbid melancholy. He was a zealous high-church-man and Jacobite; though he reconciled himself by casuistical arguments of expediency and necessity, to take the oaths imposed by the prevailing power. He was a pretty good Latin scholar, and being a man of good sense and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in the manufacture of parchment. His mother, Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire, was the sister of Dr. Joseph Ford, a physician of considerable eminence, and father of the famous Cornelius Ford, Chaplain to Lord Chesterfield, supposed to be the Parson in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," a man of great parts, but of very profligate manners. She was a woman of distinguished understanding, prudence, and piety. They were well advanced in years when they married, and had only another child, named Nathaniel, who seems to have succeeded his father in his business; but died in 1737, in the 25th year of his age.

During the period of infancy, all children are prodigies of form and understanding to their parents. With a natural fondness, they exaggerate every symptom of sense into the perfection of

wisdom, and describe every feature with an adventitious grace. If the object of their admiration should at more mature years become distinguished for excellence, it is hoped that we may believe wonders of the child, because we have seen greatness in the man. Hence, in our fondness for the marvellous, the traditions of the nursery, respecting such persons, are amplified beyond the bounds of credibility, and recited with all the confidence of truth.

Every great genius must begin with a prodigy; and it is not to be supposed that Johnson should be without attestations of these miracles of early genius, which are believed by some, to be as necessary to the attainment of future pre-eminence, as that fruits should be preceded by the blossom. Among other stories of his infant precocity generally circulated, and generally believed, we are told by Mrs. Piozzi, and Sir John Hawkins, that, at the age of three years, he trod by accident upon one of a brood of eleven ducks, and killed it, and upon that occasion made the following verses:

Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*.

This prodigy is scarcely exceeded by the bees on Plato's lips, or the doves that covered the infant poet with leaves and flowers; for, how should a child of three years old make regular verses, and in alternate rhyme? The internal evidence is sufficient to counterbalance any testimony that these verses could be the production of a child of such an early age. But, fortunately, credulity is relieved from the burden of doubt, by Johnson's having himself assured Mr. Boswell, that they were made by his father, who wished them to pass for his son's. He added, "my father was a foolish old man, that is to say, foolish in talking of his children."

He derived from his parents, or from an unwholesome nurse, the distemper called the King's Evil. Jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch. His mother, yielding to this superstitious notion, in her anxiety for his cure, when he was two years old (by the advice of Sir John Floyer, then a physician at Litchfield), carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. But the disease, too obstinate to yield to remedies more powerful, greatly disfigured his countenance, naturally harsh and rugged, impaired his hearing, and deprived him of the sight of his left eye.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Litchfield. His next instructor, in English, was a master whom he familiarly called Tom Brown, who he said "published a spelling book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE." He began to learn Latin in the free-school of Litchfield, at first under the care of Mr. Hawkins, the under-master, whom he has described as "a man skilful in his little way." In about two years he rose to be under the tuition of Mr. Hunter, the head-master, a very respectable teacher, and a worthy man; but who, according to his account, was "very severe, and wrong headedly severe." He had for his school fellows, Dr. James, inventor of the fever-powder, Mr. Lowe, canon of Windsor, Dr. Taylor, rector of Ashbourne, and Mr. Hector, surgeon in Birmingham, with whom he contracted a particular intimacy.

While at school, he is said by Mr. Hector to have been indolent and averse from study. But the procrastination of his duties seems neither to have prevented the timely performance of his exercises, nor to have blemished them with inaccuracies; for "he was never known to have been corrected at school, unless for talking and diverting other boys from their business." Indeed, such was the superiority of his talents above those of his companions, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, are said to have assembled submissively every morning, to carry him triumphantly upon their shoulders to school. This ovation is believed by Mr. Boswell, to have been an honour paid to the early predominance of his intellectual powers alone; but they who remember what boys are, and who consider that Johnson's corporeal prowess was by no means despicable, will be apt to suspect that the homage was enforced, at least as much by awe of the one, as by admiration of the other.

After having resided for some months at the house of his cousin, Cornelius Ford, who assisted him in the classics, he was, by his advice, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge in Wor-

cestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master, whom he has described as "a very able man; but an idle man, and to me unreasonably severe. Yet he taught me a great deal." He seems to have been there in the double capacity of a scholar and usher, repaying the learning he acquired from his master, by the instruction he gave to the younger boys. Parson Ford he has described in his "Life of Fenton," as "a clergyman at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and the dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise."

He thus discriminated to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, his progress at his two grammar-schools: "At one I learnt much in the school, but little from the master; in the other I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, and then returned home, where he pursued his studies; but not upon any regular plan. Of this method of attaining knowledge, he seems ever after to have entertained a favourable opinion, and to have recommended it, not without reason, to young men, as the surest means of enticing them to learn. What he read was not works of mere amusement. "They were not voyages and travels, but all literature, all ancient authors, all manly; though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod. But in this irregular manner, I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams told me I was the best qualified for the university, that he had ever known come there."

He had already given several proofs of his poetical genius, both in his school exercises, and in other occasional compositions. Of these Mr. Boswell obtained a considerable collection, from Mr. Wentworth, the son of his master, and Mr. Hector, his school-fellow; of which he has preserved some translations from *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, &c. Unfortunately the communications of Mr. Wentworth are not distinguished from those of Mr. Hector. Such a precaution would have enabled us to have distinguished with certainty, the efforts of the boy, from the production of riper years. His translation of the *first eclogue of Virgil*, is not so harmonious as that from the *sixth book of Homer*; and both are inferior in this respect to those which he has made of the *odes of Horace*. Indeed, in the style and manner of versification used in the last, and in some other of his juvenile pieces, he seems to have made little alteration in his more experienced days; and it must be added, that in point of smoothness, little improvement could have been made.

After a residence of two years at home, Mr. Andrew Corbet, a gentleman of Shropshire, undertook to support him at Oxford, in the character of companion to his son, one of his school-fellows, "though, in fact," says Mr. Boswell, upon the authority of Dr. Taylor, "he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman." He was accordingly entered a Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, October 31, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year.

On the night of his arrival at Oxford, his father, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, Fellow of Pembroke, who was to be his tutor. According to Dr. Adams, who was present, he seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner seemed strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till, upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in, and quoted Macrobius; and this gave the first impression of that extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.

Of his tutor, Mr. Jorden, he gave Mr. Boswell the following account: "He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instruction. Indeed, I did not attend him much." He had, however, a love and respect for Jorden, not for his literature, but for his worth. "Whenever (said he) a young man becomes Jorden's pupil, he becomes his son."

The fifth of November was at that time kept with great solemnity at Pembroke College, and exercises upon the gunpowder plot were required. Johnson neglected to perform his. To apologize for his neglect, he gave in a short copy of verses, intitled, *Somnium*, containing a common thought, "that the muse had come to him in his sleep, and whispered that it did not become him

to write on such subjects as politics; he should confine himself to humbler themes;" but the verification was truly Virgilian.

Having given such a specimen of his poetical powers, he was asked by Mr. Jorden to translate Pope's *Messiah* into Latin hexameter verse, as a Christmas exercise. He performed it with uncommon rapidity, and in so masterly a manner, that he obtained great applause from it, which ever after kept him high in the estimation of his college, and, indeed, of all the university. Pope, impelled by gratitude and taste, perhaps not unassisted by vanity, is reported to have said concerning it, "that the author would leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original?" It was first printed by his father, without his knowledge; and afterwards inserted in a "Miscellany," published by subscription at Oxford, in 1731, by Mr. John Husbands, Fellow of Pembroke College.

The particular course of his reading while at Oxford, and during the time of vacation which he passed at home, cannot be traced. From his earliest years he loved to read poetry and romances of chivalry. He read Shakspeare at a period so early, that the speech of the ghost in "Hamlet" terrified him when he was alone. Horace's odes were the compositions he most liked in early life; but it was long before he could relish his satires and epistles. He told Mr. Boswell, what he read *solidly* at Oxford was Greek, not the Grecian historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram; that the study of which he was most fond was metaphysics; but he had not read much even in that way. We may be absolutely certain, however, both from his writings and his conversation, that his reading was very extensive. He projected a common-place book to the extent of six folio volumes, but according to Sir John Hawkins, the blank leaves far exceeded the written ones.

In 1729, while at Litchfield, during the college vacation, the "morbid melancholy" which was lurking in his constitution, gathered such strength as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. He was overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness and impatience, and with a dejection, gloom, and despair, that made existence misery. He fancied himself seized by, or approaching to insanity, in conformity with which notion, he applied, when he was at the very worst, to his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, physician in Litchfield, and put into his hand a state of his case, written in Latin; "which showed," as Mr. Boswell expresses it "an uncommon vigour, not only of fancy and taste, but of judgment." That he should have supposed himself approaching to insanity, at the very time when he was giving proofs of a more than ordinary soundness and vigour of judgment, is less strange than that Mr. Boswell should consider the vigour of *fancy*, which he displayed on such a subject, a proof of his sanity. It is a common effect of melancholy to make those who are afflicted with it imagine that they are actually suffering those evils which happen to be most strongly presented to their minds. But there is a clear distinction between a disorder which affects only the imagination and spirits, while the judgment is sound, and a disorder by which the judgment itself is impaired. Whatever be the arguments in favour of free-will, of volition unrestrained by the force and prevalence of motives, it must be allowed that the effects of reason on the human mind are not at all times, and on all subjects, equally powerful. The mind, like the body, has its weak organs; in other words, the impressions on some subjects are so deeply fixed, that the judgment is no longer able to guide the operations of the mind in reasoning on, or in judging of them. The imagination seizes the rein, and till the force of the idea is lessened from habit, the usual powers are suspended. But this is not madness; for strong impressions of various kinds, will, in different minds, produce similar effects. From this dismal malady, which he "did not then know how to manage," he never afterwards was perfectly relieved; and all his labours, and all his employments, were but temporary interruptions of its baleful influence.

In the history of his mind, his religious progress is an important article. He had been early instructed in the doctrines of the church of England, by his mother, who continued her pious care with assiduity, but in his opinion, not with judgment. "Sunday" said he "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on Sundays, and made me read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I read the chapter on theft, which, from infancy, I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was

wrong than before ; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and other excellencies of composition, that the mind being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects, may not grow weary."

He communicated to Mr. Boswell the following account of "the first occasion of his thinking in earnest of religion." I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church at Litchfield, in which we had a seat, wanted reparation: so I was to go and find a seat in other churches; and having bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I used to go and read in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourteenth year, and still I find a great reluctance to go to church. I then became a sort of lax *talker* against religion, for I did not much *think* about it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be *suffered*. When at Oxford, I took up Law's "Serious Call to the Unconverted," expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over-match for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry."

Serious impressions of religion, from particular incidents, it is certain have been experienced by many pious persons; though it must be acknowledged, that weak minds, from an erroneous supposition, that no man is in a state of grace, who has not felt a particular conversion, have, in some cases, brought a degree of ridicule upon them; a ridicule of which it is inconsiderate or unfair to make a general application. How seriously Johnson was impressed with a sense of religion, from this time forward, appears from the whole tenor of his life and writings. Religion was the predominant object of his thoughts; though he seems not to have attained all the tranquillity and assurance in his practice of its duties that are so earnestly to be desired. His sentiments, upon points of abstract virtue and rectitude, were in the highest degree elevated and generous, but he was unfortunate enough to have the sublimity of his mind degraded by the hypochondriacal propensities of his animal constitution. The serenity, the independence, and the exultation of religion, were sentiments to which he was a stranger. He saw the Almighty in a different light from what he is represented in the purer page of the gospel; and he trembled in the presence of Infinite Goodness. Those tenets of the church of England, which are most nearly allied to Calvinism, were congenial to his general feelings, and they made an early impression, which habits confirmed, and which reason, if ever exerted, could not efface. At the latter part of his life these terrors had a considerable effect; nor was their influence lost, till disease had weakened his powers, and blunted his feelings.

The year following, 1730, Mr. Corbet left the university, and his father, to whom, according to Sir John Hawkins, he trusted for support, declined contributing any farther to Johnson's maintenance, than paying for his Commons. His father's business was by no means lucrative. His remittances, consequently, were too small even to supply the decencies of external appearance; and the very shoes that he wore were so much torn, that they could no longer conceal his feet. So jealous, however, was he of appearing an object of eleemosynary contribution, that a new pair having been placed at his door, by some unknown hand, he flung them away with indignation.

While thus oppressed by want, he seems to have yielded to that indifference to fame and improvement, which is the offspring of despair. "He was generally seen," says Dr. Percy, "lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiring them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his maturer years, he so much extolled." The account of his conduct given by Dr. Adams, who was at least his nominal tutor for some time before he quitted the college, is more favourable to his happiness, but is less true. "Johnson," says he, "while he was at Pembroke College, was caressed and loved by all about him; he was a gay and frolicsome fellow, and passed there the happiest part of his life." But his own comment upon this opinion, when mentioned to him by Mr. Boswell, shows how fallacious it is to estimate human happiness by external appearances: "Ah Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority."

He struggled for another year in this unequal conflict, and professed a desire to practise either the Civil or the Common Law; but his debts in college increasing, and his scanty remittances from Litchfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, being discontinued, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency, he was compelled, by irresistible necessity, to relinquish his scheme, and left the college in autumn 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years. This was a circumstance, which, in the subsequent part of his life, he had occasion to regret, as the want of it was an obstacle to his obtaining a settlement, whence he might have derived that subsistence, of which he was certain by no other means.

From the university he returned to his native city, destitute, and not knowing how he should gain even a decent livelihood. But he was so far fortunate, that the respectable character of his parents, and his own merit, secured him a kind reception in the best families of Litchfield. Mr. Gilbert Walmley, Register of the Prerogative Court at Litchfield, "was one of the first friends that literature procured" him; and he passed much time in the families of Mr. Howard, and Dr. Swinfen, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Levett, and Captain Garrick, father of the great ornament of the British stage. He has drawn the character of Mr. Walmley in his "Life of Smith," in the glowing colours of gratitude, intermingled with the dark hues of political prejudice. In his abhorrence of whiggism, he has imputed to his friend and benefactor, "all the virulence and malevolence of his party." Yet Mr. Walmley, whose real character is a noble one, loved Johnson enough to endure in him the principles he despised.

In the circles of Litchfield, he was frequently in the company of ladies, particularly at Mr. Walmley's, whose wife and sister-in-law, of the name of Aston, and the daughters of a Baronet, were remarkable for elegance and good breeding. Of Miss Molly Aston, who was afterwards married to Captain Brodie of the Navy, he used to speak with the warmest admiration. "Molly," (said he,) "was a beauty and a scholar, a wit and a whig, and she talked all in praise of liberty; and so I made this epigram upon her. She was the loveliest creature I ever saw!"

Liber ut esse velim, suavis, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber; pulchra Maria, vale."

Of this epigram, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Joddrel, and Mr. Boswell, among others, have offered translations. The following version is given by Mr. Boswell:

Adieu Maria! since you'd have me free:
For who beholds thy charms, a slave must be.

In December 1731 his father died, in the 79th year of his age, in very narrow circumstances; for, after providing for his mother, that portion of the effects which fell to his share amounted only to twenty pounds.

In the forlorn state of his circumstances, he accepted the employment of usher in the school of Market-Bosworth in Leicestershire, to which he went on foot, July 16. 1732. He resided in the house of Sir Woolston Dixie, the patron of the school, to whom he officiated as a kind of domestic chaplain; and who treated him with intolerable harshness. His employment was irksome to him in every respect; and after suffering for a few months, what Mr. Boswell terms "complicated misery," he relinquished a situation which he ever afterwards remembered with a degree of horror.

Being now again totally unoccupied, he was invited by Mr. Hector to pass some time with him at Birmingham, as his guest, at the house of Mr. Warren, with whom he lodged. Mr. Warren was the first established bookseller in Birmingham, and was very attentive to Johnson, and obtained the assistance of his pen, in furnishing some periodical essays in a newspaper of which he was proprietor.

In June 1733, he resided in the house of a person named Jarvis, in another part of the town, where he translated and abridged, from the French of the Abbé Le Grand, a *Voyage to Abyssinia*, written originally by *Jerome Lobo*, a Portuguese Jesuit. For this work, which was printed in Birmingham, and published by Bettlesworth and Hitch of Pater-noster Row, London, 8vo, 1735, but without the translator's name, he had from Mr. Warren only five guineas. It is the first prose work of Johnson; but it exhibits no specimen of elegance; neither is it marked by any character of style, which would lead to a discovery of the translator, from an acquaintance with his latter productions. It has, however, been justly remarked by Mr. Boswell, that the *Preface* and *Dedication* contain strong and not unfavourable specimens of that style of thought and manner of expression, which he afterwards adopted.

In February 1734, he returned to Litchfield, and in August following, published proposals for printing by subscription an edition of the Latin poems of Politian, *Angeli Politiani Poemata Latina, quibus notas, cum historia Latinæ poeseos, a Petrarchæ ævo ad Politiani tempora deducta et vitæ Politiani fufius quam antea enarrata, addidit* SAM. JOHNSON; the work to be printed in thirty 8vo sheets, price 5s. "subscriptions taken in by the editor, or N. Johnson, bookseller of Litchfield," his brother, who had taken up his father's trade. For want of encouragement, the work never appeared, and probably never was executed.

We find him again this year at Birmingham; and in order to procure some little subsistence by his pen, he addressed a letter, under the name of *S. Smith*, to Mr. Edward Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," November 25. 1734, in which he proposed, "on reasonable terms, sometimes to supply him with poems, inscriptions, &c. never printed before, and short literary dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on authors, ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, loose pieces, like Floyer's, worth preserving." To this letter Mr. Cave returned an answer, dated December 2. 1734; but it does not appear that any thing was done in consequence of it.

He had, from his infancy, been sensible to the influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge school he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young Quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verses; he conceived a tender passion for Lucy Porter, whose mother he afterwards married, and whom he had frequent opportunities of seeing at the house of Mr. Hunter of Litchfield, whose second wife was her aunt. He addressed to her, as she herself informed Miss Seward, "when he was a lad," the verses to a Lady, on her presenting the author with a sprig of myrtle; which Mr. Hector says were written at his request, in 1731, for his friend Mr. Morgan Graves; but the two accounts are not irreconcilable, for he might give them to Mr. Hector, without thinking it material to mention their pre-existence.

His juvenile attachments to the fair sex were, however, very transient, and he never had a criminal connection. In 1735, he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, widow of Mr. Henry Porter, mercer in Birmingham, to whose family he had probably been introduced by his sister Mrs. Hunter of Litchfield, or through his acquaintance with Jarvis, who might be a relation of Mrs. Porter, whose maiden name was Jarvis. "It was," he said, "a love match on both sides," and judging from the description of their persons, we must suppose that the passion was not inspired by the beauties of form, or graces of manner, but by a mutual admiration of each others mind. Johnson's appearance is described as being very forbidding: "He was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended at once to excite surprise and ridicule." Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner, as described by Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others. "She was very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance. Her swelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials, flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and in her general behaviour."

It is to be observed, however, that whatever her real charms may have been, Johnson thought her beautiful, for in her *Epitaph* he has recorded her as such; and in his *Prayers* and *Meditations*, we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after death.

The marriage ceremony was performed, July 9th, at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback; and it must be allowed that the capricious and fantastic behaviour of the bride, during the journey to church, upon the nuptial morn, as related by Mr. Boswell, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity.

She was worth about 800l., which, to a person in Johnson's circumstances, made it a desirable match. To turn this sum to the best advantage, he hired a large house at Edial, near Litchfield, and set up a private classical academy, in which he was encouraged by his friend Mr. Walmsley. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1736, there is the following "ADVERTISEMENT—At Edial, near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON." The plan, notwithstanding, proved abortive. The only pupils

that were put under his care, were Garrick, and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of a good fortune, who died early.

About this time we find him diligently employed on his *Irene*, a tragedy, with which Mr. Walmesley was so well pleased that he advised him to proceed with it. It is founded upon a passage in Knolles's "History of the Turks," a book which he afterwards highly praised and recommended in the *Rambler*.

Disappointed in his expectation of deriving subsistence from the establishment of a boarding-school, he now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement.

On the 2d of March 1737, being the 28th year of his age, he set out for London, and it is a memorable circumstance, that his pupil Garrick went thither at the same time, with intention to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law. They were recommended to Mr. Colson, master of the mathematical school at Rochester, by a letter from Mr. Walmesley, who mentions the joint expedition of these two eminent men to the metropolis, in the following manner:

"This young gentleman, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson, to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer."

How he employed himself upon his first coming to London, is not certainly known. His first lodgings were at the house of Mr. Norris a staymaker in Exeter-Street, in the Strand. Here he found it necessary to practise the most rigid economy; and his *Ofellus* in the *Art of Living in London*, is a real character of an Irish painter, who initiated him in the art of living cheaply in London.

Soon after his arrival in London, he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the Bristol family, whom he had known when he was quartered at Litchfield as an officer of the army. At his house he was entertained with a kindness and hospitality of which he ever afterwards retained a warm remembrance. Not very long before his death, he described this early friend "Harry Hervey," thus: "he was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog *Hervey*, I shall love him."

He had now written three acts of his *Irene*; and he retired for some time to lodgings at Greenwich, where he proceeded in it somewhat farther, and used to compose walking in the Park; but he did not stay long enough in that place to finish it.

At this period, he wished to engage more closely with Mr. Cave, and proposed to him, in a letter dated Greenwich, July 12. 1737, to undertake a translation of Father Paul Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent," from the French edition of Dr. Le Courayer. His proposal was accepted; but it should seem from this letter, though subscribed with his own name, that he had not yet been introduced to Mr. Cave.

In the course of the summer, he returned to Litchfield, where he had left his wife; and there he at last finished his tragedy; which was not executed with his rapidity of composition upon other occasions, but was slowly and painfully elaborated. The original unformed sketch of this tragedy, partly in the raw materials of prose, and partly worked up in verse, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the King's Library.

In three months after, he removed to London with his wife; but her daughter, who had lived with them at Edial, was left with her relations in the country. His lodgings were for some time in Woodstock-Street, near Hanover-Square, and afterwards in Castle-Street, near Cavendish-Square. His tragedy being, as he thought, completely finished, and fit for the stage, he solicited Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, to have it acted at his house; but Mr. Fleetwood would not accept it.

Upon his coming to London, he was enlisted by Mr. Cave, as a regular coadjutor in his magazine, which, for many years, was his principal resource for employment and support. A considerable period of his life is lost in saying that he was the hireling of Mr. Cave. The narrative is little

diversified by the enumeration of his contributions. But the publications of a writer, like the battles and sieges of a general, are the circumstances which must fix the several eras of his life. In this part of the narrative, the pieces acknowledged by Johnson to be of his writing, are printed in Italics, and those which are ascribed to him upon good authority, or internal evidence, are distinguished by inverted commas.

His first performance in the "Gentleman's Magazine," was a Latin Ode, *Ad Urbanum*, in March 1738, a translation of which, by an unknown correspondent, appeared in the Magazine for May following.

At this period, the misfortunes and misconduct of Savage had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread; and his visits at St. John's Gate, where the "Gentleman's Magazine" was originally printed, naturally brought Johnson and him together. Johnson commenced an intimacy with this extraordinary man. Both had great parts, and they were equally under the pressure of want. They had a fellow-feeling, and sympathy united them closer.

It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence, that they could not pay for a lodging, so that they have wandered together whole nights in the streets. Yet as Savage had seen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the statesmen and wits of his time, we may suppose, in these scenes of distress, that he communicated to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired, and mentioned many of the anecdotes with which he afterwards enriched the life of his unhappy companion.

He mentioned to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square, for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation, but in high spirits, and brimful of patriotism, traversed the Square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and "resolved they would *stand by their country*."

Sir John Hawkins supposes that "Johnson was captivated by the address and demeanour of Savage, who, as to his exterior, was to a remarkable degree accomplished; he was a handsome well-made man, and very courteous in the modes of salutation." He took off his hat, he tells us, with a good air, made a graceful bow, and was a good swordsman. "These accomplishments," he adds, "and the ease and pleasantry of his conversation, were probably the charms that wrought on Johnson, who at this time had not been accustomed to the conversation of gentlemen." But if, according to his biographer's notion, he "never saw the charms of his wife," how should he perceive the graces of Savage?

Johnson, indeed, describes him as having "a graceful and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners." How highly he admired him for that knowledge, which he himself so much cultivated, and what kindness he entertained for him, appears in the following verses in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1738.

Ad RICARDUM SAVAGE Arm. humani generis amatorem;
Humanum studium generis cui pectore fervet,
O! colat humanum te foveatque genus!

About this time he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of "Epictetus," to whom he paid a friendly attention, and in the same Magazine complimented her in *An Ænigma to Eliza*, both in Greek and Latin. He writes Mr. Cave, "I think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand." His verses *to a Lady*, (Miss Molly Aston) *who spoke in defence of liberty*, first appeared in the same Magazine.

In May 1738, he published his *London, a Poem*, written in imitation of the 3d satire of Juvenal. It has been generally said, that he offered it to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it. Mr. Cave, at last, communicated it to Doddsley, who had taste enough to perceive its uncommon merit, and thought it "creditable to be concerned with it." Doddsley gave him 10l. for the copy. It is remarkable, that it came out on the same morning with Pope's satire, intitled, "1738." One of its warmest patrons was General Oglethorpe. Pope also was so struck with its merit, that he sought to discover the author, and prophesied his future fame. "He will," said he "soon be deterred," and it appears from his note to Lord Gower, he himself was successful in his inquiries.

To "a short extract from *London*," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, is added, "Become remarkable for having got to the second edition in the space of a week." This admirable poem laid the first foundation of his fame. Sir John Hawkins observes, that in this poem he has adopted the vulgar topic of the time, to gratify the malevolence of the Tory faction; and Mr. Boswell candidly allows, that "the flame of patriotism and zeal for popular resistance with which it is fraught, had no just cause." It contains the most spirited invectives against tyranny and oppression, the warmest predilection for his own country, and the purest love of virtue, interspersed with traits of his own particular character and situation. He heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and he wrote with the spirit and energy of a fine poet, and a sharp critic of the times. Boileau had imitated the same satire with great success, applying it to Paris; but an attentive comparison will satisfy every reader that he is much excelled by Johnson. Oldham had also imitated it, and applied it to London; but there is scarcely any coincidence between the two performances, though upon the very same subject.

In the course of his engagement with Mr. Cave, he composed the *Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia*, the first number of which appeared in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for June 1738, sometimes with feigned names of the several speeches, sometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, so that they might be easily decyphered. Parliament then kept the press in a kind of mysterious awe, which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices. The debates for some time were brought home and digested by Guthrie, and afterwards sent by Mr. Cave to Johnson for his revision. When Guthrie had attained to a greater variety of employment, and the speeches were more and more enriched by the accession of Johnson's genius, it was resolved that he should do the whole himself, from notes furnished by persons employed to attend in both houses of Parliament. His sole composition of them began November 19. 1740, and ended February 23. 1742-3. From that time they were written by Hawkesworth to the year 1760. Johnson acknowledged the debates to be spurious, long after the world had considered them as genuine; and some days previous to his death, declared, that of all his writings they gave him the most uneasiness. The deceit, however, could not be very pernicious, in the effects of which so many persons were involved. Neither are they so completely his own composition as is generally supposed. That notes of the speeches were taken in the Houses of Parliament, and given to him, is evident from his own declarations. And it does not appear probable that Mr. Cave, who was ever attentive to the improvement of his Magazine, should be more negligent in procuring notes as accurate as he could, during the time when Johnson executed this department, than when it was in the hands of Guthrie. It seems at least most likely, therefore, that the language and illustrations are Johnson's own, but that the arguments and general arrangements were taken from the several speeches spoken in either house.

The trade of writing was, however, so little profitable, that notwithstanding the success of his *London*, he wished to accept an offer made to him, of becoming master of the free school at Appleby in Leicestershire (Pope says in Shropshire), the salary of which was sixty pounds a-year. But the statutes of the school required that he should be a Master of Arts, and it was then thought too great a favour to be asked of the University of Oxford. Pope, without any knowledge of him, but from his *London*, recommended him to Lord Gower, who, by a letter which has been often printed, to a friend of Swift, dated Trentham, August 1. 1738, endeavoured to procure him a degree from Trinity-College, Dublin. This expedient failed. There is reason to think that Swift declined to meddle in the business; and to this circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has been often imputed.

He made one other effort to emancipate himself from the drudgery of authorship, by endeavouring to be introduced to the bar at Doctor's Commons; but here the want of a Doctor's degree in Civil Law, was also an unsurmountable impediment.

He was, therefore, under the necessity of persevering in that course into which he was forced; and we find him prosecuting his design of translating Father Paul's "*History of the Council of Trent*," in 2 vols. 4to, which was announced in the "*Weekly Miscellany*," October 21. 1738. Twelve sheets of this translation were printed off; but the design was dropped, for it happened, that

another Samuel Johnson, Librarian of St. Martin's in the Fields, and Curate of that parish, had engaged in the same undertaking, under the patronage of Dr. Pearce; the consequence of which was, an opposition, which mutually destroyed each others hopes of success.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of this year, besides the pieces already mentioned, he gave a *Life of Father Paul* in the November Magazine, and wrote the "Preface" to the volume. The "Apocryphs of Milton, a Vision," printed in the Magazine for 1738 and 1739, given to him by Sir John Hawkins, was the production of Guthrie. The Translation of Cronfuz's "Examination of Pope's Essay on Man," and printed by Cave in November 1738, has been ascribed to him; but Miss Carter has lately acknowledged that she was the translator.

In 1739, beside the assistance he gave to the *Debates in the Senate of Lilliput*, his writings in the "Gentleman's Magazine" were, *The Life of Boerhaave*, *An Appeal to the Public in behalf of the Editor*, *Verses to Eliza*, a *Greek Epigram to Dr. Birch*, and "Considerations on the case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons," reprinted in the Magazine for July 1787.

The same year he joined in the clamour against Walpole, and published his famous Jacobite pamphlet, entitled, *Marmor Norfolciense, or an Essay on an Ancient Prophetical inscription in Menkiss rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne, in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus*. In this performance, he inveighs against the Brunswick succession, and the measures of Government consequent upon it, with warm anti-Hanoverian zeal. The Jacobite principles inculcated by it, according to Sir John Hawkins, aroused the vigilance of the Ministry. A warrant was issued, and messengers were employed to apprehend the author, who, it seems, was known. To elude his pursuers, he retired with his wife to Lambeth-marsh, and there lay concealed in an obscure lodging till the secret grew cold. Mr. Boswell however denies that there is any foundation for this story; for that Mr. Steele, one of the late secretaries of the Treasury, had directed every possible search to be made in the records of the Treasury and Secretary of State's Office, but could find no trace of any warrant having been issued to apprehend the author of this pamphlet." His *Marmor Norfolciense* obtained also the honour of Pope's commendation, as appears from the following note concerning Johnson, copied with minute exactness, by Mr. Boswell, from the original in the possession of Dr. Percy.

"This [*London*] is imitated by one Johnson, who put in for a public school in Shropshire, but was disappointed. He has an infirmity of the convulsive kind, that attacks him sometimes, so as to make him a sad spectacle. Mr. P. from the merit of this work, which was all the knowledge he had of him, endeavoured to serve him without his own application; and wrote to my Lord Gower, but he did not succeed; Mr. Johnson published afterwards another poem in Latin, with notes, the whole very humorous, called the Norfolk Prophecy."

In the same year 1739, he published *A complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage, from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa, in 4to*. This was an ironical, but a very proper attack upon the Lord Chamberlain, for the unjustifiable suppression of that tragedy. Indeed the power vested in that officer, respecting dramatic pieces, is a disgrace to a free country, and the act which gave him that power ought to be repealed. To justify the rejection of this play, Sir John Hawkins selects a few passages, not one of which would give umbrage at this day.

In July 1739, a subscription was completed for Savage, who was to retire to Swansea, and he parted with the companion of his midnight rambles, never to see him more. This separation was perhaps a real advantage to Johnson. By associating with Savage, who was habituated to the licentiousness and dissipation of the town, Johnson, though his good principles remained steady, did not entirely preserve that temperance for which he was remarkable, in days of greater simplicity, but was imperceptibly led into some indulgences, which occasioned much distress to his virtuous mind. It is said by Sir John Hawkins, that during his connection with Savage, a short separation took place between Johnson and his wife. They were, however, soon brought together again. Johnson loved her, and showed his affection in various modes of gallantry, which Garrick used to mimic. The affectation of fashionable airs did not sit easy on Johnson; his gallantry was received by the wife with the flutter of a coquette, and both, we may believe, exposed themselves to ridicule.

In 1740, he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface," *Life of Admiral Blake*, and the first parts of those of *Sir Francis Drake*, and of *Philip Baretier*, both which he finished the year after; An "Essay on Epitaphs," and an *Epitaph on Philips, a musician*, which was afterwards published, with some other pieces of his Miss Williams's "Miscellanies."

In 1741, he wrote for the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface," conclusion of his *Lives of Drake and Baretier*; "A free translation of the jests of Hierocles, with an Introduction," "Debate on the Proposal of Parliament to Cromwell, to assume the title of King, abridged, methodized, and digested;" "translation of Abbé Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons;" "translation of Fontenelle's Panegyric on Dr. Morin." He, this year, and the two following, wrote the *Parliamentary Debates*. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendour of language displayed in the several speeches, are well known, and universally admired. To one who praised his impartiality, observing that he had dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties, "That is not quite true, Sir," said Johnson, "I saved appearances well enough, but I took care that the WHIG DOGS should not have the best of it." They have been collected in 2 vols. 8vo, 1787, and recommended to the notice of parliamentary speakers as orations upon questions of public importance, by a "Preface," written by George Chalmers, Esq. whose commercial and biographical writings are well known, and esteemed.

In 1742, he wrote for the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface;" the *Parliamentary Debates*; *Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Dukes of Marlborough*, then the popular topic of conversation; *The Life of Peter Burman*; *Additions to his Life of Baretier*; *The Life of Sydenham*, afterwards prefixed to Swan's edition of his works; the "Foreign History," for December; "Essay on the Description of China, from the French of Du Halde;" *Proposals for printing Bibliotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford*. It was afterwards prefixed to the first volume of the "Catalogue," in which the Latin account of books were written by him. He was employed in this business by Mr. Thomas Osborne, bookseller in Gray's Inn, who purchased the library for 13,000*l.* a sum which, Mr. Oldys says in one of his manuscripts, was not more than the binding of the books had cost; yet the slowness of the sale was such, that there was not much gained by it. It has been confidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. Johnson himself relates it differently to Mr. Boswell. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber. This anecdote has been often told to prove Johnson's ferocity; but merit cannot always take the spurns of the unworthy with patience and a forbearing spirit.

He wrote in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1743, the "Preface;" the *Parliamentary Debates* for January and February; "Considerations on the Dispute between Cronfaz and Warburton, on Pope's Essay on Man," in which he defends Cronfaz; *Ad Lauram parituram Epigramma*; *A Latin translation of Pope's verses on his Grotto*; an exquisitely beautiful *Ode on Friendship*; and an "Advertisement" for Osborne, concerning the Harleian Catalogue.

The same year he wrote for his school-fellow, Dr. James's "Medicinal Dictionary," in 3 vols. folio, the *Dedication to Dr. Mead*, which is conceived with great address, to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man. He had also written or assisted in writing the proposals for this work, and being very fond of the study of physic, in which Dr. James was his master, he furnished some of the articles.

At this time, his circumstances were much embarrassed, yet such was his liberal affection for his mother, that he took upon himself a debt of hers, to Mr. Levett of Litchfield, which, though only twelve pounds, was then considerable to him.

In 1744, he wrote the "Preface" for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Preface to the Harleian Miscellany*. The selection of the pamphlets of which it was composed was made by Mr. Oldys, a man of eager curiosity, and indefatigable diligence, to whom English literature owes many obligations.

The same year he produced one work fully sufficient to maintain the high reputation which he had acquired. This was the *Life of Savage*, which he had announced his intention of writing in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for August 1743. It is said by Sir John Hawkins that he composed the whole of it in thirty-six hours; but Mr. Boswell states, upon Johnson's own authority, that he composed forty-eight of the present octavo pages at a sitting, but that he sat up all night. It came out in February, from the shop of Roberts, who, in April following, republished his *Life of Baretier*, in a separate pamphlet. It was no sooner published than the following liberal praise was given to it by Fielding, in "The Champion," which was copied into the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, and confirmed by the approbation of the public.

"This pamphlet is without flattery to its author, as just and well-written a piece as of its kind I ever saw. It is certainly penned with equal accuracy and spirit, of which I am so much the better judge, as I knew many of the facts to be strictly true, and very fairly related. It is a very amusing, and withal a very instructive and valuable performance. The author's observations are short, significant, and just, as his narrative is remarkably smooth, and well disposed. His reflections open to all the recesses of the human heart; and, in a word, a more just or pleasant, a more engaging, or a more instructive treatise on all the excellencies and defects of human nature, is scarce to be found in our own, or perhaps any other language."

Johnson had now lived nearly half his days, without friends or lucrative profession; he had toiled and laboured, yet still, as he himself expresses it, was "to provide for the day, that was passing over him." Of the profession of an unfriended author he saw the danger and the difficulties. Amhurst, who had conducted "*The Craftsman*," Savage, Boyse, and others who had laboured in literature, without emerging from distress, were recent examples, and clouded his prospect.

Sir John Hawkins has preserved a list of literary projects, not less than thirty-nine articles, which he had formed in the course of his studies; but such was his want of encouragement or the versatility of his temper, that not one of all his schemes was ever executed.

A new edition of Shakspeare now occurred to him, and as a prelude to it, in April 1745, he published a pamphlet, intituled *Miscellaneous observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakspeare. To which is affixed, proposals for a new edition of Shakspeare, with a Specimen*, 8vo. The notice of the public was, however, not excited to his anonymous proposals for the execution of a task which Warburton was known to have undertaken; the project, therefore, died at that time, to revive at a future period. His pamphlet, however, was highly esteemed, and even the supercilious Warburton, in the "Preface" to his Shakspeare, published two years afterwards, had the candour to exempt it from his general censure "of those things which have been published under the titles of "Essays," "Remarks," "Observations," &c. on "Shakspeare," and spoke of it as the work of "a man of great parts and genius." This obligation Johnson always acknowledged in terms of gratitude. "He praised me (said he) at a time when praise was of value to me."

In the year 1746, which was marked by a civil war in Britain, when a rash attempt was made to restore the house of Stuart to the throne, his literary career appears to have been almost totally suspended. His attachment to that unfortunate family is well known; some may imagine that a sympathetic anxiety impeded the exertion of his intellectual powers; but it is probable that he was, during that time, employed upon his *Shakspeare*, or sketching the out-lines of his *Dictionary of the English Language*.

Having formed and digested the plan of his great philological work, which might then be esteemed one of the desiderata of English literature, he communicated it to the public, in 1747, in a pamphlet, intituled, *The Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language, addressed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State*. The hint of undertaking this work is said to have been first suggested to Johnson by Doddsley, who contracted with him for the execution of it in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messrs. Longman, and the two Messrs. Knapton. The price stipulated was 1575 l.

The *Plan* has not only the substantial merit of comprehension, perspicuity, and precision, but the language of it is unexceptionably excellent; and never was there a more dignified strain of compliment than that in which he courts the attention of Chesterfield, who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favourable to its success. The way in which it came to be inscribed to Chesterfield was this: "I had neglected," says he, "to write it by the time appointed. Doddsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Doddsley have his desire." The *Plan* itself, however, proves, that the Earl not only favoured the design, but that there had been a particular communication with his Lordship concerning it.

To enable him to complete this vast undertaking, he hired a house in Gough-Square, Fleet-Street, fitted up one of the upper rooms after the manner of a counting house, and employed six amanuenses

there in transcribing; five of whom were natives of North Britain, Mr. Macbean author of "A System of Ancient Geography," &c. Mr. Shiels, the principal collector and digester of the materials for the "Lives of the Poets 1753," to which the name of Mr. Theo. Cibber is prefixed; Mr. Stewart, son of Mr. George Stewart, bookseller in Edinburgh, and a Mr. Maitland; the sixth was Mr. Peyton, a French master, who published some elementary tracts. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down, with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced.

This year he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," for May, five short poetical pieces. "A translation of a Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer," "To Miss —, on her giving the author a gold and silk net-work purse of her own weaving," "Stella in Mourning," "The Winter's Walk," "An Ode," and "To Lyce, an elderly Lady," distinguished by three asterisks. In the Magazine for December, he inserted an *Ode on Winter*, which is one of the best of his lyric compositions.

In September, this year, his fortunate pupil, Garrick, having become joint-patentee and manager of Drury-lane theatre, he furnished him with a *Prologue* at the opening of it, which, for just and manly criticism, as well as for poetical excellence, is unrivalled in that species of composition.

In 1748, while he was employed in his *Dictionary*, he exerted his talents in occasional composition, very different from lexicography, and formed a club that met at Horseman's chop-house in Ivy-lane, Pater-noster Row, every Tuesday evening, with a view to enjoy literary discussion, and the pleasure of animated relaxation. The members associated with him in this little society, were his beloved friend, Dr. Richard Bathurst, a physician, Dr. Hawkesworth, Dr. Salter, father of the late master of the charter-house, Mr. Ryland, a merchant, Mr. John Payne, then a bookseller in Pater-noster Row, Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man, intended for the dissenting ministry, Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch physician, Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician, and Sir John Hawkins. The endowments of Mr. Dyer are represented by Sir John Hawkins as of such a superior kind, "that in some instances Johnson might almost be said to have looked up to him." They used to dispute in this club, about the *moral sense* and the *fitness of things*, but Johnson was not uniform in his opinions; contending as often for victory as truth. This infirmity attended him through life.

In this year he published, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, *The Life of Roscommon*, which has since been inserted in his "Lives of the Poets." He wrote also the *Preface* to Doddsley's "Preceptor," and the *Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell*, a most beautiful allegory of human life, under the figure of ascending the mountain of existence, which he himself thought the best of his writings.

In January 1749, he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes, being the tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated*, with his name. Of this poem, he composed seventy lines in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished. He received of Doddsley, for the copy, only fifteen guineas. It has been thought to have less of common life, and more of a philosophic dignity than his *London*. It is characterized by profound reflection, more than pointed spirit. It has, however, always been held in high esteem, and is certainly as great an effort of ethic poetry as any language can show. The instances of the variety of disappointment are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, that the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind.

On the 8th of February this year, his tragedy of *Irene*, which had been long kept back for want of encouragement, was brought upon the stage at Drury-Lane, by the kindness of Garrick. A violent dispute arose between him and the manager, relative to the alterations necessary to be made to fit it for the theatre. The poet for a long time refused to submit his lines to the critical amputation of the actor, and the latter was obliged to apply to Dr. Taylor to become a mediator in the dispute. Johnson's pride at length gave way to alterations; but whether to the full extent of the manager's wishes, is not known. Dr. Adams was present the first night of the representation, and gave Mr. Boswell the following account: "Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The prologue, which was written by himself, in a manly strain, soothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the

heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out, "Murder! Murder!" She several times attempted to speak, but in vain. At last she was obliged to go off the stage alive." This passage was afterwards struck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes, as the play now has it: Mr. Boswell ascribes the epilogue to Sir William Yonge; but upon no good foundation.

In the unfavourable decision of the public upon his tragedy, Johnson acquiesced without a murmur. He was convinced that he had not the talents necessary to write successfully for the stage, and never made another attempt in that species of composition.

In December this year, he wrote the *Preface* and *Postscript* to Lauder's "Essay on Milton's Use, and Imitation of the Moderns, in his Paradise Lost," 8vo, a book made up of forgeries, and published to impose upon mankind. Sir John Hawkins tells us, that Johnson assisted Lauder from motives of enmity to the memory of Milton; but it appears, that while Lauder's work was in the press, the proof sheets were submitted to the inspection of the Ivy-Lane Club. If Johnson approved of the design, it was no longer than while he believed it founded in fact. With the rest of the club, he was in one common error. As soon as Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, espoused the cause of truth, and with ability that will ever do him honour, dragged the impostor to open daylight, Johnson made ample reparation to the genius of Milton. He not only disclaimed the fraud, but insisted on the impostor confessing his offence; and for this purpose drew up a recantation, which Lauder signed and published, intitled; "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Douglas, occasioned by his Vindication of Milton," by William Lauder, M. A. 4to, 1751. The frankness of this confession would have made some atonement for the baseness of the attempt, and its abject humility been deemed a sufficient punishment of the impostor, if that unhappy man had not had the folly and wickedness afterwards to deny this apology, and reassert his former accusation, in a pamphlet intitled, "King Charles Vindicated from the Charge of Plagiarism, brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of Forgery and a gross imposition on the Public," 8vo, 1755. This effort of spleen and malice was also abortive; and Lauder soon afterwards retired to Barbadoes, where he died, as he had lived, an object of general contempt, in 1771.

On the 20th March 1750, he published the first paper of the *Rambler*, and continued it without interruption every Tuesday and Friday, till the 17th of March 1752, when it closed. In carrying on this periodical publication, he seems neither to have courted, nor to have met with much assistance, the number of papers contributed by others amounting only to five in number, four billets in No. 10, by Mrs. Chapone, No. 30, by Mrs. Talbot, No. 97, by Richardson, and Nos. 44. and 100, by Miss Carter. These admirable essays, we are told by Mr. Boswell, were written in haste, just as they were wanted for the press, without even being read over by him before they were printed.

Making every allowance for powers far exceeding the usual lot of man, still there are bounds which we must set to our belief upon this head. It is not at every season that the mind can concentrate its faculties to a particular subject with equal strength, or that the fancy can create imagery spontaneously to adorn and enforce its reasonings. That Johnson sometimes selected his subject, culled his images, and arranged his arguments for these papers, is evident from the notes of his common-place book, preserved by Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boswell. When he planned some essays with such minute carefulness, it is not likely that he trusted wholly to the sudden effusions of his mind for the remainder. Those which are taken from the notes of his common-place book, do not manifest by an excellence superior to the rest, peculiar labours of mind in the conception, or pains in the composition; and we cannot suppose a man so happy in his genius, that the new-born offspring of his brain should invariably appear as strong and perfect as those which have been matured, fashioned, and polished by sedulous reflection. This, therefore, appears to be most probable, with respect to the wonderful faculty which he is said to have manifested in this and other of his works; that during his sleepless nights and frequent abstractions from company, he conceived and sketched much of an impending work; that though he had in some degree preconceived his materials, he committed nothing to paper, just as he is known to have done in composing his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. If this supposition strips the account of wonder, it invests it with probability, since a man of his powers of mind and habits of composition, might well write an essay at a sitting and without a blot, when he had little more to attend to, than to clothe his conceptions in vigorous language, modulated into sonorous periods.

The *Rambler* was not successful as a periodical work, not more than five hundred copies of any one number having been ever printed. Of course, the bookseller, who paid Johnson four guineas a week, did not carry on a very successful trade; his generosity and perseverance are to be commended. While it was coming out in single papers at London, Mr. James Elphinstone suggested, and took the charge of an edition at Edinburgh, which followed progressively the London publication, printed by Sands, Murray and Cochrane, with uncommon elegance, upon writing paper, of a duodecimo size, and was completed in eight volumes. Soon after the first folio edition was concluded, it was published in four octavo volumes; and Johnson lived to see a just tribute of approbation paid to its merit in the extensiveness of its sale, ten numerous editions of it having been printed in London, before his death, besides those of Ireland and Scotland.

This year he wrote a *Prologue*, which was spoken by Garrick, before the acting of "Comus," at Drury-Lane theatre, April 5, for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Milton's grand-daughter, and the only surviving branch of his family, and took a very zealous interest in the success of the charity. Tonson, the bookseller, gave 20 l. and Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; yet all their efforts, joined to the allurements of Johnson's pen, and Garrick's performance, procured only 130 l.

In 1751, while he was employed both on the *Rambler* and his *Dictionary*, he wrote the *Life of Gbeynell*, in "The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," a periodical work, in which Smart, Colman, Thornton, and other wits of both the universities distinguished their talents.

Sir John Hawkins relates, that in the spring of this year, he indulged himself in a frolic of midnight revelry. This was to celebrate the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, the novel of "Harriet Stuart." He drew the members of the Ivy-Lane Club, and others, to the number of twenty, to the Devil Tavern, where Mrs. Lennox and her husband met them. Johnson, after an invocation of the muses, and some other ceremonies of his own invention, invested the authoress with a laurel crown. The festivity was protracted till morning, and Johnson through the night was a Bacchannalian, without the use of wine.

Though his circumstances, at this time, were far from being easy, he received as a constant visitor at his house, Miss Anna Williams, daughter of a Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, who had just lost her sight. She had contracted a close intimacy with his wife, and after her death, she had an apartment from him, at all times when he had a house. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit, which produced 200 l. In 1766, she published a quarto volume of "Miscellanies," and thereby increased her little stock to 300 l. This and Johnson's protection supported her during the rest of her life.

In 1752, he republished his version of Pope's *Messiah*, in the Gentleman's Magazine. Soon after his closing the *Rambler*, March 2, he suffered a loss which affected him with the deepest distress. On the 17th of March, O. S. his wife died; and after a cohabitation of seventeen years, left him a childless widower, abandoned to sorrow, and incapable of consolation. She was buried in the chapel of Bromley, in Kent, under the care of his friend, Dr. Hawkesworth, who resided at that place. In the interval, between her death and burial, he composed a *funeral sermon* for her, which was never preached; but, being given to Dr. Taylor, has been published since his death. With the singularity of his prayers for *Tetty*, from that time to the end of his life, the world is sufficiently acquainted. By her first husband she left a daughter, and a son, a captain in the navy, who, at his death, left 10,000 l. to his sister.

On this melancholy event Johnson felt the most poignant distress. She is, however, reported not to have been worthy of this sincere attachment. Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived for some time with her at Hampstead, told Mr. Boswell, that she indulged herself in country air and nice living, at an unsuitable expence, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London; that she was negligent of economy in her domestic affairs; and that she by no means treated him with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife. But all this is perfectly compatible with his fondness for her; especially when it is remembered, that he had a high opinion of her understanding; and that the impression which her beauty, real, or imaginary, had originally made upon his imagination, being continued by habit, had not been effaced, though she herself was, doubtless, much altered for the worse. Sir John Hawkins has declared himself inclined to think, "that if this fondness of Johnson

for his wife was not dissembled, it was a lesson that he had learned by rote; and that when he practised it, he knew not where to stop, until he became ridiculous." To argue from her being much older than Johnson, or any other circumstances, that he could not really love her, is absurd; for love is not a subject of reasoning, but of feeling; and, therefore, there are no common principles upon which one can persuade another concerning it. That Johnson married her for love is believed. During her life he was fond and indulgent. At her death he was agonized; and, ever after, cherished her image as the companion of his most solemn hours. If seventeen years passed in acts of tenderness during their union, and a longer period spent in regret after death had divided them, cannot fix our opinion that Johnson's fondness was not the effect of dissimulation, or the unfelt lesson of a parrot, where shall we fix bounds to suspicion, or place limits to the presumption of man, in passing sentence upon the feelings of his neighbour?

The following authentic and artless account of his situation after his wife's death, was given to Mr. Boswell, by Francis Barber, his faithful negro-servant, who was brought from Jamaica by Colonel Bathurst, father of his friend Dr. Bathurst, and came into his family about a fortnight after the dismal event.

"He was in great affliction:—Miss Williams was then living in his house, which was in Gough-square. He was busy with his *Dictionary*; Mr. Shiels, and some others of the gentlemen who had formerly written for him, used to come about him. He had then little for himself; but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress. The friends who visited him at that time, were chiefly Dr. Bathurst, and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary in Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens, with whom he and Miss Williams generally dined every Sunday. There was a talk of his going to Ireland with him, which would probably have happened had he lived. There were also Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Mr. Ryland, merchant on Tower-hill, Mrs. Masters the poetess, who lived with Mr. Cave, Mrs. Carter, and sometimes Mrs. Macaulay; also Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler in Snow-hill, not in the learned way, but a worthy good woman; Mr. (now) Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Millar, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Bouquet, Mr. Payne of Pater-noster Row, bookseller; Mr. Strahan the printer; the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell, Mr. Garrick."

Johnson seems to have sought a remedy for this deprivation of domestic society, in the company of his acquaintance, the circle of which was now very extensive. Among his more intimate companions at this time, are to be reckoned, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Bennet Langton, Esq. and Topham Beauclerck, Esq. eldest son of Lord Sidney Beauclerck, young men of elegant manners, who conceived for him the most sincere veneration and esteem. Innumerable were the scenes in which he was amused by them, who, though their opinions and modes of life were different, formed an agreeable attachment.

Mr. Boswell has given the following account of an adventure of Johnson's, with his gay companions, which displays the author of the *Rambler* in a new light, and shows that his conduct was not always so solemn as his essays.

"One night when Beauclerck and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till, at last, he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night cap, and a poker in his hand; imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour, agreed to their proposal. "What! is it you, ye dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed; and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bisbop*, which Johnson had always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!

" They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies."

In the catalogue of Johnson's visitants, given by his servant, many are, no doubt omitted; in particular, his humble friend Robert Levet, an obscure practitioner in physic amongst the lower people, with whom he had been acquainted from the year 1746. Such was his predilection for him, and fanciful estimation of his moderate abilities, that he consulted him in all that related to his health, and "made him so necessary to him, as hardly to be able to live without him." He now drew him into a closer intimacy with him, and not long after, gave him an apartment in his house; of which he continued a constant inmate during the remainder of his life. He waited upon him every morning through the whole course of his tedious breakfast, and was seen generally no more by him till midnight. He was of a strange grotesque appearance; stiff and formal in his manner, and seldom said a word while any company was present. He married, when he was near sixty, a street-walker, who persuaded him that she was a woman of family and fortune. His character was rendered valuable, by repeated proofs of honesty, tenderness, and gratitude to his benefactor, as well as by an unceasing diligence in his profession. His single failing was an occasional departure from sobriety.

In a short time after the *Rambler* ceased, Dr. Hawkesworth projected the "Adventurer," in connection with Bonnel Thornton, Dr. Bathurst, and others. The first number was published, Nov. 7. 1752, and the paper continued twice a-week, till March 9. 1754. Thornton's assistance was soon withdrawn; and he set up a new paper, in conjunction with Colman, called the "Connoisseur."

Johnson was zealous for the success of the "Adventurer," which was at first rather more successful than the *Rambler*. He engaged the assistance of Dr. Warton, whose admirable essays are well known. April 10. 1753, he began to write in it, marking his papers with the signature T; all of which, except those which have also the signature *Misargyrus* (by Dr. Bathurst), are his. His price was two guineas for each paper. Of all these papers, he gave both the fame and the profit to Dr. Bathurst. Indeed, the latter wrote them while Johnson dictated; though he considered it as a point of honour not to own them. He even used to say he did not write them, on the pretext that he dictated them only; allowing himself, by this casuistry, to be "accessary to the propagation of falsehood," though his conscience had been hurt by even the appearance of imposition in writing the *Parliamentary Debates*. This year he wrote for Mrs. Lennox, the *Dedication to the Earl of Orrery*, of her "Shakspeare Illustrated," 2 vol. 12mo.

The death of Mr. Cave, Jan. 10. 1754, gave him an opportunity of shewing his regard for his early patron, by writing his *Life*, which was published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February. This seems to have been the only new performance of that year, except his papers in the "Adventurer." In the end of July, he found leisure to make an excursion to Oxford, for the purpose of consulting the libraries there. "He stayed," says Mr. Warton, "about five weeks; but he collected nothing in the libraries for his *Dictionary*."

As the *Dictionary* drew towards a conclusion, Chesterfield, who had previously treated Johnson with unpardonable neglect (which was the real cause of the breach between them, and not the commonly received story of Johnson's being denied admittance while Cibber was with his lordship), now as meanly courted a reconciliation with him, in hopes of being immortalized in a dedication. With this view, he wrote two essays in "The World" in praise of the *Dictionary*, and, according to Sir John Hawkins, sent Sir Thomas Robinson, to him, for the same purpose. But Johnson, who had not renounced the connection, but upon the just grounds of continued neglect, was sensible, that to listen to an accommodation, would be to exchange dignity for a friendship, trifling in its value, and precarious in its tenure. He therefore rejected his advances, and spurned his proffered patronage, by the following letter, dated February 1755, which is preserved here as a model of courtly sarcasm, and manly reprehension, couched in terms equally respectful in their form, and cutting in their essence. It affords the noblest lesson to both authors and patrons that stands upon record in the annals of literary history.

"I have been lately informed by the proprietor of "The World," that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time, I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The Shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,—My Lord, your, &c."

Johnson, however, acknowledged to Mr. Langton, that "he did once receive ten pounds from Lord Chesterfield; but that, as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was." Chesterfield read the letter to Doddsley with an air of indifference, "smiled at the several passages, and observed how well they were expressed." He excused his neglect of Johnson, by saying, "that he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived;" and declared, "that he would have turned off the best servant he ever had, if he had known that he denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome." Of Chesterfield's general affability and easiness of access, especially to literary men, the evidence is unquestionable; but, from the character which he gave of Johnson, in his "Letters to his Son" [Let. 112.], and the difference in their manners, little union or friendship could be looked for between them. Certain it is, however, that Johnson remained under an obligation to Chesterfield, to the value of *ten pounds*.

On the 10th of February, previous to the publication of his *Dictionary*, the University of Oxford, in anticipation of the excellence of this work, at the solicitation of his friend Mr. Warton, unanimously conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts; which, it has been observed, could not be obtained for him at an early period, but was now considered as an honour of considerable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his *Dictionary*.

At length, in May following, his *Dictionary*, with a *Grammar* and *History of the English Language*, was published in 2 vols, folio; and was received by the learned world, who had long wished for its appearance, with an applause proportionable to the impatience which the promise of it had excited. Though we may believe him, in the declaration at the end of his *Preface*, that he "dismissed it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise;" we cannot but suppose that he was pleased "in the gloom of solitude," with the honour it procured him, both as

broad and at home. The Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, presented it to the *Accademia della Crusca*. That academy sent Johnson their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy sent him their *Dictionnaire*, by Mr. Langton. As though he had foreseen some of the circumstances which would attend this publication, he observes, "A few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish Folly with laughter, and harden Ignorance into contempt; but useful Diligence will at last prevail, and there can never be wanting some who distinguish desert." Among those who amused themselves and the public on this occasion, Mr. Wilkes, in an Essay printed in the Public Advertiser, ridiculed the following passage in the *Grammar*. "H seldom, perhaps never begins any but the first syllable." The position is undoubtedly expressed with too much latitude; but Johnson never altered the passage. Dr. Kenrick's threatened attack several years after, in his Review of Johnson's *Shakspeare*, never saw the light. Campbell's ridicule of his style under the title of "Lexiphanes," 1767, and Callender's "Deformities of Dr. Johnson," 1782, though laughable, from the application of Johnson's "words of large meaning" to insignificant matters, are scarcely worthy of notice. His old pupil, Garrick, complimented him on its coming out first, in the following "Epigram," alluding to the ill-success of the forty members of the French Academy employed in settling their language.

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast, from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men;
In the deep mines of science, though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton and Boyle;
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men, and prose-men; then match them with our's;
First Shakspeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope,
And Johnson, well-arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more!

In this year, he afforded his assistance to Mr. Zechariah Williams, father of the blind lady whom he had humanely received under his roof, who had quitted his profession in hopes of obtaining the great parliamentary reward for the discovering of the longitude; and benevolently wrote for him, "An account of an attempt to ascertain the longitude at sea, by an exact theory of the variation of the magnetical needle; with a table of the variations at the most remarkable cities in Europe, from the year 1660, to 1860, 4to. by Zechariah Williams." This pamphlet was published in English and Italian, the translation being the work, as it is supposed, of Mr. Baretti. Mr. Williams failed of success, and died July 12, 1755, in his 83d year. Johnson placed this pamphlet in the Bodleian library, and for fear of any omission or mistake, he entered, in the great catalogue, the title page of it, with his own hand. It appears from his correspondence with Mr. Warton, that he "intended in the winter, 1755, to open a *Bibliothèque*, or Literary Journal, to be intituled, *The Annals of Literature, Foreign as well as Domestic*, for which he had made some provision of materials; but the scheme was dropped.

Having spent, during the progress of the work, the money for which he had contracted to write his *Dictionary*, he was still under the necessity of exerting his talents, "in making provision for the day that was passing over him." The subscriptions taken in for his edition of *Shakspeare*, and the profits of his miscellaneous essays, were now his principal resource for subsistence; and it appears from the following letter to Richardson, dated Gough-Square, March 16, 1756, that they were insufficient to ward off the distress of an arrest, on a particular emergency.

"I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you could be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations." In the margin of this letter, there is a memorandum in these words:—"March 16. 1756. Sent six guineas. Witness William Richardson."

"For the honour of an admired writer," says Mr. Murphy, "it is to be regretted that we do not find a more liberal entry." This anecdote may appear to support the parsimony of the author, whose hero gives most profusely; but something may still be said in favour of Richardson. All that Johnson asked was a temporary supply, and that was granted. There was certainly no ostentatious liberality, but a kind action seems to have been done, without delay, and without grudging.

In 1756, he published an abridgment of his *Dictionary*, in 2 vols, 8vo, and contributed to a publication called "The Universal Visitor," for the assistance of Smart, one of the stated undertakers, with whose unhappy vacillation of mind he sincerely sympathized, all the essays marked with two *asterisks*, except the "Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," and "Essay on Architecture," which want all the characteristic marks of his composition. "Further thoughts on Agriculture," being the sequel of a very inferior essay on the same subject, "A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authors," and "A Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope," though not marked in the same manner, appear to be the production of Johnson. The last of these, indeed, he afterwards added to his *Idler*.

He engaged also to superintend and contribute largely to another monthly publication, intitled, "The Literary Magazine, or Universal Review;" the first number of which came out on the 15th of May this year. He continued to write in it, with intermissions, till the fifteenth number. His original essays are, "The Preliminary Address," "An Introduction to the Political State of Great Britain," "Remarks on the Militia Bill," "Observations on his Britannic Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia, and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel," "Observations on the Present State of Affairs," and "Memoirs of Frederick II. King of Prussia." His reviews of the works of others are, "Birch's History of the Royal Society," "Murphy's Gray's-Inn Journal," "Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. 1st." "Hampton's Translation of Polybius," "Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," "Russet's Natural History of Aleppo," "Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in proof of a Deity," "Borlase's History of the Isles of Scilly," "Home's Experiments on Bleaching," "Brown's Christian Morals," "Hales on Distilling Sea-Water, &c." "Lucas's Essay on Waters," "Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops," "Browne's History of Jamaica," "Philosophical Transactions, vol. 49th," "Mrs. Lenox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs," "Miscellanies by Elizabeth Harrison," "Evans's Map, and Account of the Middle Colonies in America," "Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng," "Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng," "Hanway's Eight Day's Journey, and Essay on Tea." "The Cadet, a Military Treatise," "Some further Particulars in relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of Oxford," "The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War, impartially examined," and "Jenyns's Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil." Mr. Davies, in his "Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," has ascribed to him the "Review of Burke's Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime, and Sir John Hawkins has inserted it in his collection of Johnson's works; but it was written by Mr. Murphy. In his original essays, he displays extensive political knowledge, expressed with uncommon energy and perspicuity. Some of his reviews are very short accounts of the pieces noticed; but many of them are examples of elaborate criticism, in the most masterly style, particularly the review of Jenyns's "Inquiry into the Origin of Evil." In his defence of tea, against Mr. Hanway's violent attack upon that popular beverage, he describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning," *te veniente die, te decedente*. Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his "Essay," and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose any thing that was written against him. Of the good Mr. Hanway he said, "he is a man whose failings may be well pardoned for his virtues."

The same year he gave an edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals," with his *Life* prefixed to it, which is one of his best biographical performances. He wrote also a *Dedication and Preface to the Earl of Rochford* to Payne's "Essay on the Game of Draughts," and accepted of a guinea from Doddsley, for writing the *Introduction* to "The London Chronicle;" and even in so slight a performance exhibited peculiar talents. At the same time he issued *Proposals* of considerable length for his edition of *Shakspeare*, with notes; and his fancied activity was such, that he promised his work should be published before Christmas 1757, though it was nine years before it saw the light.

About this period he was offered by Mr. Langton, the father of his much valued friend, a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, if he would accept it and take orders; "but he chose not to put off his lay habit." This year the Ivy-lane club was dissolved, by the dispersion of the members.

In 1757, it does not appear that he published any thing, except some of these essays in the "Literary Magazine," which have been mentioned. That magazine, after he ceased to write in it, gradually declined; and in July 1758, it expired. He dictated, this year, a "Speech on the Subject of an Address to the Throne," after the expedition to Rochefort, which was delivered by one of his friends in a public meeting. It is printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October 1785.

On the 15th of April 1758, he began *The Idler*, which came out every Saturday, in a weekly newspaper called the "Universal Chronicle," published by Newbery, and was continued till April 5th 1760. Of 103, the total number of essays, twelve were contributed by his friends; of which Nos. 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Warton, No. 67 by Mr. Langton, and No. 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the concluding words of No. 82, "and pollute his canvas with deformity," being added by Johnson. *The Idler* is evidently the work of the same mind which produced the *Rambler*, but has less body and more spirit. It has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. Yet Nos. 14, 24, 41, 43, 51, 52, 53, and 89, show as much profundity of thought, and labour of language as any of his writings. To *The Idler*, when collected in volumes, he added (beside the *Essay on Epitaphs*, and the *Dissertation on those of Pope*), an *Essay on the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers*.

In January 1759, his mother died, at the age of ninety; an event which deeply affected him. He regretted his not having gone to visit her for several years previous to her death; but he had long contributed liberally to her support.

Soon after this event, he wrote his *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, that, with the profits, he might defray the expence of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. He received for the copy 100 l. and 25 l. when it came to a second edition. The applause given to the history of *Rasselas* has been such, as must satisfy an author the most avaricious of fame. It has been translated into various modern languages, and received the admiration of Europe.

During all this year he carried on his *Idler*, and was proceeding, though slowly, in his edition of *Shakspeare*. He, however, found time to translate for Mrs. Lenox's English version of Brumoy's "Greek Theatre," "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy," and the general "conclusion" of the book. On the controversy arising concerning the elliptical or circular form of arches for Blackfriar's bridge, Johnson engaged in it, on behalf of his friend Mr. Gwyn, and wrote *three letters* in the "Gazetteer," in opposition to the elliptical side of the question; but without any illiberal antipathy to Mr. Mylne, with whom he afterwards lived upon very agreeable terms of acquaintance.

While he was employed in writing *The Idler*, he quitted his house in Gough-Square, and retired to Gray's-Inn; and soon after Miss Williams went to lodgings. This year he removed to chambers in the Inner-Temple Lane, "where he lived," says Mr. Murphy, "in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature, *Magni stat nominis umbra*. Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of Lord St. Helens), used to say that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to lend a letter into the city, but, to his great surprise, he found an author by profession, without pen, ink, or paper."

His black servant Francis Barber having left him, and entered on board a man of war, "he was humble enough to desire the assistance" of Smollet in procuring his release. Smollet made interest through Mr. Wilkes, and he was discharged without any wish of his own, in the latter end of 1759, and returned to his master's service.

In 1760, he wrote the "Address of the Painters to George III. on his accession," an "Introduction" to the proceedings of the Committee for Clothing the French prisoners, the "Dedication" for Mr. Baretti, of his "Italian and English dictionary," to the Marquis of Abreu, the Spanish ambassador, and an *account of Mr. Tytler's Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots*, in the Gentleman's Magazine for October.

This year Mr. Murphy having thought himself ill treated by Dr. Franklin, in his "Dissertation on Tragedy," published an indignant vindication in "A Poetical Epistle to Samuel Johnson, A. M.,"

in which he complimented Johnson in a just and elegant manner. This epistle has been reprinted, with considerable alterations and additions, in the collection of his works, in 7 vols, 8vo, 1786. As an ingenious, an elegant, and moral writer, Mr. Murphy is entitled to rank in a superior class. In collecting his works, it is to be regretted that he should have taken so much pains to rescue from oblivion this epistle, written during the violence of literary dissension, and which bears evident marks of an exasperated mind. The expulsion of the respectable names of Dr. Warton and Mr. Mason from their former places, cannot easily be defended upon any other ground than caprice, or personal dislike.

An acquaintance first commenced between Johnson and Mr. Murphy in the following manner: During the publication of his "Gray's-Inn Journal," Mr. Murphy happened to be in the country with Foote, and having mentioned that he was obliged to go to London to get ready for the press one of the numbers, Foote said to him, "You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; translate that, and send it to your printer." Mr. Murphy having read the tale, was highly pleased with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he returned to town, this tale was pointed out to him in the *Rambler*, from whence it had been translated into the French Magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnson, to explain this curious incident; and a friendship was formed, that continued without interruption till the death of Johnson.

In 1761, he wrote for the booksellers the "Preface" to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce; which displays a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, though he "never (as he said) saw the man, and never read the book." He also corrected a pamphlet written by Mr. Gwyn, intitled "Thoughts on the Coronation of George III." and wrote for Mr. Newbery the *Introduction* to a collection of voyages and travels published by him, under the title of "The World Displayed;" which contains, in a pleasing style, the history of navigation, and the discovery of America and the islands of the West Indies.

In 1762, he wrote for Dr. Kennedy, in a strain of very courtly elegance, *A Dedication to the King*, of his "Complete System of Astronomical Chronology," "Dedication" for Mrs. Lenox, to the Earl of Middlesex, of her "Female Quixotte," and the "Preface" to the "Catalogue of the Artist's Exhibition."

In this year, Fortune, who had hitherto left him to struggle with the inconveniencies of a precarious subsistence, arising entirely from his own labours, gave him that independence which his talents and virtues long before ought to have obtained for him. In the month of July he was graced with a pension of 300 l. *per annum*, by the King, as a recompence for the honour which the excellence of his writings, and the benefit which their moral tendency had been of to these kingdoms. He obtained it by the interference of Lord Bute, then first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, upon the suggestion of Mr. Wedderburn, now Lord Loughborough, at the instance of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Murphy. For this independence he paid the usual tax. Envy and resentment soon made him the mark to shoot their arrows at. Some appeared to think themselves more entitled to royal favour, and others recollected his political opinions and sentiments of the reigning family. By some he was censured as an apostate, and by others ridiculed for becoming a pensioner. The "North Briton" supplied himself with arguments against the Minister for rewarding a Tory and a Jacobite, and Churchill satirized his political versatility with the most poignant severity.

How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new;
He damns the pension which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.

By this acceptance of the king's bounty, he had undoubtedly subjected himself to the appellation of a pensioner, to which he had annexed an ignominious definition in his *Dictionary*. He had received a favour from two Scotchmen, against whose country he had joined in the rabble cry of indiscriminating invective. It was thus that even-handed Justice commended the poisoned chalice to his own lips, and compelled him to an awkward, though not unpleasant penance, for indulging in a splenetic prejudice, equally unworthy of his understanding and his heart.

The affair itself was equally honourable to the giver and the receiver. The offer was clogged with no stipulations for party services, and accepted under no implied idea of being recompensed by political writings. It was perfectly understood by all parties, that the pension was merely honorary.

It is true that Johnson did afterwards write political pamphlets in favour of administration, but it was at a period long subsequent to the grant of his pension, and in support of a minister to whom he owed no personal obligation. It was for the establishment of opinions, which, however unconstitutional, he had uniformly held, and publicly avowed.

In 1763, he furnished to "The Poetical Calendar," published by Fawkes and Woty, a *Character of Collins*, which he afterwards engrafted into his entire *Life of Collins*. He also favoured Mr. Hoole with the *Dedication* of his translation of Tasso to the Queen.

This year Mr. Boswell was introduced to Johnson, by Mr. Davies the bookseller, and continued to live in the greatest intimacy with him from that time till his death.

Churchill, in his "Ghost," availed himself of the common opinion of Johnson's credulity, and drew a caricature of him, under the name of *Pomposo*; representing him as one of the believers of the story of a ghost in Cock-Lane, which in 1762 had gained very general credit in London. Johnson made no reply; "for with other wise folks he sat up with the ghost." Posterity must be allowed to smile at the credulity of that period. Contrary, however, to the common opinion of Johnson's credulity, Mr. Boswell asserts that he was a principal agent in detecting the imposture; and undeceived the world, by publishing an account of it in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January 1762. Yet by the circumstances of the examination, he seems to have gone with almost a willingness to believe, and a mind scarcely in suspense. He would have been glad to see a traveller from that undiscovered country, over which, like the rest of mankind, he saw nothing but clouds and darkness.

In one of the *conversations* at the Mitre Tavern this year, Mr. Boswell relates the following instance of Johnson's profound and liberal way of thinking, on a very nice constitutional point, which may, in some measure, render people cautious of pronouncing decisively on his political creed.

"Goldsmith disputed very warmly with Johnson, against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, 'The king can do no wrong,' affirming, that what was morally false, could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command, and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he *could* do wrong." *Johnson*. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the king is the head, he is supreme, he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore it is, Sir, that we hold the king can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The king, though he should command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed on the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that, *if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and claiming her original right, overturn a corrupt political system.*"

"This generous sentiment," Mr. Boswell adds, "which he uttered with great fervour, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which, I trust, I shall never be forced."

In this year, he also wrote the "Life of Ascham," and the "Dedication to the Earl of Shaftsbury," prefixed to the edition of his English works, published by Mr. Bennet.

To enlarge his circle, and to find opportunities for conversation, Johnson once more had recourse to a club. In February 1764, was founded that club, which afterwards became distinguished by the title of the LITERARY CLUB. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first proposer, to which Johnson acceded; and the original members were, beside himself, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and Goldsmith. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, on every Monday evening through the year.

He wrote this year "A Review" of Grainger's "Sugar Cane," in the "London Chronicle," in conjunction with Dr. Percy, and an account of Goldsmith's "Traveller," in the "Critical Review."

About this time, he was afflicted with a severe return of the hypochondriac disorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill as to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady.

The succeeding year, 1765, was remarkable for the commencement of his acquaintance with Henry Thrale, Esq. one of the most eminent brewers in England, and member of parliament for Southwark. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken very highly of Johnson's conversation, he was requested to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnson, he accepted an invitation to dinner at Mr. Thrale's, and was so much pleased with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they so much pleased with him, that his invitations to their house were more and more frequent; till at last, in 1776, he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their house in Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts, and even the luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect and even affection. Johnson had a very sincere esteem for Mr. Thrale, as a man of excellent principles, a good scholar, well-skilled in trade, of a sound understanding, and of manners such as presented the character of a plain independent English 'squire. He understood and valued Johnson, without remission, from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Of Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, a lady of lively parts, improved by education, "less cannot be said," says Mr. Tyers, "than that in one of the latter opinions of Johnson:" "If she was not the wisest woman in the world, she was undoubtedly one of the wittiest." She took such care of him, during an illness of some continuance, that Goldsmith told her, "he owed his life to her attention." "To a natural vivacity in conversation, she had reading enough, and the gods had made her poetical." The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and attention, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment. The society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were assembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be insensible.

There is something in the conduct of this worthy possessor of wealth, which the mind loves to contemplate. Next to the possession of great powers, the most enviable qualities, are a capacity to discover, and an inclination to honour them. To the credit of Thrale, let it be recorded, that the patron of literature and talents, of which Johnson sought in vain for the traces in Chesterfield, he found realized in Thrale.

In July of this year, he was complimented by the University of Dublin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, as the *Diploma* expresses it, *ob egregiam scriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem*, though he does not appear to have taken the title in consequence of it. In October, he at length gave to the world his edition of *The Plays of William Shakspeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; to which are added, Notes by Sam. Johnson*, 8vo; which, as far as it fell short of affording that ample satisfaction which was expected from it, may be ascribed to his not having "read the books which the author read, traced his knowledge to the source, and compared his copies with their originals;" a promise he gave, but was not able to perform. Sir John Hawkins thinks it a meagre work; he complains of the paucity of the notes, of Johnson's want of industry, and indeed unfitness for the office of a Scholiast. It was treated with great illiberality by Dr. Kenrick, in the first part of a "Review" of it, which was never completed. It is to be admitted, that he has neither so fully reformed the text, by accurate collations of the first editions, nor so fairly illustrated his author, in his notes, by quotations from the "writers who lived at the same time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him," as has been done by other able and ingenious critics, who have followed him; Mr. Steevens, Mr. Capel, Mr. Malone, Mr. Reed, &c. whose labours have left little to add to the commentaries on Shakspeare. But what he did as a commentator, has no small share of merit, though his researches were not so ample, and his investigations so acute as they might have been. He has enriched his edition with a concise account of each play, and of its characteristic excellence. In the sagacity of his emendatory criticisms, and the happiness of his interpretations of obscure passages, he surpasses every editor of this poet. Mr. Malone confesses, "that Johnson's vigorous and comprehensive understanding threw more light on his author, than all his predecessors had done." His *Preface* has been pronounced by Mr. Malone, to be the finest composition in our language; and having regard to its subject, and extent, it cer-

tainly would be difficult to name one possessing a superior claim to such superlative praise. Whether we consider the beauty and vigour of its composition, the abundance and classical selection of its allusions, the justness of the general precepts of criticism, and its accurate estimate of the excellencies or defects of his author, it is equally admirable. He seems to raise his talents upon a level with those of his poet, upon whose works he sits as a critical judge, to rival, by the lustre of his praises, the splendour of the original, and to follow this eagle of British poetry through all his gyres, with as keen an eye, and upon as strong a wing. The *Preface* to his *Dictionary*, correct as it is, must yield the palm of excellence to that prefixed to his *Shakspeare*; but it yields it only because the subject was less favourable to the full display of his powers.

In 1766, he removed from the Inner-Temple Lane, to a good house in Johnson's-Court, Fleet Street, in which he accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret.

This year he only wrote the *Dedication to the King*, of Gwyn's "London and Westminster Improved," and furnished the *Preface*, and the following pieces for Miss Williams's "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," 4to: *The Ant*, "To Miss —, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own weaving;" "The Happy Life, *On the Death of Stephen Gray, the Electrician*," and "The Fountains," a Fairy Tale, in Prose. The first sketch of the poem on *Stephen Gray*, was written by Miss Williams, but Johnson told Mr. Boswell, "that he wrote it all over again, except two lines." This publication was encouraged by a genteel subscription.

In 1767, he only wrote the *Dedication to the King*, for Mr. Adams's "Treatise on the Globes." In February, he was honoured by a private conversation with the king, in the library at Buckingham House, "which gratified his monarchic enthusiasm." The interview was sought by the king without the knowledge of Johnson. His majesty, among other things, asked the author of so many valuable works, if he intended to publish any more. Johnson modestly answered, that he thought he had written enough. "And so should I too," replied the king, "if you had not written so well." Johnson was highly pleased with his majesty's courtesies; and afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman, as we may suppose Lewis XIV. or Charles II."

Johnson had now arrived at that eminence which is the prize that cultivated genius always struggles for, and but seldom obtains. His fortune, though not great, was adequate to his wants, and of most honourable acquisition; for it was derived from the produce of his labours, and the rewards which his country had bestowed upon merit. He received during life that unqualified applause from the world which is in general paid only to departed excellence, and he beheld his fame seated firmly in the public mind, without the danger of its being shaken by obloquy, or the hazard of its being shared by a rival. He could number among his friends the greatest and most improved talents of the country. His company was courted by wealth, dignity, and beauty; his many peculiarities were overlooked, or forgotten in the admiration of his understanding, while his virtues were regarded with veneration, and his opinions adopted with submission. Of the usual insensibility of mankind to living merit, Johnson, at least, had no reason to complain.

In 1768, nothing of his writing was given to the public, except the *Prologue* to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of the "Good Natured Man."

In 1769, he was altogether quiescent as an author. On the establishment of the Royal Academy this year, he accepted the title of Professor of Ancient Literature.

In 1770, he published a political pamphlet, intitled *The False Alarm*, 8vo.; intended to justify the conduct of ministry, and their majority in the House of Commons, for having virtually assumed it as an axiom, that the expulsion of a member of parliament was equivalent to exclusion, and their having declared Colonel Luttrell to be duly elected for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being very justly considered as a gross violation of the right of election; an alarm for the constitution extended itself all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm to be false, was the purpose of Johnson's pamphlet; but his arguments and eloquence failed of effect, and the House of Commons has since erased the offensive resolution from the Journals. This pamphlet has great merit in point of language; but it contains much gross misre-

presentation, and much malignity, and abounds with such arbitrary principles, as are totally inconsistent with a free constitution.

The next year, 1771, he defended the measures adopted by the ministry, in the dispute with the court of Spain, in a pamphlet intitled *Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Island*, 8vo. On the subject of Falkland's Islands, spots "thrown aside from human use, barren in summer, and stormy in winter," he appears to have followed the direction, and adopted the opinions which a pusillanimous administration wished to inculcate. They were certainly erroneous in a political view and if they were his own, show that on such subjects he was incapable of forming a just opinion. His description of the miseries of war, in this pamphlet, is a fine piece of eloquence, and his character of *Junius* is executed with all the force of his genius, and with the highest care.

When Johnson shone in the plenitude of his political glory, from the celebrity of his ministerial pamphlets, an attempt was made to bring him into the House of Commons, by Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who was himself in parliament, and wrote to the secretary of the treasury upon the subject; but the application was unsuccessful. Whether there were any particular reasons for the refusal, has not transpired. That Johnson very much wished to "try his hand" in the senate, he has himself declared; but that he would have succeeded as a parliamentary speaker, is at least doubtful. Few have distinguished themselves as orators, who have not begun the practice of speaking in public early in life; and it may be doubted whether the habits of regular and correct composition are not unfavourable to that quick unpremeditated elocution which is so much admired, and so useful in animated debate. This at least is certain, that of the many persons eminent for literary abilities, who have had seats in parliament, none have gained a reputation for eloquence commensurate with their talents and information; and of Johnson, in particular, it is reported upon the authority of Sir William Scott, that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts &c. but "had found that he could not get on." It was observed by the late Henry Flood, Esq. who was himself an eminent orator, that "Johnson having been long used to sententious brevity, and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument which is requisite in stating complicated matters in public speaking."

In 1772, he produced no literary performance. His only publication in 1773, was a new edition of his *Dictionary*, with additions and corrections. In the autumn of 1773, he gratified a "wish which he had so long entertained, that he scarcely remembered how it was formed, of visiting the Hebrides, or western islands of Scotland." He was accompanied by Mr. Boswell, "whose acuteness," he afterwards observed, "would help his inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation, and civility of manners, were sufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel in countries less hospitable than those they were to pass."

His stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London. His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exercised during his tour, have been described by Mr. Boswell, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 8vo., 1786, in a style that shows he possessed, in an eminent degree, the skill to give connection to miscellaneous matter, and vivacity to the whole of his narrative.

At the approach of the general election, in 1774, he published a short political pamphlet, intitled *The Patriot; addressed to the Electors of Great Britain*, 8vo, not with any visible application to Mr. Wilkes, but to teach the people to reject the leaders of opposition, who called themselves patriots. It was called for, he tells us, by his political friends, on Friday, and was written on Saturday.

The first effort of his pen, in 1775, was "Proposals for publishing by subscription, the works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in 3 vols. 4to." which was soon succeeded by a pamphlet, intitled *Taxation no Tyranny: An Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress*, 8vo. The scope of the argument was, that distant colonies which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own; were, notwithstanding, liable to be taxed in a British Parliament, where they had neither peers in one house, nor representatives in the other. The principle has been long abandoned; but Johnson was of opinion, that this country was strong enough to enforce obedience; "When" says he, "an Englishman is told that the Americans shoot up like a hydra, he naturally considers how the hydra

was destroyed." The event has shown how much he was mistaken. This pamphlet was written at the desire of the ministry, and in some places corrected by them. It contained the same positive assertions, farcassical severity, extravagant ridicule, and arbitrary principles with his former political pieces, and the grossest and most virulent abuse of the Americans.

These pamphlets were published on his own account, and were afterwards collected by him into a volume under the title of *Political Tracts, by the Author of the Rambler*, 8vo. 1775.

In the month of March, this year, he was gratified by the title of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him by the University of Oxford, at the solicitation of Lord North. In September he visited France, for the first time, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Baretti; and returned to England in about two months after he quitted it. Foote, who happened to be in Paris at the same time, said, that the French were perfectly astonished at his figure and manner, and at his dress; which was exactly the same with what he was accustomed to in London: his brown clothes, black stockings, and plain shirt. Of the occurrences of this tour, he kept a journal, in all probability, with a design of writing an account of it. The world has to regret, that from want of leisure or inclination, he never perfected it.

This year he also wrote the Preface to Mr. Baretti's "Lessons, Italian and English," and published an account of his Tour to the Hebrides, under the title of *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, 8vo. This elegant narrative has been variously praised and abused in the newspapers, magazines, and other fugitive publications. It was formally attacked by the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, in his "Remarks" &c. 8vo. 1780. That it is written with an undue prejudice against both the country and people of Scotland, must be allowed; but it abounds in extensive philosophical views of society, and in ingenious sentiments, and lively description. Among many other disquisitions equally instructive and amusing, he expresses his disbelief of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, presented to the public as a translation from the Erse, in such terms as honest indignation is apt to hurl against imposition. If there was a manuscript, in what age was it written? and where is it? If it was collected from oral recitation in different parts of the Highlands, who put it together in its present form? These, and such like observations, provoked the resentment of Mr. Macpherson; he sent a threatening letter to the author, and Johnson answered him in the rough phrase of stern defiance.

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me, I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage, I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but what you shall prove. You may print this if you will."

The threats alluded to in this letter never were attempted to be put in execution. But Johnson, as a provision for defence, furnished himself with a large oaken plant, six feet in height, of the diameter of an inch at the lower end, increasing to three inches at the top, and terminating in a head (once the root) of the size of a large orange. This he kept in his bed-chamber, so near his chair, as to be within his reach.

In 1776, he wrote nothing for the public. This year he removed from No. 7. Johnson's Court, to a larger house, No. 8. Bolt Court, Fleet-Street, with a garden "which he took delight in watering." A room on the ground-floor was assigned to Miss Williams, and the whole of the two pair of stairs floors was made a repository for his books, consisting of about 5000 volumes. Here, in the intervals of his residence at Streatham, he sat every morning receiving visits, and hearing the topics of the day, and indolently trifling away the time; and to the most intimate of his friends, Dr. Burney, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Davies, Mr. Baretti, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Langton, &c. sometimes gave, not inelegant dinners. Chemistry afforded some amusement. In Gough-square, and in Johnson's Court, he had an apparatus for that purpose; and the same, with perhaps a few additions, was now fixed up in Bolt-Court. He had also a sort of laboratory at Streatham, and diverted himself with drawing essences, and colouring liquors for Mrs. Thrale.

Johnson's benevolence to the unfortunate, was, at all periods of his life, very remarkable. In his house at Bolt-Court, an apartment was appropriated to Mrs. Desmoulins, daughter of his god-father, Dr. Swinfen, and widow of Mr. Desmoulins, a writing-master, and her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael. Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, that he allowed Mrs. Desmoulins half-a-guinea a-week, which was above a twelfth part of his pension.

"It seems" says Mrs. Piozzi, "at once vexatious and comical, to reflect that the dissensions those people chose to live in, distressed and mortified him exceedingly. He really was oftentimes afraid of going home, because he was sure to be met at the door with numberless complaints, and he used to lament pathetically to me, and to Mr. Sastres, the Italian master, who was much his favourite, that they made his life miserable, from the impossibility he found of making theirs happy; when every favour he bestowed on one, was wormwood to the rest. If, however, I ventured to blame their ingratitude, and condemn their conduct, he would instantly set about softening the one, and justifying the other; and finished commonly by telling me, that I knew not to make allowances for situations I never experienced.

To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not try'd. Milton."

In 1777, the fate of Dr. Dodd excited Johnson's compassion, and called forth the strenuous exertion of his vast comprehensive mind. He thought his sentence just; yet, perhaps, fearing that religion might suffer from the errors of one of its ministers, he endeavoured to prevent the last ignominious spectacle. He wrote for that unhappy man, his *Speech to the Recorder of London*, at the Old Bailey, when the sentence of death was about to be pronounced upon him; *The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren*, a sermon delivered by him in the chapel of Newgate; two *Letters*, one to Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and one to Lord Mansfield; *A Petition from Dr. Dodd to the King*; *A Petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen*; *Observations* in the newspapers, on occasion of Earl Percy's having presented a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by twenty thousand people; *A Petition from the city of London*, and Dr. Dodd's *Last Solemn Declaration*, which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution.

In the summer he wrote a *Prologue* to Kelly's comedy of "A Word to the Wise," acted at Covent-Garden theatre, for one night, for the benefit of the author's widow and children. He also made some *additions* to the life of Bishop Pearce (who assisted him with some etymologies in the compilation of his dictionary), prefixed to his posthumous works, in 2 vols. 4to., and wrote the *Dedication to the King*.

This year he engaged to write a concise account of the *Lives of the English Poets*, whose works were inserted in an edition undertaken by the London booksellers, at that time, in opposition to the edition of the "British Poets," printing by the Martins at Edinburgh, and to be sold by Mr. Bell in London. As a recompence for an undertaking, as he thought, "not very tedious or difficult," he bargained for two hundred guineas; and was afterwards presented by the proprietors with one hundred pounds. His design was only to have allotted to every poet an *Advertisement*, like that which we find in the French miscellanies, containing a few dates, and a general character, which would have conferred not much reputation upon the writer, nor have communicated much information to his readers. Happily for both, "the honest desire of giving useful pleasure," led him beyond his first intention. In executing this limited design, he found his attention so much engaged, that he enlarged his scheme, and entered more fully into the merits and value of the principal writers; and produced an ample, rich, and entertaining view of them in every respect. The first four volumes of this work were published in 1779, under the title of *Biographical and Critical Prefaces*, and the remaining five in 1781. "Some time in March" he says, in his *Meditations*, "I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste." In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: "Written, I hope, in such a manner, as may tend to the promotion of piety."

In the selection of the poets he had no responsible concern; but Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden, were inserted by his recommendation; and Mr. Nichols tells us, he was frequently consulted during the printing of the collection, and revised many of the sheets.

This was the last of Johnson's literary labours; and though completed when he was in his seventy-first year, shows that his faculties were in as vigorous a state as ever. His judgment and his taste, his quickness in the discrimination of motives, and facility of moral reflection, shine as strongly in these narratives, as in any of his more early performances, and his style, if not so energetic, is at least more smoothed down to the taste of the generality of critical objectors.

The *Lives of the English Poets* formed a memorable era in Johnson's life. It is a work which has contributed to immortalize his name, and has secured that rational esteem which party or partiality could not procure, and which even the injudicious zeal of his friends has not been able to lessen.

From the close of his last great work, the malady that persecuted him through life came upon him with redoubled force. His constitution declined fast, and the fabric of his mind seemed to be tottering. The contemplation of his approaching end was constantly before his eyes; and the prospect of death, he declared, was terrible.

On the 4th of May 1781, he lost his valuable friend Thrale, who appointed him one of his executors, with a legacy of 200 l. "I felt," he said, "almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that, for fifteen years, had never been turned upon me, but with respect and benignity." Of his departed friend he has given a true character in a Latin *epitaph*, to be seen in the church of Streatham.

With Thrale, many of the comforts of Johnson's life may be said to have expired. In the course of 1782, he complains that he "passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale." In the same year he received another shock. He was suddenly deprived of his old domestic companion Levett, and paid a tribute to his memory in an affecting and characteristic *Elegy*.

The successive losses of those acquaintances whom kindness had rendered dear, or habit made necessary to him, reminded Johnson of his own mortality.

After the death of Thrale, his visits to Streatham, where he no longer looked upon himself as a welcome guest, became less and less frequent; and on the 5th of April 1783, he took his final leave of Mrs. Thrale, to whom, for near twenty years, he was under the highest obligations.

"The original reason of our connection," says Mrs. Piozzi, in her lively and entertaining "*Anecdotes*," his *particularly disordered health and spirits*, had been long at an end. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement, I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor would I pretend to support it without help, when my coadjutor was no more."

A friendly correspondence continued, however, between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, without interruption, till the Summer following, when she retired to Bath, and informed him, that she was going to dispose of herself in marriage, to Signior Piozzi, an Italian music master. Johnson, in his relation of executor to her husband, as also in gratitude to his memory, was under an obligation to promote the welfare of his family. He endeavoured, therefore, by prudent counsels and friendly admonition, to prevent that which he thought one of the greatest evils which could befall the children of his friend, the alienation of the affections of their mother. "The answer to his friendly monition," says Sir John Hawkins, "I have seen; it is written from Bath, and contains an indignant vindication, as well of her conduct as her fame, an inhibition of Johnson from following her to Bath, and a farewell, concluding, 'Till you have changed your opinion of ———, let us converse no more.'" In his last letter, 8th July 1784, directed to Mrs. Piozzi, who then had announced her marriage to him: "he says, 'I breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.'" He gives her his best advice, and adds, "the tears stand in my eyes."

Excluded from the dwelling and family of his friend, he was compelled to return to his own house, to spend cheerless hours among the objects of his bounty, when increasing age and infirmities had made their company more obnoxious than when he left them, and the society of which he had been recently deprived, rendered him, by comparison, less patient to endure it.

From this time, the narrative of his life is little more than a recital of the pressures of melancholy and disease, and of numberless excursions, taken to calm his anxiety, and sooth his apprehensions of the terrors of death, by flying, as it were, from himself. He was now doomed to feel all those

calamities incident to length of days, which he had so eloquently enumerated in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

On the 17th of June 1783, he was afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of speech; from which, however, he gradually recovered; so that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton, at Rochester; and made little excursions, as easily as at any time of his life.

In September, while he was on a visit at Heale, the seat of Mr. Bowles, in Wiltshire, he lost Mrs. Williams, whose death he lamented with all the tenderness which a long connection naturally inspires. This was another shock to a mind like his, ever agitated with the dread of his own dissolution.

Besides the palsy, he was all this year afflicted with the gout, as well as with a *sarcoscele*, which he bore with uncommon firmness.

In December, he sought a weak refuge from anxiety, in the institution of a weekly club, at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, then kept by an old servant of Mr. Thrale's; but the amusement which he promised himself from this institution, was but of short duration.

In the beginning of the year 1784, he was seized with a spasmodic asthma, which was soon accompanied by some degree of dropsy. From the latter of these complaints, however, he was greatly relieved by a course of medicine.

The interval of convalescence, which he enjoyed during the Summer, induced him to express a wish to visit Italy. Upon this subject, however, his wishes had been anticipated by the anxiety of his friends to preserve his health. His pension not being deemed by them adequate to support the expence of the journey, application was made to the minister, by Mr. Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds, unknown to Johnson, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, for an augmentation of it, by 200 l. The application was unsuccessful; but the Chancellor, in the handsomest manner offered to let him have 500 l. from his own purse, under the appellation of a loan, but with the intention of conferring it as a present. It is also to be recorded to the honour of Dr. Brocklesby, that he offered to contribute 100 l. per annum, during his residence abroad. Johnson, however, declined both these offers, with a gratitude and dignity of sentiment, rising almost to an equal elevation with the generosity of Lord Thurlow, and Dr. Brocklesby; and, indeed, he was now approaching fast to a state in which money could be of no avail.

In the beginning of July, he set out on a visit to Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourn in Derbyshire, where his complaints appear to have met with but little alleviation. From Derbyshire he proceeded to Litchfield, to take a last view of his native city. After leaving Litchfield, he visited Birmingham and Oxford, and arrived in London on the 16th of November.

The fine and firm feelings of friendship which occupied so large a portion of Johnson's heart, were eminently displayed, in the many tender interviews which took place between him and his friends in the country, during his excursion into the North: an excursion which seems to have been undertaken rather from a sense of his approaching dissolution, and a warm wish to bid those he loved a last and long farewell, than from any rational hope that air and exercise would restore him to his former health and vigour.

Soon after his return to London, both the asthma and dropsy became more violent and distressful. Eternity presented to his imagination an awful prospect, and with as much virtue as in general is the lot of man, he shuddered at the approach of his dissolution. He felt strong perturbations of mind. His friends endeavoured all in their power to awaken the comfortable reflections of a life well-spent. They prayed with him, and Johnson poured out occasionally the warmest effusions of piety and devotion.

He had for some time kept a journal in Latin of the state of his illness, and the remedies which he used, under the title of *Ægri Ephemoris*, which he began on the 6th July, but continued it no longer than the 8th November, finding, perhaps, that it was a mournful and unavailing register.

His attention to the cause of literature was evinced, among other circumstances, by his communicating to Mr. Nichols a list of the original authors of "The Universal History," mentioning their several shares in that work. It has, according to his direction, been deposited in the "British Museum," and is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December 1784. His integrity was evinced, by paying a small debt to Mr. Faden, which he had borrowed of his father, and a larger

due to Mr. Hamilton. But the question will recur, why were these debts so long suffered to remain? for we cannot suppose that his mind was suddenly enlightened, and his memory renovated.

During his sleepless nights also, he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the *Epigrams* in the *Anthologia*.

The sense of his situation predominated, and "his affection for his departed relations," says Mr. Boswell, "seemed to grow warmer as he approached nearer to the time when he might hope to see them again." In a letter to Mr. Green, at Litchfield, 2d December 1784, he inclosed the *Epitaph* on his father, mother, and brother, and ordered it to be engraved on a stone, "deep, massy, and hard," and laid on "the exact place of interment," in the middle aisle of St. Michael's church. In the Summer he laid a stone with a Latin *Epitaph* over his wife in the chapel of Bromley, in Kent.

During his illness he experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton, to whom he tenderly said, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*. Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruickshank, generously attended him without accepting any fees; and all that could be done from professional skill and ability, was done, to prolong a life so truly valuable. But his constitution was decayed beyond the restorative powers of the medical art. Unfortunately for him, he himself had a smattering of the medical science; and imagining that the dropsical collection of water which oppressed him, might be drawn off, by making incisions in the calves of his legs, with his usual defiance of pain, cut deep, when he thought Mr. Cruickshank had done it too tenderly. An effusion of blood followed, which brought on a dozing. Previous to his dissolution, he burnt indiscriminately large masses of papers, and among others, two quarto volumes, "containing a full and most particular Account of his own Life," the loss of which is much to be regretted. The last days of this great man's existence appear to have been unclouded by the gloomy apprehensions which he had formerly entertained. Full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope, on the 13th of December, in the evening, being in the 75th year of his age, he resigned his breath with so much composure, that his death was only known by the ceasing of his respiration, which had been rendered difficult by debility and asthma. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the coffin of his friend Garrick. His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends; particularly by many of the members of the LITERARY CLUB, who were then in town, and several of the reverend chapter of Westminster. His school-fellow and friend, Dr. Taylor, read the funeral service. Agreeable to his own request, a large blue flag-stone was placed over his grave, with this inscription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.
Obiit XIII die Decembris
Anno Domini
M DCC LXXXV.
Ætatis sue LXXV.

A monument for Johnson, in the Cathedral church of St. Paul's, in conjunction with the illustrious Howard, was resolved upon, with the approbation of the Dean and Chapter, in 1789, and has been supported by a most respectable contribution. It is in such forwardness, that it is expected to be opened in October 1795.

Having no near relations, he left the bulk of his property, amounting to 1500 l. to his faithful servant, Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had all along treated as an humble friend. He appointed Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. (now Sir) William Scott, his executors.

His death attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree, and was followed by an unprecedented accumulation of literary honours, in the various forms of Sermons, Elegies, Memoirs, Lives, Essays, and Anecdotes. A sermon on that event was preached before the University of Oxford, by Mr. Augutter; and Dr. Fordyce, in his "Addresses to the Deity," 12mo, 1785; and an "Epitaph," printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1785, paid an elegant and affectionate tribute to his memory. The "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Johnson," by Samuel Hobhouse, Esq. 4to, 1785, was distinguished from the mass of elegiac verses on that occasion; and the just, discriminative, and elegant "Poetical Review of the Moral and Literary Character of Dr. Johnson," by John Cour-

tenay, Esq. M. P. 4to. 1788, was perused with avidity by the admirers of wit and learning, and the real friend of virtue and liberty. His conduct and genius were examined and illustrated in the rapid "Biographical Sketch of Dr. Johnson," by Thomas Tyers, Esq. in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1784; the sprightly and entertaining "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," by Mrs. Piozzi, 8vo 1785; the candid and judicious "Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Johnson," by Joseph Towers, LL. D. 8vo, 1786; and the instructive and interesting "Life of Samuel Johnson LL. D." by James Boswell, Esq. 2 vols, 4to, 1791, which are sufficiently known to the world.

His *Works* were collected and published by Sir John Hawkins, with his "Life," in eleven volumes, 1787. In this edition, the *Lives of the Poets* are placed first, and several pieces are attributed to Johnson without foundation. In the "Life" too much foreign matter is intermixed, and Johnson himself is scarcely visible in the mass. A new edition was published in 12 vols, 8vo, 1792, with an "Essay on his Life and Genius," by Arthur Murphy, Esq. the former "Life" being thought too unwieldy for republication. In this edition, the order observed in the former edition is inverted, and the several pieces are chronologically arranged, omitting those attributed to him without foundation. Some of his *Prayers* are printed, and several of his *Letters* added to the 12th volume. Mr. Murphy has no new facts to embellish his work, but the task which has been left him, of giving a short, yet full, a faithful, yet temperate history of Johnson, has been ably executed. In the succinct review of his writings, Mr. Murphy displays his own learning, judgment, and taste. His *Prayers and Meditations* were published, from his manuscripts, by George Strahan, A. M. vicar of Iffington, in 8vo, 1785. *Letters to and from Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* were published by Mrs. Piozzi, in 2 vols, 8vo, 1788. The *Sermons*, 8vo, 1790, left for publication, by Dr. Taylor, were unquestionably Johnson's; and the fact is now ascertained on the authority of Mr. Hayes, the editor. An imperfect collection of his *Poems* was published by Kearsley, in 12mo, 1785; and inserted, with considerable additions, in the edition of "The Works of the English Poets," 1790. They are reprinted in the present collection, together with the tragedy of *Irene*, and several additional pieces collected from Mr. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and other publications.

The religious, moral, political, and literary character of Johnson will be better understood by this account of his life, than by any laboured and critical comments. Yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt to collect, into one view, his most prominent excellencies and distinguishing particularities.

His figure and manner are more generally known than those of almost any other man. His person was large, robust, and unwieldy from corpulency. His carriage was disfigured by sudden emotions, which appeared to a common observer to be involuntary and convulsive. But in the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, they were the consequence of a depraved habit of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, which seemed as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Of his limbs, he is said never to have enjoyed the free and vigorous use. When he walked, it seemed the struggling gait of one in fetters; and when he rode, he appeared to have no command over his horse. His strength, however, was great, and his personal courage no less so. Among other instances, which exemplify his possession of both, it is related, that, being once at the Litchfield theatre, he sat upon a chair placed for him beside the scenes. Having had occasion to quit his seat, he found it occupied, upon his return, by an innkeeper of the town. He civilly demanded that it should be restored to him, but meeting with a rude refusal, he laid hold of the chair, and with it, of the intruder, and flung them both, without further ceremony, into the pit. At another time, having engaged in a scuffle with four men in the street, he resolutely refused to yield to superior numbers, and kept them all at bay, until the watch came up and carried him and his antagonists to the watch-house. In his dress he was singular and slovenly, and though he improved somewhat under the lectures of Mrs. Thrale, during his long residence at Streatham, yet he was never able completely to surmount particularity. He never wore a watch till he was sixty years of age, and then caused one to be made for him by Mudge and Dutton, which cost him seventeen guineas, with this inscription on the dial plate "for the night cometh." He was fond of good company, and of good living; and to the last, he knew of no method of regulating his appetites, but absolute restraint or unlimited indulgence. "Many a day," says Mr. Boswell, "did he fast, many a year refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously. When he did drink wine, it was copiously."

He could practise abstinence, but not temperance. In conversation, he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. Addicted to argument, and greedy of victory, he was equally regardless of truth and fair reasoning in his approaches to conquest. "There is no arguing with him," said Goldsmith, alluding to a speech in one of Cibber's plays, "for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." In the early part of his life, he had been too much depressed; in his latter years, too lavishly indulged. His temper had at first been soured by disappointment and penury, and his petulance was afterwards flattered by universal submission. In his conversation and goodness of heart, his friends met with a recompense for that submission which the sovereignty of his genius challenged, and his temper exacted from them to the uttermost. To great powers, he united a perpetual and ardent desire to excel; and even in an argument on the most indifferent subject, he generally engaged with the whole force and energy of his great abilities. Of his conversation, it is true, all that has been retained by Mr. Boswell, does not seem to be worth recording. Judging of it most favourably, it is not much distinguished by the flashes of wit, or the strokes of humour. Where he appears serious, we are not always sure that he speaks the sentiments of his conviction. Mr. Boswell allows that he often talked for victory, and sometimes took up the weaker side, as the most ingenious things would be said on it. Truth, and the ablest defences of truth, are mixed with error, and the most ingenious glosses which ingenuity could invent, or address enforce. Authors are exalted, or depreciated, as the moment of hilarity or gloom was connected with the subject, or as the opinion of the speaker was adverse, and the whole is given as the sentiment of Johnson. But for the inferiority of his conversation, to our opinion of the man, he has himself made a prophetic apology, in his first interview with his biographer, who was destined to retail it. "People may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than another man. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertions."

With these defects, there was, however, scarcely a virtue of which he was not in principle possessed. He was humane, charitable, affectionate, and generous. His most intemperate sallies were the effects of an irritable habit; he offended only to repent. To the warm and active benevolence of his heart, all his friends have borne testimony. "He had nothing," says Goldsmith, "of the bear but his skin." Misfortune had only to form her claim, in order to found her right to the use of his purse, or the exercise of his talents. His house was an asylum for the unhappy, beyond what a regard to personal convenience would have allowed; and his income was distributed in the support of his inmates, to an extent greater than general prudence would have permitted. The most honourable testimony to his moral and social character, is the cordial esteem of his friends and acquaintances. He was known by no man by whom his loss was not regretted. Another great feature of his mind, was the love of independence. While he felt the strength of his own powers, he despised, except in one instance, pecuniary aid. His pension has been often mentioned, and subjected him to severe imputations. But let those, who, like Johnson, had no patrimony, who were not always willing to labour, and felt the constant recurrence of necessities, reject, without an adequate reason, an independent income, which left his sentiments free, and required neither the servility of adulation, nor the labours of service. It is not uncommon to see a desire to be independent, degenerate into avarice. Johnson did not feel it early, for his benevolence counteracted it; but he declined going to Italy when worth 1500 l. besides his pension, because of the expence; and we see the surly dignity, which formerly spurned at an obligation, relaxed in his refusal of Dr. Brocklesby's assistance, and Lord Thurlow's very delicate offer of the same kind. Some little censure is due to him for his easy faith, occasioned by his political prejudices, in the forgeries of Lauder. That he should have appeared in public, in company with this defamer of Milton, is to be lamented. Yet his renunciation of all connection with Lauder, when his forgeries were detected, is only a proof of his having believed (a common weakness of worthy minds), without examination, not that he was an accomplice with the impostor.

If there is any one trait by which Johnson's mind can be discriminated, it is gigantic vigour. In information and taste he was excelled; but what he seriously attempted, he executed with that masterly original boldness, which leaves us to regret his indolence, that he exerted himself only in

the moment when his powers were wanting, and relapsed again into his literary idleness. He united in himself what seldom are united, a vigorous and excursive imagination, with a strong and steady judgment. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his apprehension wonderfully quick and accurate. He was rather a man of learning than of science. He had accumulated a vast fund of knowledge, without much of system or methodical arrangement. His reading seems to have been casual, generally desultory. To conversation he owed much of his varied knowledge, and to his vigorous comprehensive powers, he was indebted for that clearness of distinction, that pointed judicious discrimination, which elucidated every question, and astonished every hearer. From this casual reading he rose with a mind seldom fatigued, endowed with a clear accurate perception; the variety of his studies relieved, without fatiguing or perplexing him; the ideas arranged in order, were ready for use, adorned with all the energy of language, and the force of manner. But the labour of literature was a task from which he always wished to escape; and as he could excel others without great exertion, we seldom perceive his faculties brought forward in their full power. We scarcely see any attempt, beyond a periodical paper, which he did not professedly continue with lassitude and fatigue.

He deserves the character of master of the Latin language; but it is easy to perceive that his acquaintance with Greek literature was, what it is commonly supposed to be, general and superficial, rather than curious or profound. Of natural science he knew but little; and most of his notions on that branch of philosophy were obsolete and erroneous. In his writings he appears to have taken more from his own mind than from books, and he displays his learning rather in allusions to the opinions of others, than in the direct use of them. History he professed to disregard; yet his memory was so tenacious, that we seldom find him at a loss upon any topic, ancient or modern.

From early prejudices, which all his philosophy and learning could never overcome, he was a zealous and scrupulous high-church-man, following to the uttermost tenet, the notions of *Laud*, whose talents he has praised, and whose genius he has deplored in his *Vanity of Human Wisdom*. In his political sentiments, he was a rank Tory, and till his present Majesty's accession to the throne, a violent Jacobite. He had never examined either his religious or political creed. Bigotted as to a particular system of politics, he appears obstinately to have closed his eyes against the light of truth; and so far from seeking information on the subject, studiously resisted it. His piety was truly venerable and edifying. In divinity, however, his researches were limited. He was well acquainted with the general evidences of Christianity; but he does not appear to have read his Bible with a critical eye, nor to have interested himself concerning the elucidation of obscure or difficult passages. It was his favourite maxim, "that the proper study of mankind is man;" and we must confess that in all the departments of moral science, his excellence is unrivalled. His acute penetration was constantly alive to "catch the manners living as they rise," and but few follies or peculiarities could escape his observation.

The habitual weaknesses of his mind form a striking and melancholy contrast to the vigour of his understanding. His opinions were tainted with prejudices almost too coarse and childish for the vulgar to imbibe. His attachment to the university of Oxford, to which in his youth he owed no great obligations, led him unjustly to depreciate the merit of every person who had studied at that of Cambridge. His aversion to Whigs, Dissenters, and Presbyterians, and his dislike to Scotland, and many more extravagancies of opinion, that it would be painful to enumerate, inflamed his conversation, and influenced his conduct. He was so prone to superstition as to make it a rule that a particular foot should constantly make the first actual movement, when he came close to the threshold of any door or passage, which he was about to enter, or to quit. So deeply was he infected upon this subject, that Mr. Boswell relates that he has often seen him "when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion." He took off his hat in token of reverence, when he approached the places on which Popish churches had formerly stood; and bowed before the monastic vestiges. He was solicitous to give

authenticity to stories of apparitions, and eager to credit the existence of a second-sight, while he appeared scrupulous and sceptical as to particular facts. These mental distempers were the offspring of his melancholic temperament, and were fostered by solitary contemplation, till they had laid fetters upon the imagination too strong for reason to burst through. We see it exerted in different circumstances, and expanding its gloomy influence, till at last it terminated little short of insanity. To this state we must attribute his mentioning secret transgressions, his constant fear of death, and his religious terrors, not very consistent with his strength of mind, or his conviction of the goodness of God. This, at least, seems to have been his own opinion of the progress of these diseases, as appears from his history of the *Mad Astronomer* in *Rasselas*, the description of whose mind he seems to have intended as a representation of his own.

But let us turn from these foibles and singularities, which show him weaker than the generality of his fellow men, and point to those perfections of mind which prove him to have been of a rank so much above them.

As an author, Johnson has distinguished himself as a *philologist*, a *biographer*, a *critic*, a *moralist*, a *novelist*, a *political writer*, and a *poet*.

On his *Dictionary of the English Language*, it is unnecessary to enlarge. It is in every body's hands; its utility is universally acknowledged; and its popularity is its best eulogium. The etymologies, though they exhibit learning and judgment, are not entitled to unqualified praise. The definitions exhibit astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect, and precision of language. A few of them must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, *Windward* and *Leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way. The definition of *Net-work* has been often quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, as *Tory*, *Whig*, *Pension*, *Oats*, *Excise*, and a few more, must be placed to the account of capricious and humourous indulgence. To his list of technical and provincial words, nine thousand have been added by Mr. Herbert Croft, in his "Dictionary of the English Language;" the publication of which is delayed for want of suitable encouragement.

As a *biographer*, his merit is of the highest kind. His narration in general is vigorous, connected, and perspicuous; and his reflections numerous, apposite, and moral. But it must be owned that he neither dwells with pleasure or success upon those minuter anecdotes of life, which oftener show the genuine man, than actions of greater importance. Sometimes, also, his colourings receive a tinge from prejudice, and his judgment is insensibly warped by the particularity of his private opinion. These observations apply to his *Life of Savage*, the most finished of his biographical disquisitions; and his *Lives* of several other eminent men, which were originally printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and in other periodical publications, and afterwards collected by Mr. Davies, in his "Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," and to his *Lives of the Poets*.

As a *critic*, he is entitled to the praise of being the greatest that our nation has produced. He has not, like his predecessors, tried merely to learn the art, and not to feel it. He has not gone to Dacier or to Bossu, to borrow rules to fetter genius by example, and impart distinctions which lead to no end, but, possessed of two qualities, without which a critic is no more than a caviller, strong sense, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, he has followed his own judgment, unbiassed by authority, and has adopted all the good sense of Aristotle, untrammelled by his forms. This praise he has merited by his *Preface to Shakspeare*, and the detached pieces of criticism which appear among his works. But his critical powers shine with more concentrated radiance in the *Lives of the Poets*. These compositions, abounding in strong and just illustrations of criticism, evince the vigour of his mind, and that happy art of moralization, by which he gives to well-known incidents the grace of novelty and the force of instruction; and "grapples the attention," by expressing common thoughts with uncommon strength and elegance. Of many passages, it is scarcely hyperbolic to affirm, that they are executed with all the skill and penetration of Aristotle, and animated and embellished with all the fire of Longinus. The *Lives* of Cowley, Milton, Butler, Waller, Dryden, Addison, and Pope, are elaborately composed, and exhibit the noblest specimens of entertaining and solid criticism, that ancient or modern times have produced. The dissertation is

the *Life of Cowley*, on the metaphysical poets of the last century, has all the attraction of novelty, as well as sound observation. In the review of his works, false wit is detected in all its shapes; and the Gothic taste for glittering conceits, and far-fetched allusions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again. The "*Paradise Lost*," is a poem which the mind of *Milton* only could have produced; the criticism upon it is such as, perhaps, the pen of Johnson only could have written. His estimate of *Dryden* and *Pope*, challenges Quintilian's remarks upon Demosthenes and Cicero, and rivals the finest specimens of elegant composition, and critical acuteness in the English language. Some caution, however, is required to peruse these admirable compositions with advantage. The present writer means not to say that they are perfect, or that, on the whole, they are executed with propriety. If they be regarded merely as containing narrations of the lives, delineations of the characters, and strictures of the several authors, they are far from being always to be depended upon. Johnson, as he has had occasion to remark, in reviewing his judgments of the several poets who have fallen under his consideration, brought to the production of this work ideas already formed, opinions tinged with his usual hues of party and prejudice, and the rigid unfeeling philosophy, which could neither bend to excuse failings, or judge of what was not capable of a dispassionate disquisition.

To think for himself in critical, as in all other matters, is a privilege to which every one is undoubtedly entitled. This privilege of critical independence, an affectation of singularity, or some other principle not immediately visible, is frequently betraying into a dogmatical spirit of contradiction to received opinion. Of this there need no farther proofs, than his almost uniform attempt to depreciate the writers of blank verse, and his degrading estimate of the exquisite compositions of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, Shenstone, and Akenfide, and his pronouncing the "*Paradise Lost*" "one of those books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take it up again." In his judgments of these poets, he may be justly accused of being inflamed by prejudice, resolutely blind to merit. His rigorous condemnation, and puerile criticisms upon Gray, and his fastidious judgment of Shenstone, have drawn down upon him the united censures of those who admire poetry in her most daring attitudes and gorgeous attire, and those who are pleased with her modest beauties, most humble steps, and least adorned guise. He observes of Shenstone, that he set little value upon those parts of knowledge which he had not cultivated himself. His own taste of poetry seems in some degree regulated by a similar standard; method, ratiocination, and argument, especially if the vehicle be rhyme, often obtaining his regard and commendation, while the bold and enthusiastic, though perhaps irregular flights of imagination, are past by with obstinate and perverse indifference. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that the panegyrist of Blackmore should withhold from Collins and Gray the commendation he has bestowed on Savage and Yalden; and that his praises of the whole class of descriptive poets are parsimoniously bestowed, and too frigid to make an impression. This is to be attributed to the natural turn of his mind, and to the bent which his feelings had received from the habits of his life. A certain inelegance of taste, a frigid churlishness of temper, unsubdued and unqualified by that melting sensibility, that divine enthusiasm of soul, which are essential to a hearty relish of poetical composition, too often counteracted and corrupted the other poetical virtues of his intellect. Poetry pleases only as it is the image of reality. He who has never delighted in the silent beauties of creation, can feel no emotions, as they are reflected to him in description. Accustomed to dogmatize in his closet, and swelter in some alley in the city, Johnson's mind never throbbed with poetic thrills, as nature expanded her rural glories to his eye; and he preferred the dust of Fleet-Street, or the windings of the Strand, to the air of Hampstead, or the beauties of Greenwich.

One general remark may be ventured upon here: Through the whole of his work, the desire of praise, except in the case of some very favourite author, is almost always overpowered by his disposition to censure; and while beauties are passed over "with the neutrality of a stranger, and the coldness of a critic," the slightest blemish is examined with microscopical sagacity. The truth of this observation is particularly obvious, when he descends to his contemporaries, for whom he appears to have little more brotherly kindness, than they might have expected at Constantinople. The present writer is under no apprehension of being charged with an unjustifiable partiality in this opinion of

him, by those who know his disposition, and the habits of his life. All that is great and genuinely good in Johnson, have had no warmer encomiast. He has uniformly praised his genius, his learning, his good sense, the strength of his reasonings, the sagacity of his critical decisions, the happiness of his illustrations, and the animation and energy of his style. He has acknowledged that there is no satiety in the delight he inspires on moral and religious themes; and he makes no scruple to declare that, though there are many opinions erroneous, and many observations improper, a great part of his *Lives of the Poets* is such as no one but himself could have executed, and in which he will not be followed with success.

As a *moralist*, his periodical papers are distinguished from those of other writers, who have derived celebrity from similar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful ease of Addison, nor does he shine with the humour and classic suavity of Goldsmith. His powers are of a more grave, energetic, and dignified kind, than any of his competitors, and if he entertains us less, he instructs us more. He shows himself master of all the recesses of the human mind, able to detect vice, when disguised in her most specious form, and equally possessed of a corrosive to eradicate, or a lenitive to assuage the follies and sorrows of the heart. Virtuous in his object, just in his conceptions, strong in his arguments, and powerful in his exhortations, he arrests the attention of levity by the luxuriance of his imagery, and grandiloquence of his diction; while he awes detected guilt into submission by the majesty of his declamation, and the sterling weight of his opinions. But his genius is only formed to chastise graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand. He could not chase away such lighter foibles as buzz in our ears in society, and fret the feelings of our less important hours. His gigantic powers were able to prepare the immortal path to heaven, but could not stoop to decorate our manners with these lesser graces, which make life amiable. Johnson, at such a task, was Hercules at the distaff, a lion courting of a mouse, or an eagle stooping at a fly. He was formed to sustain the character of a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. His *Rambler* furnishes such an assemblage of discourses on practical religion and moral duty, of critical investigations, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by constant study and meditation assimilated to itself all that may be found there. Though instruction be its predominant purpose, yet it is enlivened with a considerable portion of amusement. Nos. 19, 44, 82, 88, 179, 182, 194, 195, 197, and 198, may be appealed to for instances of fertility of fancy, and accurate description of real life. Every page of the *Rambler* shows a mind teeming with classical allusion and poetical imagery; illustrations from other writers, are upon all occasions so ready, and mingle so easily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture. The serious papers in his *Idler*, though inferior to those in the *Rambler*, in sublimity and splendor, are distinguished by the same dignified morality and solemn philosophy, and lead to the same great end of diffusing wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The humorous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addison.

As a *novelist*, the amazing powers of his imagination, and his unbounded knowledge of men and manners, may be plainly traced in the *oriental tales* in the *Rambler*, in which he has not only supported to the utmost, the sublimity of the eastern manner of expression, but even greatly excelled any of the oriental writers, in the fertility of his invention, the conduct of his plots, and the justness and strength of his sentiments. His capital work of that kind is his *Rasselas*. None of his writings have been so extensively diffused over Europe. Such a reception demonstrates great beauties in the work; and there is no doubt that great beauties do exist there. The language enchants us with harmony; the arguments are acute and ingenious; the reflections novel, yet just. It astonishes with the sublimity of its sentiments, and at the fertility of its illustrations, and delights with the abundance and propriety of its imagery. The fund of thinking which it contains, is such, that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. But it is not without its faults. It is barren of interesting incidents, and destitute of originality, or distinction of characters. There is little difference in the manner of thinking and reasoning of the philosopher and the female, of the prince and the waiting woman. *Nebogab* and *Imlae*, *Rasselas* and *Pebwah*, are all equally argumentative, abstracted, eloquent, and obstinate. Of that dark catalogue of ca-

lamities, which are described as incident to the several situations of life which he contemplates, some are not the necessary consequence of the situation, but of the temper; and others are not those which are most generally or severely felt there. The moral that he seeks to inculcate, that there is no such thing as happiness, is one ungrateful to the human heart. If he could succeed in establishing it, it would cripple every incitement to virtue, and palsy every stimulus to action. It would leave man contented to be drifted down the stream of life, without an object or an end; to lose attainable excellence for the want of exertion, and sink under surmountable difficulties, without a struggle. Though there may not be permanent happiness in the gratification of our wishes, there is much in our expectations that they will be gratified. Hope is the sweet and innocent solace of our frail natures. It is the staff of the unhappy; and however feeble its support, it is immoral and unkind to wrest it from our hands.

The effect of *Rasselas*, and of Johnson's other moral tales, is thus beautifully illustrated by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review:"

Impressive truth, in splendid fiction drest,
Checks the vain wish, and calms the troubled breast;
O'er the dark mind a light celestial throws,
And sooths the angry passions to repose.
As oil effus'd illumines and smooths the deep,
When round the bark the swelling surges sweep.

As a *political writer*, his productions are more distinguished by subtlety of disquisition, poignancy of sarcasm, and dignity and energy of style, than by truth, equity, or candour. He makes much more use of his rhetoric than of his logic, and often gives his reader high-sounding declamation instead of fair argument. In perusing his representations of those who differed from him on political subjects, we are sometimes inclined to assent to a proposition of his own, that, "there is no credit due to a rhetorician's account, either of good or evil." Many positions are laid down in admirable language, and in highly-polished periods, which are inconsistent with the principles of the British constitution, and repugnant to the common rights of mankind. It must always be regretted, that a man of Johnson's intellectual powers, should have had so strong a propensity to defend arbitrary principles of government. But, on this subject, the strength of his language was not more manifest, than the weakness of his arguments. In apology for him, it may be admitted, that he was a Tory from principle, and that most of what he wrote, was conformable to his real sentiments. But to defend all that was written by him, his warmest friends will find impossible.

In his posthumous writings, there is little that can be said to be interesting to science or criticism. His *Letters* are valuable, as we find in them the picture, which, without intending it, he has left of himself, to be that of a man, who, to great intellectual powers, added extraordinary piety, and many excellent moral qualities. Of letter writing, he gives his idea in the following passage: "Some, when they write to their friends, are all affection; some are wise and sententious; some strain their powers for effects of gravity; some write news; and some write secrets; but to make a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gravity, without news, and without secrets, is doubtless the great epistolical style. There is a pleasure in corresponding with a friend, where doubt and mistrust have no place, and every thing is said as it is thought. These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which minds, naturally in unison, move each other, as they are moved themselves. Let me know where you are, how you got thither, how you live there? and every thing that one friend loves to know of another." Such is the account of his *Letters*. The value of them is, that we have the man before us for near twenty years. We see him in his undress, that is, the undress of his mind, which, unlike that of his body, was never slovenly. We see him in health and in sickness, and in all the petty business of life. From himself, and in his own words, we are enabled to collect the truest and best information. He writes always in his own style. His words are now and then too pompous for familiar letters; but his skill in letter writing comes out fully in this collection, and entitles him to rank with the best epistolary writers of our nation. His letters on the death of Mrs. Salusbury (mother of Mrs. Piozzi), and Mr. Thrale's eldest son, are at once moral and pathetic. They flow from a man, who

loved them, and the surviving family. His solicitude for Mr. Thrale, during a long illness, and his feelings at his death, do honour to the memory of Mr. Thrale, and to Johnson's gratitude and sensibility. "I am afraid," he says, "of thinking what I have lost: I never had such a friend before." To Mrs. Thrale, he says, "To see and hear you, is always to hear wit and see virtue." He seems at times to think her regard for him is abated; and a letter of kindness from her appears to have revived and comforted him. After lamenting the loss of Williams and Levett, he says: "Such society I had with them, and such I had——where I am never likely to have it more. When I came to "love and honour," in your letter, I said to myself, "How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails me not," Shall we never again exchange our thoughts by the fireside?" After seeing him struggle with illness and morbid melancholy, it is comfortable to hear him say, almost at the close of life "Attention and respect give pleasure, however late, and however useless. But they are not useless, even when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind."

His *Prayers and Meditations*, published by Mr. Strahan, "at his own request," have occasioned much concern, disquietude, and offence in the minds of many, who apprehend that the cause in which he stood forth, will suffer by the infirmities of the advocate being exposed in this publication, to the prying and malignant eye of the world. It is not merely the name of Johnson that is to do service to any cause. His admirable arguments in favour of religion and morality, are not weakened by the proofs of his practical errors. These are always precisely what they were, once good, and always good. His arguments in favour of self-denial do not lose their force, *because he fasted*; nor those in favour of devotion, *because he said his prayers*. His fasting and his prayers add strength to his pious reasonings, from the proof they afford, that he believed in the religion he inculcated. Human nature is frail; common frailties must inevitably preclude perfection to the least faulty professor of Christianity. The world never supposed Johnson to have been a perfect character. His stupendous abilities, and great learning, it is well known, could not preserve their possessor from the depredations of melancholy. But his failings leaned to the side of virtue. His superstition seems to have arisen from the most amiable disposition in the world, "a pious awe, and fear to have offended," a wish rather to do too much than too little. Such a disposition one loves, and always wishes to find in a friend; and it cannot be disagreeable in the sight of Him who made us. It argues a sensibility of heart, a tenderness of conscience, and the fear of God. That he should not be conscious of the abilities with which Providence had blessed him, was impossible. He felt his own powers; he felt what he was capable of having performed, and he saw how little, comparatively speaking, he had performed. Hence his apprehensions on the near prospect of the account to be made, viewed through the medium of constitutional and morbid melancholy, which often excluded from his sight the bright beams of divine mercy. His self-abasement was strictly ingenuous; but his expressions, when compared with the tenor of his conduct, seem too disparaging. Christianity does not require us to deny any one quality we possess, or to represent ourselves, in defiance of truth, as one mass of deformity and guilt. The instruction of St. Paul, enforced by the most sacred example, is singly this, that we "think not of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; but that we think soberly." Johnson walked at all times humbly with his God; but when we follow him through all his weaknesses, his religious horrors, and sacred punctilios, we are inclined to pity the constitutional feebleness of his nature, while we admire the perseverance, and fervour of his devotion. We owe to the excellencies of the Supreme Being, every possible degree of veneration and honour; but that virtue should tremble in the presence of Infinite Goodness, is not less contrary to reason, than it is contrary to heroism. In the presence of Infinite Goodness it feels a congeniality, and assumes a confidence that leaps, as it were, the gulf between, and dares to aspire to sentiments of attachment, fidelity and love. But it would be unfair to conclude from this circumstance, that the piety and humility of Johnson were of no value; and the sincerity of his repentance, the steadfastness of his faith, and the fervor of his charity, of no use. There is something so great and awful in the idea of a God, and something so fascinating in the effusions of gratitude, that there are numbers of men intrepid and heroical, in

every other regard, that cannot boast of all the serenity and assurance in the business of religion, that are so earnestly to be desired; and yet the piety of these men is edifying and venerable. Indeed the fate of "the unprofitable servant" may justly beget apprehensions in the stoutest mind. Language affords no finer expressions than those in which the *Prayers* of Johnson are conceived. They are short, simple, and unadorned. They bear some resemblance to the Collects in the "Common Prayer Book," without that dignity which is derived to the latter, from the venerable antiquity of the style and expression. They have no particular method, no display of genius, and no beauties that should characterize the man under whose name they appear. They have nothing that might not have been produced by any man of plain common sense. At the same time they contain few traces of weakness or absurdity. Never did there exist a greater disparity between the performances of the same author, than between this publication and the *Lives of the Poets*, or the numbers of the *Rambler*. His *Meditations*, as they are improperly called, are merely minutes; at one time of resolutions for his future conduct, and at another, in the style of a diary or journal. Neither of them deserve the commendation which has been bestowed upon the *Prayers*. They are full of frivolous minutenesses, and feminine weakness, beyond any thing of which an abstract description can suggest the idea. They tell us, that Johnson, in spite of all the contemptuous ridicule with which he has treated that delicate frame, which depends for its compesure on the clouds and the winds, was himself not exempt from languor, sluggishness, and procrastination; that he was full of the most pitiable religious credulity; and that his attention was often engrossed by things in the last degree frivolous, futile, and unimportant. But if these observations are rather disadvantageous to Johnson, it is no less unquestionable that he displays a sensibility and a humane benevolence of heart, that have rarely been equalled. Mr. Strahan's apology for Johnson's *seeming* to pray for his deceased wife, is supported by his opinion, respecting purgatory, recorded by Mr. Boswell. In his cooler moments he did not think such prayers proper, except with the limitations there expressed; but his morbid melancholy did not always allow him to be cool; there were many moments when his language countenanced a very different opinion. The struggles in a breast, constituted as his was, between the severe principles of Protestantism, and the genuine undisciplinable feelings of the heart, illustrates the kindness of his nature more than it could be illustrated by any other circumstance.

His *Sermons*, published under the name of *Dr. Taylor*, are not unworthy of the author of the *Rambler*, and afford additional proof of his ardour in the cause of piety, and every moral duty. The last discourse in the collection was intended to be delivered by Dr. Taylor, at the funeral of Johnson's wife, but he declined the office, because, as he told Mr. Hayes, the praise of the deceased was too much amplified. He who reads the discourse, will find it a beautiful moral lesson, written with temper, and no where overcharged with ambitious ornaments. The rest of the discourses were the fund which Dr. Taylor, from time to time, carried with him to the pulpit.

The *style* of his prose writings has been too often criticised, to need being noticed here. It has been censured, applauded, and imitated, to extremes equally dangerous to the purity of the English tongue. That he has innovated upon our language by his adoption of Latin derivatives, and his preference of abstract to concrete terms, cannot be denied. But the danger from his innovation would be trifling, if those alone would copy him who can think with equal precision; for few passages can be pointed out from his works, in which his meaning could be as accurately expressed by such words as are in more familiar use. His comprehension of mind was the mould for his language. Had his comprehension been narrower, his expression would have been easier. His sentences have a dignified march, suitable to the elevation of his sentiments, and the pomp of his sonorous phraseology. And it is to be remembered, that while he has added harmony and dignity to our language, he has neither vitiated it by the insertion of foreign idioms, or the affectation of anomaly in the construction of his sentences. While the flowers of poetic imagination luxuriantly adorn his style, it is never enfeebled by their plenitude. It is close without obtenebration, perspicuous without languor, and strong without impetuosity. No periods are so harmonious; none so nervous. He has laboured his style with the greatest attention; perhaps its elaborateness is too apparent. It has, per-

haps, too unweildy and too uniform a dignity. He seems to have been particularly studious of the glitter of an antithesis between the epithet and the substantive. This strikes while it is new ; but to the more experienced reader, though it may seem sometimes forcible, yet it will often prove tiresome. It is remarkable that Johnson's early performances bear few marks of the style which he adopted in his *Rambler*. In his *Life of Savage*, the style is elegant, but not ostentatious. His sentences are naturally arranged, and musical without artifice. He affects not the measuring of clauses, and the balancing of periods. He aims not at splendid, glowing diction. He seeks not pointed phrases, and elaborate contrasts. It is also worthy of remark, on this subject, that Johnson has altered, and perhaps improved his style, long after his reputation had been established, and his *Rambler* had appeared. The composition of this work differs a good deal from that of *Rasselas*, the *Journey to the Western Islands*, and *The Lives of the Poets*. The native vigour, and peculiarity of feature, are indeed preserved, but they are polished to greater elegance, and taught to wear the appearance of a happier ease. In the *Rambler* his periods are longer, and his meaning more condensed ; he is more fond of abstract terms, and ambitious of sesquipedalian words. But this work was written while he was occupied in collecting authorities for his *Dictionary* ; at a time when Browne and Hooker, Bacon and Hakewell were continually before him ; men whom it was difficult to read, and remain free from the temptation to imitate. In his latter productions, particularly his *Lives of the Poets*, his sentences are shorter, their construction more simple, and the use of Latin derivations less frequent. He has made his style in a greater degree elegant without constraint, dignified without ambitious ornament, strong without rigidity, and harmonious without elaboration. He has adopted a measured pause, and a correspondent length in the numbers of his periods, which gives to his prose much of the harmony, and sometimes somewhat of the monotony of verse. As Homer gave a peculiar language to his gods, to express their divine conceptions, let us allow to Johnson, and to men like him, a style such as he has used ; for we have as yet found none more grand and energetic. It is certain that his example has given a general elevation to the language of his country ; for many of our best writers have approached very near to him ; and from the influence which he has had upon our composition, scarcely any thing is written now that is not better expressed than was usual before he appeared to lead the national taste. This circumstance is well described by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review ;" a performance which shows that he has caught no mean degree of the expansion and harmony which characterize the style of Johnson.

By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,
He like a Titian form'd his brilliant school,
And taught congenial spirits to excel,
While from his lips impressive wisdom fell.

Among the congenial spirits "who formed the school of Johnson," Mr. Courtenay celebrates the respectable names of Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Mr. Malone, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir William Jones, and Mr. Boswell, and concludes his description in the following animated lines :

Nor was his energy confin'd alone
To friends around his philosophic throne ;
His influence wide improv'd our letter'd isle,
And lucid vigour mark'd the general style ;
As Nile's proud waves, swoln from their oozy bed,
First o'er the neighb'ring mead majestic spread,
Till, gathering force, they more and more expand,
And with due virtue fertilize the land.

Among the imitators of Johnson's style, whether intentionally, or by the imperceptible effect of its strength and animation, may be reckoned a great proportion of the most distinguished writers in our language since he appeared, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Leland, Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Knox, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Parr, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Gillies, &c. Perhaps the most perfect imitation of Johnson is a professed one, intituled "A Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," said to be written by Dr. Young, Professor of Greek at Glasgow. It has not only the peculiarities of Johnson's style, but that very species of literary discussion and illustration for which he

was eminent. But let men of moderate conceptions beware of ill-judged imitations. Their attempt to copy his language is Salmoneus thundering at Elis, or a mortal wielding the spear of Pelides. It is to raise a melancholy contrast between the slowness of the thought, and the capacity of the expression, to cover the head of a pigmy with the casque of a giant.

As a poet, the merit of Johnson, though considerable, yet falls far short of that which he has displayed in those provinces of literature in which we have already surveyed him. As far as strength of expression, fruitfulness of invention, and abundance of imagery, constitute poetry, he is much more of a poet in his prose works, than in his metrical compositions. Metaphor, to the merit of which he was blind and uncharitable, is so much the soul and essence of poetry, that without it rhyme and metre are vain. There may be smoothness, syllabic arrangement, and good sense, in a metrical production, but there can be no true poetry without imagery, warm expression, and an enthusiasm which intoxicates the reader, lifts him above the ground, and makes him forget that he is mortal. Poetry is passion; passion is a temporary phrenzy, during which we both hear and see what we are totally insensible to in our sober senses. What did the ancients mean by the Pythian priestess being *numine afflata*, when she received inspiration, and delivered it in verse, and in applying the same idea to poets, but that they had such a temporary delirium? Ratiocination prevailed in Johnson much more than sensibility. He has no daring sublimities, nor gentle graces; he never glows with the enthusiasm of the god, or kindles a sympathetic emotion in the bosom of his readers. His poems are the plain and sensible effusions of a mind never hurried beyond itself, to which the use of rhyme adds no beauty, and from which the use of prose would detract no force. His versification is smooth, flowing, and unrestrained; but his pauses are not sufficiently varied, to rescue him from the imputation of monotony. He seems never at a loss for rhyme, or destitute of a proper expression; and the manner of his verse appears admirably adapted to didactic or satiric poetry, for which his powers were equally, and perhaps alone qualified.

His tragedy of *Irene* may be considered as the greatest effort of his genius. It is a legitimate dramatic composition. The unities of time, place, and action, are strictly observed. The diction is nervous, rich, and elegant; but splendid language, and melodious numbers, will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. The substance of the story is shortly this. In 1453, Mahomet the Great, first emperor of the Turks, laid siege to Constantinople, and having reduced the place, became enamoured of a fair Greek, whose name was *Irene*. The sultan invited her to embrace the law of Mahomet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a conspiracy to dethrone the emperor. To avert the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full assembly of the grandees, "catching with one hand," as Knolles expresses it, "the fair Greek by the hair of her head, and drawing his faulchion with the other, he, at one blow, struck off her head, to the great terror of them all; and having so done, said unto them, "Now, by this, judge whether your emperor is able to bridle his affections or not." The story is simple, and it remained for Johnson to amplify it with proper episodes, and give it complication and variety. But he has altered the character and catastrophe, which he found in the historian, so as to diminish the dramatic effect. Many faults may be found with the conduct of the fable. The principal one is, that the plot is double, and has the most striking faults of such a fable; for it divides the spectator's attention and regard between characters, whose interests are opposite, and whose happiness or misery is made to depend upon the same events. We cannot hope the escape of *Demetrius* and *Aspasia*, without dreading the condemnation of *Irene*; and our wishes as to each, operating in contradiction, must diminish our concern for both. The catastrophe, which is made to depend upon the fate of *Irene*, is meanly worked up. It is brought about too suddenly, without a due connection with preparatory incidents, and at the very moment when we have not leisure to contemplate it, and are alone interested for the escape of *Demetrius* and *Aspasia*. We neither anticipate it with sufficient perspicuity, nor consider it with solemnity, so as to be affected upon its occurrence, with genuine dramatic grief or terror. The characters of the piece have nothing discriminative. They are not representations of different tempers, passions, and minds, but of different degrees of virtue and vice. They are so naked of pecu-

liarity, that we cannot know why the same incidents should operate differently upon any one of them, so as to impel them to a different action, or produce an emotion even varying in strength from what it would have done in any other. They possess too much of a balanced importance in the conduct of the drama, so that the mind knows not how to make its election of a principal character, or to fix its attention upon any personage to whose felicity it may attach its wishes, and upon whose fate it may suspend its sympathy. From the name of the tragedy, we must suppose that Johnson considered *Irene* as the *heroine*, yet the reader feels more concern, even for the stoic virtue and cool fondness of *Spasius*. The former is too much of a mixed character; neither her goodness, nor her weakness, nor her depravity are predominant. She has not sufficient virtue to awaken our sympathy for the sufferings of innocence, nor sufficient vice to arouse our terror at the punishment of guilt. The speeches are oftener the recollections of past feelings, than the ebullitions of immediate passions, started by the passing actions of the scene. Little is made present to the spectator's mind, and of that little, nothing has life. His critique upon the tragic poets, of the commencement of this century, is, perhaps, in no instance, more true than it is of himself.

From hard to hard the frigid caution crept,
And declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.

He has nothing of the fire of Lee, or the pathos of Otway. He is more declamatory than Rowe, and *Irene*, if possible, is colder than "Cato." There is not, throughout the play, a single situation to excite curiosity, and raise a conflict of passions. The sentiments are just and always moral, but seldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philosophic. His poetical imagery is neither striking nor abundant. The language in which the thoughts are conveyed, is, in general, vigorous, accurately polished, and regularly musical. It would be difficult to select a passage in dramatic poetry more nobly conceived, or finely expressed, than the reply of *Demetrius* to the complaint of his friend, that no prodigy from Heaven had foretold the calamities of Greece.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states;
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for any wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must Heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

As an alloy to the beauties of this passage, impartial criticism is compelled to turn to another, which is surely little short of nonsense, and well worthy of a place in the treatise of "Scriblerus."

Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batteries, yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.

Irene may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theatre, but continue to please in the closet. As it is the drama of our great English moralist, the present writer should wish to see it revived.

Of the poetical compositions, which are known to be of his writing, the Imitations of *Juvenal* are the best; and are, perhaps, the noblest imitations to be found in any language. They are not so close as those done by Pope from Horace; but they are infinitely more spirited and energetic. In Pope, the most peculiar images of Roman life are adapted with singular address to our own times; in Johnson, the similitude is only in general passages, suitable to every age in which refinement has degenerated into depravity.

His *London* breathes the true vehement contemptuous indignation of *Juvenal's* satire. It is more popular in its subject, and more animated in its composition, than his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. It

blazes forth with the genuine fire of poetry, in the liveliness of its correspondent allusions, the energy of its expressions, and the frequency of its apostrophes. The *Vanity of Human Wishes* is more grave, moral, sententious, and stately. In his *London* he often takes nothing more than the subject from the Roman poet, proves or illustrates it according to the originality of his own conceptions, or the warmth of his own fancy; and sometimes, too, he deserts him altogether, and that not only where the modesty of an English ear, and the inapplicability of the original to modern customs require it, but in places where the topics and the moral use is as applicable to London as they are to ancient Rome. Thus he has either totally neglected, or but slightly imitated that beautiful passage beginning at ver. 137,

Dat testem Romæ tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes
Numinis Idæi, &c.——

and ending with ver. 190.

——præstare tributa clientes
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

The *Vanity of Human Wishes* follows the original more closely, but still with many omissions. The subject is taken from the second "Alcibiades" of Plato, and has an intermixture of the sentiments of Socrates, concerning the object of prayers offered up to the Deity. The general proposition is, that good and evil are so little understood by mankind, that their wishes, when granted, are always destructive. This is exemplified in a variety of instances, such as riches, state preferment, eloquence, military glory, long life, and the advantages of beauty. Juvenal's conclusion is admirable. "Let us," he says, "leave it to the gods to judge what is fittest for us. Man is dearer to his Creator than to himself. If we must pray for any special grace, let it be for a sound mind, in a sound body. Let us pray for fortitude, that we may think the labours of Hercules, and all his sufferings, preferable to a life of luxury, dissipation, and the soft repose of Sardanapulus. This is a blessing within the reach of every man; this we can give ourselves. It is virtue, and virtue only, that can make us happy." For the characters which Juvenal has chosen to illustrate his doctrine, Johnson has substituted others from modern history; for Sejanus, he gives Cardinal *Wolfey*, *Buckingham*, stabbed by *Felton*, *Strafford* and *Clarendon*; for Demosthenes and Cicero, *Lydiat*, *Galileo*, and *Laud*; for Hannibal, *Charles XII*; and to show the consequences of long life, he says,

From *Marlb'rough's* eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires a driveller and a show.

and of beauty he says,

Yet *Vane* would tell what ills from beauty spring,
And *Sedley* curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

This last example is ill chosen; for it is well known that the Countess of Dorchester, mistress to James II. was not handsome. Owing to the dearth of modern examples, his instances are less numerous and less striking than those of Juvenal. His thoughts are not so compressed in the expression, or so energetically conveyed to the mind, as those of the Roman satirist; but his diction is less laboured and affected, and he flows in a stream of versification scarcely less rapid and eloquent, but infinitely more smooth than the Latin poet. He has preserved all the beauties and virtue of the original moral, but stripped it, with infinite art, from all appearance of Epicurean infidelity, and filled it with precepts worthy of a philosopher, and wishes fitting for a Christian. He has succeeded wonderfully in giving to his imitation the air of an original. The Christian had to struggle with the Heathen poet, and though we cannot say that he has surpassed him, he has, at least, entered into a noble competition.

Of his smaller poems, the *Prologue for the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre*, has been universally admired, as a masterly and comprehensive criticism upon the several ages of English dramatic poetry. The subject and the moral were well conceived, and are as nobly expressed. The character of Shakspeare is delineated with a felicity of expression, that challenges the whole compass of English poetry. His other *Prologues* are copies of his mind, clear and comprehensive, pointed and energetic. Of his *Odes* upon the seasons, his addresses to *Autumn* and *Winter* seem the best. Many of the

stanzas are exceedingly beautiful; as usual, moral, and unusually pathetic. They manifest, however, that his descriptive poetry is not the production of a warm fancy, impelled to give vent by poetry to its overflowing feelings. Those passions and objects which would inspire the genuine poetic mind with enthusiasm, pass by him unfelt and unnoticed. He is melancholy in Spring, jocund in Winter; he lavishes no encomiums upon the perfumed zephyrs, but flies to melancholy morals, or commemorates the comforts of a cheering flaggon and a snug fire-side. His *Ode to Evening*, addressed to *Stella*, the *Natural Beauty*, and the *Vanity of Wealth*, are in general elegant. The first is warm and sentimental, and shows that he was neither ignorant of the feelings, nor insensible to the joys of a lover. Of his address *To Lyce*, the idea perhaps is not original, but the images are happily selected, and well expressed. *Stella in Mourning*, the verses to *Lady Firebrace*, *To an elderly Lady*, and *On the Sprig of Myrtle*, are occasional compositions, and of course derive their merit chiefly from local and temporary circumstances. The principal art in such performances, is to make a trifling circumstance poetical or witty. In the verses *on the Sprig of Myrtle*, he has very happily succeeded. The *Ant* must be allowed to be nervous and elegant, the *ode on Friendship* easy and sentimental; and the verses *on the Death of Stephen Grey* are worthy the pen of Pope.

The *Elegy on the Death of Mr. Levett*, as it was among the last, so it is one of the best of his performances. It is moral, characteristic, and pathetic. The following stanzas are exquisitely beautiful.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
This praise to merit unrefin'd.
When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show:
In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.
No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

The concluding lines are exceptionable:

Death broke at once the *vital chain*,
And forc'd his soul the *nearest way*.

Since it is the soul which gives *life*, the chain that confines the soul is corporeal: The *vital chain* cannot be said, with propriety, to be broken by death. Johnson would not have forgiven an error of this kind in Gray.

Of his remaining pieces, some are mere impromptus, which were never intended for the public eye, and others were the suggestions of temporary incidents. Many of them are sprightly and elegant, and may be read with pleasure; but they require no distinct enumeration, or particular criticism.

Among our English poets, it is no unpleasant reflection to be able to find so many elegant writers of Latin verse; in the first rank of which, Johnson stands very high. Jonson, Crashaw, Cowley, May, Milton, Marvel, Addison, Gray, Smart, Warton, and Johnson, are such writers of Latin verse, as any country might with justice be proud to own. Johnson was eminently skilled in the Latin tongue, and strongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry. The first fruits of his genius were compositions in Latin verse. His translation of the *Messiah*, gained him reputation in the college in which it was written, and was approved by Pope. Virgil seems to have been his model for language and versification. He has copied the varied pauses of his verse, the length of his periods, the peculiar grace of his expressions, and his majestic dignity, with considerable success. But his composition is sometimes unclassical and incorrect. The most exceptionable line is the first; *tollere concentum*, if allowable, is surely an awkward phrase for "begin the song." His *Odes*, particularly, the *Ode*

Incubenneth, *Ode in the Isle of Sky*, and that to *Mrs. Thrale*, from the same place, are easy, elegant, and poetical. They unite classical language, tender sentiment, and harmonious verse. His poem, *Γράβι σταυρον*, is nervous and energetic. His *Epitaphs* are distinguished by elegance of composition, and a masterly style. That on *Goldsmith* seems the best. His *Epigrams* are neat and pointed. In the *Anthologia*, we admire sometimes a happy imitation, and sometimes regret inelegant expressions.

For obvious reasons, his Latin pieces, though excellent in their kind, can never acquire the popularity of the English. Those who read with pleasure the Latin classics, see their inferiority; to others, they are uninteresting and unintelligible. "The delight which they afford," to use his own words, in criticising the Latin poetry of Milton, "is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment." This character will generally suit our modern Latin poetry; for if we except that noble ode of Gray's, written at the Grande Chartreuse, and some few others, there are not many of the *Poemata Anglorum*, that contain much "power of invention, or vigour of sentiment."

Upon the whole, the various productions of Johnson show a life spent in study and meditation. It may be fairly allowed, as he used to say of himself, that *he has written his share*. His oddities and infirmities in common life, will, after a while, be overlooked and forgotten; but his writings will remain a monument of his genius and learning; still more and more studied and admired, while Britons shall continue to be characterized by a love of elegance and sublimity, of good sense and virtue. In the works of Johnson, the reader will find a perpetual source of pleasure and instruction. With due precaution, men may learn to give to their style, elegance, harmony, and precision; they may be taught to think with vigour and perspicuity; and all, by a diligent attention to his writings, may advance in virtue.

The character of Johnson, as given by Mr. Boswell in the conclusion of his work, is delineated with a masterly pencil. The drawing appears to be sufficiently accurate, the light and shade well distributed, and the colouring very little overcharged or heightened; though a favourable likeness was perhaps in some degree intended, as far as might seem consistent with the truth of resemblance, and no farther.

"His figure was large and well-formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

"Man is in general made up of contradictory qualities, and these will ever show themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder, that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in displays of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing some-

what unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we therefore ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies, even against his best friends. And surely, when it is considered, that "amidst sickness and sorrow," he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text of "him to whom much is given, much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was in that respect a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable." He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the basis of common sense. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that however rich his prose is in that respect, the poetical pieces which he wrote were in general not so, but rather strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in good verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour: he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times delivered himself with a force, choice, and elegance of expression, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow and deliberate utterance. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity: so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness. But he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth. His piety was constant, and was the ruling principle of all his

conduct; and the more we consider his character, we shall be the more disposed to regard him with admiration and reverence."

His character as given by Mrs. Piozzi in her "Anecdotes" is drawn with spirit and propriety; though somewhat less favourably.

"His stature was remarkably high, and his limbs exceedingly large: his strength was more than common I believe, and his activity had been greater, I have heard, than such a form gave one reason to expect: his features were strongly marked, and his countenance particularly rugged; though the original complexion had certainly been fair, a circumstance somewhat unusual: his sight was near, and otherwise imperfect; yet his eyes, though of a light-gray colour, were so wild, so piercing, and at times so fierce, that fear was, I believe, the first emotion in the hearts of all his beholders. His mind was so comprehensive, that no language but that he used could have expressed its contents; and so ponderous was his language, that sentiments less lofty and less solid than his were, would have been encumbered, not adorned by it.

"Mr. Johnson was not intentionally, however, a pompous converser; and though he was accused of using big words, as they are called, it was only when little ones could not express his meaning as clearly, or when, perhaps, the elevation of the thought would have been disgraced by a dress less superb. He used to say, "that the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth;" and his own was never contemptible. He would laugh at a stroke of genuine humour, or sudden fall of odd absurdity, as heartily and freely as I ever yet saw any man; and though the jest was often such as few felt besides himself, yet his laugh was irresistible, and was observed immediately to produce that of the company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely out of want of power to forbear it. He was no enemy to splendour of apparel, or pomp of equipage. "Life," he would say, "is barren enough, surely, with all her trappings; let us therefore be cautious how we strip her."

"Of Mr. Johnson's erudition the world has been the judge; and we who produce each a score of his sayings, as proofs of that wit which in him was inexhaustible, resemble travellers, who, having visited Delhi or Golconda, bring home each a handful of oriental pearl, to evince the riches of the Great Mogul.

"As his purse was ever open to alms-giving, so was his heart tender to those who wanted relief, and his soul susceptible of gratitude, and of every kind impression; yet, though he had refined his sensibility, he had not endangered his quiet, by encouraging in himself a solicitude about trifles, which he treated with the contempt they deserve.

"Mr. Johnson had a roughness in his manner which subdued the saucy, and terrified the meek: this was, when I knew him, the prominent part of a character which few durst venture to approach so nearly, and which was for that reason in many respects grossly and frequently mistaken; and it was, perhaps, peculiar to him, that the lofty consciousness of his own superiority, which animated his looks, and raised his voice in conversation, cast likewise an impenetrable veil over him when he said nothing. His talk, therefore, had commonly the complexion of arrogance, his silence of superciliousness. He was, however, seldom inclined to be silent when any moral or literary question was started; and it was on such occasions that, like the sage in *Rasselas*, he spoke, and attention watched his lips: he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods: if poetry was talked of, his quotations were the readiest; and had he not been eminent for more solid and brilliant qualities, mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary memory. His manner of repeating deserves to be described, though, at the same time, it defeats all power of description; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.

"His equity in giving the character of living acquaintance, ought not, undoubtedly, to be omitted in his own, whence partiality and prejudice were totally excluded, and truth alone presided in his tongue; a steadiness of conduct the more to be commended, as no man had stronger likings or aversions. His veracity was indeed, from the most trivial to the most solemn occasions, strict, even to severity; he scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances, which (he used to say), took off from its real value. "A story," says Johnson, "should be a specimen of life and manners;

but if the surrounding circumstances are false, as it is no more a representation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention."

"For the rest---That beneficence which during his life increased the comforts of so many, may after his death be, perhaps, ungratefully forgotten; but that piety which dictated the serious papers in the *Rambler*, will be for ever remembered, for ever, I think, revered. That ample repository of religious truth, moral wisdom, and accurate criticism, breathes, indeed, the genuine emanations of its great author's mind, expressed, too, in a style so natural to him, and so much like his common mode of conversing, that I was myself but little astonished when he told me that he had scarcely read over one of those inimitable essays before they went to the press.

"I will add one or two peculiarities more: Though at an immeasurable distance from content in the contemplation of his own uncouth form and figure, he did not like another man much the less for being a coxcomb. Though a man of obscure birth himself, his partiality to people of family was visible on every occasion; his zeal for subordination warm even to bigotry; his hatred to innovation, and reverence for the old feudal times, apparent, whenever any possible manner of showing them occurred. I have spoken of his piety, his charity, and his truth, the enlargement of his heart, and the delicacy of his sentiments; and when I search for shadow to my portrait, none can I find but what was formed by pride, differently modified as different occasions showed it; yet never was pride so purified as Johnson's, at once from meanness and from vanity. The mind of this man was, indeed, expanded beyond the common limits of human nature, and stored with such variety of knowledge, that I used to think it resembled a royal pleasure-ground, where every plant, of every name and nation, flourished in the full perfection of their powers, and where, though lofty woods and falling cataracts first caught the eye, and fixed the earliest attention of beholders, yet neither the trim parterre, nor the pleasing shrubbery, nor even the antiquated evergreens, were denied a place in some fit corner of the happy valley."

His character, as given by Dr. Towers, in his "Essay," appears to have been written under no impressions of prepossession or prejudice, and exhibits a very commendable degree of candour, impartiality, and precision.

"He possessed extraordinary powers of understanding, which were much cultivated by study, and still more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgment keen and penetrating. He had a strong sense of the importance of religion; his piety was sincere, and sometimes ardent; and his zeal for the interests of virtue was often manifested in his conversation and in his writings. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions, was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking, and instructive; and, perhaps, no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees.

"The great originality which sometimes appeared in his conceptions, and the perspicuity and force with which he delivered them, greatly enhanced the value of his conversation, and the remarks that he delivered, received additional weight from the strength of his voice, and the solemnity of his manner. He was conscious of his own superiority; and when in company with literary men, or with those with whom there was any possibility of rivalry or competition, this consciousness was too apparent. With inferiors, and those who readily admitted all his claims, he was often mild and agreeable; but to others, such was often the arrogance of his manners, that the endurance of it required no ordinary degree of patience. He was very dextrous at argumentation; and when his reasonings were not solid, they were at least artful and plausible. His retorts were so powerful, that his friends and acquaintance were generally cautious of entering the lists against him, and the ready acquiescence of those with whom he associated, in his opinions and assertions, probably rendered him more dogmatic than he might otherwise have been. With those, however, with whom he lived, and with whom he was familiar, he was sometimes cheerful and sprightly, and sometimes indulged himself in sallies of wit and pleasantry. He spent much of his time, especially his latter years, in conversation, and seems to have had such an aversion to being left without company, as was sometimes extraordinary in a man possessed of such intellectual powers, and whose understanding had been so highly cultivated.

"He sometimes discovered much impetuosity of temper, and was too ready to take offence at others; but when concessions were made, he was easily appeased. For those from whom he had received kindness in the earlier part of his life, he seemed ever to retain a particular regard, and manifested much gratitude towards those by whom he had at any time been benefited. He was soon offended with pertness or ignorance; but he sometimes seemed to be conscious of having answered the questions of others with too much roughness, and was then desirous to discover more gentleness of temper, and to communicate information with more suavity of manners. When not under the influence of personal pique, of pride, or of religious or political prejudices, he seems to have had great ardour of benevolence, and, on some occasions, he gave signal proofs of generosity and humanity.

"He was naturally melancholy, and his views of human life appear to have been habitually gloomy. This appears from his *Rasselas*, and in many passages of his writings. It was also a striking part of the character of Johnson, that with powers of mind that did honour to human nature, he had weaknesses and prejudices that seemed suited only to the lowest of the species. His piety was strongly tinged with superstition; and we are astonished to find the author of the *Rambler* expressing serious concern, because he had put milk into his tea on a Good Friday. His custom of praying for the dead, though unsupported by reason or by Scripture, was a less irrational superstition. Indeed, one of the great features of Johnson's character, was a degree of bigotry, both in politics and in religion, which is now seldom to be met with in persons of a cultivated understanding. Few other men could have been found in the present age, whose political bigotry would have led them to style the celebrated John Hampden "the zealot of rebellion;" and the religious bigotry of the man, who, when at Edinburgh, would not go to hear Dr. Robertson preach, because he would not be present at a Presbyterian assembly, is not easily to be paralleled in this age and in this country. His habitual incredulity with respect to facts, of which there was no reasonable ground for doubt, as stated by Mrs. Piozzi, and which was remarked by Hogarth, was also a singular trait in his character, and especially when contrary to his superstitious credulity on other occasions. To the close of life he was not only occupied in forming schemes of religious reformation, but even to a very late period of it he seems to have been solicitous to apply himself to study with renewed diligence and vigour. It is remarkable, that in his sixty-fourth year, he attempted to learn the Low Dutch language, and in his sixty-seventh year he made a resolution to apply himself vigorously to study, particularly the Greek and Italian tongues.

"The faults and the foibles of Johnson, whatever they were, are now descended with him to the grave; but his virtues should be the object of our imitation. His works, with all their defects, are a most valuable and important accession to the literature of England. His political writings will probably be little read on any other account, than for the dignity and energy of his style; but his *Dictionary*, his moral essays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey useful instructions and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood, and give him a just claim to a distinguished rank among the best and ablest writers that England has produced."

The estimate of his literary character given by Mr. Murphy in his "Essay" is, with a very few exceptions, fair, candid, and just. He sometimes admits his errors and sometimes endeavours to apologize for them. His comparison between Johnson and Addison is excellent; and though long, is of too much value to be withheld.

"Like Milton and Addison, Dr. Johnson seems to have been fond of his Latin poetry. These compositions show that he was an early scholar; but his verses have not the graceful ease that gave so much suavity to the poems of Addison. The translation of the *Messiah* labours under two disadvantages; it is first to be compared with Pope's inimitable performance, and afterwards with the *Pollio* of Virgil. It may appear trifling to remark, that he has made the letter *o*, in the word *Virgo*, long and short in the same line; *Virgo, Virgo parit*. But the translation has great merit, and some admirable lines. In the *Odes* there is a sweet flexibility, particularly *To his Worthy Friend Dr. Laurence, on Himself at the Theatre, March 8. 1771*, the *Ode in the Isle of Sky*, and that to *Mrs. Thrale*, from the same place.

"His English poetry is such as leaves room to think, if he had devoted himself to the Muses, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His first production in this kind was *London*, a poem, in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author had heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and, having the skill to polish his numbers, he became a sharp accuser of the times. The *Vanity of Human Wishes* is an imitation of the tenth satire of the same author. Though it is translated by Dryden, Johnson's imitation approaches nearest to the spirit of the original.

"What Johnson has said of the Tragedy of Cato, may be applied to *Irene*: "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections. Nothing excites or alluages emotion. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing, nor what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. It is unassuming elegance, and chill philosophy."

"The prologue to *Irene* is written with elegance, and, in a peculiar strain, shows the literary pride and lofty spirit of the author. The epilogue, we are told in a late publication, was written by Sir William Yonge. This is a new discovery, but by no means probable. When the appendages to a dramatic performance are not assigned to a friend, or an unknown hand, or a person of fashion, they are always supposed to be written by the author of the play. It is to be wished, however, that the epilogue in question could be transferred to any other writer. It is the worst *Jeu d'Esprit* that ever fell from Johnson's pen.

"Of his *miscellaneous tracts* and *philological dissertations*, it will suffice to say, they are the productions of a man who never wanted decorations of language, and always taught his reader to think. The *life of the late King of Prussia*, as far as it extends, is a model of the biographical style. The review of the "Origin of Evil" was, perhaps, written with asperity; but the angry epitaph, which it provoked from Soame Jenyns, was an ill-timed resentment, unworthy of the genius of that amiable author.

"The *Rambler* may be considered as Johnson's great work. It was the basis of that high reputation which went on increasing to the end of his days. In this collection, Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his essays form a body of ethics; the observations on life and manners are acute and instructive; and the papers, professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. It must, however, be acknowledged, that a settled gloom hangs over the author's mind; and all the essays, except eight or ten, coming from the same fountain-head, no wonder that they have the raciness of the soil from which they sprung. Of this uniformity Johnson was sensible. He used to say, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a sprightly turn, the collection would have been more miscellaneous, and by consequence, more agreeable to the generality of readers.

"It is remarkable that the pomp of diction, which has been objected to Johnson, was first assumed in the *Rambler*. His *Dictionary* was going on at the same time, and in the course of that work, as he grew familiar with technical and scholastic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned, or at least would admire the splendour and dignity of the style. And yet it is well known, that he praised in Cowley the ease and unaffected structure of the sentences. Cowley may be placed at the head of those who cultivated a clear and natural style. Dryden, Tillotson, and Sir William Temple, followed. Addison, Swift, and Pope, with more correctness, carried our language well nigh to perfection." "Of Addison, Johnson was used to say, he is the Raphael of essay writers. How he differed so widely from such elegant models, is a problem not to be solved, unless it be true that he took an early tincture from the writers of the last century, particularly Sir Thomas Brown.—Hence the peculiarities of his style, new combinations, sentences of an unusual structure, and words derived from the learned languages. His own account of the matter is, "when common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I familiarized the terms of philosophy, by applying them to popular ideas." But he forgot the observation of Dryden: *If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.* There

is, it must be admitted, a swell of language, often out of all proportion to the sentiment; but there is, in general, a fulness of mind, and the thought seems to expand with the sound of the words. Determined to discard colloquial barbarisms and licentious idioms, he forgot the elegant simplicity that distinguishes the writings of Addison. He had what Locke calls a round-about view of his subject; and, though he was never tainted like many modern wits, with the ambition of shining in the paradox, he may be fairly called an *original thinker*. His reading was extensive. He treasured in his mind whatever was worthy of notice; but he added to it from his own meditation. He collected, *qua reconderet, atque promeret*. Addison was not so profound a thinker. He was born to write, converse, and live with ease; and he found an early patron in Lord Somers. He depended, however, more upon a fine taste, than the vigour of his mind. His Latin poetry shows, that he relished, with a just selection, all the refined and delicate beauties of the Roman classics; and when he cultivated his native language, no wonder that he formed that graceful style, which has been so justly admired; simple, yet elegant; adorned, yet never over-wrought; rich in allusion, yet pure and perspicuous; correct, without labour, and, though sometimes deficient in strength, yet always musical. His essays, in general, are on the surface of life; if ever original, it was in pieces of humour. Sir Roger de Coverly, and the Tory Fox hunter, need not be mentioned. Johnson had a fund of humour but he did not know it; nor was he willing to descend to the familiar idiom and the variety of diction which that mode of composition required. The letter, in the *Rambler*, No. 12. from a young girl that wants a place, will illustrate this observation. Addison possessed an unclouded imagination, alive to the first objects of nature and of art. He reaches the sublime without any apparent effort. When he tells us, "if we consider the fixed stars as so many oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets; if we still discover new firmaments and new lights, that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of æther, we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the magnificence and immensity of nature;" the ease with which this passage rises to an unaffected grandeur, is the secret charm that captivates the reader. Johnson is always lofty; he seems to use Dryden's phrase, to be o'er-inform'd with meaning, and his words do not appear to himself adequate to his conception. He moves in state, and his periods are always harmonious. His *Oriental Tales* are in the true style of eastern magnificence, and yet none of them are so much admired as the Visions of Mirza. In matters of criticism, Johnson is never the echo of preceding writers. He thinks and decides for himself. If we except the Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination, Addison cannot be called a philosophical critic. His Moral Essays are beautiful; but in that province nothing can exceed the *Rambler*; though Johnson used to say, that the essays on the burdens of mankind (in the *Spectator*, No. 558) was the most exquisite he had ever read. Talking of himself, Johnson said, "Topham Beauclerk has wit, and every thing comes from him with ease; but when I say a good thing, I seem to labour." When we compare him with Addison, the contrast is still stronger. Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty. Addison insinuates himself with an air of modesty; Johnson commands like a dictator; but a dictator in his splendid robes, not labouring at his plough. Addison is the Jupiter of Virgil, with placid serenity talking to Venus,

"Vultu, quo cælum tempestatesque serenat."

Johnson is *Jupiter tonans*: he darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cause of virtue and piety. The language seems to fall short of his ideas; he pours along, familiarising the terms of philosophy with bold inversions and sonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has said of Homer: "it is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense."

"The essays written by Johnson in the *Adventurer*," may be called a continuation of the *Rambler*. The *Idler*, in order to be consistent with the assumed character, is written with abated vigour, in a style of ease and unlaboured elegance. It is the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad*. Intense thinking

would not become the *Idler*. The first number presents a well-drawn portrait of an idler; and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly Johnson forgets his austere manner, and plays us into sense. He still continues his lectures on human life; but he adverts to common occurrence, and is often content with the topic of the day. This account of the *Idler* may be closed, after observing, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d of January 1759, there is an admirable paper, occasioned by that event, on Saturday the 27th of the same month, No. 41. The reader, if he pleases, may compare it with another fine paper in the *Rambler*, No. 41, on the conviction that rushes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

"*Rasselas*," says Sir John Hawkins, "is a specimen of our language scarcely to be paralleled; it is written in a style refined to a degree of *immaculate purity*, and displays the whole force of *turgid* eloquence." One cannot but smile at this encomium. *Rasselas* is undoubtedly both elegant and sublime. It is a view of human life, displayed, it must be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depressed at the time by the approaching dissolution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale that should keep curiosity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the design of a mind pregnant with better things. He who reads the heads of the chapters, will find that it is not a course of adventures that invites him forward, but a discussion of interesting questions; Reflections on Human Life; the History of Imlac, the Man of Learning; a Dissertation upon Poetry; the Character of a Wise and Happy Man, who discourses with energy on the government of the passions, and on a sudden, when death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wisdom, and the eloquence that adorned them, yielding to the stroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bitterest anguish. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection, that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The History of the Mad Astronomer, who imagines that for five years he possessed the regulation of the weather, and that the sun passed from tropic to tropic by his direction, represents in striking colours the sad effects of a disordered imagination. It becomes the more affecting, when we recollect that it proceeds from one who lived in fear of the same dreadful visitation; from one who says emphatically, "Of the uncertainties in our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason." The inquiry into the cause of madness, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till in time some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, and the mind recurs constantly to the favourite conception, is carried on in a strain of acute observation; but it leaves us room to think that the author was transcribing from his own apprehensions. The discourse on the nature of the soul gives us all that philosophy knows; not without a tincture of superstition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human pursuits was, about the same time, the subject that employed both Johnson and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and *Rasselas*, with all its splendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture.

"The *Dictionary*, though in some instances abuse has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undetermine its fame, still remains the *Mount Atlas* of English literature.

Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
And ocean's break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

"That Johnson was eminently qualified for the office of a commentator on *Shakspeare*, no man can doubt; but it was an office which he never cordially embraced. The public expected more than he had diligence to perform; and yet his edition has been the ground on which every subsequent commentator has chose to build. The general observations at the end of the several plays, with great elegance and precision, give a summary view of each drama. The preface is a tract of great erudition and philosophical criticism.

"Johnson's *political pamphlets*, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his pension, or the solicitation of men in power, did not support the cause for which they were undertaken. They are written in a style truly harmonious, and with his usual dignity of language. When it is said that he advanced positions repugnant to the *common rights of mankind*, the virulence of party may be suspected. It is, perhaps, true, that in the clamour raised throughout the kingdom,

Johnson over-heated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and he was greatly superior to the littleness of spirit that might incline him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe.

"The account of his *Journey to the Hebrides* or Western Isles of Scotland, is a model for such as shall hereafter relate their travels. The author did not visit that part of the world in the character of an antiquary, to amuse us with wonders taken from the dark and fabulous ages; nor as a mathematician, to measure a degree, and settle the longitude and latitude of the several islands. Those who expected such information, expected what was never intended.

In every work regard the writer's end.

Johnson went to see men and manners, modes of life, and the progress of civilization. His remarks are so artfully blended with the rapidity and elegance of his narrative, that the reader is inclined to wish, as Johnson did with regard to Gray, that *to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment.*

"We come now to the *Lives of the Poets*, a work undertaken at the age of seventy, yet the most brilliant, and certainly the most popular of all our author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the history of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of biography, he was the more willing to embrace the proposition of the booksellers. He was versed in the whole body of the English poetry, and his rules of criticism were settled with precision. The facts are related upon the best intelligence, and the best vouchers that could be gleaned, after a great lapse of time. Probability was to be inferred from such materials as could be procured, and no man better understood the nature of historical evidence than Johnson; no man was more religiously an observer of truth. If his history is any where defective, it must be imputed to the want of better information, and the errors of uncertain tradition.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ prelabitur aura.

If the strictures on the works of the various authors are not always satisfactory, and if erroneous criticism may sometimes be suspected, who can hope, that in matters of taste all shall agree? The instances in which the public mind has differed from the positions advanced by the author, are few in number. It has been said, that justice has not been done to Swift; that Gay and Prior are undervalued; and that Gray has been harshly treated. This charge, perhaps, ought not to be disputed. Johnson, it is well known, had conceived a prejudice against Swift. His friends trembled for him when he was writing that life, but were pleased, at last, to see it executed with temper and moderation. As to Prior, it is probable that he gave his real opinion, but an opinion that will not be adopted by men of lively fancy. With regard to Gray, when he condemns the apostrophe, in which Father Thames is desired to tell who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, and then adds, that Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himself; when he compares the abrupt beginning of the first stanza of the "Bard" to the ballad of "Johnny Armstrong," "*Is there ever a man in all Scotland;*" there are, perhaps, few friends of Johnson, who would not wish to blot out both the passages."

The following quotation from Horace is given by Mr. Murphy as containing Johnson's picture in miniature.

"Iracundior est paulo minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri possit, eo quid
Rusticius tonsæ toga defluit, et male latus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
Inculto later hoc sub corpore."———

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Miss Seward the poetess of Litchfield, in the "European Magazine" for 1785, with equal accuracy of discrimination and strength of colouring.

"Dr. Johnson's learning and knowledge were deep and universal. His conception was so clear, and his intellectual stores were marshalled with such precision, that his style in common conversa-

tion equalled that of his moral essays. Whatever charge of pedantic stiffness may have been brought against those essays, by prejudice, or by personal resentment, they are certainly not less superior to all other English compositions of that sort, in the happy fertility and efflorescence of imagination, harmony of period, and luminous arrangement of ideas, than they are in strength of expression, and force of argument. His Latinisms, for which he has been much censured, have extended the limits of our native dialect, besides enriching its sounds with that sonorous sweetness, which the intermixture of words from a more harmonious language must necessarily produce; I mean in general, for it cannot be denied that they sometimes deform the Johnsonian page, though they much oftener adorn it. His *London* is a very brilliant and nervous satiric poem, and his *Vanity of Human Wishes* appears to me a much finer satire than the best of Pope's. Perhaps its poetic beauty is not excelled by any composition in heroic rhyme which this country can boast, rich as she is in that species of writing. As a moralist, Dr. Johnson was respectable, splendid, sublime; but as a critic, the faults of his disposition have disgraced much of his fine writings with frequent paradox, unprincipled misrepresentation, mean and needless exposure of bodily infirmities (as in the life of Pope), irreconcilable contradictions, and with decisions of the last absurdity. Dr. Johnson had strong affections where literary envy did not interfere; but that envy was of such deadly potency, as to load his conversation, as it has loaded his biographic works, with the rancour of party violence, with national aversion, bitter sarcasm, and unchristian-like invective. It is in vain to descant upon the improbability that Dr. Johnson, under the consciousness of abilities so great, and of a fame so extensive, should envy any man, since it is more than improbable, it is wholly impossible, that an imagination so sublime, and a judgment so correct, on all abstract subjects, should decide as he has decided upon the works of *some*, who were at least his equals, and upon *one* who is yet greater than himself. Dr. Johnson was a furious Jacobite while one hope for the Stuart line remained; and his politics, always leaning towards despotism, were inimical to liberty, and the natural rights of mankind. He was punctual in his devotions; but his religious faith had much more of bigot-fierceness than of that gentleness which the gospel inculcates. To those who had never entered the literary confines, or, entering them, had paid him the tribute of unbounded praise and total subjection, he was an affectionate and generous friend, soothing in his behaviour to them, and active in promoting their domestic comforts; though, in some spleenful moments, he could not help speaking disrespectfully both of their mental powers and of their virtues. His pride was infinite; yet, amidst all the overbearing arrogance it produced, his heart melted at the sight, or at the representation, of disease and poverty; and, in the hours of affluence, his purse was ever open to relieve them. In several instances his affections seemed unaccountably engaged by people of whose disposition and abilities he scrupled not to speak contemptuously at all times, and in all humours. To such he often devoted, and especially of late years, a large portion of that time which might naturally be supposed to have been precious to him, who so well knew how to employ it. When his attention was called to modern writings, particularly if they were celebrated, and not written by any of his "little senate," he generally listened with angry impatience. "No, Sir, I shall not read the book" was his common reply. He turned from the compositions of rising genius with a visible horror, which too plainly proved, that envy was the bosom serpent of this literary despot, whose life had been unpolluted by licentious crimes, and who had some great and noble qualities, accompanying a stupendous reach of understanding."

His character, as a poetical biographer, has been given by his townsman Dr. Newton in his posthumous work, not perhaps with his powers, but with his decision and severity of censure.

"Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* afford much amusement, but candour was hurt and offended at the malevolence that preponderated in every part. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praises, or more abundant in his censures. He delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections, and, not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the long-forgotten works of former critics. The panegyrist of Savage in his youth, may, in his

old age, become the satirist of the most favoured authors, his encomium as unjust and undeserved as his censures."

The testimony of the classical editor of Milton may be compared with the eulogy pronounced by Dr. Parr, the learned and eloquent editor of "Bellendenus" in his edition of "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian."

"Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow creatures in the balance of the sanctuary."

THE WORKS OF JOHNSON.

P O E M S.

LONDON: A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF
JUVENAL, 1738.

“ — Quis ineptæ

“ Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?”

JUV.

(a) **T**HOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air.
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Britain more.

(b) For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's
land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

(c) While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thame's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the feat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;

JUV. SAT. III.

(a) Quamvis digressu veteris confusis amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

(b) — Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

(c) Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain;
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.

(d) Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no (e) staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
place,

Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes:

(f) Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;

(d) Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, in-
quit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem
cras

Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities —

(e) — et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

(f) Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturii istic [tunc,
Et Catulus: maneat qui nigrum in candida ver-

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in
the houses of parliament.

With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

(g) Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our * silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. [hold?

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:

(b) But what, my friend, what hope remains for
me,

Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;

A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the † Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

(i) Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

(k) For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

(l) But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unfollied fame, and conscience ever gay.

(m) The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
(n) I cannot bear a French metropolis.

(g) *Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina,
portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.*

(b) *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.—*

(i) — Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

(k) *Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius? —
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.*

(l) — Tanti tibi non sit opaci [rum,
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur au-
Ut somno careas. —

(m) *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.*

(n) — Non possum terre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. —

* The licensing act was then lately made.

† The paper which at that time contained apologies
for the court.

(o) Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;

(p) Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,

(q) They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a
clap:

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

(r) Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

(s) Studios to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

(t) These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:

(u) Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,

And view its object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in Dog-days, in December sweat.

(w) How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?

(o) *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quireni,
Et ceromatico fert niciteria collo.*

(p) *Ingenium velox, audacia perdit, sermo
Promptus. —*

(q) *Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: om-
nia novit,*

*Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit. [cœlum
(r) Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia
Hauit Aventini? —*

(s) *Quid! quod adolandi gens prudentissima,
laudat*

Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

(t) *Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditor. —*

(u) *Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.*

(w) *Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper
et omni*

Nocte dieque potest alienum fumere vultum,

Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
(x) Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

(y) By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

(z) Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

(a) Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,

(b) *Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:*

But here more flow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord. [cries

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and
pow'r,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey; [roam,

(c) Then through the world a wretched vagrant
For where can starving merit find a home?

A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.——

(x) Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

(y) ——— Materiem præbet causasque jocosum

Omnibus hic idem? si scæda et scissa lacerna, &c.

(z) Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

(a) ——— Agmine facto,

Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites. [obstat

(b) Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus

Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis

Conatus.——

——— Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio.——

Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

(c) ——— Ultimus autem [tem

Æruminæ cumulus, quod nudum, et frustra rogan-

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim
to some of our American provinces.

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

(d) Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth
confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,

And public mournings pacify the skies;

The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,

How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

(e) With well feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,

And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;

The price of boroughs and of souls restore;

And raise his treasures higher than before:

Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,

The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

(f) Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,

And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

(g) Could'st thou resign the park and play con-
tent,

For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;

There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,

Some hireling senator's deserted seat;

And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,

For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;

There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flow'rs,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;

And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,

Despise the dainties of a venal lord:

There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings.

There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;

On all thy hours security shall smile.

And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

(b) Prepare for death if here at night you roam,

And sign your will before you sup from home.

(i) Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,

Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;

Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,

Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

(k) Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,

Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;

(d) Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida
mater,

Pullati proceres.——

(e) ——— Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,

Conferet impensas: hic, &c.

Hic modium argenti.——

(f) ——— Meliora, ac plura reponit

Perficus orbis lautissimus.——

(g) Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,

Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fufinone paratur,

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.

Hortulus hic.——

Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti.

Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

(b) ——— Possis ignavus haberi,

Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si

Intestatus eas.——

(i) Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,

Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum

Peleidæ.——

(k) ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis, [lana

Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina

Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,

Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

(l) In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,

And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

(m) Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,

With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose * ways and means support the sinking land;
Left ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.

(n) A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

(o) Much could I add,---but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:

(p) Farewel!--When youth, and health, and fortune spent,

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET † observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;

(l) Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliat te

Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.

(m) Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne

Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.

(n) Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

(o) His alias poteram, et pluries subnectere causas:

Sed jumenta vocant.---

(p) Ergo vale nostri memor: et quoties te

Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam

Convelle à Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

* A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

‡ Ver. 1.---11.

Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.

How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'ful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once ‡ more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unweildy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?

* Ver. 12.---22.

† Ver. 23.---27.

‡ Ver. 28.---55

Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are
vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

* Unnumber'd suppliant's crowd preferment's
gate,

A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance
rings,

Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
sign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns---the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace
repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?

* Ver. 56.---107.

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What * gave great Villiers to the assassin's
knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their with indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When † first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life §, and Galileo's end.

* Ver. 108.---113.

† Ver. 114.---132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

§ A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to bear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's-Bench; till Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoke in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three

Nor deem, when learning her last prize beltows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Land.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The * festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandfires wreaths re-
gret,

From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On † what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain;

“Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought re-
“On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
“And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All ‡ times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.

months, without he borrowed it, and died very poor in 1646.

* Ver. 133.—146. † Ver. 147.—167.

‡ Ver. 168.—187.

In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-
stow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croation, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no
more;

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus
near;

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;

* Ver. 188.—222.

But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,

And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall
save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lovers mines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To int'rest, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where † then shall hope and fear their objects
find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

* Ver. 289---345. † Ver. 346---366.

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to
gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,
AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were
strong;

Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
long:

Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd though nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;

Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new forcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.
Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue from the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

PROLOGUE

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick, April 5. 1750, before the
Masque of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre,
for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.*

Ye patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring
rhymes,

Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He fees, and pitying fees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;

* Hunt a famous boxer on the stage: Mahomet, a
rope dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre
the winter before, said to be a Turk.

Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms
Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN
1769.

Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toft in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeses hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

*To the Comedy of a Word to the Wise *, spoken by
Mr. Hull.*

This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777.
for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly,
Esq. (the author of the play) and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770,
a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife;
And nature on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life,
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic * tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines,
Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turret's rise.
Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging faction's rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,

* The author being ill of the gout

Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bower with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

No more while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O! wou'd some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now fought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm—though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;

The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Not only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

TO MISS *****,

*On her giving the Author a Gold and silk Net-work
Purse of her own-weaving*.*

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

TO MISS *****,

*On her playing upon the Harpsicord in a Room hung
with Flower-pieces of her own Painting*.*

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight.
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passions well accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING,

AN ODE. TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his steed, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace,
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.

I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought.
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muses moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
"And let the goddess trust her eyes,"
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her rein,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth shall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;

Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one with my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

*Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom
a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle*.*

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO LADY FIREBRACE*,

AT BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;

* *These verses were first printed in a Magazine for 1768, under the name of Hammond, and have frequently been ascribed to Mr. Derrick. According to the statement of Miss Seward and Mr. White of Litchfield, they were written by Johnson, when a school-boy, and addressed to Lucy Porter, the first object of his early love, whose mother he married; and afterwards given to Mr. Hester of Birmingham, in 1731, for his friend Mr. Morgan Graves, without thinking it material to avow their pre-existence. Lucy Porter was then on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Hunter, brother of Mr. Porter of Birmingham, and second wife of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's schoolmaster. She was four years younger than Johnson; and uniformly said, that the verses were addressed to "herself, when he was a lad," on her having given him some myrtle. See "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1793, 1794.*

† *This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000 l.), July 26. 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7. 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyll, and died July 3. 1782.*

For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a muse and
grace.

TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven;

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH

ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

An Itinerant Musician.*

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM

IN THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronnetus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhall in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
et hærede.
Filius

Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patrueus
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo, et patrimonio successit
Duas uxores fortitus est;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à parte derivato de
Arlington comitissam
Deindè celcissimi principis ducis de Graftonviduam
dotariam
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates studia feliciter enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.

* *These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. They were written by Johnson, almost extempore, upon Garrick's repeating an Epitaph on Phillips, by a Dr. Wilkes, in these words:*

" Exalted soul! whose harmony could please
" The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease;
" Could jarring discord, like Amphion, move
" To beauteous order, and harmonious love,
" Rest here in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
" And meet thy blessed Saviour in the skies.

Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

VOL. XI.

Postquam excessit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens
Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parlamentum missus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq. apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed probe perpensa disertè expromere
Orator gravis et pressus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentia laude
commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq. inter se alioqui dissidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Felicissima, florentissimæque memoriæ regina
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi senatûs universi voce designatus est:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis
Et varus et lubricis et implicatus difficillimum
Cum dignitatè sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent,
munera
Sedulò detrectavit
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ
Justi rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent
officiis satis fecisset,
Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè consenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH.

BY DR. JOHNSON*.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.

* *This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Friend. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.*

Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
While Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursu'd him where conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour fated, and with cares oppress'd;
To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm conscience then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till nature call'd him to the general doom,
And virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

TO MISS HICKMAN*,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to despotic sway:
But when your music sooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,
We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with destructive war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair;
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

PARAPHRASE

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI. VERSES 6,—11.

"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard†."

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:

* These lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

† In Mrs. Williams's *Miscellanies*, but now printed from the original in Johnson's own handwriting.

No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose.
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chafes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

HORACE,

LIB. IV. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green.
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way,
Spring yields to Summer's sovereign ray;
Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign,
And Winter chills the world again:
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more?
What with our friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.
November 1784.

ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
In every dome, in every sacred place,
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, cast in virtue's mould."

The following Translations, Parodies, and Burlesque Verses, most of them extempore, are taken from *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, published by Mrs. Piozzi, (formerly Mrs. Thrale) in 8vo, 1785.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?

Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way :
 Is it business? is it love?
 Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
 Soft Anacreon's vows I hear,
 Vows to Myrtale the fair ;
 Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
 Blushing nature, smiling art.
 Venus, courted by an ode,
 On the bard her dove bestow'd :
 Vested with a master's right,
 Now Anacreon rules my flight ;
 His the letters that you see,
 Weighty charge, consign'd to me :
 Think not yet my service hard,
 Joyless task without reward ;
 Smiling at my master's gates,
 Freedom my return awaits ;
 But the liberal grant in vain.
 Tempts me to be wild again.
 Can a prudent dove decline
 Blissful bondage such as mine?
 Over hills and fields to roam,
 Fortune's guest without a home ;
 Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed :
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast, and soft repose ;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip :
 Void of care, and free from dread,
 From his fingers snatch his bread ;
 Then with luscious plenty gay,
 Round his chamber dance and play ;
 Or from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face extend my wings ;
 And when feast and frolic tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all, be quick and go,
 More than all thou canst not know ;
 Let me now my pinions ply,
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

*Written in ridicule of certain Poems, published in
 1777.*

WHERESOEVER I turn my view,
 All is strange, yet nothing new ;
 Endless labour all along,
 Endless labour to be wrong ;
 Phrase that time has flung away,
 Uncouth words in disarray,
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;

And scanning right the practices of yore,
 Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
 Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
 Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,
 And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
 By quivering string or modulated wind ;
 Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
 Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
 Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around ;
 Where gloom-enamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
 And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
 And purple nectar glads the festive hour ;
 The guest, without a want, without a wish,
 Can yield no room to music's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE

Of the Modern Versifications of Ancient Legendary Tales.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant meek and mild,
 Fell down upon the stone ;
 The nurse took up the squealing child,
 But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLATION

*Of the Two First Stanzas of the Song "Rio verde,
 Rio verde," printed in Bishop Percy's Reliques
 of Ancient English Poetry.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
 Down whose current clear and strong,
 Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
 Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF —

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
 Wearing out life's evening gray ;
 Strike thy bosom sage, and tell
 What is bliss, and which the way.

This I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
 Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
 When the hoary sage reply'd,
 Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE

Of the following Lines of Lopez de Vega.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
 Vence una muger hermosa

O el de flaco averguence
O ella di ser mas furiosa.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines at the End of Baretti's
Easy Phraseology.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Distich on the Duke of Modena's
running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.*

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì—durate un anno.

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets! come every day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines of Mons. Benferade "à son
"lit."*

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines written under a Print re-
presenting Persons skating.*

SUR un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice est sous la glace;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface,
Glissez mortels; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of the Same.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

TO MRS. THRALE,

On her completing her Thirty-fifth Year.

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFt in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU

*On hearing Miss Thrale consulting with a Friend
about a Gown and Hat she was inclined to
wear.*

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

*Of an Air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metastasio,
beginning, "Deh se piacermi vuoi."*

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION

*Of a Speech of Aquileio, in the Adriano of Me-
tastasio, beginning, "Tu che in Corte inve-
"chiai."*

GROWN old in courts, thou art not surely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;

Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship:
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious
praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

*The following Translations and Miscellaneous
pieces now first collected into Johnson's works,
are taken from the Life of Samuel Johnson,
LL. D. published by James Boswell, Esq. in
4 vols. 4to. 1791.*

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

PASTORAL I.

Melibeus.

Now, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,
Play on your pipe beneath this beechen shade;
While wretched we about the world must roam,
And leave our pleasing fields and native home,
Here at your ease you sing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amarillis' name.

Tityrus.

Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,
For I shall never think him less than God;
Oft on his altar shall my firstlings lie,
Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye:
He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
And me to tune at ease th' unequal reeds.

Melibeus.

My admiration only I express,
(No spark of envy harbours in my breast)
That when confusion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy state remains.
Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,
Far from their ancient fields and humble cots.
This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.
Had we not been perverse and careless grown,
This dire event by omens was foreshown;
Our trees were blasted by the thunder stroke,
And left-hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows:

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Afric's faithless sands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd;
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A grisly wolf surpris'd, and fled.

No savage more portentous stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore;
None fiercer Juba's thirsty land,
Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies:

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race;
I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE IX.

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
Nor showers immerse the verdant plain;
Nor do the billows always rise,
Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on th' Armenian shores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze;
Not always furious Boreas roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Myfies dead you ever mourn;
No setting Sol can ease your care,
But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage,
Mourn'd not Antiochus so long;
Nor did King Priam's hoary age
So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these woman's sighs,
Augustus' numerous trophies sing;
Repeat that prince's victories,
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Romans' slave,
And scarce forsakes his native fields.

*Translation of part of the Dialogue between
Hector and Andromache; from the sixth Book
of Homer's Iliad.*

SHE ceas'd: then godlike Hector answer'd
kind,—

(His various plumage sporting in the wind)
That post, and all the rest, shall be my care;
But shall I, then, forsake the unfinish'd war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's
name!

And one base action fully all my fame,
Acquir'd by wounds, and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my soul abhors so mean a thought.

Long have I learn'd to flight this fleeting breath,
 And view with cheerful eyes approaching death.
 The inexorable fisters have decreed
 That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed:
 The day shall come, in which proud Troy shall
 yield,
 And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
 Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age,
 Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty
 rage,
 Nor my brave brothers that have bit the ground,
 Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
 Can in my bosom half that grief create,
 As the sad thought of your impending fate:
 When some proud Grecian dame shall talks impose,
 Mimic your tears, and ridicule your woes:
 Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
 And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:
 Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry,
 Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!
 Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous
 eyes,
 And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
 Before that day, by some brave hero's hand,
 May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY *.

THIS tributary verse, receive, my fair,
 Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer.
 May this returning day for ever find
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
 All pains, all cares, may favouring Heav'n remove,
 All but the sweet solitudes of love!
 May powerful nature join with grateful art,
 To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
 O then, when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,
 When even proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
 My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
 Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
 Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
 Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy:
 With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
 Shown in the faithful glass of ridicule;
 Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,
 No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,
 So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR †.

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
 Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,
 Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields;
 He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry fields;
 Then dances jocund o'er the watery way,
 While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play:

* This was made almost *impromptu*, in the presence
 of Mr. Hector.

† Alterations in the copy printed in the "*Gentleman's
 Magazine*," 1743.

Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Forsakes his rural seats and peaceful home,
 Charm'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields,
 He scorns the flow'ry vales and verdant fields;
 Jocund he dances o'er the wat'ry way.

Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
 And future millions lift his rising soul;
 In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
 And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine. 10
 Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,
 Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise;
 Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore,
 And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.
 So the young author, panting after fame,
 And the long honours of a lasting name,
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
 More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.
 "Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstasies he cries,
 For wealth or title, perishable prize; 20
 While I those transitory blessings scorn,
 Secure of praise from ages yet unborn." [late,
 This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too
 He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;
 Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
 And feels the unfading wreath surround his head.
 Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be wise,
 Those dreams were Settle's once, and Ogilby's!
 The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise,
 To some retreat the baffled writer flies; 30
 Where no four critics snarl, no sneers molest,
 Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging jest;
 There begs of Heav'n a less distinguish'd lot,
 Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.

EPILOGUE,

*Intended to have been spoken by a Lady, who was to
 personate the Ghost of Hermione ‡.*

Ye blooming train, who give despair or joy,
 Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy;
 In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,
 And with unerring shafts distribute fate;
 Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes,
 Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
 Whilst you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,
 Unpitying see them weep, and hear them pray,
 And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away; }
 For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains,
 Where sable night in all her horror reigns;

Ver. 12.

Loud roars the tempest, high the billows rise.

Ver. 15, 16.

So the young author panting for a name,
 And fir'd with pleasing hope of endless fame.

Ver. 19.

"Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstasy, he cries.

Ver. 21, 22.

"While I these transitory blessings scorn,
 Secure of praise from nations yet unborn."

Ver. 24.

He plies the press, and hurries on his fate.

Ver. 26.

He feels th' unfading wreath surround his head.

Ver. 28.

These dreams were Settle's once and Ogilby's.

Ver. 31, 32.

Where no four critics damn, nor sneers molest,
 Safe from the keen lampoon and stinging jest.

‡ Some young ladies at Litchfield having proposed to
 act "*The Distressed Mother*," Johnson wrote this,
 and gave it to Mr. Hector to convey privately to them.

No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,
 Receive th' unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.
 For kind, for tender nymphs the myrtle blooms,
 And weaves herbending boughs in pleasing glooms;
 Perennial roses deck each purple vale,
 And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale:
 Far hence are banish'd vapours, spleen, and tears,
 Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs;
 No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys
 The balmy kiss, for which poor Thyrsis dies;
 Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,
 Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
 No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame,
 For those who feel no guilt can know no shame;
 Unfaded still their former charms they show,
 Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new.
 But cruel virgins meet severer fates;
 Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,
 To dismal realms, and regions void of peace,
 Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss,
 O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh;
 And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the sky,
 With livid hue the fairest face o'ercast,
 And every beauty withers at the blast:
 Where'er they fly their lover's ghosts pursue,
 Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;
 Vexation, fury, jealousy, despair,
 Vex ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom tear;
 Their foul deformities by all descri'd,
 No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
 Then melt, ye fair, while crowds around you sigh,
 Nor let disdain sit lowring in your eye;
 With pity soften every awful grace,
 And beauty smile auspicious in each face;
 To ease their pains exert your milder power,
 So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

FRIENDSHIP:

AN ODE.

Printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine." 1743.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
 The noble mind's delight and pride,
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the blest,
 Parent of thousand wild desires,
 The savage and the human breast
 Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
 Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
 Thy lambent glories only beam
 Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descend

In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
 O guide us through life's darksome way!
 And let the tortures of mistrust
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
 When souls to peaceful climes remove:
 What rais'd our virtue here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above.

TO A LADY*.

WHO SPOKE IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

LIBER ut esse velim, suavisti, pulchra Maria,
 Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

AD LAURAM PARITURAM EPIGRAM-
MA †.

ANGLIACUS inter pulcherrima Laura puellas,
 Mox uteri pondus depositura grave,
 Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
 Neve tibi noceat prænitiuisse Deæ.

O QUI perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
 Terrarum cœlique fator!——
 Disjice terrenæ nubulas et pondera molis,
 Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,
 Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere finis,
 Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem.

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
 With silent confidence and holy rest;
 From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we
 tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

EPIGRAM

ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.
POET LAUREAT.

AUGUSTUS still survives in Maro's strain,
 And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign,
 Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
 For nature form'd the poet for the king.

* Miss Molly Aston.

† Mr. Hector was present when this epigram was
 made impromptu. The first line was proposed by Dr.
 James, and Johnson was called upon by the company to
 finish it, which he instantly did.

IRENE, A TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, IN THE YEAR M.DCC.XLIX.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	MR. BARRY.
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	MR. BERRY.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	MR. SOWDEN.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	MR. HAVARD.
HASAN,	} Turkish Captains,	{ MR. USHER.
CARAZA,		
DEMETRIUS.	} Greek Noblemen,	{ MR. BURTON.
LEONTIUS.		
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	{ MR. GARRICK.
		{ MR. BLAKES.
		MR. ———

WOMEN.

ASPASIA	} Greek Ladies.	{ MRS. GIBBER.
IRENE,		
		{ MRS. PRITCHARD.

ATTENDANTS ON IRENE.

PROLOGUE.

Ye glitt'ring train ! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of avarice ! a moment spare :
Vot'ries of fame and worshippers of pow'r !
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm ; and vigorous, though re-
sign'd.

Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow ;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join ;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if nature shine :
If no wild draught depart from reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools :
Intriguing wits ! his artless plot forgive ;
And spare him, beauties ! though his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise ; be this his pride ;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit.
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads ;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though wiflings sneer and rivals rail ;
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.

In reason, nature, truth he dares to trust :
Ye fops, be silent ! and ye wits, be just !

ACT I.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkish Habits.

Leontius.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans ?

Demetrius.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain :
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder ;
No more the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

Leontius.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow ;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless !
The last corruption of degenerate man !
Urg'd by th' imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden ca-
verns [envy
Pregnant with stores, that India's mines might
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

Demetrius.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use !
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for free-
dom !

That wealth, which granted to their weeping prince,

Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
But thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected, in the public safety.

Leontius.

Reproach not misery—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?—That power that kindly spreads

The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Demetrius.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

Leontius.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from heav'n or hell,
Conducts their armies and asserts their cause.

Demetrius.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the power of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?

'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice,
Leontius,

That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

Leontius.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.

Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to prayer, and wander through the streets;

Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

Demetrius.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

Leontius.

From ev'ry palace burst a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright, and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

Demetrius.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

Leontius.

Suspend the thought.

Demetrius.

All thought on her is madness:
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her.

Leontius.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows:
Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that providence that guards the good.

Demetrius.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

Leontius.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

Demetrius.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleasing visions, and assuasive dreams,
O sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

Leontius.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

Demetrius.

To what I know not:

But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

Leontius.

But whence this new-sprung hope!

Demetrius.

From Cali Bassa:

The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.

He, tir'd of slav'ry, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

Leontius.

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

Demetrius.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, "Awake, Demetrius,
"Awake, and follow me to better fortunes;"
Surpris'd I start, and blest the happy dream;

Then rousing know the fiery Chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

Leontius.

But what avails
So small a force? or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

Demetrius.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour,
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

Cali.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If chasing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recal it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

Demetrius.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

Cali.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamant faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

Demetrius.

Sooner these trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore,
With monuments of death proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

Leontius.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [Going.

Demetrius.

Leontius, stay.

Cali.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroid'd the Turkish state—our sultan's father
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reigns of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast,
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

Demetrius.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

Cali.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawless passion hold the sword of justice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and sub-
ject,

A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

Leontius.

But say, great Bassa, why the sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

Cali.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast;
But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

Demetrius.

What can reverse thy doom?

Cali.

The tyrant's death.

Demetrius.

But Greece is still forgot.

Cali.

On Asia's coast,

Which lately blest'd my gentle government,
Soon as the sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge Le-
ontius,

Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

Demetrius.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth;
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

Cali.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspected face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;

Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the sultan.

Demetrius.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

Cali.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

Demetrius.

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

Cali.

The sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

Demetrius.

Celestial goodness!

It must, it must be she; her name?

Cali.

Aspasia.

Demetrius.

What hopes, what terrors rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms,
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

Leontius.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

Cali.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustom'd fury, [whisper
And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

Demetrius.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul, dispatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from heaven restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

Cali.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

Leontius.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

Cali.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy careffes and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and soothes him to delay.
For her repose is banish'd from the night
And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives.

Leontius.

And there must fall.

Cali.

But yet th' attempt

Is hazardous.

Leontius.

Forbear to speak of hazards;

What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

Cali.

Life.

Demetrius.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with
Aspasia?

A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

Cali.

At least this day be calm.—If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Leontius.*]

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

Mustapha.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

Cali.

Why should the sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

Mustapha.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

Cali.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided.
Prospects obscur'd by distance faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And every danger shocks with double horror.

Mustapha.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate!
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

Cali.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

Mustapha.

Heav'n will condemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

Cali.

Cease, cease thy censures, for the sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,

Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses.

Mahomet.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

Cali.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good.

Mahomet.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins;
Yet unacquainted with these soft emotions
I walk'd superior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

Mustapha.

Forgive, great sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

Mahomet.

Go see him die;
His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[Exit Mustapha.]

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

Mahomet.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

Cali.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

Mahomet.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey?
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted valleys
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting
camps?

Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath——

Cali.

Still full of Amurath!

[Aside.]

Mahomet.

Than Amurath, accusom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

Cali.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

Mahomet.

For those who could not please by nobler service.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprising virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion;
Shine thou distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till every nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

Cali.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

Mahomet.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings, [nefs,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future great-
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

Irene.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

Aspasia.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

Irene.

When thou art absent
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
Then visions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue:
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

Aspasia.

Since fear predominates in every thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that wait the apostate;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into folly turn thy frailty.

Irene.

Will not that pow'r that form'd the heart of wo-
man,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

Aspasia.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court
With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,

Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
And folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

Irene.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate,
Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

Aspasia.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

Irene.

He yet may live.

Aspasia.

Alas! delusive dream?

'Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
'Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

Cali to Abdalla, as they advance.

Behold our future sultans, Abdalla;
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
Glide through Irene to the sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

To Irene.

Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly
charms

Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

Abdalla.

Receive th' impatient sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

Irene.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or, can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

Cali.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty state
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

Abdalla.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

Aspasia.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

Abdalla.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

Cali.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest;
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

Cali solus.

How heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness;
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

Cali.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

Leontius.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.—

Demetrius.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly
maid.—

Leontius.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

Cali.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

Demetrius.

The loudest cries of nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

Cali.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?

Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

Leontius.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

Demetrius.

Swift, let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

Leontius.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

Cali.

But see, where destin'd to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal
you,

Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI and MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
Too slow these gentle constellations roll,
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

Mustapha.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years.

Cali.

Sure by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

Mustapha.

The sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither, let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice,
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that sick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and fault'ring cry'd,
Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
Are these the counsels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?—

Mustapha.

Confest by dying Menodorus.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

Mahomet, examining the paper.

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! His seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conspire
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain.
Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

Mustapha.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great emperor, beware of treason.
Th' insidious Bassa fir'd by disappointment—

Mahomet.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

Mustapha.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and forgery of tongue;
And should he fall unheard, by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

Mahomet.

Cali, this day with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

Mustapha.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world;
Bribe to his cause and lift beneath his banners
Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftiness,
And arm the Persian heretic against thee;
There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy con-
quests, [vengeance.

And though at length subdued, elude thy ven-

Mahomet.

Elude my vengeance! no—My troops shall range
Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Afric's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tor-
tures;

Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

Mustapha.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

Mahomet.

Suspend his sentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

Mustapha.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.

Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,
Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
And stern composure of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

Mahomet.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve: For see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.
[*Cali enters with Irene, and exit with Mustapha*

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

Mahomet.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.

How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion.

Irene.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns and fullness of enjoyment?

Mahomet.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future Paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death and careles of hereafter;
While heav'n's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sovereign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

Irene.

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd
to flatter,
That air resistless and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

Mahomet.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace:
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance

Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

Irene.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rap-
ture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

Mahomet.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure, and a waking dream.

Irene.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you;
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

Mahomet.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

Irene.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

Mahomet.

O seize the power to bliss—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

Irene.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

Mahomet.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And love enfold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And ev'n our prophetic gardens envy thine:
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

4

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Cali enters with a discontented air; to him enters Abdalla.

Cali.

Is this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th' encumber'd
hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

Abdalla.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

Cali.

Some petty passion! some domestic trifle;
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

Abdalla.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature?
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

Cali.

This sovereign passion, scornful of restraint,
Ev'n from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix undistinguish'd with the gen'ral roar.

Abdalla.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

Cali.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reason—

Abdalla.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well besit the solitary student,
Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd!
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all because she hazards nothing:
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

Cali.

But why this sudden warmth?

Abdalla.

Because I love:
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!

Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
Why foam the swelling waves when tempests rise?
Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their
way?

Cali.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

Abdalla.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

Cali.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

Abdalla.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Cali.

Now be some moments master of thyself,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Demetrius.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd
limbs?

Cali.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

Leontius.

So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction,
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

Cali.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

Demetrius.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-mor-
row?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.

The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Leontius.

The present hour with open arms invites,
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

Demetrius.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

Abdalla.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouse, Cali, shall the sons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
Who merits most?—Demetrius or Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Who merits most!—I knew not we were rivals.

Cali.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no
more—

Well,—'tis decreed—This night shall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
With cautious secrecy, Leontius steer,
Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence.

[Exit Leont.]

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of
blood,

And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,
Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

Cali.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
A little longer, and she's thine for ever.

Demetrius.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

Cali.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

Demetrius.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life.

[Exit Dem.]

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,

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The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast;
Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

Cali.

What claim hast thou to plead?

Abdalla.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unquestion'd claim of conquerors, and kings!

Cali.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

Abdalla.

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand
Against his king, and cry, remember justice.
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands—But see th' approaching sultan,
Oppose my wishes, and—Remember justice.

Cali.

Disorder sits upon thy face—retire.

[Exit Abdalla, Enter Mahomet.]

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

Cali.

Long be the sultan blest'd with happy love;
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the pagan crowds,
When pale, and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

Mahomet.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion,
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

Cali.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundless promises
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

Mahomet.

These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[Exit Mahomet.]

SCENE VI.

Cali solus.

He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs.—
Our distant int'rests, and our different passions
Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
Reason with reason fights on equal terms,
The raging madman's unconnected schemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
Deep in my breast be treasured this resolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithless for neglect or trust.

[Enter Irene with Attendants.]

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

Cali.

Amidst the splendor of encircling beauty,
Superior majesty proclaims the queen,
And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

Irene.

Reserve this homage for some other fair,
Urge me not on to glittering guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

Cali.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing
world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

Aspasia.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a helpless captive's ruin?

Cali.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

Aspasia.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend a while the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' encumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,

[Irene signs to her attendants to retire.]

While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

Irene.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

Aspasia.

The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ar-
dour:

Those holy beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

Irene.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedness,
I am not yet a queen, or an apostate.
But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

Aspasia.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its values from its use alone;
Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;

Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Irene.

If built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

Aspasia.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our
limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal power to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

Irene.

O! did Irene shine the Queen of Turkey, [jected.
No more should Greece lament those prayers re-
Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy music:
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

Aspasia.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed:
That maxim publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth;
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of heav'n.

Irene.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

Aspasia.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain:
When social laws first harmonis'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

Irene.

To me my lover's fondness will restore,
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

Aspasia.

When soft security shall prompt the sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
To fix his court and regulate his pleasures,
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul;
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting heav'n,
Despair, and slav'ry, solitude, and guilt.

Irene.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

Aspasia.

Tranquility and guilt, disjoin'd by heav'n,

Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

Irene.

Go languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

Aspasia.

On me, should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon shouldst thou see, how false thy weak re-
proach.

My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

Irene.

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by heav'n
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs:
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Aspasia.

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled
thought,

And set the glit'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish too late for innocence and peace?
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp.

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

Maid.

A Turkish stranger, of majestic mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

Irene.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatso'er thy message, [*Aside*
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

Aspasia.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.

[*Exit Irene, Enter Demetrius.*

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze——

Aspasia.

Demetrius!

Demetrius.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?
Why shoots this chillness through thy shaking
nerves?

Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

Aspasia.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful
sounds

Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul,
The present, past, and future swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

Demetrius.

Such ecstasy of love! such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

Aspasia.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

Demetrius.

O say, bright being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers hast thou
known?

Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd,
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd,
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

Aspasia.

Infer me rather, how thy happy courage
Stem'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death?
Did savage anger, and licentious conquest,
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

Demetrius.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concur'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

Aspasia.

Sure heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

It parts you now—The hasty sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

Demetrius.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

Abdalla.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not linger here,
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from
you.

Demetrius.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

Abdalla.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Aspasia hence,
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

Demetrius.

If we must part—

Aspasia.

No! let us die together.

Demetrius.

If we must part—

Abdalla.

Dispatch; th' increasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

Demetrius.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.

Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I
gain,

And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.**Aspasia.*

ENOUGH—resistless reason calms my soul—
Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think—but excuse a woman's needless caution,
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance from thy
thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue,
Then strike secure, and Heav'n assist the blow!

Demetrius.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

Aspasia.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from
thee.

Demetrius.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

Aspasia.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,

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Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft when the fierce besieger's eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
Perhaps in vain the sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friend-
ship—

*Abdalla!**Demetrius.*

Can Abdalla then dissemble?

That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

Aspasia.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

Demetrius.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

Aspasia.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
Th' approaching sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

Demetrius.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baneful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

Aspasia.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears—

Demetrius.

Th' anxieties of love.

Aspasia.

Think how the sov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,
And frowns on perjury, revenge and murder.
Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

Demetrius.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by heav'n,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

Aspasia.

Nor end my terrors with the sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side confusion, rage and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

Demetrius.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear, or trust, is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.

The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

Aspasia.

How soon, alas! will int'rest fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conscience!

Demetrius.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Aspasia.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away De-
metrius,

Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

Demetrius.

Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

Aspasia.

Still, still distrust sits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

Demetrius.

Should Heav'n yet unappeas'd refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness on our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love?

Aspasia.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty drops beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

Demetrius.

Submissive and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And peace propitious smile on fond desire;
There shall despotic eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the western world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

Cali.

At length th' unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

Demetrius.

Count not these hours as parts of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heav'n,
Which squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems;

To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

Cali.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

Demetrius.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

Aspasia.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [Exit.

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

Demetrius.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the flighted seat of empire,
And show Irene to the shouting people:
Aspasia left her fighting in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r,
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

Cali.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er here-
after
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Leontius.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Reclines against the shore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

Abdalla.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

Cali.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes:
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

Leontius.

Suspected still?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

Cali.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest
thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

Leontius.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,

Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords!
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,

Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

Demetrius.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

Leontius.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

Demetrius.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their
cause,

My name shall echo through the shouting field;
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

Cali.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?

Demetrius justly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

Leontius.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

Demetrius.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs;
All ye, whose blood tyrannic rage effus'd,
Or persecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own.

Cali.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair
beam

Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

Cali.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali;
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, shall bethine

Abdalla.

Is this the recompence reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?

Henceforward hope no more my slighted friend-
ship,

Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tor-
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

Cali.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

Abdalla.

I need not name it;
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for Aspasia.

Cali.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius,
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

Abdalla.

Nor to deny.

Cali.

Obtain her and possess, thou know'st thy rival.

Abdalla.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

Cali.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

Abdalla.

When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league,
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,

[*Showing a phial.*]

And stream destructive through his freezing veins;
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he tastes the joys of conquest.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene:
The matchless fair has blest'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

Cali.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for hours in Irene's arms.

Mahomet.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

Cali.

O, could the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises ill disguis'd!
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

Mustapha.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,

The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle fabre.

Mahomet.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

Abdalla.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

Mahomet.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O could her fabled saints, and boasted prayers,
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
And bid the master genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt Cali and Abdalla.*]

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Still Cali lives, and must he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

Mustapha.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

Mahomet.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit Mustapha.*]

SCENE VII.

Mahomet solus.

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
Of happiness, lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war successful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
Dooms me to lothe at once, and doat on falsehood,
And idolize th' apostate I condemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASSAN, AND CARAZA.

Mahomet.

Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

Caraza.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His air disorder'd, and his gait unequal,

Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then starting from his trance,
Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

Mustapha.

Abdalla!

Mahomet.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

Caraza.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

Mustapha.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

Mahomet.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private pas-
sage

Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

Hasan.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive, perhaps, the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

Caraza.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.]

Hasan.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

Caraza.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias, the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asen from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

Hasan.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain? [*Exit.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Aspasia solus.

In these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country

Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
Attention rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, these joys, dear innocence, are thine,
Joys ill exchange'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[Enter Irene and attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, ATTENDANTS.

Irene.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval Spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet! why——

Maid.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands——

Irene.

With melancholy mien,
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures
For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heav'n?
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious virtue?
When did content sigh out her cares in secret?
When did felicity repine in deserts?

Aspasia.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring vice insults eternal justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

Irene.

Forbear thy threats, proud prophets of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

Aspasia.

Forbear—But thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion;
Thus on deceitful Ætna's flow'ry side,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[Enter Demetrius.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Fly, fly, my love, destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

Aspasia.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

Demetrius.

Greece is no more, the prosp'rous tyrant lives,

Reserv'd, for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n.

Aspasia.

Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

Demetrius.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.

Abdalla——

Aspasia.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece!
Oh, hide me from myself!

Demetrius.

Be fruitless grief

The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where virtue guards the throne of peace,
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery, betray'd us.

Irene aside.

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[Withdraws.

Aspasia.

Yet tell.

Demetrius.

To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

Aspasia.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost, in hearing how you fail'd.

Demetrius.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

Aspasia.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla?—

Demetrius.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his check!
Then all is past, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

Aspasia.

Why did you stay? Deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

Demetrius.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspense; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederate seize the traitors.
Cali disarm'd, was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

Aspasia.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

Demetrius.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[Enter Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,

Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

Demetrius.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

Aspasia.

Forbear Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

Demetrius.

What now remains?

Aspasia.

It now remains to fly?

Demetrius.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

Abdalla.

Infatuate loiterer, has fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefac-
tion!

Demetrius.

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life, 'tis nature calls,
Now, traitor, feel the fear, that chills my hand.

Aspasia.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

Abdalla.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold, I quit her to the chance of battle!

[*Quitting Aspasia.*

Abdalla.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death, or thine, is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily Abdalla.*

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

Irene.

Abdalla fails, now fortune all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the sultan

[*To one of her attendants.*

Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit Murza.*

This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

Demetrius.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment, hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

Aspasia.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love: My trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.

Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forfake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

Demetrius.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

Irene.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

Aspasia.

Oh! rather scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

Irene.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

Demetrius.

Remember, peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell.

Aspasia.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

Demetrius.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of
choice

Kind Heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

Irene.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

Demetrius.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom:
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

Irene.

Whence is this violence?

Demetrius.

Your calmer thought

Will teach a gentler term.

Irene.

Forbear this rudeness,

And learn the reverence due to Turkey's queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the sultan to my rescue.

Demetrius.

Farewell, unhappy maid: May ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

Aspasia.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying Heav'n!

[*Exeunt Dem. Asp. with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

Irene walks at a distance from her attendants.

After a pause.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of
Heav'n.

Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aerial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remem-
brance,

And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,
Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

[To her attendants, going off.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Mustapha, meeting and stopping her.

Mustapha.

Fair falsehood stay.

Irene.

What dream of sudden power
Has taught my slave the language of command!
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

Mustapha.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

Irene.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—
Who charges guilt on me?

Mustapha.

Who charges guilt!

Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of conscience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

Irene.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The sultan is my judge.

Mustapha.

That hope is past;

Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd. [trius?
Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Deme-

Irene.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them trai-
tors.

Mustapha.

[traitors.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them

Irene.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

Mustapha.

The sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,

To blood, too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[Exit Mustapha.]

Irene to her attendants.

Go, blust'ring slave.—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

*Enter Hasan, Caraza, with Mutes, who throw the
black rope upon Irene, and sign to her attendants to
withdraw.*

Hasan.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

Irene.

What wild mistake is this? Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

Hasan.

Alas! they come, commanded by the sultan,
Th' un pitying ministers of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

Irene.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Alpasia now within her lover's arms
Securely sleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

Caraza.

We come, bright virgin, though relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When, summon'd by the sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's
name,

He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd Irene:
We started at the sound, again inquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd Irene.

Irene.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me? [cense?

What fraud misleads him? or what crimes in-

Hasan.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

Irene.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

Caraza.

'Tis ours, alas, to punish, not to judge;
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

Irene.

Some ill-designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recal th' extorted doom.—It must be so,
Confess your crime, or lead me to the sultan,
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[Enter Abdalla, he stops short and listens.]

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla aside.

All is not lost, Abdalla, see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her and be great.

Caraza.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
The raging sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

Abdalla.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

Irene.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition!
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

Abdalla.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

Hasan.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That, thus constrain'd, we speed the stroke of death.

*[Beckons the mutes.]**Irene.*

O name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'ers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

Caraza.

Could we reverse the sentence of the sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain, prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

*[The mutes at the sign lay bold of her.]**Abdalla.*

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call shall execute your charge;
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

Irene.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal!

Caraza.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains.

*[Signs again to the mutes.]**Irene.*

Unutterable anguish!

Guilt and despair! pale spectres, grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!

O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying Heaven,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O mercy! mercy!

[Mutes force her out.]

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

Abdalla aside.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm;
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

Hasan to Caraza.

Does not thy bosom, for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

Caraza.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy sultan rages at our stay.

Abdalla.

Frame your report with circumscriptive art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

Caraza.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

Abdalla.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce, betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause;
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

Caraza.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'st his worth.

Hasan.

The sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Where's this fair trait'ers? Where's this smiling
mischief?

Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

Hasan.

Thine orders, mighty sultan, are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

Mahomet.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death. [pire!
Was this the maid whose love I bought with em-
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

Mustapha.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

Mahomet.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

Murza.

Forgive, great sultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

Mahomet.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

Murza.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

Mustapha.

The Greek, Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt.

Mahomet.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requested.—Wretch, repeat the message;

And if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring
traitor.

Murza.

The queen requested—

Mahomet.

Who? the dead Irene?

Was she then guiltless! Has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solitudes for me!
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,

[To Hasan and Caraza.]

Ye blind officious ministers of folly, *[der?]*
Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?
Could not her prayers, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error,
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

Caraza.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,

Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

Mahomet.

What hadst thou lost by flighting those commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought,
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

Mustapha.

Great is thy woe! but think, illustrious sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

Mahomet.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to tri-

No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear
Irene,

Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet goes back and returns.]

Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.

Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,

[Pointing to Hasan and Caraza.]

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake
them.

Caraza.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth:

Mahomet.

Hear! shall I hear thee! didst thou hear Irene?

Caraza.

Hear but a moment.

Mahomet.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd
Irene.

Caraza.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

Mahomet.

And wish'd—Be still thy fate to wish in vain.

Caraza.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

Mahomet.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

Hasan.

Abdalla brought it,

While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee,

Mahomet.

O seize me, madness—Did she call on me!
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail, a while support me, vengeance—
Be just, ye slaves, and, to be just, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Inflict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

*[Exit Mahomet.]**[Abdalla is dragged off.]*

SCENE XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

Mustapha to Murza.

What plagues, what tortures are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave?
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

Murza.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius set me free.

Mustapha.

So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the justice of all-conscious Heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing,
To please his fancy—see no other man—
Let him persuade me to it—if he can:
Besides, he has fifty wives; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share?
'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, strait, and tall;
But how the devil should he please us all!

My swain is little—true—but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their error's blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind;
I swear this eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man—one wife's enough in conscience.
In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue:
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
These all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights:
And when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

P O E M A T A.

[JAN. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos,
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar?
Sacri discipulus libri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam:
Grates, summe Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[DEC. 25, 1779.]

Nunc dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Christe da tutam trepido quietam,
Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

[IN LECTO, DIE PASSIONIS. APR. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque
creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus:
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[IN LECTO. DEC. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;

Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[NOCTE, INTER 16 ET 17 JUNII, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore
‡ Numen
Hoc § statuatur, § precibus Christus adesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa ¶ rogâsse,
Qua solum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

[CAL. JAN. IN LECTO, ANTE LUCEM. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æternæ magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subigit senium, morbique seniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;

* The night above referred to by Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above lines, and said concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then he deemed his discerning this, to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it showed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. § Al. statuatur. ¶ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
 Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia:
 Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
 Te, mente pura, mente tranquillâ colam:
 Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[JAN. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
 In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
 Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
 Certa vetet dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
 Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
 Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
 Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
 Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
 Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[FEB. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior
 hora,
 In summo ut videas numine læta patrem;
 Divinam in fontes iram placavit Jesus;
 Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
 Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
 Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
 Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
 Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.

Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
 Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
 Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
 Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
 Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
 Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.

Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
 Irruptioni vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
 Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
 Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum:
 Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
 Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
 Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia tæmnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia
 turbæ
 Ne stolidæ similis, leges, sibi segreget audax
 Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
 Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
 Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
 Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta re-
 poscit.

Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
 Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
 Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
 Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
 Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
 Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
 Salutis æternæ dator;
 Felicitatis sedibus
 Qui nec scelestos exigis,

Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet:
 Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
 Veniamque, Christe, da mihi;
 Ægrum trahenti spiritum
 Succurre præsens corpori,
 Multo gravatum crimine
 Mentem benignus alleva.

LUX collustret mihi pectus alma,
 Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
 Nec finat semper tremere ac dolore,
 Gratia Christi:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
 Summus amplexu foveat, beato
 Me gregi sanctus socium beatum
 Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

SERVAT ut menti corpus jejunia servz,
 Ut mens utatur corpore, fume cibos.

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
 Urbane, nullis victæ columniis,
 Cui fronte sertum in erudita
 Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
 Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
 Vacare solis perge Musis,
 Juxta animo studiisque fœlix.

Linguae procacis plumbea spicula,
 Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
 Victrix per obstantes catervas
 Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
 Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
 Intende jam nervos, habebis
 Participes opera camœnas.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
 Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis
 Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ferta Lycoride,
 Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
 Immista, sic Iris refulget
 Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICH- FELDIAE DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
 Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
 Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
 Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
 Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
 Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
 Nunc veteres duris periére securibus umbræ,
 Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
 Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
 Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
 Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
 Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Τ Τ Ο Ν .

[*Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.*]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
 Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
 Vile indignatus studiam, nugæque molestas,
 Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
 Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
 Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
 Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
 Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina

vatum,
 Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,
 Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
 Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.

Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scho-
 larum

Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.

Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime vi-
 rorum

Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
 Non mihi forte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
 Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
 Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.

Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris
 Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
 Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
 Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
 Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, in-
 ertis

Desidiæ fors dura manet, graviorque labore
 Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
 Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
 Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
 Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
 Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recum-
 bens

Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei
 Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,
 Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
 Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
 Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
 Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.

Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
 Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
 Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.

Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus
 obstat

Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
 Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
 Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
 Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
 Non, operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
 Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
 Ipse sui iudex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
 Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
 Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
 Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare se-
 nectam

Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
 Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica pos-
 cam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM.

*Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi
 prosequeretur.*

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet
 Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
 Prædesse vitæ, literasque;
 In dubiis dare terga rebus

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
 Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
 Te mille succorum potentem
 Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
 Pigra per horas lucis inutiles.
 Torpesque, languescisque, curis
 Sollicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,
 Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
 Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
 Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
 Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
 Amice, majorem quetelis
 Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, MARCH 8, 1771.

TERTII verso quater orbe lustri,
 Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
 Quam decet canos male literatos
 Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
 Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
 Tene per pictas oculo elegante
 Currere formas?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
 Codices, veri studiosus, inter
 Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
 Gaudia gratus.

Lausibus gaudet puer otiosis,
 Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
 At seni fluxo sapienter uti
 Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, sed religione priorum
 Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
 Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
 Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
 Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
 Scire locus velui quid daret iste novi.
 Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
 Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
 Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
 Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
 Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
 Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
 Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
 Sive libros, poscant otia, sive lyram.

Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
 Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
 Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
 Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
 Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
 Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
 Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
 Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
 Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros!
 Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
 Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic
 est,
 Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

SKIA.

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,
 Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
 Quam grata defesso virentem,
 Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
 His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
 Non ira, non mœror quietis
 Infidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latefcere,
 Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
 Prodest vagari, nec frementes
 In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
 Dator nec æquum cuique animum sibi
 Parare posse, utcunque jactet
 Grandiloquus nimis alta Zenô.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
 Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
 Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
 Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
 Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
 Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
 Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
 Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
 Squallet informis, tigurique fumis
 Fœda latefcit.

Inter erroris salebrofa longi,
 Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
 Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
 Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
 Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
 Sive cum libris novitate pascit
 Sedula mentem.

Sit memet nostri, fideique solvat
 Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
 Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
 Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA sic peragit citata cursum;
 Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem!
 Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
 Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
 Spes ludit ifolidas, metuque cæco
 Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI
BANKS.

INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitiâ bis terrâ prema lactis
 Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

*Ad Fœminam quandam Generosam quæ Libertatis
 Causæ in Sermone patrocinata fuerat.*

LIBER ut esse velim, suastisti, pulchra Maria:
 Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
 Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
 Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
 Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

ΕΙΣ ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθεῖν πρώην χαίρῃσα γράφοντα
 Ἡρώων τε βίης Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
 Καὶ εἶον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψῃς θανάτοιο εἰλασσε,
 Σὲ ποτὶ γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχεις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ † περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀντίφω-
 τῇ κάλλει δυνάμει τὴν τίλος: Ζεὺς πάντα δίδωκεν
 Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῷ σκῆπτρα μέμνηι Θεῶ.
 Επ' Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὀναρ, θιῶς ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὀμηρος,
 Ἀλλὰ τὸδ' εἰς θνητὸς Κύπρις ἐπιμψεν Ὀναρ
 Ζεὺς μόνος φροῦδόντι πόλεις ἔκπρην κερκυνῶ,
 Ὀρμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις εἰς αὐτὸν φέρεται.

IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

QUIS formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
 Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.
 Ab Jove Mœnides descendere somnia narrat;
 Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
 Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
 Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the
 History of the Royal Society, and other works of
 note.

† The Lady on whom these verses, and the Latin
 ones which immediately follow, were written, is
 the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who trans-
 lated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

MESSIA.

* Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator."

Scalig. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
 Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
 Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
 Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
 Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
 Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
 Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores!
 Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
 Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
 Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
 Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
 Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
 Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
 Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cœlum
 Præbeat, et tacite sæcundos irriget imbres.
 Huc, sædat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
 Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami;
 Hic requies fessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
 Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
 Irrita vaneſcent prisca vestigia fraudis
 Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
 Attollet reducis; bellis prætendit olivas
 Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
 Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
 Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
 Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
 Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
 Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
 Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
 Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentiâ culmina tollit,
 En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
 Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
 Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
 Deserti lætâ! mollescunt aspera voce
 Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
 Saxa sonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
 Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
 Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
 Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus:
 En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
 En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
 Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
 Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
 Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
 Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
 Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
 Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
 Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
 Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
 Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
 Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus
 Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
 Vincula coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
 Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
 Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
 Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata vireſcunt
 Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
 Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
 Et gremio solis selectas porrigit herbas,
 Amillas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
 Fides adest custos, seu nox furat horrenda nimbis,

VOL. XI.

Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
 Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
 Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
 Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
 Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
 Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
 Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
 Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
 Qui duxit fulcos, illi teret area messem,
 Si seræ textent vites umbracula proli.
 Actoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
 Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
 Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
 Per saxa, ignivomæ nuper spelæa draconis,
 Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
 Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
 Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
 Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
 Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
 Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
 Cumpue leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
 Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
 Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
 Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
 Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
 Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trifulcæ
 Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
 Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
 Indue reginam, turratæ frontis honores
 Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
 Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
 En! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
 Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
 Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
 Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
 Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
 Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
 Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
 Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
 Solis Ophyreæ crudum tibi montibus aurum
 Maturant radii; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
 Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
 Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
 Flumina prorumpunt; non posthac sole rubescet
 India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
 Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipse diei
 Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
 Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
 Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
 Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor;
 Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
 Saxa cadent, solidique liqueſcent robora montis;
 Tu securâ tamen confusa elementa videbis,
 Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
 Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

* O qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
 Faciliſque semper consentienti ades reo,

* This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy: the 1st, of that, beginning, "O God whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis ;
 Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
 Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
 Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
 Numine præsentem me tueare pater !
 Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur ;
 Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
 Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
 Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
 Quem mœstum et timidum crimina gravant ;
 Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
 Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
 Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
 Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[DEC. 5, 1784 *.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis ;
 Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit ;
 Quem nil vafrities peccantium subdola celat ;
 Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis ;
 Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
 Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor :
 Eloquentumque potens linguis torpentibus asser,
 Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet :
 Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
 Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit !

PSALMUS CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
 Patrem cœlicolum perpetuo colunt
 Quovis sanguine cretæ
 Gentes undique carmine.
 Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
 Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
 Omnes undique gentes,
 Sancto dicite carmine.

† SEU te sævat fitis, lævitas five improba fecit,
 Musca, mære comitem, participemque dapis,
 Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
 Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
 Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
 Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies !
 Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducit eodem,
 Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi !
 Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur ætas,
 Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit !
 Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
 Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

‡ HABEO, dedi quod alteri ;
 Habuique, quod dede mihi ;
 Sed quod reliqui, perdidit.

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time ; and eight days before his decease.

† The above is a version of the song, " Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

‡ These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be " On the mo-

* E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fusi,
 Densâ fronde salicti,
 Dum defenditur imber,
 Molles ducimus horas.
 Hic, dum debita morti
 Paulum vita moratur,
 Nunc rescire priora,
 Nunc instare futuris,
 Nunc summi prece sanctâ
 Patris numen adire est.
 Quicquid quæritur ultra,
 Cæco ducit amore,
 Vel spe ludit inani,
 Luctus mox pariturum.

† QUIQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
 Speluncæ latè Thamefis prætendit opacæ ;
 Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
 CrySTALLISQUE latex fractus scintillat acutis ;
 Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
 Splendet, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude me-
 tallum ;

Ingrederere O ! rerum purâ cole mente parentem ;
 Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
 Ingrederere ! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur an-
 trum !

Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
 Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis :
 Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
 Morte memor patriæ ; hic, Marmontî pectore
 prima

Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
 Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
 Fortis, ades ; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

nument of John of Doncaster ;" and which are as follow :

" What I gave that I have ;
 " What I spent that I had ;
 " What I left that I lost."

* These lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, Esq. a friend of Spenser, and author of a beautiful pastoral history called " Thealma and Clearchus," published long after his death, by Walton, which is highly deserving of republication.

" Or we sometimes pass an hour
 " Under a green willow,
 " That defends us from a shower,
 " Making earth our pillow ;
 " Where we may
 " Think and pray,
 " Before death
 " Stops our breath :
 " Other joys
 " Are but toys,
 " And to be lamented."

† The above lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, " Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSI-
ONES METRICÆ.*Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Basf. Ann. 1549.*

NON Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virum.
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, semelos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacet.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita
cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

AD Musas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerum; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA fors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi
est
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

Tu neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit ossa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collachrymasque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior un-
quam,
Sed Milix ridens, atque dolens Milix.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod
est hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE inter vitæ ut possis; rixisque dolisque
Perstrepat omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ
est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura: levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cælebs impedire minus;
Mulcet amor proles, sopor est sine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut periisse; sciatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba ma-
lorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experire vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.
NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, mi-
fellum,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.
QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.
FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris:
Hunc sequitur cælebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
Quales sint monades, quâ sit inane, finas.

Br. 31.
OPTARIT quicumque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.
OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.
GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.
SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus ab-
nuc nobis.

Br. 60.
ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cælum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.
TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cælo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propaga, decus.

Br. 75.
IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.
ANTIOPE satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa ju-
vencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.
ÆVI sat novi quam sim brevis; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibus.

Br. 96.
Quod nimium est sit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere
piores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.
PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera cordia virum;

Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.
DITESCIS, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis
In tumultum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.
MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.
ME miserum fors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.
MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.
CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.
NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidas nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.
NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.
HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter
ut aurum
Non reperit, necit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.
VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.
VITÆ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.
PULICIBUS morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere desinitis.

Br. 202.
MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.
HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre ca-
lenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.
NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.
HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,

Quam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

Qui jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontare sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges! tua cuncta in fœnore
ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

Qui pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pulillo
Lyfigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce co-
lonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.
Et ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerberè, te morfu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera decet.
Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, qua solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille
meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et
Ajax,
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris
ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei.
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumultus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, cura summa Deum.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquet
Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereis heros
Per Irojæ flammæ, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia
desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus ads-

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non puto, rixa strepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit
olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

EXCEPTÆ hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera
faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

CLARA Cheronæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam idgenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
At Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque
sororem
Fecerunt nulli fors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Qua tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis,
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salamina laurus,
Omnia dum Macedum gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert parvulus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores deponere superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi.
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique effles natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda que-
relas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplici vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Pro-
methei
Munera muntribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Laïs habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrere peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus auferis
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E THEOCRITO.

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavum vancors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus clavis exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen autam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολογὸς ἐνὶ πολέμοισι μέμνηται
καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλῆξεν ἱερῆτι Θισάν.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, siccaturque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta superstit;
Cyrus sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

* The above is a version of a Latin epigram on
the famous John Duke of Marlborough, by the Abbe
Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis;
Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deum.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome
in his person, to which the second line has refe-
rence.

* His Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem.
 (a) Cum sex centuriis Judææ millia septem.
 Myrias (b) Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
 Myrias adiscit sibi nonagesima septem
 Imperium qua Turca (c) ferox exercet iniquum.
 Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
 Sortitur (d) Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
 Myriades decies septem numerare jubebit
 Pastor (d) Arabs: decies octo sibi Persa (d) re-
 quirat.
 Myriades sibi pulcra duas, duo millia poscit
 Parthenope (d). (e) Novies vult tellus mille
 Sicana.
 (f) Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.

* To the above lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in Johnson's manuscript, are prefixed the words "Geographica Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses, with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not so exactly done.—For the convenience of the reader it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's work, to that in Johnson's verses which refers to it.

(a) In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

(b) The square miles of Egypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

(c) The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

(d) In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses, are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

(e) Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

(f) The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus (g.)
 Centuriâ Ligures (h) augent duo millia quartâ.
 Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca (i) secundæ.

Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
 (k) Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
 (l) Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
 Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
 Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra (m) colendas.
 Vult sibi vicenas millesima myrias addi,
 Vicenis quinas, Asiam (n) metata celebrem.

Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
 Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa (o) doctæ.
 Myriadas septem decies Europa (p) ducentis
 Et quadragenis quoque per tria millia jungit.
 Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
 Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis (q)
 Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartâ,
 Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque (r) Anglia
 necit.

Millia myriadi septem fecunda secundæ
 Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne (s),
 Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
 Millia Belga (t) novem.

Ter sex centurias Hollandia (t) jactat opima
 Undecimum Camber (t) vult septem millibus addi,

(g) Tuscany, at 6,640.

(h) Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

(i) Lucca, at 286.

(k) The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

(l) Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

(m) The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806.

(n) Asia, at 19,257,487.

(o) Africa, at 8,506,208.

(p) Europe, at 2,749,349.

(q) The British dominions, at 105,634.

(r) England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

(s) Ireland, at 27,457.

(t) In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the Province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

EPITAPHS.

I. AT LICHFIELD.

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON.

VIR impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum, immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiduciâ Christianâ fortis fervidusque, pater-familias apprime strenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exulta; animo ita firmo, ut,

6

rebus adversus diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit: lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel castas læsisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam exprefferit.

Natus Cubleix, in agro Derbiensi, anno MDCLVI. obiit MDCCXXXI.

Apposita est SARA, conjunx,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi sedulam, foris paucis potam; nulli molestant, men-

3 K. iij

tis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem: Æternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro varvicensi, anno MDCLXIX; obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus MDCCXII, cum vires, et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem piâ morte finivit.

II. AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.

Hic conduntur reliquiae

ELIZABETHÆ

Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,

Peatlingæ, apud Leicestrienses, ortæ;

Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;

Uxoris, primis nuptiis, HENRICI PORTER,

Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON;

Qui multum amatam, diuque desietam

Hoc lapide contexit.

Obiit Londini, mense Mart.

A. D. MDCCLIII.

III. IN WATFORD CHURCH.

IN the vault below are deposited the remains of

JANE BELL, wife of JOHN BELL, Esq.

who, in the fifty-third year of her age,

surrounded with many worldly blessings,

heard, with fortitude and composure truly great,

the horrible malady, which had for some time

begun to afflict her,

pronounced incurable;

and for more than three years,

endured with patience and concealed with decency,

the daily tortures of gradual death;

continued to divide the hours not allotted to

devotion, between the cares of her family, and the

converse of her friends;

rewarded the attendance of duty,

and acknowledged the offices of affection;

and while she endeavoured to alleviate by cheer-

fulness, her husband's sufferings and sorrows,

increased them by her gratitude for his care,

and her solicitude for his quiet.

To the memory of these virtues,

more highly honoured as more familiarly known,

this monument is erected by

JOHN BELL *.

IV. IN STREATHAM CHURCH.

Juxta sepulta est

HESTER MARIA SALUSBURY.

THOMÆ COTTON de Combei mere,

Baronetti, Cestriensis, Filia;

JOHANNIS SALUSBURY Armigeri,

Flintiensis, uxor;

Forma felix, felix ingenio,

Omnibus jucunda, suorum amantissima.

Linguis Artibusque ita exulta

Ut loquenti nunquam deessent

Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,

Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia.

Modum servandi adeo perita

Ut domestica inter negotia literis

* She died in the month of October 1771.

Oblectaretur,

Et literarum inter delicias rem

Familiarem sedulo curaret,

Multis illi multos annos precantibus

Diri carcinomatis * veneno contabuit

Viribusque vitæ paulatim resolutis

E terris meliora sperans emigravit.

Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

V. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH

Poetæ. Physici. Historici.

Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus

Non tetigit.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit

Sive Risus essent movendi

Sive Lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator

Ingenio sublimis—Vividus Versatilis

Oratione grandis nitidus Venuustus

Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodalium Amor

Amicorum Fides

Lectorum Veneratio

Natus Hibernia Fornix Londiniensis

In Loco cui Nomen Pallas

Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.

Eblanæ Literis institutus

Obiit Londini

April IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

VI.

HIC REQUIESCIT THOMAS PARNELL, S. T. P.

QUI sacerdos pariter et poeta,

Utrasque partes ita implevit,

Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ,

Nec poetæ sacerdotis sanctitas deesset.

VII.

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F.R.S.

THE ELECTRICIAN †.

LONG hast thou borne the burthen of the day,

Thy task is ended, venerable Grey!

No more shall art thy dext'rous hand require,

To break the sleep of elemental fire:

To rouse the powers that actuate nature's frame,

The momentaneous shock, th' electric flame;

The flame, which first, weak pupil of thy lore,

I saw, condemn'd alas! to see no more.

Now, hoary sage, pursue thy happy flight

With swifter motion, haste to purer light,

Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with Boyle,

To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,

Where intuition breathes through time and space,

And mocks experiment's successive race;

Sees tardy science toil at nature's laws,

And wonders how th' effect obscures the cause.

Yet not to deep research or happy guess,

Is view'd the life of hope, the death of peace;

Unblest the man, whom philosophic rage

Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the sage;

Not art but goodness pour'd the sacred ray

That cheer'd the parting hours of humble Grey.

* Cancer.

† The sketch of this poem was written by Miss Williams, but Johnson wrote it all over again, except two lines.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Containing

THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE,
ATYS AND ADRASTUS,
ON RIDICULE,
ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.
HYMN TO THE NYMPH OF BRISTOL
SPRING,
A CHARGE TO POETS,
VARIETY,

THE GOAT'S BEARD,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
TALES,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ye gen'rous pair, who held the poet dear,
Whose blameless life my friendly pen pourtrays,
Accept, with that combin'd, his latest lays,
Where still young fancy sports in diction clear;
And may propitious fate their merit bear,
To times when taste shall weave the wreaths of praise,
By modes disdain'd in these fantastic days,
Such wreaths as classic heads were proud to wear.
But if no future ear applauds his strain,
If mine alike to Lethe's lake descends,
Yet, while aloof, in mem'ry's buoyant main,
The gale of fame your genuine worth extends,
Still shall our names this fair distinction gain,
That *Villiers* and that *Harcourt* call'd us friends.

Mason's Sonnet to the Earl of Jersey and Earl Harcourt.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM WHITFIELD, ESQ.

THE GENTLEMAN,
OF THE
COUNTY OF
SURREY,
AND
OF THE
CITY OF
LONDON.

THE GENTLEMAN,
OF THE
COUNTY OF
SURREY,
AND
OF THE
CITY OF
LONDON.

THE LIFE OF WHITFIELD

BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON, 1784.

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

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THE LIFE OF W. WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD was born in the parish of St. Botolph, Cambridge, in February 1714-15. He was the second son of Richard Whitehead, a baker, who lived in the parish of St. Botolph, and who, in that capacity, served the neighbouring College of Pembroke-Hall. He was of a very careless disposition, attending little to business, and employing his time chiefly in ornamenting, rather than cultivating, a few acres of land near the neighbouring village of Grantchester, which still goes by the name of Whitehead's Folly. At his death, he left considerable debts, which his son very honourably discharged, by the profits arising from his theatrical productions. His mother was a very amiable, pious, prudent, and exemplary woman. Their eldest son, John, who was born fifteen years before the poet, was educated for the church, and by the interest of Mr. Bromley, afterwards Lord Montfort, obtained the living of Pershore, in the diocese of Worcester. They had also one daughter, who died in infancy.

He received the first rudiments of his education at some common school in Cambridge; but at the age of fourteen, he was removed to Winchester, having obtained a nomination into that college, by means of Mr. Bromley, July 6. 1728.

At school, according to the information of Dr. Balguy, he was always of a delicate turn; and though obliged to go to the hills with the other boys, he spent his time there in reading either plays or poetry, and was also particularly fond of the "Atalantes," and all other books of private history in character. He very early exhibited his taste for poetry; for while other boys were contented with showing up twelve or fourteen lines, he would fill half a sheet, but always with English verse. At sixteen he wrote a whole comedy.

In the winter of the year 1732, he is said to have acted a female part in the "Andria," under Dr. Burton's direction. It is certain, that he acted *Marcia*, in the tragedy of "Cato," with much applause.

In 1733, the Earl of Peterborough, having Pope at his house, near Southampton, carried him to Winchester, to show him the college, &c. The Earl gave ten guineas, to be disposed of in prizes among the boys, and Pope set them a subject to write upon, viz. PETERBOROUGH. Prizes of a guinea each were given to six of the boys, among whom Whitehead was one. The remaining sum was laid out for other boys, in subscriptions to Pine's Horace, then about to be published.

He never excelled in writing epigrams, nor did he make any considerable figure in Latin verse, though he understood the classics very well, and had a good memory. He was, however, employed to translate into Latin the first epistle of the "Essay on Man;" and the translation is still extant in his own hand. Dobson's success in translating Prior's "Solomon," had put this project into Pope's head; and he set various persons to work upon it.

His school friendships were usually contracted, either with noblemen or gentlemen of large fortune, such as Lord Drumlanrig, Sir Charles Douglas, Sir Robert Burdett, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Munday of Leicestrenham, and Sir Bryan Broughton, to whom, after he removed to Oxford, he sent a *Poetical Epistle* from Winchester. The choice of these persons was imputed by some of his school-fellows to vanity, by others, to prudence; but it might be owing to his delicacy, as this would make him early disgusted with the coarser manners of ordinary boys.

He was school-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, father to the present Earl of Portsmouth. He enjoyed, for some little time, a lucrative place in the college, that of prepositor of the hall.

He had not resided at Winchester above two years, before his father died. However, by his own frugality, and what small assistance his mother could give him, he was enabled to continue at school till he could appear a candidate for an election to New College.

At the election, in September 1735, he was treated with singular injustice; for, through the force of superior interest, he was placed so low on the roll, that it was scarcely possible for him to succeed to New College. Young, several years before, experienced the same fate.

Being now superannuated, he left Winchester of course, deriving no other advantage from the college than a good education, which he gratefully acknowledges, in the beautiful elegy addressed *To the Rev. Dr. Lowth*, on his "Life of William of Wykeham."

From the same fount, with reverence let me boast,
The classic streams with early thirst I caught,
What time, they say, the muses revell'd most,
When BIGG presided, and when BURTON taught.

Two months after his disappointment at Winchester, he removed to the place of his nativity, where the peculiar circumstances of his being the orphan son of a baker of Cambridge, gave him an unquestionable claim to one of the scholarships, founded at Clare-Hall, by Mr. Thomas Pyke, of that trade and town. His mother accordingly admitted him a sizer of this college, under the tuition of Messrs. Curling, Goddard, and Hopkinson, November 26. 1735; and the scholarship, though it amounted only to four shillings a-week, was in his circumstances a desirable object.

The notice which Pope had taken of him at school, prevented the inferiority of his station from being any hindrance to his introduction into the best company. The ease and the natural politeness of his manners, added to an agreeable and pleasing countenance, would also facilitate the reception of a young man, who had only his ingenuity to recommend him. It was likewise very fortunate for him to find many persons who have since figured highly in the literary and great world, contemporary students in the university. Among the number of his immediate contemporaries were the Hon. Charles Townshend, Dr. Powell, Dr. Balguy, Dr. Ogden, Dr. Stebbing, and Dr. Hurd, the present Bishop of Worcester, with all of whom he cultivated a particular intimacy.

The poetical faculties of Whitehead now began to make a rapid progress; and he has himself explained the cause, in his *Elegy to Dr. Lowth*. He insinuates that he thought it rather fortunate than otherwise, that he was not removed from Winchester to Oxford, on account of the society of such men as it was his felicity to find contemporary students at Cambridge.

And sure in Granta's philosophic shade,
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my sight,
And slow-ey'd reason lent her sober aid,
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.
Yes, ye sweet fields! beside your oler'd stream,
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd,
Full many a friendship form'd, life's happiest dream,
And treasur'd many a bliss which never cloy'd.

The first pieces he published, were verses on public occasions, the *Marriage of the Prince of Wales*, in 1736, and the birth of his son, the present king, 1738, inserted in the Cambridge Graduations. They little excel the prize-verses he wrote at school, which have but little merit, if we deduct from them that of mere easy versification, which he seems to have acquired by sedulously imitating Pope's manner. Neither his fancy nor judgment appear to have risen in any degree equal to what in common progress might be expected from a mind, which, a very few years after, exhibited both these qualities so strikingly. Among the many pieces written at that early period, the *Vision of Solomon* is the only one that seems to indicate the future poet.

This, perhaps, would not have been the case, had he taken the versification of Spenser, Fairfax, Milton, and poets similar to them, for his model, rather than the close and condensed couplets of Pope; for in that way of writing, his fancy would have developed itself earlier, and perhaps have obtained greater strength and powers of exertion. But though he had read Spenser in his childhood with avidity, and was fully capable, as appears by the *Vision of Solomon*, of catching

his manner; yet the fashion of the time led him to exercise himself in that mode of composition, which was then esteemed the best. He began to write verses first before the school of Milton rose in emulation of the school of Pope, and had even become an author before Collins, Akenfide, Gray, Warton, Mason, and some others, had diffused just ideas of a more perfect species of poetry, by substituting fiction and fancy, picturesque description and romantic imagery, for wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods.

In 1741, he published his beautiful epistle *On the Danger of writing Verse*, with which he only first commenced a poet. It exhibited such a specimen of elegant versification, such close and condensed expression, so much sense, enlivened with all the fancy the didactic species of its composition would admit, that it obtained general admiration, and was highly approved by Pope himself, of whose preceptive manner it is surely one of the most happy imitations extant.

In June 1742, he was elected Fellow of Clare-Hall, about a year before he commenced Master of Arts. His mother dying the April before, had not the satisfaction of seeing her son thus fixed in a situation which was probably the height of her ambition. Yet his irreproachable conduct as a collegiate, his great proficiency as a scholar, and his rising reputation as a poet, must have sufficiently removed her fears concerning his future advancement. To her, and indeed to both his parents, he seems always to have born the truest filial affection, as appears from the first of his epistolary poems *To the Honourable Charles Townshend*, and the *Verses to his Mother, on her Birth-day*, which place his moral qualities in a pleasing light. A mother who impressed upon her son that early sense of a God and a providence, which he retained through life, affords an example worthy of imitation.

In 1743, he published *Atys and Adrastus*, a pleasing and pathetic tale, taken from *Herodotus*, in which, with equal judgment, though not with equal force, he copied the narrative style of Dryden, in his "Fables."

The same year, he published an epistle in the manner of Ovid, from *Ann Bullen to Henry the Eighth*, in which, though he made a judicious use of the queen's original letter, and in his own additions preserved a true characteristic unity with it, yet it cannot with justice be ranked high among the numerous productions of this kind.

His next poem was his *Essay on Ridicule*, which also appeared in 1743. This is a studied performance, the parts of it put together with much care, and that chain of reasoning preserved in it, which the subject seemed to demand. In the edition 1774, some lines at the conclusion of the poem, which he thought authorized too free a use of this talent, are omitted. In its first state, he had neither mentioned the name of Swift nor of Pope publicly, because he did not think either of them had employed it with sufficient reserve. Yet he had there held Lucian, Cervantes, and Addison as legitimate models. But in the last edition, the palm of just ridicule is given to Addison alone.

The publication of this poem was soon after followed by *Nobility, an Epistle to the Earl of Ashburnham*, written also in happy imitation of Pope's manner. This poem, for what reason is not known, he did not insert in either of the editions of his works.

During the time of his being an under graduate, he lived a very studious life, observing the strictest frugality possible, that he might be the less burdensome to an affectionate mother. After taking a very creditable degree, and being emancipated from those mathematical studies for which young men of his tribe seldom have much relish, he wrote rapidly, though not carelessly, for the press, but this rapidity, as it did not continue through life, probably arose at the time, rather from a laudable desire of self-maintenance, than any undue eagerness for poetical fame.

Possessed of a fellowship, it was now his intention to take orders, and with that view, he prepared himself for the church; but shortly afterwards, a circumstance occurred, which led him to defer putting this design into practice, and in the end occasioned his relinquishing the idea altogether.

The late Earl of Jersey was making inquiries after a proper person to take the private tuition of his second son, now become his only hope, from the death of his elder brother; on which account probably he durst not trust him to the dangers of a public education, as his constitution appeared to be very delicate. Fortunately for the young Viscount, Whitehead was recommended to his father, by Mr. Commissary Graves, as a person fully qualified for this important charge. His recommenda-

tion was successful; and Whitehead, when the offer was made, did not hesitate to accept it. He therefore, in 1745, removed to the Earl's house in London, where he was placed upon the most liberal footing. He had also the care of a young friend of the family, now General Stephens, who was brought up with Lord Villiers, as the companion of his studies.

At Michaelmas 1746, he resigned his fellowship, in compliance with Lord Jersey's inclination, who wished him, while he continued in his family, not to take orders, which the statutes of Clare-hall would have obliged him to do.

Having now many intervals of leisure for his own favourite studies, he employed himself almost entirely in dramatic compositions. He showed an early talent, not only for writing in that way, but for acting. On his coming to town, he wrote a ballad farce, intituled *The Edinburgh Ball*, in which the young Pretender is the principal character. It was not represented, and is still in MS.

But he soon attempted higher things, and began a regular tragedy, called the *Roman Father*, on the subject of Corneille's "Horace," which was produced on the stage at Drury-Lane, February 24. 1750, and obtained the just approbation of repeated and numerous audiences. He inscribed it, when printed, to the Honourable Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. It has been so frequently exhibited with applause, and has shown so many actors and actresses to advantage, that it is almost unnecessary to say any thing more concerning it, than that it surely is a great improvement on one of the great Corneille's best tragedies, and may be ranked among the best of the dramatic pieces of this age. Yet it is an improvement of Corneille's play only. The radical defect of the story is not absolutely removed; and after the *Curatii* are killed, the fable still drags, yet not in any degree as it does in the French tragedy. With respect to the unity of action and of time, the piece is perfect; but with respect to the unity of place, it is unnecessarily defective. In point of character, there is a variety and discrimination truly laudable; and in point of style, considered only with respect to its effect upon the stage, it is well calculated for the actor's delivery. It is not perhaps sufficiently elevated for the closet; but there are, in general, more poetical beauties in his dramatic verse, than in that of Corneille.

In 1751, he published his *Hymn to the Nymph of Bristol Spring*, written in the manner of those classical addresses to heathen divinities, of which the hymns of Homer and Callimachus are the archetypes. This poem is essentially different in point of style and manner from any of his other productions. The frequent Summer excursions which he made to Bristol, with the Earl of Jersey and his lady, furnished him with the subject; and the translations of Prior, as well as the poems of Armstrong and Akenfide, then in general estimation, directed his taste to the manner in which that subject might best be treated.

He had before written a little fanciful burlesque poem, intituled *The Sweepers*, which has less of parody, and more of invention than the "Splendid Shilling" of Philips. In this ludicrous, and the other serious poem, he shows himself possessed of an ear well-attuned to that variety of pause and of cadence, which are as essential to the structure of blank verse as rhyme itself is to that species of heroic numbers, to which it gives its name.

The same year, he wrote the beautiful stanzas on *Friendship*, to a friend who had blamed him for leading a dependent life, and for not taking orders, or entering upon some stated profession. This delicate poem contains his own vindication, and is written with all the careless ease, but with more of elegance than we usually find in similar productions of Prior. It paints, in amiable colours, the character and feelings of the writer, which gives it a charm superior even to the singular felicity of its diction. Yet this latter quality must ever secure it the approbation of all those readers, who can admire pleasing sentiments, expressed with the purest simplicity.

Many other little epistolary compositions flowed with equal ease from his pen at this period, such as the *Epistles to Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Garrick, and Dr. Hoadly*, and some *Tales*, in the manner of Fontaine and Gay.

When Moore began "The World," in 1753, Whitehead, among others, gave his assistance, and contributed the 12th, 19th, and 58th numbers.

In 1754, he collected his works into a volume, 12mo, among which he inserted his *Fatal Constancy, or Love in Tears*, a sketch of a tragedy in the high heroic taste, which made part of Foote's farce of "The Diversions of the Morning."

At the time of arranging that volume, he was engaged in preparing for the stage his tragedy of *Creusa*, which was exhibited at Drury-Lane Theatre, April 20. 1754, with considerable applause, though not so much as it merited. He inscribed it, when printed, to Lord Villiers, now Earl of Jersey. It showed the abilities of his favourite actress, Mrs. Pritchard, who performed the part of *Creusa* to great advantage; and as Garrick and Moslop also took parts in it, the performance was so perfect, that it was hardly possible for it not to succeed in the representation; yet it has seldom been revived, though it shows the dramatic powers of Whitehead to more advantage than the *Roman Father*, which takes its turn in the course of theatrical exhibitions. The play is founded on the *Ion* of Euripides, but the plot is extremely heightened, and admirably conducted; nor has there perhaps ever been a more genuine and native simplicity introduced into dramatic writing than that of *Ilyffus*, bred up in the service of the gods, and kept unacquainted with the vices of mankind. Whoever compares the two dramas, will readily allow, that to alter a story of so very fabulous a kind, in which the intervention of Pagandivinities appear so necessary, into a probable action, and also where a connected train of natural circumstances resulting one from another, leads to an affecting catastrophe, must have been a work of extreme difficulty. This Whitehead has very successfully achieved. There is hardly a single tragedy of English manufacture in which the three unities are more accurately observed. The language of *Creusa* is also more elevated than that of the *Roman Father*; the catastrophe results naturally from the action that precedes it, but it does not satisfy. The crime of the queen, as she so very unwillingly consents to the poisoning of *Ilyffus*, seems hardly great enough to merit capital punishment. Euripides, who knew her much more criminal, suffers her to exist to the end, and by making *Ion* attempt to avenge on his unknown mother the crime she had been guilty of, in attempting to poison him, her unknown son, produces an incident truly theatrical. Whitehead, by not admitting this double project of parricide into his plan, has perhaps decreased the theatrical effect, of which the Greek poet had furnished him with the example, and which, had he improved upon it, as he has on all the other incidents of the *Ion*, might have made the last act much more perfect. It is certain, however, that for this purpose, the preceding plot of the whole piece must have been differently constituted.

The exhibition of this play was hardly over, before he was called upon to attend his pupil and Lord Viscount Nuneham, son to Earl Harcourt, in their travels, as their joint governor. The two young noblemen were nearly of the same age. They had been intimate from their infancy. He was therefore as well acquainted with the pleasing temper and disposition of the other lord as of him whose education he had more immediately superintended; and his own happy art of making instruction an amusement, had so won on the affections of them both, that they felicitated themselves mutually on his being appointed their joint governor.

In June 1754, they left England under his care, and passing through Flanders, resided the rest of the Summer at Rheims, in order to habituate themselves to the French language, and then removing to Leipzig, passed seven months there, for the purpose of studying the *Droit Publique*, under the famous Professor Mascow, whom they found in a state of dotage, without being quite incapacitated from reading his lectures.

In the following Spring they proceeded to Dresden, and after visiting that, and most of the other German courts, repaired to Hanover in the Summer 1755, at the time when George II. paid his last visit to his electorate. There Whitehead had the pleasure of meeting his friend Mr. Mason, who had then lately taken orders, and attended the Earl of Holderness, the Secretary of State, as his domestic chaplain. His elegant expostulation *To Mr. Mason* took its rise at this place, from certain amicable altercations which they there had, on the subject of a public and retired life, to the latter of which Mr. Mason's disposition appeared to lean more than he thought consisted with the views of advancement which then seemed to open before him.

Having continued at Hanover the greatest part of the Summer, he proceeded with his pupils to Vienna, and from thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they crossed the Alps, and passed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from visiting France by the declaration of war, and landed at Harwich in September 1756.

In the course of so complete a tour, a great part of which led through classic ground, he communicated to his friends at home many curious observations on the countries through which he travel-

led. A few of his letters from Rome and elsewhere, are in the possession of Mr. Mason and Mr. Wright, rector of Birchin in Yorkshire, with whom he spent several of his college vacations, and to whom he addressed many of his smaller poems; and the executors of the late Dr. Goddard, master of Clare-Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Sanderson of Haslemere, have many more.

That his muse, now in her fullest vigour, frequently exerted herself, his striking *Ode to the Tiber*, and his six *Elegies* addressed to his two noble pupils, with him, and his more particular friends at home, Mr. Wright, Mr. Sanderson, &c. sufficiently testify. The sublime scenes through which he passed, and the grand historical events which they recalled to his memory, generally furnished the subject; and as they were executed on the spot, they are more replete with picturesque imagery, than any other of his compositions. They were published in February 1757, under the title of *Elegies, with an Ode to the Tiber*, 4to, and received with approbation proportioned to their merit.

During his absence, he had received the badges of Secretary and Register of the order of the Bath, procured for him by the interest of Lady Jersey, through the mediation of her relation, the Duchess of Newcastle; and in 1757, his finances were farther improved by the appointment of Poet Laureat, on the death of Cibber, upon the nomination of the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain. He has himself said on this appointment, in his *Charge to the Poets*, that

Unask'd it came, and from a friend unknown.

Mr. Mason, in his "Memoirs of Gray," has acquainted the public, that the place was before offered to Gray, by his mediation, with permission to hold it as a mere sinecure. This was not the case when it was given to Whitehead, and "I have often," says Mr. Mason, "considered why, as the late king would readily have dispensed with hearing music, for which he had no ear, and poetry, for which he had no taste."

When Whitehead had accepted the laurel without such permission, Mr. Mason advised him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reserve his own pen for certain great occasions that might occur, such as a peace or a marriage, and then to address his royal master with some studied ode or epistle, as Boileau and Racine had done in France, for their pensions.

This advice was not attended to by his friend. He set himself to his periodical task, with the zeal of a person who wished to retrieve the honours of that laurel, which came to him from the head of Cibber, in a very shrivelled, or rather blasted state.

His first *Ode for his Majesty's Birth-Day*, November 10. 1758, was calculated from the heroic genealogy that it contained, to be peculiarly agreeable to the monarch for whose birth-day it was written; and its poetical merit had the very just approbation of Gray, and other good judges.

The laurel was said by the ancients to have the power of screening those under its shade from thunder; yet it cannot defend modern laureats from the artillery of their contemporaries. After Whitehead had accepted of this office, he received much illiberal treatment during the rest of his life, from the little fry of his own profession, who were fond of having a lick at the laureat. What he thought of these "poets, who were mean enough to envy even a poet laureat," may be learned from his *Pathetic Apology for all Laureats, past, present, and to come*, which he wrote some years before his death, for the amusement of a few friends. By the motto *Veniant ad Casaris aures*, he seems to have wished it might reach the royal ear.

On his return to England, Lord Jersey pressed him strongly to continue in his family; an invitation which Whitehead readily accepted. Lord Harcourt gave him also a general invitation to his table in town, and to his seat in the country; and his pupils, who had now entirely sunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, showed him constantly such sincere marks of affection, as greatly increased the felicity of his situation.

He resided in this family fourteen years, during which he found opportunities of leisure to do more in the literary way than merely write official odes.

In 1762, he made his first attempt in comedy, and brought upon the stage at Drury-Lane *The School for Lovers*, a comedy, which had its competent run, as to nights of representation, and received a just tribute of applause from the judicious few. It is formed on a plan of Fontenelle's, never intended for the stage, and printed in the eighth volume of his works, under the title of *Le Testament*, and inscribed *To his Memory, by a Lover of Simplicity*. The idea which Fontenelle

had conceived of enlarging the provinces of the drama, is explained and controverted with much accuracy of criticism, by Dr. Hurd, in the second dissertation, annexed to his "Commentaries on Horace." What species of drama the *School for Lovers* ought to be placed in, is somewhat difficult to determine, since, though it is styled a comedy, the risible faculties have much less opportunity of exertion than the tender feelings of the heart; and the catastrophe, though happy in the main, and suitable to poetical justice, is not completely so, since two amiable characters, *Belmour* and *Araminta*, are left, the one entirely unprovided for, and the other in a situation far from agreeable. What he, however, seems to have principally aimed at, delicacy, sentiment, and the consequence of instruction in the conduct of a generous and well-placed passion, he has undoubtedly most eminently succeeded in. His *Celia*, and *Sir John Dorilant*, especially the latter, are characters most perfectly amiable, and worthy of imitation. The ease and purity of the dialogue, the incidents which arise so naturally, one from the other, the delicate markings of the different characters, and the artful arrangement of the scenes, contribute to give this play a high station in the list of our genteel comedies; at the same time that its want of smart repartee and broad humour, will ever prevent it from being much relished by a mixed audience. This want he possessed a peculiar talent of supplying, had he thought the simplicity of his play would not have been injured by it. He was afraid to mingle with comedy, what he thought belonged to the lower species of the drama, farce; and chose rather to tread in the steps of Terence than of Moliere. They who put this play on a footing with the *Dramas* of France, and the *sentimental* comedies in England which have succeeded it, will do Whitehead much injustice.

The same year, 1762, he published his *Charge to the Poets*, 4to, in which, as laureat, he ludicrously assumes the dignified mode of a bishop, giving his visitorial instructions to his clergy. The idea was new, pregnant with grave humour, and executed so successfully, that even the egotisms necessary to the subject, are among the most pleasing parts of the poem. Replete with good sense and good taste, it is still more to be admired for the amiable picture which it gives of his own mind, and his readiness to be pleased by poets of very different abilities, provided those abilities were employed on subjects that suited them; and for exposing that fastidious mode of criticism which admits no poems to have any merit, except that which accords with some particular preconceived idea of excellence which it has set up as its exclusive criterion.

Notwithstanding this liberal turn of the *Charge*, its publication brought upon him the vindictive resentment of Churchill, who had just about the time attracted the public notice, by his satire, intitled *The Rosciad*. He attacked the laureat almost in every one of those hasty productions with which he entertained the town, with an unjustifiable severity.

To have retaliated, was as abhorrent to his natural temper, as contradictory to that precept of "keeping the peace," which in his *Charge*, he had called "his first and last advice." Among his unfinished fragments, however, there are some *Verses*, in which he mentions his poetical enemy. They certainly had not his last corrections; but they come from a good heart, willing to commend whatever was commendable in Churchill's talents for strong expression and forcible imagery; at the same time, they justly reprobate his misuse of those talents.

Such at the time was the popularity of Churchill, that his abuse of Whitehead tended to lower his poetical merit so much with the town, that Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which a little time after he offered to his stage. The public, therefore, for several years, saw nothing more that came from his pen, but those half-yearly odes which his office required him to write.

On the death of the late Earl of Jersey, in August 1769, he obtained an unwilling permission from his pupil, the present Earl of Jersey, to remove to private lodgings; but he still considered himself as a daily-invited guest to his table in town; and, during the rest of his life, he divided his Summers between Middleton and Nuneham.

In 1770, he made a present of his farce, called *The Trip to Scotland*, to Garrick, on condition of his producing it without his name. This was done; and it appeared on the Drury-Lane stage with the greatest advantage of good acting, and met with deserved applause. It shows that White-

head had powers to write equally well in the manner of Moliere, as of Terence. The characters are not more overcharged in order to excite ridicule, than they are found to be in the best modern comedies, both in French and English; for surely his old *Griskin* is not so much filled with farcical humour as the "Forefight" and "Fondlewife" of Congreve. Indeed, had he extended his plan to five acts, and exiled his *Cupid*, as too mythological a personage, it would have been deemed a good comedy. As it stands, it is perhaps the only thing of the kind that can be put in competition with the charming *petite pieces* of Marivaux.

In 1774, he collected and published all his works, under the title of *Plays and Poems*, in two volumes, giving the *Charge to the Poets*, in the concluding pages. But though possibly, after he had arranged these two volumes he might think he had bid adieu to poetical compositions, so far as his office of laureat might permit; yet he had obtained, by long practice, so great a facility of versification, and had always taken so much pleasure in it, that he could not help occasionally throwing out his thoughts upon paper, and clothing them in appropriate verse.

In 1776, he published, without a name, his very pleasing little poem, intituled *Variety, a Tale for Married People*, 4to, which was so well received, that it speedily ran through five editions.

In 1777, he published *The Goat's Beard, a Fable*, 4to, which, though a more studied composition, and a most delicate satire on the times, did not so generally please, though it had also a very considerable sale. It is founded on the 14th fable of the 4th book of *Phædrus*. From this fable, the English *Phædrus* (or rather Fontaine, for the fable is more in his manner), has given the sexes many ingenious documents. After an oblique reflection on the *Bucolics* of Virgil, intimating that the poet has assigned to Mantua, the scenery of Naples, he represents a *coterie* of the goats addressing Jupiter, to render them equal to the males, by honouring their chins with a beard. Jupiter in a frolic mood grants their petition, which occasions a remonstrance from the *goaterie* of males, and obliges the god to *convence the states*, in order to determine the claims of both sexes. The majority of his precepts are less applicable to the males than to the females. His strictures on the modish deportment of the sexes, are a just, though severe comment on real life.

——the present page
The refuse of an iron age, &c.

This lively fable occasioned an ill-natured and satirical attack on the laureat, in a fable, intituled "The Asses Ears, addressed to the Author of *The Goat's Beard*," 4to, 1777, which is not, however, void of pleasantry.

The same year, he published a very elegant satire on the fashionable excesses and whimsies of female dress, intituled *Venus attiring the Graces*, 4to, addressed to the Duchess of Queensberry, which was the last performance, except his annual odes, he gave to the world. Had he possessed the powers of Mr. Bunbury's pencil, he would perhaps have given his idea to the public rather through the medium of the *rolling*, than the *printing press*; in its present state, humorous as it is, the comic painter would be its best commentator.

His health now began visibly to decline. He had almost through life been subject to palpitations of the heart, and occasional difficulty of respiration, which the heavy atmosphere of the town in winter always augmented; yet there, partly from habit, and still more from a desire of being near those whom he chiefly respected, he chose, in that season, constantly to reside.

In the Spring of 1785, a cold, accompanied with a cough, affected his breast so much, that it confined him at home for some weeks, though it was by no means so violent as to hinder him pursuing his united amusements of reading and writing. His death, happily for himself, as it must be for all who pass through this world, in the same blameless manner, with the same confidence in their God, and with the same confidence in his revealed will, so to die, "was sudden, and without a groan." A few hours before his death, Lord Harcourt repeating his constant morning visit to him, found him revising for the press, a paper which he imagined to be his last *Birth-day Ode*, which was in part set to music, but not performed. That day at noon, finding himself disinclined to taste the dinner his servant brought up, he desired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired. He died at his lodgings in Charles-Street, Grosvenor-Square, April 14. 1785, in the 70th year of his age; and was buried in South Audley Street Chapel.

Some years before his death, he appointed by will, his friend General Stephens, his executor. He left behind him in MS. the *Tragedy* which Garrick did not venture to bring on the stage, the first act of an *Oedipus*; an imperfect plan of a tragedy founded on the historical part of *Edward the Second's* resignation of the crown to his son, also of another composed of Spanish and Moorish characters, and a considerable quantity of miscellaneous pieces, yet but few which he has transcribed in so fair a manner as to indicate that he himself thought them finished; and of these the greater part are occasional and local proflusions of his pen, which would chiefly, if not exclusively, be matter of amusement to his particular friends, more immediately connected with the two noble families in which he so long resided. His poems, uncollected by himself, together with three short unpublished pieces, *On the late improvements at Nuneham*; *On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon*; *The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain*, nine of his *New Year and Birth-day Odes*, from June 1776 to Jan. 1785, and his *Observations on the Shield of Achilles*, first printed in Doddsley's "Museum," and afterwards with Pitt's and Warton's translation of "Virgil," were formed into a third volume of his *Works*, by Mr. Mason, and published in 1788, with a dedicatory "Sonnet" to the Earl of Jersey and Earl Harcourt, and "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," which have been chiefly followed in the preceding account.

His *Poems*, including all his annual odes, from 1758 to 1785, except the New-year and Birth-day odes, for 1764, and the New-year odes, for 1766, 1769, and 1775, which do not appear in Doddsley's "Annual Register," were inserted in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790, and are reprinted in the present collection, with the addition of the *Vision of Solomon*; *Verses to his Mother*; *A Pathetic Apology for all Laureats*; verses *To Mr. Stebbing*, and fragments *On Churehill*, collected from Mr. Mason's "Memoirs," &c.

His character, which has few prominent features, may easily be collected from this account of his life. He appears to have been a very amiable man, and lived in intimacy with the great, virtuous, caressed and respected. All his friends bear ample testimony to his unaffected piety, unblemished integrity, engaging politeness, inviolable truth, steadiness in friendship, and the unassuming ease and sprightliness of his conversation. He was a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity.

"He died," says Mr. Mason, who knew him well, "retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is usually the lot of those who live to such an age. Of these his memory was the most remarkable, which being always strong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigour. And as his reading and observation had been far more extensive and various than he had occasion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his sentiments; this accurate retention of what he had by study acquired, made him a living library, always open to communicate its treasures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itself by any ostentatious display, or assumed superiority."

As a poet, though he is far above mediocrity, yet neither his genius nor his writings are of the most brilliant or interesting kind. He is characterized by elegance, correctness, and ease, more than by energy, enthusiasm or sublimity. The most prominent feature in his poetry, seems an innocent and pleasant humour. He is never dull or absurd in his serious pieces; his taste and his judgment were too good to pardon insipidity, or impropriety, even in himself; but there is certainly more facility, as well as originality, in his humorous, than his serious pieces. His *Elegies*, on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the sentiments, the classical beauty of the imagery, the simplicity of the expression, and the harmony of the versification, may be considered as the most universally interesting of his compositions. Among his humorous pieces, *Variety* is a first-rate, in that mode of gay and easy composition which distinguishes the genius of Fontaine and Prior. Of his *Songs*, *Ye Belles and ye Flirts*, &c. has obtained the greatest popularity.

The principal poems which he himself published, have been already distinctly considered in the order of their publication. It only remains to give some account of his posthumous pieces.

"In the collection of poems," says Mr. Mason, "which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to select certain of his New-year, and Birth-day odes for republication. Beginning therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the assistance of some friends, whose taste in lyric composition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and those which we best approved are

here inserted. In this review it is to be noted to the poet's honour, that we found more variety of sentiment and expression, than could well be expected from such an uniformity of subject. If we lamented the necessity he was under of so frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the *Odes* here reprinted lead any person to read all that he composed, in compliance with the forms of his office (and all are to be found in the Annual Register, printed by Doddsley), I persuade myself he must agree with me in thinking, that no court poet ever had fewer *courtly stains*, and that his page is, at the least, as *white as Addison's*."

The *Odes*, selected by Mr. Mason, are the Birth-day odes for 1776, 1777, 1778, 1781, and 1784, and the New-year odes for 1779, 1783, 1784, and 1785. The odes omitted by Mr. Mason, and Whitehead himself, have been very properly collected with the rest, and deserve the same commendation. Though they have undergone all the usual obloquy of such compositions, there is certainly in them more delicacy of panegyric, if not more genius, than in any compositions of the kind that can be found from Chaucer to Cibber. If they are not equal to the odes of Pindar, they are not ridiculous, like those of Shadwell and Cibber. Their annual productions rendered the laurel contemptible; but Whitehead, as Ophelia says, "wears his rue with a difference, and you may call it *Herb o' grace on Sundays*."

The copy of verses *On the late Improvements at Nuneham*, is a sportive and just eulogium on the place, and on the late Mr. Brown. Though the personification of nature has been common to several poets, when they meant to compliment the artist that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herself like a *modern fine lady*, must be allowed to be a thought very bold, and truly original; and he has executed it with much genuine humour. As an epitaph, the lines *On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon*, are beautiful, particularly at the close, in the justification of Providence. *The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain*, is a translation of a poem of the Cambro-British bard, Talieffin, and is a description of the battle of *Argoed Llwyfain*, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Brien Reged, king of Cambria, against Flamdwyn, a Saxon general, supposed to be Ido, king of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's "Historical Account of the Welsh Bards," published in 1784, and is thus introduced: "I am indebted to the obliging disposition, and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated version of this valuable antique." The version is wild, spirited, and characteristic; but it is inferior to those imitations which Gray made of the *Scaldic* odes. The wild mythology of the *Edda*, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themselves, and sets them above what he himself has produced from Cambro-British originals.

THE WORKS OF W. WHITEHEAD.

P O E M S.

THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

"Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare Cicutæ,
"Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?"
HOR.

You ask me, Sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occasion tempts the muse abroad?
Why, when retirement sooths this idle art,
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?

'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly
say

Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the small difference, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius, and too strong desire;
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,
Which rouse the critic, but escape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pur-
sues,

You pass, and smile, and still provoke the muse.

Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excursions in a summer sky,
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,
May oft rise vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall;
By all we're courted, or we're shunn'd by all.

Will it avail, that, unmatu'r'd by years,
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd, ev'n where he's valu'd most,
The man must suffer if the poet's lost;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one.
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.

'Tis powerful reason holds the streighten'd rein,
While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.

But grant for once, th' officious muse has shed
Her gentlest influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding fame
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.

And see! distinguish'd, from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd attention listens while he sings!

O blissful state, O more than human joy!
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can
know,

Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;
No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wint'ry store,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.

Is he reserv'd!—his sense is so refin'd,
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.

Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; he courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.

If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.

Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;
Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous, though secure.

One fatal rock on which good authors split
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.

Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
What's born in leisure men of leisure read;
And half of those have some peculiar whim
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

Besides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.

Fix'd to one side like Homer's gods we fight,
These always wrong, and those for ever right.

And would you choose to see your friend resign'd
Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroid'rd in factions, hurl with dreaded skill
The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill?
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?
To vice's grave, or folly's bust bequeath
The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath?
* Like Egypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,
And people with earth's pests th' offended skies?

The muse of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew;
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
No drooping muse her slighted labours mourn'd;
But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing
wings,

By sages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the generous flame.
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song;
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
No Varus listens while the groves resound,
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,
Forget the poet's use; the powerful spell
Of magic verse, which † Sidney paints so well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples given [heaven.
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by

But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
The times of fable and of flights are past,
To glory now no laurell'd suppliants bend,
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.
Yet ye, who still the muse's charms admire,
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,
Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
" 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of time."
‡ Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the sheers, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost! [stream

But should the meanest swan that cuts the
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
To where bright fame's eternal altars rise.
'Tis there the muse's friends true laurels wear
There great Augustus reigns, and triumphs there,
Patrons of arts must live till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.

* ——— "Qui nescit qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorant—

Juv. Sat. xv.

† Defence of Poesy. By Sir Philip Sidney.

‡ Eicon de Augment. Scientiarum.

Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth pre-
claim,

Thus grateful Britain doats on Sommer's name.
And, spite of party rage and human flaws,
And British liberty, and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the
men. [bays?

But why round patrons climb th' ambitious
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?

* Shall the same cause which prompts the chat-
t'ring jay

To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?

Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And, though from heav'n it came, fast dies the
sacred fire.

Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course;
Yet lives the man, how wild for'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame!
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the nine bestow?
Well pleas'd to shine through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?

Ill-fated bard! where'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And gray experience counts each folly past,
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest Pæans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.

He, only he, should haunt the muse's grove,
Whom youth might reverence and gray hairs ap-
prove; [roll'd,

Whose heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;

* Persius.

Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,

And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field.
Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,

Though music charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.

Should some Machaon, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
Ease the swollen breast or close the languid eye;
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
And arm with poisons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is less guilty he whose shameless page
Not to the present bounds its subtle rage,
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future
age?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themselves alone such bards confine
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;
Profan'd by them, the muse's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,
And must we paint them ere we close the scene!
Say, must the muse th' unwilling task pursue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whose kind regard
With partial fondness views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly cease to raise
Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.
Just to itself the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.

* Behold th' Athenian sage, whose piercing
mind

Had trac'd the wily lab'rins of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all those evils man is born to bear.

Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet trust his off'ring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe the imperfect work engage
With honest freedom, not with partial rage,
What just productions might the world surprise!
What other Popes, what other Maros rise!

But since by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;
Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;
Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:

Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace and sweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

ATYS AND ADRASTUS.

A TALE. 1743.

" Infelix! Nati funus crudele videbis.

" Hi nostri reditus, expectatque triumphus!

" Hæc mea magna fides!— VIRG.

*** This story is related in the first book of Herodotus's History. For the additions made to it, and the manner of telling it, the Author of the following poem is to answer.

IN ancient times, o'er Lydia's fertile land
The warrior Croesus held supreme command.
Vast was his wealth, for conquest swell'd his store;
Nor what enrich'd the prince, had left the people
poor.

Two sons he had, alike in outward mien,
The tender pledges of a dying queen.
But speechless one ne'er taught his fire to melt
With lisping eloquence by parents felt;
And mimic art in vain expedients sought
To form the tongue, and free th' imprison'd
thought.

Yet blooming Atys well that loss supply'd,
Atys the people's hope, and monarch's pride.
His beauteous soul, through every feature glow'd;
And from his lips such soft persuasion flow'd,
As nature had withheld the brother's share,
Only to pour a double portion there.

But vain those graces, since conceal'd from view
They droop in shades and wither where they grew.
For one dread night, when o'er the weary king
The drowsy god had stretch'd his leaden wing,
He seem'd, he knew not where, in wars engag'd,
And while around the doubtful battle rag'd,
Saw from some hostile hand unerring part
A fatal spear, which pierc'd his Atys' heart.
He starts, he wakes—'tis night and silence all!
Yet scarce confirm'd, he still beholds him fall;
Still bleeds in fancy's eye the gaping wound,
On fancy's ear the dying groans resound.
Again he sleeps; the same sad scenes return—
Restless he rolls, and waits the ling'ring morn.

What can he do, or how prevent a doom,
Which Heav'n foretels, and fate has said shall
come?

" And yet perhaps the gods these dreams inspire,
" To save the guiltless son, and warn the sire.
" Too fond of arms I wander'd far astray,
" While youth and blind ambition led the way.
" And ravag'd countries may at length demand
" This bleeding sacrifice at Croesus' hand.
" Then hear me, gods, propitious, while I swear,
" Peace, only peace, shall be my future care.
" O would your powers but save my darling boy,
" No more this breast shall glow, this arm de-
stroy!

"Nor ere shall Atys the dire sport pursue,
 "Still in my court, and seldom from my view,
 "In ease inglorious shall he pass his days,
 "Untaught to feel th' insatiate lust of praise."

He spake, and cautious far away remov'd
 From Atys, what next Atys most be lov'd,
 The pomp of war: no faulchions guard the gate,
 And chiefs unarm'd around his palace wait.
 Nay farther still extends a parent's fear,
 Ev'n arms themselves he dreads, and most the
 spear;

Nor leaves of ancient war the weak remains,
 But strips the trophies from the mould'ring fane,
 Lest, fix'd too loosely, from the faithless stone
 The casual steel should drop, and pierce his son.
 Thus some sweet warbler of the feather'd throng
 Deep in the thorny brake secures her young;
 Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied woe,
 And starts at every breeze that stirs the bough;
 With silent horror hears the whisp'ring groves;
 And distant murmurs of the spring she loves.

Unhappy fire! but vainly we oppose
 Weak human caution, when the gods are foes;
 The story's sequel must too surely prove;
 That dreams, prophetic dreams, descend from
 Jove.

Nor yet shall Atys thwart thy fond designs;
 He moves implicit as his fire inclines.
 On every look his eager duty hung,
 And read his wishes, ere they reach'd his tongue.
 With smiles he strips his helmet's plummy pride,
 With smiles he lays his useless spear aside;
 Nor lets one sigh confess a latent care,
 Reserving all his griefs for his Adrastus' ear.

Adrastus early did his soul approve,
 Brave, virtuous, learn'd and form'd for Atys' love,
 A Phrygian youth, whom fate condemn'd to roam,
 An exil'd wand'rer from a cruel home.
 For, yet a boy, his inadvertent lance
 An infant brother slew, the crime of chance.
 In vain he wept; the rigid fire demands
 His instant absence from his native lands,
 Or threatens instant death; from death he flew,
 And loaded with a father's curse withdrew.
 Yet not in vain the gods such ills dispense,
 If soft-ey'd pity takes her rise from hence,
 If hence we learn to feel another's pain,
 And from our own misfortunes grow humane.
 This young Adrastus found; and hence confess'd
 That wild benevolence, which warm'd his breast.
 Hence too his fortune stretch'd a bolder wing,
 And plac'd her wand'rer near the Lydian king.
 There long the favour'd youth exalted shone,
 Dear to the sire, but dearer to the son:
 For pow'rful sympathy their hearts had join'd
 In stronger ties than gratitude can bind.

With him did Atys every sport pursue,
 Which health demands, and earlier ages knew.
 At morn, at eve, at sultry noon, with him
 He rov'd the sunny lawn, he swam the stream;
 Beside the brook, which dimpling glides away,
 Caught the cool breeze, or lur'd the finny prey;
 Urg'd the light car along th' indented mead,
 Or hung impetuous o'er th' exulting steed,
 Beneath whose hoof unhurt the flow'rets rise,
 And the light grass scarce trembles as he flies.
 But chief he lov'd to range the woods among,
 And hear the music of Adrastus' tongue

With graceful ease unlock the letter'd store,
 And that he learn'd from him endear'd the know-
 ledge more.

Of Thales' wisdom oft the converse ran,
 How varying nature's beauteous frame began,
 And erst to different forms the waters flow'd,
 As o'er the chaos mov'd the breathing god.

Of Solon too he spake, and laws design'd
 To guard fair freedom, not enslave mankind—
 And hinted oft what mutual duties spring
 'Twixt willing subjects and their father king:
 How close connected greatness was with pain,
 What earthly bliss, and who the happy man.

Nor less the while his youthful breast he warm'd
 With pictur'd-fights, the theory of arms;
 Lest inbred sloth should taint his future reign,
 And virtue wake, and glory tempt in vain.

Thee, Homer, thee with rapture they peruse,
 Expand the soul, and take in all the muse;
 Mix with thy gods, with war's whole ardour burn,
 Or melt in silent tears o'er Hector's urn.

How oft transported would young Atys cry,
 "Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die!"
 "But why to me are useless precepts giv'n,
 "Tied down and pinion'd by the will of heav'n?"
 "No early wreaths my coward youth must claim,
 "No just ambition warm me into fame;
 "Hid from the world to rust in sloth, and buy
 "A poor precarious life with infamy.
 "Happy, thrice happy, on each hostile strand
 "The youths who perish'd by my father's hand!
 "Their honour still survives, and o'er their tomb
 "Their country's tears descend, and laurels bloom.
 "To life alone the conquering sword's confin'd—
 "Would you indeed distress, employ a love too
 kind."

As oft Adrastus, studious to controul
 With reason's voice the tumult of the soul,
 Wou'd hint, to what excess soever wrought,
 Paternal fondness was a venial fault.
 Perhaps, as lenient time stole gently on, [blown,
 The storm which threaten'd might be quite o'er-
 And sun-bright honour only be delay'd
 Awhile, to burst more glorious from the shade.
 "Yet think," he cry'd, "whatever they appear,
 "Few are the causes can excuse a war.
 "To raise th' oppress'd, to curb th' insulting proud,
 "Or should your injur'd country call aloud,
 "Rush, rush to arms, 'tis glorious then to dare,
 "Delay is cowardice, and doubt despair.
 "But let not idler views your breast enflame
 "Of boundless kingdoms, and a dreaded name.
 " 'Tis yours at home to stem oppression's waves,
 "To guard your subjects, not increase your slaves;
 "On this just basis fame's firm column raise,
 "And be desert in arms your second praise."

'Twas thus in converse, day succeeding day,
 They wore unselt the tedious hours away,
 And years on years in downy circles ran
 Till the boy rose insensibly to man.

What now shall Croesus find, what Syren voice,
 To make retirement the result of choice?
 No father's stern command these years allow,
 A chain more pleasing must detain him now.
 In rosy fetters shall the youth be tied,
 And Mysia's captive fair the chosen bride.

Haste, gentle god, whose chains unite the globe,
 Known by the blazing torch, and saffron robe,

To Lydia haste, for Atys blames your stay,
Nor fair Idalia's blushes brook delay;
O'er glory's blaze your soft enchantments breathe,
And hide the laurel with the myrtle wreath.

And now the king with secret transport found
His hopes succeed, nor fears a martial wound,
While lost in love the happier Atys lies,
The willing victim of Idalia's eyes.

O thoughtless man! from hence thy sorrows flow,
The scheme projected to avert the blow.

But makes it sure—for see, from Mysia's land
Round list'ning Atys crowds a suppliant band.
Their tears, their cries, his easy breast assail,
Fond to redress them ere he hears their tale.

“A mighty boar, the curse of angry heaven,
“Had from their homes the wretched sufferers
“driv'n.

“Waste were their viny groves, their rising grain,
“Their herds, their flocks, th' attendant shep-
“herds slain,

“And scarce themselves survive.

“O would but Atys lead the hunter train,

“Again their viny groves, their waving grain

“Might rise secure, their herds, their flocks in-
“crease,

“And fair Idalia's country rest in peace.”

The youth assents, th' exulting crowds retire;
When thus impatient speaks the trembling fire:

“What means my son? preserv'd, alas, in vain,

“From hostile squadrons, and the tented plain;

“You rush on death—recall your rash design,

“Mine be the blame, and be the danger mine;

“Myself will lead the band.” The youth return'd,

While his flush'd cheek with mild resentment
burn'd:

“Will Croesus lead the band, a hunter now,

“Skill'd in the fight, and laurels on his brow?

“Alas, such mockeries of war become

“The loiterer Atys fearful of his doom.

“To him at least these triumphs be resign'd,

“That not entirely useless to mankind

“His days may pass; these triumphs all his aim,

“These humble triumphs scarce allied to fame.

“And yet, dread Sir, if you command his stay,

“(O force of duty)! Atys must obey.

“Alas, on you whatever blame shall fall,

“A father's fondness can excuse it all,

“But me, of me, if still your power withstands,

“What must the Lydian, what the Mysian bands,

“What must Idalia think?” Adrastus here

Soft interpos'd. “Great king, dismiss your fear,

“Nor longer Atys' first request oppose;

“War was your dream, no war this region knows:

“For humbler prey the hunters range the wood,

“Their spears fly innocent of human blood.

“Had in the sportive chase some phantom boar

“Dug deep the wound, and drank the vital gore,

“That dreadful vision had excus'd your care,

“Nor Atys offer'd an unheeded pray'r.

“I love the prince, and, but I think his life

“Safe as my own, would urge him from the strife.

“Permit him, sire—this arm shall guard him

“there;

“And safely may you trust Adrastus' care,

“For, should he fall, this arm would surely prove

“My bosom feels a more than father's love.”

As, when impetuous through th' autumnal sky

Urg'd by the winds the clouds disparting fly,

O'er the broad wave, or wide extended mead,
Shifts the quick beam, alternate light and shade;
So glanc'd the monarch's mind from thought to
thought,

So in his varying face the passions wrought.

Oft on his son he turn'd a doubtful eye,

Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.

Oft rais'd it tearful to the blest abodes,

And fought in vain the unregarding gods.

Then look'd consent. But added, with a groan,

“From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son.”

Why should I tell, impatient for the fight,

How Atys chid the ling'ring hours of night?

Or how the roseate morn with early ray

Streak'd the glad east, and gradual spread the

day,

When forth he issu'd like the Lycian god?

Loose to the breeze his hov'ring mantle flow'd,

Wav'd the light plume above, behind him hung

His ratt'ling quiver, and his bow unstrung.

He mounts his steed, the steed obey'd the rein,

Arch'd his high neck, and graceful paw'd the

plain.

Ev'n Croesus' self forgot a while his fear

Of future ills, and gaz'd with transport there.

Or why relate, when now the train withdrew,

How fair Idalia sigh'd a soft adieu;

How Croesus follow'd with his voice and eyes,

Fond to behold, but fonder to advise,

And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,

“From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son.”

Suffice it us, they leave the waves which flow

O'er beds of gold, and Tmolus' fragrant brow,

They pass Magnesia's plains; Caicus' stream

The Mysian bound, which chang'd its ancient

name,

And reach Olympus' verge:

There desolation spread her ghastly reign

O'er trampled vines, and dissipated grain.

And saw with joy revolving seasons smile

To swell her pomp, and mock the lab'rer's toil.

Led by her baleful steps, the youth explore

The dark retreats, and reuse the foaming boar.

Hard is the strife: his horny sides repel

Unting'd the plummy shaft, and blunted steel.

The dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding plain,

And many a steed, and many a youth was slain.

When now his well-aim'd bow Adrastus drew,

Twang'd the stretch'd string, the feather'd venge-

ance flew,

And ras'd the monster's neck: he roars, he flies,

The crowd pursues, the hills resound their cries.

Full in the centre of a vale, embrown'd

With arching shades, they close the savage round.

He wheels, he glares, he meditates his prey,

Resolv'd to strike, resolv'd to force his way;

But Atys timely stopp'd his fierce career,

And through his eye-ball sent the whizzing spear,

And joyful saw him reel; with eager speed

He bears the shining blade, he quits his steed;

“—Ah stop, rash youth, not conquest you pur-

“sue,

“Death lies in ambush there, the victim you;

“You rush on fate”—in vain—he reach'd the

beast,

He rais'd his arm, and now had pierc'd his breast,

When in that moment from the adverse side

His too adventurous prince Adrastus spied,

And launch'd with nervous haste his eager spear,
Alarm'd, and trembling for a life so dear.
Glanc'd o'er the falling beast the fated wood,
And fix'd in Atys's breast drank deep the vital
flood

The struggling prince impatient of the wound
Writh'd on the spear, the crowds enclose him
round,

Then sunk in death unknowing whence it came,
Yet, ev'n in death, he call'd Adrastus' name,
"Where flies Adrastus from his dying friend?
"O bear me near." Poor prince! thy life must
end

Not in thy murderer's arms, he hears thee not;
Like some sad wretch fix'd to the fatal spot
Where fell the bolt of Jove, nor ear, nor eye,
Nor arm to help, nor language to reply,
Nor thought itself is his. Oblig'd to move
As they direct his steed, he leaves the grove,
As they direct to Sardis' tow'rs again
In silence follows the returning train.

There too we turn, for there the pensive fire
Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain desire.
In every dust before the wind that flies,
In every distant cloud which stains the skies
He sees his son return: till oft deceiv'd
No more his eye, the flatt'ring scene believ'd,
Yet still he wander'd, and with looks intent,
The fatal road his darling Atys went.

There to averted Heav'n he tells his pain,
And slaughter'd hecatombs decrees in vain.
There to Idalia, frequent by his side,
Relates his fears, or soothes the weeping bride
With tales of Atys' worth, and points the place
Where late he parted from their last embrace.

And now, perchance, in tears they linger'd there,
When slowly-moving real crowds appear. [eye—
"What means," he cried, and shot a trembling
A youth deputed by the rest drew nigh,
And in sad accents told the dreadful tale.

Rage seiz'd the king: expiring, breathless, pale,
Idalia sinks; th' attendant fair convey
With tears, and shrieks, the lifeless frame away.

"Where is the wretch?—hear, hospitable Jove!—
"Is this, is this thy more than father's love?

"Give me my son—why stare thy haggard eyes
"As fix'd in grief? here only sorrow lies"—
And smote his breast—"Thy life in blood began

"A fated wretch, a murderer ere a man.
"O foolish king! by my indulgence stole

"This serpent near me, that has stung my soul.
"This thy return for all a king could shower

"Of bounty o'er thee, life, and wealth, and pow-
er—

"But what are those? How great foe'er they be,
"I gave thee more, I gave myself to thee:

"I gave thee Atys, link'd in friendship's chain—
"O fatal gift, if thus return'd again!

"Reach me a sword—and yet, dear bleeding clay,
"Can his, can thousand lives thy loss repay?"

Then burst in tears—"Heav'n's instrument I
blame, [came.

"Though by his hand, from Heav'n the vengeance
"This stroke, O Solon, has convinc'd my pride!

"O had I never liv'd, or earlier died!
"Alas, poor wretch, why dost thou bare thy

"breast,
"And court my sword! though lost himself to rest,

"This curse of Heav'n, this Croesus can forgive

"Th' unhappy cause, and bids the murderer live."

"Ah stop," he cried, "and write the milder fate

"Here with thy sword, I only liv'd for that.

"Undone, I thought, beyond misfortune's power,

"O do not by forgiveness curse me more!"

While yet he pleaded, to the mourning crowd,
Forth rush'd Idalia by her maids pursu'd;

Eager she seem'd, with light suspicions fill'd,

And on her face heart-piercing madness smil'd.

"Where is my wand'ring love, ye Lydians say,

"Does he indeed along Meander stray,

"And rove the Asian plain? I'll seek him there.—

"Ye Lydian damsels, of your hearts beware:

"Fair is my love as to the sunny beam

"The light-spread plumage on Cayster's stream,

"His locks are Hermus' gold, his cheeks outshine,

"The ivory tinctur'd by your art divine.—

"I see him now, in Tmolus' shade he lies

"On saffron beds, soft sleep has seal'd his eyes.

"His breath adds sweetness to the gale that

"blows;

"Tread light, ye nymphs, I'll steal on his repose.

"Alas, he bleeds! O murder! Atys bleeds,

"And o'er his face a dying paleness spreads!

"Help, help, Adrastus—can you leave him now,

"In death neglect him? Once it was not so.

"What, and not weep; a tear at least is due,

"Unkind Adrastus, he'd have wept for you.

"Come then, my maids, our tears shall wash the

"gore;

"We, too, will die, since Atys is no more.

"But first we'll strow with flowers the hallow'd

"ground

"Where lies my love, and plant the cypress round;

"Nor let Adrastus know, for should he come,

"New streams of blood would issue from the tomb;

"The flowers would wither at his baleful tread,

"And at his touch the sick'ning cypress fade.

"Come, come—nay, do not tear me from his side,

"Cruel Adrastus, am I not his bride?

"I must—I will—me would you murder too?"

At this, unable to sustain his woe,

"My soul can bear no more," Adrastus cries,

(His eyes on Heav'n), "Ye powers, who rule the

"skies!

"If your august, unerring wills decreed,

"That states, and kings, and families must bleed,

"Why was I singled to perform the part,

"Unsteel'd my soul, unpetrified my heart?

"What had I done, a child, an embryo man,

"Ere passions could unfold, or thought began?

"Yet then condemn'd, an infant wretch I fled,

"Blood on my hands, and curses on my head.

"O had I perish'd so! but fortune smil'd,

"To make her frowns more dire.—This vagrant

child

"Became the friend of kings, to curse them all,

"And with new horrors dignify his fall."

Then eager snatch'd his sword. "For murders past

"What have I not endur'd?—be this my last,"

And pierc'd his breast. "This fated arm shall pour

"Your streams of wrath, and hurl your bolts no

"more.

"For pangs sustain'd, oblivion's all I crave;

"O let my soul forget them in the grave!

"Alas, forgive the wretch your judgments doom

"Dark are your ways, I wander in the gloom,

"Nor should perhaps complain.—Be grief my
"share;
"But, if your heav'n has mercy, pour it there,
"On yon heart-broken king, on yon distracted
"fair."

He spake, and drew the steel; the weeping train
Support him to the bier, he grasps the slain,
There feels the last sad joy his soul desires,
And on his Atys' much-lov'd breast expires.

* O happy both, if I, if I could shed
"Those tears eternal, which embalm the dead;"
While round Britannia's coast old ocean raves,
And to her standard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empress of the deep; so long your names
Should live lamented by her brightest dames;
Who oft, at evening, should with tears relate
The murder'd friend, and poor Idalia's fate;
And oft, inquiring from their lovers, hear
How Croesus mourn'd a twice revolving year,
Then rous'd at Cyrus' name, and glory's charms,
Shook off enervate grief, and shone again in arms.

ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE. 1743.

"Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat."
VIRG.

The principal hints of the following epistle are
taken from the celebrated last letter of Ann Bo-
leyn to Henry the Eighth, published in the Spec-
tator, No. 397. The author hopes the additions
he has made to it may appear natural in her un-
fortunate situation.

If sighs could soften, or distress could move
Obdurate hearts, and bosoms dead to love,
Already sure these tears had ceas'd to flow,
And Henry's smiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.
Yet still I write, still breathe a fruitless prayer,
The last fond effort of extreme despair.

As some poor shipwreck'd wretch, for ever lost,
In strong delusion grasps the less'ning coast,
Thinks it still near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life resigns the hopes to live.

You bid me live; but oh how dire the means!
Virtue starts back, and conscious pride disdains.
Confess my crime?—what crime shall I confess?
In what strange terms the hideous falsehood dress?
A vile adulteress! Heav'n defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.
Blast the foul wretch, whose impious tongue could
dare

With sounds like those to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleas'd too well,
And cruel Henry smil'd when Anna fell.

Why was I rais'd, why bade to shine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, small, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty sovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had spread,
While storms roll'd harmless o'er its shelter'd
head.

Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
Grown to his breast, and, by his care sustain'd,

* Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
&c. VIRG.

Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
Grac'd with a tear had calmly pass'd away.

Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaste desires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then these bonds? Is this that regal state,
The fair expects whom Henry bids be great?
Are these lone walls, and never-varied scenes,
The envied mansion of Britannia's queens?
Where distant sounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moss-grown tow'rs obstruct the trav'ling
eye,

Where o'er dim suns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters waisted by the gale.
How curs'd the wretch, to such sad scenes confin'd,
If guilt's dread scorpions lash his tortur'd mind,
When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!

Nay, ev'n when sleep should ev'ry care allay,
And softly steal th' imprison'd soul away,
Quick to my thoughts excursive fancy brings
Long visionary trains of martyr'd kings.

There pious * Henry, recent from the blow,
There ill-starr'd * Edward lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenceless age
Might soften rocks, or sooth the tiger's rage;
But not on these thy harder fates depend,
Man, man pursues, and murder is his end.

Such may my † child, such dire protectors find,
Through av'rice cruel, through ambition blind.
No kind condolance in her utmost need,
Her friends all banish'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, husband, father, hear,
If e'er those names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I must die (and so thy ease requires,
For love admits not of divided fires),
O to thy babe thy tend'rest cares extend,
As parent cherish, and as king defend!
Transferr'd to her, with transport I resign
Thy faithless heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remorse thy guilty cheek inflame,
When the fond prattler lisps her mother's name;
No tear start conscious when she meets your eye,
No heart-felt pang extort th' unwilling sigh,
Lest she should find, and strong is nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;
Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
And meet strict justice from a father's hands.
No, rather say what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, small my punishment.
Pleas'd will I view from yon securer shore
Life, virtue, love too lost, and weep no more,
If in your breasts the bonds of union grow,
And undisturb'd the streams of duty flow.

—Yet can I tamely court the lifted steel,
Nor honour's wounds with strong resentment feel?
Ye powers! that thought improves ev'n terror's
king,

Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his sting.
No, try me, prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each sigh, each smile, each distant hint that hung
On broken sounds of an unmeaning tongue.
Recount each glance of these unguarded eyes,
The seats where passion, void of reason, lies;

* Henry VI. and Edward V. both murdered in the
Tower.

† Afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

In those clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears!

Yes, try me, prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And justice only hold the equal scale.

Ah, let not those the fatal sentence give,
Whom brothels blush to own, yet courts receive!
Base, vulgar souls—and shall such wretches raise
A queen's concern? to fear them, were to praise.

Yet oh! (dread thought) oh must I, must I say,
Henry commands, and these constrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithless bosom pants
For charms, alas! which hapless Anna wants.
Yet once those charms this faded face could boast,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly lost.

Will *she, O think, whom now your snares pursue,
Will she for ever please, be ever new?
Or must she, meteor like, a while be great,
Then weeping fall, and share thy Anna's fate?

Misguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In transport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatness in ecstatic schemes,
Loose plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
Alas! she knows not with how swift decay
Those visionary glories fleet away.

Alas! she knows not the sad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs shall roam:
When she shall vainly sigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Else would she sooner trust the wintry sea,
Rocks, deserts, monsters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inspires, whose every breath
Sooths to despair, and every smile is death.

Fool that I was! I saw my rising fame
Gild the sad ruins of a † nobler name.
For me the force of sacred ties disown'd,
A realm insulted, and a queen dethron'd.
Yet fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excus'd the crime, and shar'd the guilty bed.
With specious reason lull'd each rising care,
And hugg'd destruction in a form so fair.

'Tis just, ye powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boasted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this destin'd wretch pursue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why must Henry the dread mandate seal?
Why must his hand, uninjur'd, point the steel?

Say, for you search the images that roll
In deep recesses of the inmost soul,
Say, did ye e'er amid those numbers find
One wish disloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then snatch me, blast me, let the lightning's
wing

Avert this stroke, and save the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawless passion shed,
Draw down Heav'n's vengeance on his sacred head,
But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard lord without a crime be free.

Still, still I live, Heav'n hears not what I say,
Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
Rejected, lost, O whither shall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die!
To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
The sinner's refuge, and the wretch's home!
Since such thy will, farewell my blasted fame,
Let foul detraction seize my injur'd name:

* Lady Jane Seymour.

† Catharine of Arragon.

No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
Nay, smile in death, though Henry gives the blow.

And now, resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope, soft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Release me, earth; ye mortal bonds untie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?
For angels call, Heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
* Adieu, ye faues, whose purer flames anew
Rose with my rise, and as I flourish'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection spare,
The pow'r that fix'd you shall preserve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And Heav'n repays it with eternal joy.

Thus rapt, O King! thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentlest passport still depends on thee.
My hov'ring soul, though rais'd to Heaven by
prayer,

Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its latest groan—
Resign'd and happy, might I part alone!

Why frowns my lord?—ere yet the stroke's
decreed,

O hear a sister for a † brother plead!
By Heaven he's wrong'd—alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet pur-
sue.

Unhappy youth! what anguish he endures!—
Was it for this he press'd me to be yours,
When ling'ring, wav'ring, on the brink I stood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his lavish tongue display'd
A monarch's graces to a love-sick maid?
With studied art consenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it most desir'd?
Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring scene,
Delude the sister, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that sister's shade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?

And, witness Heav'n, I'd bear to see him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful why:
The blasting foulness, that must still defame
Our lifeless ashes, and united name.

—Ah stop, my soul, nor let one thought pursue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps some pitying bard shall save from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind historian's pious leaves display
Our hapless loves, and wash the stains away.
Fair truth shall bless them, virtue guard their
cause,

And every chaste-ey'd matron weep applause.

Yet, though no bard should sing, or sage record,
I still shall vanquish my too faithless lord;
Shall see at last my injur'd cause prevail,
When pitying angels hear the mournful tale.
—And must thy wife, by Heav'n's severe com-
mand,

Before his throne thy sad accuser stand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my suff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heav'n, since Henry's still unkind,
With strong repentance touch his guilty mind,

* Her marriage with King Henry was a means of
introducing the Protestant religion, of which she was a
great patroness.

† George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford.

And oh! when anguish tears his lab'ring soul,
Through his rack'd breast when keenest horrors
roll,

When, weeping, grov'ling in the dust he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding sacrifice,
'Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs shall claim,
For life's lost honours, and polluted fame),
'Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveness let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd suff'rer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

ON RIDICULE. 1743.

Ἀσέβητος δ' ἀπ' ἐναντίας γέλας. HOMER.

'Twas said of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.
The bear may leap, its lumpish cubs in view,
Or sportive cat her circling tail pursue;
The grin deep-lengthen pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confess the simp'ring ass:
In awkward gestures awkward mirth be shown,
Yet, spite of gesture, man still laughs alone.

Th' all-powerful hand, which, taught yon sun
to shine,
First dress'd in smiles the human face divine;
And early innocence, unspoil'd by art, [heart.
Through the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing
No weak disgusts disturb'd the social plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought re-
quir'd,

Excus'd the weakness, and the worth admir'd.
Succeeding ages more sagacious grew; [too,
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them
Each, strangely wise, saw what was just and best,
And by his model would reform the rest:
The rest, impatient, or reject with scorn
The specious insult, or with pride return;
'Till all meet all with controversial eyes,
If wrong refute them, and if right despise.
Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
Too weak to vanquish, and too vain to mend.

Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the lash, and laughs her pains away.
Declining worth imperial wit supplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Astræa flies.
No truth so sacred, banter cannot hit,
No fool so stupid, but he aims at wit.
Ev'n those, whose breasts ne'er plann'd one vir-
tuous deed,
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread;
Ev'n those can censure, those can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And sneer at human checks by nature given,
To curb perfection ere it rival heaven:
Nay, chiefly such in these low arts prevail,
Whose want of talents leaves them time to rail.
Born for no end, they worse than useless grow
(As waters poison if they cease to flow);
And pests become, whom kinder fate design'd
But harmless expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' insidious task they ply!
Where shall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The veriest atoms in the sun-beams play.
No venial slip their quick attention 'scapes;
They trace each Proteus through his hundred
shapes;

To mirth's tribunal drag the caith train,
Where mercy sleeps, and nature pleads in vain.
And whence this lust to laugh? what fond pre-
tence,

Why Shaftsb'ry tells us, mirth's the test of sense;
Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falsehood
fear,

Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's spear.
Not so fair truth—aloft her temple stands
The work and glory of immortal hands.
Huge rocks of adamant its base enfold,
Steel bends the arch, the columns swell in gold.
No storms, no tumults, reach the sacred fane;
Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
The shaft sinks pointless, ere it verges there,
And the dull hiss but dies away in air.

Yet let me say, howe'er secure it rise,
Sly fraud may reach it, and close craft surprise.
Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely
bright;

But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the sight.
Some awkward epithet, with skill apply'd,
Some specious hints, which half their meanings
hide,

Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
Banditti like, to stun us ere they wound.

Is there an art, through science' various store,
But, madly strain'd, becomes an art no more?
Is there a virtue, falsehood can't disguise?
Betwixt two vices every virtue lies:

To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
Or mirth's false balance take, the triumph's thine.

Let mighty Newton with an Augur's hand,
Through heaven's high concave stretch th' impe-
rial wand,

The vagrant comet's dubious path assign,
And lead from star to star th' unerring line:
Who but with transport lifts his piercing eye,
Fond to be lost in vast immensity!

But should your * taylor, with as much of thought,
Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat;
The parchment slips with algebra o'erspread,
And calculations scrawl on ev'ry shred;
Art misapply'd must stare you in the face,
Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.

Fond of one art, most men the rest forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coasters on the shore.
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of distant states from some weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.

All arts are useful, as all nature good,
Correctly known, and temp'rately pursued.
The active soul, that heav'n-born lamp, requires
Still new supports to feed, and raise its fires;
And science' ample stores expanded stand,
As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand:
And, as the sylvan chase bids bodies glow,
And purple health through vig'rous channels
flow:

So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
By genius rous'd at reason's early dawn;
Which dares fair learning's arduous seats invade,
Climb the tall cliff, or pierce th' entangled shade;

* "Your taylor," &c. see *Gulliver's Travels*, Voy-
age to *Laputa*.

New health, new strength, new force its powers
receive,

And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.
Or, if too harsh each boist'rous labour proves,
The muse conducts us to more happy groves;
Where sport her sister arts, with myrtles crown'd,
Expressive picture, and persuasive sound;
Where truth's rough rules the gentlest lays im-
part,

And virtue steals harmonious on the heart.

We oft, 'tis true, mistake the sat'rist's aim,
Not arts themselves, but their abuse they blame.
Yet, if, crusaders like, their zeal be rage,
They hurt the cause in which their arms engage:
On heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd steel,
Which fools can brandish, and the wise may feel.
Readers are few, who nice distinctions form,
Supinely cool, or credulously warm.

'Tis jest, 'tis earnest, as the words convey
Some glimm'ring sense to lead weak heads astray.
And when, too anxious for some art assail'd,
You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd;
Each to his bias leans, a steady fool,
And, for the part defective, damns the whole.

In elder James's ever peaceful reign,
Who sway'd alike the sceptre and the pen,
Had some rough poet, with satiric rage,
Alarm'd the court, and lash'd the pedant age;
What freights of genius on that rock had split?
Where now were learning, and where now were
wit?

Matur'd and full the rising forest grows,
Ere its wise owner lops th' advancing boughs:
For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
And shade the shepherd, ere they grace the land.

Where then may censure fall? 'tis hard to say;
On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
In life, as arts, it asks our nicest care,
But hurts us more, as more immediate there.

Resign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
Their standing jest, which swells the laugh so loud,
The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
A leg mis-shapen, or distorted eye:
We pity faults by nature's hand imprest;
Thersites' mind, but not his form's the jest.

Here then we fix, and lash without controul
These mental pests, and hydras of the soul;
Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
A zeal for slander, and delib'rate hate:
These court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
And each * Ulysses like, should aim the blow.

Yet sure, ev'n here, our motives should be
known:

Rail we to check his spleen, or ease our own?
Does injur'd virtue ev'ry shaft supply,
Arm the keen tongue, and flush th' erected eye?
Or do we from ourselves ourselves disguise;
And act, perhaps, the villain we chastise?
Hope we to mend him? hopes, alas, how vain!
He feels the lash, not listens to the reign.

'Tis dangerous too, in these licentious times,
Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes,
Vices when ridicul'd, experience says,
First lose that horror which they ought to raise,
Grow by degrees approv'd, and almost aim at
praise.

* *Iliad* ii.

When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
How laughing satire weakens Milo's cause!
Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
Rapes, murders, incest, treasons, mirth create,
And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.

'Tis true, the comic muse, confin'd to rules,
Supply'd the laws, and sham'd the tardy schools;
With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
And by example form'd the yielding youth.
The titled knave with honest freedom shown,
His person mimic'd, nor his name unknown,
Taught the young breast its opening thoughts to
raise

From dread of infamy to love of praise,
From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
As gradual from the root the flower ascends;
Strain'd through the varying stems the juices
flow,

Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.

'Twas thus a while th' instructive stage survey'd,
From breast to breast its glowing influence spread.
Till, from his nobler task by passions won,
The man unravell'd what the bard had done;
And he, whose warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
Here sunk the muse, and, useless by degrees,
She ceas'd to profit, as she ceas'd to please.
No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
To well-tun'd scandal lent a jealous ear,
And through the faint applause betray'd the fear.

We, like Menander, more discreetly dare,
And well-bred satire wears a milder air.
Still vice we brand, or titled fools disgrace,
But dress in fable's guise the borrow'd face.
Or as the bee, through nature's wild retreats,
Drinks the moist fragrance from th' unconscious
sweets,

To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gill;
Extract, compound, with all a chemist's skill,
And claim the motley characters who will.
Happy the muse, could thus her tuneful aid
To sense, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
They view the face, but soon forget 'tis theirs.

" 'Twas not from them the bard their likeness
" stole,

" The random pencil haply hit the mole;
" Ev'n from their prying foes such specks retreat;"
—They hide them from themselves, and crown
the cheat.

Or should, perhaps, some softer clay admit
The fly impressions of instructive wit;
To virtue's side in conscious silence steal,
And glow with goodness, ere we find they feel;
Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will closer methods take,
And keep with caution what they can't forsake;
For fear of man in his most mirthful mood,
May make us hypocrites, but seldom good.
And what avails that seas confess their bounds,
If subtler insects sap the Belgian mounds?
Though no wing'd mischief cleave the mid-day
skies,

Still through the dark the baleful venom flies,
Still virtue feels a sure though ling'ring fate,
And, stabb'd in secret, bleeds th' unguarded state.

Besides, in men have varying passions made
Such nice confusions, blending light with shade,
That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
May hurt some virtue's intermingling ray.
Mens faults, like Martin's * broider'd coat, de-
mand

The nicest touches of the steadiest hand.
Some yield with ease, while some their posts
maintain;

And parts defective will at last remain. [bend;
There, where they best succeed, your labours
Nor render useless, what you strive to mend.

The youthful Curio blush'd whene'er he spoke,
His ill-tim'd modesty the general joke; [dure—
Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that sneer en-
Behold, sad instance of their skill to cure! [fore,
The conscious blood, which fir'd his cheek be-
Now leaves his bosom cool, and warns no more.

But affectation—there, we all confess,
Strong are the motives, and the danger less.
Sure we may smile where fools themselves have
made,

As balk'd spectators of a farce ill play'd,
And laugh, if satire's breath should rudely raise
The painted plumes which vanity displays.

O fruitful source of everlasting mirth!
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth.
By fashion govern'd, nature each neglects,
And barter's graces for admir'd defects.
The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
Confess, at least, the sacred form is fair;
And apes of science equally allow
The scholar's title to the laurell'd brow;
But what have those 'gainst satire's lash to plead,
Who court with zeal what others fly with dread?
Affect ev'n vice! poor folly's last excess,
As Picts mistook deformity for dress, [charms,
And smear'd with so much art their hideous
That the grim beauty scar'd you from her arms.

Too oft these follies† bask in virtue's shine,
The wild luxuriance of a soil too fine.
Yet oh, repress them, wheresoe'er they rise—
But how perform it?—there the danger lies.
Short are the lessons taught in nature's school,
Here each peculiar asks a sep'rate rule.
Nice is the task, be gen'ral if you can,
Or strike with caution, if you point the man:
And think, O think, the cause by all assign'd
To raise our laughter, makes it most unkind:
For though from nature these no strength re-
ceive,

We give them nature when we bid them live.
Like Jove's Minerva springs the gentle train,
The genuine offspring of each teeming brain;
On which, like tend'rest fires, we fondly doat,
Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
And scarce at last, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
Torn from our breasts, the dear delusion ends.

Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it, win th' enfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet smile unconscious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace instructive satire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd prose!
That great example should our zeal excite,
And censors learn from Addison to write.

* Tale of a Tub,

† Affectations.

So, in our age, too prone to sport with pain,
Might soft humanity resume her reign;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly blush, as willing to be taught;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare cease,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

ON NOBILITY.

AN EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF —

POETS, my lord, by some unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
Have oft, regardless of their heav'n-born flame,
Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forsook the true,
And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.
Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
Their incense fruitless, and your honours vain:
Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
The painted produce of these sun-shine days;
Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
In two short precepts your whole lesson lies;
Would you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise.

In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
As fess and chev'ron, pale and contrepale;
'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion, or the bear;
For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honours stript from every grove and field;
For him the rustic quires with songs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like gods they hail the brave;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Though Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their fires, and mingle with the crowd.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his poms descend;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
* Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their path's confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
Must grace alike St. James's or the Porte;
Alike, my lord, must Turk, or British peer,
Be to his king, and to his country dear;
Alike must either honour's cause maintain,
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.

* *Ibi fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem
divinâ specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Ita-
liam Annibali missum. Proinde sequeretur, neque
usquam à se desisteret oculos. Pavidum primò,
nusquam respicientem, &c.—Tandem,—temperare
oculis nequivisse: tum vidisse post se serpentem
mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgul-
torum strage ferri, &c. Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.*

For birth——precarious were that boasted gem,
 Though worth flow'd copious in the vital stream:
 (Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
 And sage experience proves the truths they teach.)
 For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
 And, like Busris, end among the stars,
 What is this boon of heav'n? dependent still
 On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
 Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
 Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
 And did your gentle grandames always prove
 Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
 And never pity'd, at some tender time,
 * A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime?
 Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
 Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
 Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
 And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
 Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
 Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
 By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
 Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel?
 Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel?
 † And each fair marchioness, that Gallia pours
 (Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
 With your demands: we fear a forgery.
 In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
 And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
 Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
 But by the manners of that race you boast.
 O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
 The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
 The kind concern for innocence distressed,
 The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
 At every deed we see their father's tomb
 Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
 We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
 A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
 Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
 Must by your worth be polish'd e'er they shine;
 Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
 And stream through ages one unfully'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
 The mother virtuous, or the fires renown'd,
 If, from the breathing walls, those fires behold
 The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
 And see those hours, when sleep their toils re-
 pair'd, [guard,]
 (Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's
 Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
 Drown and embrate the particle divine?
 How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
 The warmest pray'r they once to heav'n prefer'd!
 When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
 They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
 That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
 That dull dead weight that drags them down to
 men,
 And speaks as plainly as the muse's tongue,
 "Frail were the fires from whom we mortals
 sprung."

* See *January and May in Chaucer, and Mr. Pope.*

† *Marriane, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.*

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
 The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:

* Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
 The flatt'ring stains of many a live-long year;
 While but to shame them beams fictitious day,
 And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
 Tell us ye names preserv'd from Charles's times
 In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
 Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
 (Though taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
 The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
 The alien morals, and imputed wit,
 Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
 To save expiring infamy from death?
 And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
 The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
 'Tis yours my lord, to form a nobler aim,
 And build on active merit endless fame;
 Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten crowd,
 Who, ev'n at best but negatively good, [days,
 Through sloth's dull round drag out a length of
 While life's dun taper gradually decays;
 And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
 Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What though in youth, while flatt'ring hopes
 presume
 On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
 Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
 From followers flatt'ry, and from crowds ap-
 plause;

Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
 Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
 Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
 When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail;
 Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
 O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
 Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
 And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
 And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
 See, fav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
 Laborious health the stubborn glebe divide;
 Instructed want her folded arms unbend,
 And smiling industry the loom attend.
 Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
 Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
 Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
 And give neglected science where to lean.
 Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
 To tell the wretched where protection lies;
 And he who hears unmov'd affliction's claim,
 Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, though to no bounds confin'd,
 Your cares instruct, or bounties bless mankind.
 'Tis yours, my lord, with various skill to trace,
 By history's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
 Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
 Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
 From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
 And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome;
 But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
 The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
 Happy at last, through storms in freedom's cause,
 Through fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,

* See *Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.*

To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
As strength with ease, and liberty with kings.
Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates de-
pend,

What states can injure, and what states defend,
Their strength, their arts, their policies your own—
And then, like Pelham, make that wisdom known.
Wake ev'ry latent faculty of soul,
Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,
Till list'ning senates bless the kind alarm,

Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.
Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
Are Heav'n's peculiar instruments of good:
Not for the few, who have them, are design'd:
What flows from heav'n must flow for all man-
kind.

Blush then, ye peers, who, niggards of your store,
Brood o'er the shining heap, not make it more;
Or Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when most you share it, best en-
joy'd.

See! on yon sea-girt isle the goddess stands,
And calls her vot'rys with applauding hands!
They pant, they strain, they glow through climes
unknown.

With added strength, and spirits not their own!
Hark! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail!
How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
—"But tempests roar, and oceans roll between."—

Yet see, my lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
See——lab'ring through the billowy tide!
See——impatient for the adverse side!
O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage;
Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their
age,

And ev'ry warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O——, for thee!

Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely bursts the cloud.
Lull'd high in fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel;
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry soothes, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my lord, on happy peers attends
That noblest privilege, to choose their friends;
The wise, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, com-
par'd

With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of science ply the oar;
And nature's genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The Drake's and Raleigh's of the mental world.

But stay—too long mere English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the
main:

No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale;
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.

VOL. XI.

—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truth's of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

AN HYMN TO THE NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING, 1751.

"Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique mi-
nantur

"In cœlum scopuli; tum sylvis scena coruscis

"Desuper, horrentique atrum Nemus imminet
umbra.

"Intus Aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo

"NYMPHARUM domus!"— VIRG.

NYMPH of the fount! from whose auspicious urn
Flows health, flows strength, and beauty's roseate
bloom,

Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing!

Whether inclining from thy rocky couch

Thou hear'st attentive, or with sister-nymphs

Fast by Sabina's hoarse-resounding stream,

Thou cull'st fresh flowers, regardless of my song.

Avonia, hear'st thou, from the neighb'ring
stream

So call'd; or Bristoduna; or the sound

Well known, * Vincentia? Sithence from thy rock

The hermit pour'd his orisons of old,

And, dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his name.

Whate'er thy title, thee the azure god

Of ocean erst beheld, and to the shore

Fast flew his pearly car; th' obsequious winds

Dropp'd their light pinions, and no sounds were
heard

In earth, air, sea, but murmuring sighs of love.

He left thee then; yet not penurious, left

Without a boon the violated maid;

But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand

Gave thee to pour the salutary rill,

And pay this precious tribute to the main.

† And still he visits, faithful to his flame,

Thy moist abode, and each returning tide

Mingles his wave with thine; hence brackish oft

And foul, we fly th' adulterated draught

And scorn the proffer'd bev'rage; thoughtless we,

That then thy naiads hymenæals chaunt,

And rocks re-echo to the triton's shell. [pay

Love warm'd thy breast; to love thy waters

A kind regard: and thence the pallid maid

Who pines in fancy for some fav'rite youth

Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim

Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the boy,

Who mourns in secret the polluted charms

Of Lais or Corinna, grateful feels

Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.

* The spring at Bristol is usually called St. Vincent's Well, and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that that saint resided there.

† The high tides in the Avon generally foul the spring in such a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till some hours after-ward.

And from the king of terrors steal his crown,
 Nor yet for waters only art thou fam'd,
 Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
 Do diamonds lurk, which mimic those of Ind.
 Some to the curious searcher's eye betray
 Their varying hues amid the mossy clefts
 Faint glimmering; others in the solid stone
 Lie quite obscur'd, and wait the patient hand
 Of art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
 To wake their latent glories into day.
 With these the British fair, ere traffic's power
 Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
 Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
 The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
 With these the little tyrants of the isle,
 Monarchs of counties, or of clay-built towns
 Sole potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
 And awe the gazing crowd. Say, goddess, say,
 Shall, studious of thy praise, the muse declare
 When first their lustre rose, and what kind power
 Unveil'd their hidden charms? The muse alone
 Can call back time, and from oblivion save
 The once-known tale, of which tradition's self
 Has lost the faintest memory. 'Twas ere
 The titles proud of knight or baron bold
 Were known in Albion; long ere Cæsar's arms
 Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
 Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs [thorns
 Which front thy hallow'd fount, and shagg with
 The adverse side of Avon, dwelt a swain.
 One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed.
 Fair was the maid; but wherefore said I fair?
 For many a maid is fair, but Leya's form
 Was beauty's self, where each united charm
 Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
 Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
 Rejects the voice of love. In vain the sire
 With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft
 The name of grandfire, and a prattling race
 To cheer his drooping age. In vain the youths
 To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
 Attun'd their rustic pipes, to Leya's ear
 Music was discord when it talk'd of love.
 And shall such beauty, and such power to blest,
 Sink useless to the grave! forbid it, love!
 Forbid it, vanity! ye mighty two
 Who share the female breast! the last prevails.
 "Whatever youth shall bring the noblest prize
 "May claim her conquer'd heart." The day
 was fix'd,
 And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
 In crowds the suitors came: from Ashton's vale,
 From Pil, from Porshut, and the town whose
 tower
 Now stands a sea-mark to the pilots ken.
 Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-sick sons
 To swell th' enamour'd train. But most in
 thought
 Yielded to Cadwal's heir, proud lord of Stoke;
 Whose wide dominions spread o'er velvet lawns
 And gently-swelling hills, and tufted groves,
 Full many a mile. For there, ev'n then, the scene
 We now behold to such perfection wrought,
 Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
 A master's hand to tame it into grace.
 Against such rivals, prodigal of wealth,
 To venal beauty off'ring all their stores,

What arts shall Thenot use, who long has lov'd,
 And long, too long despair'd? Amid thy rocks
 Nightly he wanders, to the silent moon
 And starry host of heaven he tells his pain.
 But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
 At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
 Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal blest'd
 His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
 Or flowering orchards, no wide wandering herds
 Or bleating firstlings of the flock were his,
 To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
 Make echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
 Could chant soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
 They charm'd with native music all but her.

Oft had'st thou heard him, goddess; oft resolv'd
 To succour his distress. When now the day,
 The fatal day drew near, and love's last hope
 Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's god
 Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious thought.
 "And what," he cry'd, "can make Avonia's face
 Wear aught but smiles? what jealous doubts per-
 plex

My fair, my best lov'd?" "No jealous doubts,
 Thou answer'd'st mild, and on his breast reclin'd
 Thy blushing cheek, perplex Avonia's breast:
 A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
 And gifts alone can win her. Mighty power,
 O bid thy tritons ransack ocean's wealth,
 The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
 And every shell where mingling lights and shades
 Play happiest. O, if ever to thy breast
 My artful coyness gave a moment's pain,
 Learn from that pain to pity those that love."
 The god return'd: "Can his Avonia ask
 What Neptune would refuse? beauty like thine
 Might task his utmost labours. But behold
 How needless now his treasures? what thou
 seek'st

Is near thee; in the bosom of thy rocks
 Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
 More wary eyes than Leya's, lurk unseen. [rais'd
 From these select thy store." He spake, and
 The massy trident; at whose stroke the womb
 Of earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
 Receiv'd the bursting gems, and tritons lent
 A happier polish to th' incrusted stone.

Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive
 strains [proach,"

Of Thenot reach'd thy ears. "Approach, ap-
 The trident-bearer cried; and at his voice
 The rocks divided, and the awe-struck youth
 (Like Aristæus through the parting wave)
 Descended trembling. But what words can paint
 His joy, his rapture, when, surprise at length
 Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems, [cried,
 And knew their wond'rous import. "O! he
 Dismiss me, gracious powers; ere this, perhaps,
 Young Cadwal clasps her charms, ere this the
 wealth [know

Of Madoc has prevail'd!"—"Go, youth, and
 Success attends thy enterprise; and time
 Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest swain
 Whose rivalry thou fear'st; go, and be blest.
 Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy;
 But when thy wide possessions shall extend
 Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
 And grace thy village with Avonia's name."

How shall the blushing muse pursue the tale
Impartial, and record th' ungrateful crime
Of Thenot love-deluded? When success
Had crown'd his fierce desires, awhile he paid
Due honours at thy shrine, and strew'd with
flowers

Jasmin and rose, and iris many-hued,
The rocky margin. Till at length, intent
On Leya's charms alone, of aught beside
Careless he grew; and scarcely now his hymns
Of praise were heard; if heard, they fondly
mix'd

His Leya's praise with thine; or only seem'd
The dying echoes of his former strains.
Nor did he (how wilt thou excuse, O love,
Thy traitor!) when his wide possessions spread,
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
Or grace his village with Avonia's name.
But on a festal day, amid the shouts
Of echoing shepherds, to the rising town
"Be Leya nam'd," he cried: and still unchang'd
(Indelible disgrace!) * the name remains.

'Twas then, Avonia, negligent of all
His former injuries, thy heav'nly breast
Felt real rage; and thrice thy arm was rais'd
For speedy vengeance; thrice the azure god
Restrain'd its force, or ere the uplifted rocks
Descending had o'erwhelm'd the fated town.
And thus he sooth'd thee, "Let not rage trans-
port

My injur'd fair-one; love was all his crime,
Resistless love. Yet sure revenge awaits
Thy utmost wishes; never shall his town,
Which, had thy title grac'd it, had aspir'd
To the first naval honours, and look'd down
On Carthage and the ports which grace my own
Phœnicia, never shall it rise beyond
That humble village thou behold'st it now.
And soon transported to the British coast
From farthest India vessels shall arrive
Full fraught with gems, myself will speed the
sails,

And all th' imaginary wealth he boasts
Shall sink neglected: rustics shall deride
His diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
Their perish'd splendour; on a firmer base
Thy glory rests; reject a spurious praise,
And to thy waters only trust for fame."

And what of fame, O goddess, canst thou ask
Beyond thy waters, ever-streaming source
Of health to thousands? Myriads yet unborn
Shall hail thy foist'ring wave: perchance to thee
Shall owe their first existence. For, if fame
Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
Of nature, which calls forth the bursting forms
Through wide creation, and with various life
Fills every teeming element, amid
Thy stream delighted revels, with increase
Blessing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
The pensive matron bends; without thy aid
Expiring families had ask'd in vain
The long-expected heir; and states perhaps,
Which now stand foremost in the lists of fame,
Had sunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile slaves

* *Ley, or Leigh, a small village on the op-
posite side of the Avon.*

Of sloth, and couch'd beneath a master's frown,
Had not thy breath awak'd some chosen soul,
Some finer æther, scarce ally'd to clay,
Hero to act, or poet to record.

O if to Albion, to my native land,
Of all that glorious, that immortal train
Which swells her annals, thy prolific stream
Has given one bard, one hero; may nor storms
Nor earthquakes shake thy mansion; may the
sweep,

The silent sweep, of slow-devouring time
Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
To future worlds thy virtues, and thy praise.

Still, still, Avonia, o'er thy Albion shed
Benignest influence; nor to her alone
Confine thy partial boon. The lamp of day,
God of the lower world, was meant to all
A common parent. Still to every realm
Send forth thy blessings; for to every realm,
Such its peculiar excellence, thy wave
May pass untainted; seasons, climates, spare
Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
Innate corruption, never mixes there.

And might I ask a boon, in whispers ask
One partial favour; Goddess, from the power
Of verse, and arts Pæonian, gracious thou
Entreat this one. Let other poets share
His noisy honours, rapid let them roll
As neighb'ring Severn, while the voice of fame
Re-echoes to their numbers: but let mine
My humbler weaker verse, from scantier rills
Diffusing wholesome draughts, unheard, unseen,
Glide gently on, and imitate thy spring.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"L'Amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un
sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres."

Contes Moraux, de MARMONTEL.

Much have we heard the pœvish world complain
Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:

Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
And blame, as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is friendship?—'Tis the sacred tie
Of souls unbodied, and of love refin'd;

Beyond, benevolence, thy social sigh,
Beyond the duties graven on our kind.

And ah how seldom, in this vale of tears,
This frail existence, by ourselves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or subdued by fears,

The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taste!
Proclaim, ye reverend fires, whom fate has spar'd
As life's example, and as virtue's test,
How few, how very few, your hearts have shar'd,
How much those hearts have pardon'd in the
best.

Vain is their claim whom heedless pleasure joins
In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;

They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
But, spectre-like, they shudder at its rise.

For 'tis not friendship, though the raptures run,
Led by the mad'ning god, through every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-
tide sun,

Their bosoms open but to close again.
Yet there are hours of mirth, which friendship
loves,

When prudence sleeps, and wisdom grows more
Sallies of sense, which reason scarce approves,
When all unguarded glows the naked mind,

Nor youth alone thy power indulgent owns;
 Age shares thy blessings, and the tott'ring frame
 By thee supported: not, Tithonus-like,
 To linger in decay, and daily feel
 A death in every pain; such cruel aids,
 Unknown to nature, art alone can lend:
 But, taught by thee, life's latter fruits enjoy
 A warmer winter, and at last fall off,
 Shook by no boist'rous, or untimely blasts.

But why on single objects dwells my song?
 Wide as the neighb'ring sons of commerce waft
 Their inexhausted stores, to every clime
 On every wind up-borne thy triumphs spread!
 Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or
 fate

Leads to some distant home, where Sirius reigns,
 And the blood boils with many a fell disease
 Which Albion knows not. Thee the sable wretch
 To ease whose burning entrails swells in vain
 The citron's dewy moisture, thee he hails;
 And oft from some steep cliff, at early dawn,
 In seas, in winds, or the vast void of heaven
 Thy power unknown adores; or ranks, perhaps,
 Amid his fabled gods Avonia's name.

Scar'd at thy presence start the train of death,
 And hide their whips and scorpions. Thee con-
 fus'd

Slow Febris creeps from; thee the meagre fiend
 Consumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs.
 But chief the dread disease, whose wat'ry pow'r
 Curb'd by thy wave restraining, knows its bounds,
 And feels a firmer barrier. Ocean thus
 Once flow'd, they say, impetuous; till restrain'd
 By force almighty, streams were taught to flow
 In narrower channels, and once more relieve
 The thirsty hind, and wash the fruitful vale.

What shrieks, what groans, torment the la-
 b'ring air,

And pierce th' astonish'd hearer? ah, behold
 Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
 Rack'd with the stone, and calls on thee for ease!
 Nor calls he long in vain; the balmly draught
 Has done its office, and resign'd and calm
 The poor pale sufferer sinks to sweet repose.

O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace
 That fiercer fiend Ill-nature; Argus-like,
 Whose eyes still open watch th' unwary steps
 Which tread thy margin, and whose subtle brain
 To real mischief turns ideal ills!

But not thy stream nectareous, nor the smiles
 Of rosy dimpled innocence, can charm
 That monster's rage: dark, dark as midnight
 damps,

And ten times deadlier, steals along unseen
 Her blasting venom, and devours at once
 Fair virtue's growth, and beauty's blooming spring.

But turn we from the sight, and dive beneath
 Thy darksome caverns; or unwearied climb
 Thy tow'ring mountains, studious to explore
 The latent seeds and magazines of health.

"Ye rocks that round me rise, ye pendant
 woods

High waving to the breeze, ye gliding streams
 That steal in silence through the mossy clefts

Th' unnumber'd, tell me in what secret vale

Ungaia shuns the day?—O, often seen

HY reams poetic, pour thy radiant form

Full on my sight, and bless my waking sense!—
 But not to me such visions, not to me;

No son of Pæan I, like that sweet bard

* Who sung her charms profess; † or him, whose
 muse

Now builds the lofty rhyme, and nobly wild
 Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
 To form fresh garlands for the naiad train.

Yet will I view her still, however coy,
 In dreams poetic; see her to the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies harmonious lead
 Her sportive sister-graces, Mirth serene,
 And Peace, sweet inmate of the sylvan shade.

These are thy handmaids, goddesses of the fount,
 And these thy offspring. Oft have I beheld
 Their airy revels on the verdant steep
 Of Avon, clear as fancy's eye could paint,
 What time the dewy star of eve invites
 To lonely musing, by the wave-worn beach,
 Along the extended mead. Nor less intent
 Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
 Of Clifton, tow'ring mount, th' enraptur'd eye
 Beholds the cultivated prospect rise
 Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
 Of hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted clouds
 Sportive they roll, or down yon winding stream
 Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
 And join the sea-green sisters of the flood.

Happy the man whom these amusive walks,
 These waking dreams delight! no cares molest
 His vacant bosom: Solitude itself
 But opens to his keener view new worlds,
 Worlds of his own: from every genuine scene
 Of nature's varying hand his active mind
 Takes fire at once, and his full soul o'erflows
 With Heaven's own bounteous joy; he too cre-
 ates,

And with new beings peoples earth and air,
 And ocean's deep domain. The bards of old,
 The godlike Grecian bards, from such fair founts
 Drank inspiration. Hence on airy cliffs
 Light satyrs danc'd, along the woodland shade
 Pan's mystic pipe resounded, and each rill
 Confess'd its tutelary power, like thine.

But not like thine, bright deity, their urns
 Pour'd health's rare treasures; on their grassy
 sides

The panting swain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
 At sultry noontide, or at evening led
 His payok'd heifers to the common stream.

Yet some there have been, and there are, like
 thee

Profuse of liquid balm; from the fair train
 † Of eldest Tadmor, where the sapient king
 For the faint traveller, and diseas'd, confin'd
 To salutary baths the fugitive stream.
 And still, though now perhaps their power un-
 known,

* Dr. Armstrong, author of that elegant didac-
 tic poem, called, "The Art of preserving Health."

† Alluding to a manuscript poem of Dr. Aken-
 side's, (since published) written in the spirit and
 manner of the ancients, called, "An Hymn to the
 Water Nymphs."

‡ Tadmor, in the wilderness, built by king So-
 lomon, celebrated for its baths.

Unfought, the solitary waters creep
 Amid * Palmyra's ruins, and bewail
 To rocks, and desert caves, the mighty loss
 Of two imperial cities! so may sink
 Yon cloud-envelop'd towers; and times to come
 Inquire where Avon flow'd, and the proud mart
 Of Bristol rose. Nay, Severn's self may fail,
 With all that waste of waters: and the swain
 From the tall summit (whence we now survey
 The anchoring bark, and see with every tide
 Pass and repass the wealth of either world)
 May hail the softer scene where groves aspire,
 And bosom'd villages, and golden fields
 Unite the Cambrian to the English shore.
 Why should I mention many a fabled fount
 By bards recorded, or historians old;
 Whether they water'd Asia's fertile plains
 With soft † Callirhoë; or to letter'd Greece
 Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid?
 Nor ye of modern fame, whose rills descend
 From Alps and Appennines, or grateful lave
 Germania's haras'd realms, expect my verse
 Should chant your praise, and dwell on foreign
 themes;

When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
 Shed wide their influence: from a thousand rocks
 Health gushes, through a thousand vales it flows
 Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
 More pale diseases than her streams relieve.

Witness, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues
 Which hail thy ‡ sister's name! on the same banks
 Your fountains rise, to the same stream they flow.
 See in what myriads to her wat'ry shrine
 The various votaries press! they drink, they live!
 Not more exulting crowds in the full height
 Of Roman luxury proud Baiæ knew;
 Ere § Musa's fatal skill, fatal to Rome,
 Defam'd the tepid wave. Nor || round thy shades,
 Clitumnus, more recording trophies hang.

* Palmyra is generally allowed to have stood
 on the same spot of ground as Tadmor. See the U-
 niversal History, vol. ii. oct. edit. where there is a
 print representing the ruins of that city.

† A fountain in Judea beyond Jordan, which
 empties itself into the lake Asphaltis. Its wa-
 ters were not only medicinal, but remarkably soft
 and agreeable to the taste. Herod the Great made
 use of them in his last dreadful distemper. Jose-
 phus, l. xvii. c. 8. ‡ Bath.

§ Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus Cæsar,
 was the first who brought cold bathing into great
 repute at Rome. But the same prescription which
 had saved Augustus, unhappily killed Marcellus.
 Horace describes the inhabitants of Baiæ as very
 uneasy at this new method of proceeding in physic.

—“ Mihi Baias

“ Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen illis
 “ Me facit invisum gelidâ dum perluor undâ
 “ Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui
 “ Lietaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
 “ Sufusa contemni Vicius gemit; invisus agris
 “ Qui caput aut stomachum supponere fontibus
 “ audent,” &c.

|| See a beautiful description of the source of
 this river in Pliny's Epistles, Ep. 8. B. viii. where

O for a Shakspeare's pencil, while I trace
 In nature's breathing paint, the dreary waste
 Of Buxton, dropping with incessant rains
 Cold and ungenial; or its sweet reverse
 Enchanting Matlock, from whose rocks like thine
 Romantic foliage hangs, and rills descend,
 And echoes murmur. Derwent, as he pours
 His oft obstructed stream down rough cascades
 And broken precipices, views with awe,
 With rapture, the fair scene his waters form.

Nor yet has nature to one spot confin'd
 Her frugal blessings. Many a different site
 And different air, to suit man's varying frame
 The same relief extends. Thus Cheltenham sinks
 Rural and calm amid the flowery vale, [lifts
 Pleas'd with its pastoral scenes; while Scarbro'
 Its towering summits to th' aspiring clouds,
 And sees th' unbounded ocean roll beneath.

Avonia frowns! and justly may'st thou frown
 O goddess, on the bard, th' injurious bard,
 Who leaves thy pictur'd scenes, and idly roves
 For foreign beauty to adorn his song.
 Thine is all beauty; every site is thine.

Thine the sweet vale, and verdure-crowned mead
 Slow rising from the plain, which Cheltenham
 boasts.

Thine Scarbro's cliffs; and thine the russet heaths
 Of sandy Tunbridge; o'er thy spacious downs
 Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the hunter train
 May range thy forests; and the muse-led youth,
 Who loves the devious walk, and simple scene,
 May in thy Kingswood view the scatter'd cots
 And the green wilds of Dulwich. Does the sun,
 Does the free air delight? lo! Clifton stands
 Courted by every breeze; and every sun
 There sheds a kinder ray: whether he rides
 In southern skies sublime, or mildly pours
 O'er Bristol's red'ning towers his orient beam,
 Or gilds at eve the shrub-clad rocks of Ley.
 Beneath thy mountains open to the south
 Pale sickness sits, and drinks th' enlivening day;
 Nor fears the innumerable pangs which pierce
 In keener anguish from the north, or load
 The dusky pinions of the peevish east.

Secure she sits, and from thy sacred urn
 Implores, and finds relief. The slacken'd nerves
 Resume their wonted tone, of every wind
 And every season patient. Jocund health
 Blooms on the cheek; and careless youth returns
 (As fortune wills) to pleasure or to toil.

Yet think not, goddess, that the muse ascribes
 To thee unfailing strength, of force to wrest
 Th' uplifted bolts of fate; to Jove alone
 Belongs that high pre-eminence. Full oft,
 This feeling heart can witness, have I heard
 Along thy shore the piercing cries resound
 Of widows and of orphans. Oft beheld
 The solemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
 Which human vanity receives and pays
 When dust returns to dust. Where nature fails,
 There too thy power must fail; or only lend
 A momentary aid to soften pain,

he mentions it as a custom for persons to leave in-
 scriptions, &c. as testimonies of their being cured
 there; something in the manner of the crutches at
 Bath.

But far from those be each profaner eye
 With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
 Far the vile ear, where whispers never die;
 Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to
 come.
 Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
 Ill-suited souls, nor studious much to please,
 Whole fruitless years in awkward union waste,
 'Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd,
 with ease,
 And yet, should either oddly soar on high,
 And shine distinguish'd in some sphere remov'd,
 The friend observes him with a jealous eye,
 And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
 But leave we such for those of happier clay
 On whose emerging stars the graces smile,
 And search for truth, where virtue's sacred ray
 Wakes the glad seed in friendship's genuine soil.
 In youth's soft season, when the vacant mind
 To each kind impulse of affection yields,
 When nature charms, and love of human kind
 With its own brightness every object gilds,
 Should two congenial bosoms haply meet,
 Or on the banks of Camus, hoary stream,
 Or where smooth Isis glides on silver feet,
 Nurse of the muses each, and each their theme,
 How blithe the mutual morning task they ply!
 How sweet the sauntering walk at close of
 day!
 How steal, secluded from the world's broad eye,
 The midnight hours insensibly away!
 While glows the social bosom to impart
 Each young idea dawning science lends,
 Or big with sorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
 For suffer'd virtue, and disastrous friends.
 Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
 They feast on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
 The hero's, sage's, patriot's path they tread,
 Adore each worth, and make it half their own.
 Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
 Eternal union from their souls they swear,
 Each added converse swells the generous thought,
 And each short absence makes it more sincere—
 —"And can—(I hear some eager voice exclaim,
 Whose bliss now blossoms, and whose hopes beat
 high)
 Can virtue's basis fail th' incumbent frame?
 And may such friendships ever ever die?"
 Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
 If chance the sad experience should be thine.
 What can not change where all is light and vain?
 —Ask of the fates who twist life's varying line.
 Ambition, vanity, suspense, surmise,
 On the wide world's tempestuous ocean roll;
 New loves, new friendships, new desires arise,
 New joys elate, new griefs depress the soul.
 Some, in the bustling mart of business, lose
 The still small voice retirement loves to hear;
 Some at the noisy bar enlarge their views,
 And some in senates court a people's ear.
 While others, led by glory's meteors, run
 To distant wars for laurels stain'd with blood.
 Meanwhile the stream of time glides calmly on,
 And ends its silent course in Lethe's flood.
 Unhappy only he of friendship's train
 Who never knew what change or fortune meant,
 With whom th' ideas of his youth remain
 Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.

Condemn'd perhaps to some obscure retreat,
 Where pale reflection wears a sickly bloom,
 Still to the past he turns with pilgrim feet,
 And ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.
 O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
 With whom the morning of my life I pass'd,
 May every bliss, your generous bosoms knew
 In earlier days, attend you to the last.
 I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are
 Who still with partial love my friendship own,
 Forgive the frailties which they could not share,
 Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
 To them this votive tablet of the muse
 Pleas'd I suspend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind
 From these loose hints its own vile ways excuse,
 Or start a thought to injure human-kind.
 Who knows not friendship, knows not bliss sincere.
 Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it fast;
 Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchase dear,
 Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at last.
 Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
 Fame's loudest blast, ambition's noblest ends,
 Ev'n the last pang of social life is sweet:
 The pang which parts us from our weeping
 friends.

THE DOG:

A TALE.

A SQUIRE of parts, and some conceit,
 Though not a glaring first-rate wit,
 Had lately taken to his arms
 A damsel of uncommon charms.
 A mutual bliss their bosoms knew,
 The hours on downy pinions flew,
 And scatter'd roses as they pass'd
 Emblem of joys too sweet to last!
 For lo! th' unequal fates divide
 Th' enamour'd swain, and beauteous bride.
 The honey moon had scarcely wand,
 And love its empire still maintain'd,
 When forth he must, for business calls.
 —Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
 That in your hallow'd bounds contain
 My source of joy—my source of pain!
 It must be so; adieu, my dear.
 They kiss, he sighs, she drops a tear,
 For lovers of a certain cast
 Think every parting is the last,
 And still whine out, whene'er they sever,
 In tragic strain, "Farewell for ever!"
 Awhile, in melancholy mood,
 He slowly pac'd the tiresome road;
 For "every road must tiresome prove
 That bears us far from her we love."
 But fun, and exercise, and air,
 At length dispel the glooms of care;
 They vanish like a morning dream,
 And happiness is now the theme.
 How blest his lot, to gain at last,
 So many vain researches past,
 A wife so suited to his taste,
 So fair, so gentle, and so chaste,
 A tender partner for his bed,
 A pillow for his aching head,
 The bosom good for which he panted,
 In short the very thing he wanted.

And then, to make my bliss complete,
 And lay fresh laurels at my feet,
 How many matches did she slight;
 An Irish lord, a city knight,
 And squires by dozens, yet agree
 To pass her life with humble me.
 And did not she the other day
 When Captain Wilkins pass'd our way—
 The Captain!—well, she lik'd not him,
 Though dress'd in all his Hyde-park trim.
 —She lik'd his sword-knot though 'twas yellow;
 The Captain is a sprightly fellow,
 I should not often choose to see
 Such dangerous visitors as he.
 I wonder how he came to call—
 Or why he pass'd that way at all.
 His road lay farther to the right,
 And me he hardly knew by sight.
 Stay,—let me think—I freeze, I burn—
 Where'er he went, he must return,
 And, in my absence, may again
 Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben?
 Did you observe, I'll lay my life
 You did; when first he met my wife,
 What speech it was the Captain made?
 "What, Captain Wilkins, Sir?" The same.
 Come, you can tell. "I can't indeed,
 "For they were kissing when I came."
 Kifs, did they kifs?—"Most surely, Sir;
 A bride, and he a bachelor."
 Peace, rascal, 'tis beyond endurance,
 I wonder at some folks assurance.
 They think, like Ranger in the play,
 That all they meet is lawful prey.
 These huff bluff Captains are of late
 Grown quite a nuisance in the state.—
 Ben, turn your horse—nay, never stare,
 And tell my wife I cannot bear
 These frequent visits. Hence, you dunce!
 "The Captain, Sir, was there but once."
 Once is too often; tell her, Ben,
 That, if he dares to call again,
 She should avoid him like a toad,
 A snake, a viper.—There's your road.
 —And hark'ee, tell her, under favour,
 We stretch too far polite behaviour.
 Tell her, I do not understand
 This kissing; tell her I command—
 "Heav'n bless us, Sir, such whims as these"—
 Tell her I beg it on my knees,
 By all the love she ever show'd,
 By all she at the altar vow'd,
 Howe'er absurd a husband's fears,
 Howe'er injurious it appears,
 She would not see him if he comes;
 Nay, if she chance to hear his drums,
 Bid her start back, and skulk for fear,
 As if the thunder rent her ear.

O wond'rous power of love and beauty!
 Obedience is a servant's duty,
 And Ben obeys. But, as he goes,
 He reasons much on human woes.
 How frail is man, how prone to stray
 And all the long *et cetera*
 Of sayings, which, in former ages,
 Immortaliz'd the Grecian sages,
 But now the very vulgar speak,
 And only critics quote in Greek.

With these, like Sancho, was he stor'd,
 And Sancho-like drew forth his hoard.
 Proper or not, he all applied,
 And view'd the case on every side,
 Till, on the whole, he thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest,
 And, with a kind of clumsy wit,
 At last on an expedient hit.

Suppose we then the journey o'er,
 And Madam meets him at the door.
 So soon return'd? and where's your master?
 I hope you've met with no disaster.
 Is my dear well? "Extremely so;
 And only sent me here to know
 How fares his softer, better part.
 Ah, Madam, could you see his heart!
 It was not even in his power
 To brook the absence of an hour."—
 And, was this all? was this the whole
 He sent you for? The kind, good, soul!
 Tell him, that he's my source of bliss;
 Tell him my health depends on his;
 Tell him, this breast no joy can find,
 If cares disturb his dearer mind;
 This faithful breast, if he be well,
 No pang, but that of absence, feel.

Ben blush'd, and smil'd, and scratch'd his head,
 Then, falt'ring in his accents, said,
 "One message more, he bade me bear,
 But that's a secret for your ear—
 My master begs, on no account
 Your Ladyship would dare to mount
 The mastiff dog." What means the lad?
 Are you, or is your master mad?
 I ride a dog? a pretty story.
 "Ah, dearest Madam, do not glory
 In your own strength; temptation's strong,
 And frail our nature." Hold your tongue.
 Your master, Sir, shall know of this
 "Dear madam, do not take amiss
 Your servant's zeal; by all you vow'd,
 By all the love you ever show'd,
 By all your hopes of bliss to come,
 Beware the mastiff dog!" Be dumb,
 Insulting wretch, the lady cries.
 The servant takes his cue, and flies.
 While consternation marks her face,
 He mounts his steed, and quits the place.
 In vain she calls, as swift as wind
 He scours the lawn, yet cast behind
 One parting look, which seem'd to say
 "Beware the dog;" then rode away.

Why should I paint the hurrying scene
 Of clashing thoughts which pass'd within,
 Where doubt on doubt incessant roll'd.
 Enough for me the secret's told,
 And Madam in a strange quandary.
 What's to be done? John, Betty, Harry,
 Go, call him back. He's out of sight,
 No speed can overtake his flight.
 Patience per force alone remains,
 Precarious cure for real pains!

"I ride a dog? a strange conceit,
 And never sure attempted yet.
 What can it mean? Whate'er it was,
 There is some mystery in the case.—
 And really, now I've thought a minute,
 There may be no great matter in it.

Ladies of old, to try a change,
 Have rode on animals as strange.
 Helle a ram, a bull Europa;
 Nay, English widows, for a *faux pas*,
 Were doom'd to expiate their shame,
 As authors say, upon a ram.
 And shan't my virtue take a pride in
 Outdoing such vile trulls in riding?
 And sure a ram's as weak a creature—
 Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator.—
 "Lord bless me, Ma'am, as one may say,
 Your Ladyship's quite mop'd to day.
 Reading will only, I'm afraid,
 Put more strange megrims in your head.
 'Twere better sure to take the air;
 I'll order, Ma'am, the coach and pair,
 And then too I may go beside.
 Or, if you rather choose to ride."—
 Ride, Betty! that's my wish, my aim.
 Pray, Betty, is our Cæsar tame?
 "Tame, Madam? Yes, I never heard—
 You mean the mastiff in the yard?
 He makes a noise, and barks at folks—
 But surely, Ma'am, your La'ship jokes."
 Jokes, Betty? No. By earth and heaven
 This insult shall not be forgiven.
 Whate'er they mean, I'll ride the dog.
 Go, prithee, free him from his clog,
 And bring him hither; they shall find
 There's courage in a female mind.
 So said, so done. The dog appears
 With Betty chirping on the stairs.
 The floating sack is thrown aside,
 The vestments, proper for a ride,
 Such as we oft in Hyde-park view
 Of fustian white lapell'd with blue,
 By Betty's care were on the spot,
 Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
 Pleas'd with herself, th' accoutred lass
 Took half a turn before her glass,
 And simp'ring said, I swear and vow
 I look like Captain Wilkins now.
 But serious cares our thoughts demand,
 Poor Cæsar, stroke him with your hand;
 How mild he seems, and wags his tail!
 'Tis now the moment to prevail.
 She spake, and strait with eye sedate
 Began th' important work of fate.
 A cushion on his back she plac'd,
 And bound with ribbands round his waist:
 The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
 And down her winding lappets spread,
 From all its soft meanders freed,
 Became a bridle for her steed.
 And now she mounts. "Dear Dian, hear!
 Bright goddess of the lunar sphere!
 Thou that hast oft preserv'd from fate
 The nymph who leaps a five-barr'd gate,
 O take me, goddess, to thy care;
 O hear a tender lady's prayer!
 Thy vot'refs once, as pure a maid
 As ever rov'd the Delian shade,
 Though now, by man's seduction won,
 She wears, alas! a looser zone."
 In vain she pray'd. She mounts, she falls!
 And Cæsar barks, and Betty squawls.
 The marble hearth receives below
 The headlong dame, a direful blow!

And starting veins with blood disgrace
 The softer marble of her face.

Here might I sing of fading charms
 Recm'd on Betty's faithful neck,
 Like Venus in Dione's arms,
 And much from Homer might I speak;
 But we refer to Pope's translation,
 And hasten to our plain narration.
 While broths and plasters are prepar'd,
 And doctors feed, and madam fear'd,
 At length returns th' impatient 'squire
 Eager and panting with desire.
 But finds his home a desert place,
 No spouse to welcome his embrace,
 No tender sharer of his bliss
 To chide his absence with a kiss.
 Sullen in bed the lady lay,
 And muffled from the eye of day,
 Nor deign'd a look, averse and sad
 As Dido in th' Elysian shade.

Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he press'd,
 And clasp'd her struggling to his breast.
 My life, my soul, I cannot brook
 This cruel, this averted look.
 And is it thus at last we meet?
 Then rais'd her gently from the sheet.
 What mean, he cries, these bleeding stains,
 This muffled head, and bursting veins?
 What sacrilegious hand could dare
 To fix its impious vengeance there?
 The dog, the dog! was all she said,
 And sobbing sunk again in bed.
 The dog, the dog! express'd her grief,
 Like poor Othello's handkerchief.

Meanwhile had Ben with prudent care
 From Betty learnt the whole affair,
 And drew th' impatient 'squire aside,
 To own the cheat he could not hide.
 See, rascal, see, enrag'd he cries,
 What tumours on her forehead rise!
 How swells with grief that face divine!
 "I own it all, the fault was mine,
 Replies the lad, dear angry lord;
 But hush! come hither, not a word!
 Small are the ills we now endure;
 Those tumours, Sir, admit a cure.
 But, had I done as you directed,
 Whose forehead then had been affected?
 Had Captain Wilkins been forbidden,
 Ah master, who had then been ridden?"

AN EPISTLE

FROM A GROVE IN DERBYSNIRE TO A GROVE IN
 SURRY.

SINCE every naturalist agrees
 That groves are nothing else but trees,
 And root-bound trees, like distant creatures,
 Can only correspond by letters,
 Borne on the winds which through us whistle,
 Accept, dear sister, this epistle.

And first, as to their town relations,
 The ladies send to know the fashions,
 Would I, in something better spelling,
 Inquire how things go on at Haling;
 For here, for all my master's storming,
 I'm sure we strangely want reforming.

Long have my lab'ring trees confin'd
Such griefs as almost burst their rind;
But you'll permit me to disclose 'em,
And lodge them in your leafy bosom.

When gods came down the woods among,
As sweetly chants poetic song,
And fauns and sylfuns sporting there
Attun'd the reed, or chas'd the fair,
My quiv'ring branches lightly fann'd
The movements of the master's hand;
Or half conceal'd, and half betray'd,
The blushing, flying, yielding maid;
Did ev'n the bliss of heav'n improve,
And solac'd gods with earthly love!

But now the world is grown so chaste,
Or else my master has no taste,
That, I'll be sworn, the live-long year
We scarcely see a woman here.
And what, alas! are woodland quires
To those who want your fierce desires?
Can philosophic bosoms know
Why myrtles spring, or roses blow,
Why cowslips lift the velvet head,
Or woodbines form the fragrant shade?
Even violet couches only swell
To gratify his sight and smell;
And Milton's universal Pan
Scarce makes him feel himself a man.

And then he talks your dull morality
Like some old heathen man of quality,
(Plato, or what's his name who fled
So nobly at his army's head);
For Christian lords have better breeding
Than by their talk to show their reading;
And what their sentiment in fact is,
That you may gather from their practice,
Though really, if it were no worse,
We might excuse his vain discourse;
Toss high our heads above his voice,
Or stop the babbling echo's noise;
But he, I tell you, has such freaks,
He thinks and acts whate'er he speaks.

Or, if he needs must preach and reason,
Why let him choose a proper season;
Such musty morals we might hear
When whistling winds have stript us bare,
As, after sixty, pious folks

Will on wet Sundays read good books.
And I must own, dear sister Haling,
'Tis mine, like many a lady's failing.

(Whom worried spouse to town conveys
From ease, and exercise, and air,
To sleepless nights, and raking days,
And joys—too exquisite to bear)
To feel December's piercing harms,
And every winter lose my charms.

* While you still flourish fresh and fair
Like your young ladies all the year.

O happy groves, who never feel
The stroke of winter, or of steel;
Nor find, but in the † poet's lay,
The race of leaves like men decay.
Nor hear th' imperious woodman's call,
Nor see your sylvan daughters fall,

* A great many of the trees at Haling are exotics
and evergreens.

† Homer.

With head declin'd attend their moan,
And echo to the dying groan.

While I, attack'd by foes to rest,
New vistas opening through my breast,
Am daily torn with wounds and flashes,
And see my oaks, my elms, my ashes,
With rhyming labels round them set,
As every tree were to be let.

And, when one pants for consolation,
Am put in mind of contemplation.

O friend, instruct me to endure
These mighty ills, or hint a cure.
Say, might not marriage, well apply'd,
Improve his taste, correct his pride,
Inform him books but make folks muddy,
Confine his morals to his study,
Teach him, like other mortals, here
To toy and prattle with his dear;
Avert that fate my fear foresees,
And, for his children, save his trees?

Right trusty wood, if you approve
The remedy express'd above,
Write by the next fair wind that blows,
And kindly recommend a spouse.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR grove, I ask ten thousand pardons,
Sure I'm the most absurd of gardens!
Such correspondence to neglect—
Lord, how must all grove-kind reflect!

Your human loiterers, they say,
Can put ye off from day to day
With post gone out—the careless maid
Forgot—the letter was mislaid—
And twenty phrases wrought with art
To hide the coldness of the heart.
But vegetables from their youth
Were always taught to speak the truth,
In Dodon's vales, on Mona's mountains,
In Jotham's fables, or in Fontaine's,
They talk like any judge or bishop,
Quite from the cedar down to hyssop.
I therefore for my past offence
May own, with sylvan innocence,
I've nought but negligence to plead;
Which you'll excuse, and I'll proceed.

You groves who stand remote from towns
(Though we are apt to call ye clowns)
Have really something in your natures,
Which makes ye most diverting creatures.
And then, I vow, I like to see
That primitive simplicity;
To think of marriage as a means
T' improve his taste, and save your greens—
It looks so like that good old grove
Where Adam once to Eve made love,
That any soul alive would swear
Your trees were educated there.

Why, child, the only hope thou hast
Lies in thy master's want of taste;
For shou'd his ling'ring stay in London
Improve his taste, you must be undone;
Your trees would presently lie flat,
And the high mode of one green plat
Run through his worship's whole estate.

Besides, you rustics fill your fancies
With Ovid, and his strange romances.

Why now you think, in days like ours,
That love must still inhabit bowers,
And goddesses, as just rewards
For hymns of praise, grow fond of bards,
And fly to over-arching woods
And flowery banks, and crystal floods,
Because such things, forsooth, were wanted
When your great grandmothers were planted.
The case, my dear, is alter'd quite,
Not that we're chaste, but more polite;
Your shepherdesses sought such places,
Like simple girls, to hide their faces;
But our bright maids disdain the thought,
They know hypocrisy's a fault,
And never bear, by their consent,
The shame of seeming innocent.

But I forget, you've just got down
A mistress, as you wish'd, from town.
I don't know what you'll say at Romely,
We really think the woman comely;
Has some good qualities beside,
They say, but she's as yet a bride;
One can't trust every report—
Not we I mean who live near court;
A lie perhaps in Derbyshire
May be as strange as truth is here.
Our ladies, and all their relations,
Are vastly full of commendations;
As for Miss ——'s part, she swears,
—I ask her pardon—she avers
That never in her life-time yet
She saw a woman more complete;
And wishes trees could tramp the plain,
Like Birnham wood to Dunlinane,
So might or you or I remove,
And Romely join to Haling grove.

O could her wish but alter fate,
And kindly place us *tête à tête*,
How sweetly might from every walk
My echoes to your echoes talk!
But, since, as justly you observe,
By nature's laws, which never swerve
We're bound from gadding, tree by tree,
Both us and our posterity,
Let each, content with her own county,
E'en make the best of nature's bounty.
Calmly enjoy the present bliss,
Nor in what might be, lose what is.

Believe me, dear, beyond expressing
We're happy, if we knew the blessing.
Our masters, all the world allow,
Are honest men, as times go now;
They neither wench, nor drink, nor game,
Nor burn with zeal or party flame,
From whence, excepting adverse fates,
We may conclude that their estates
Will probably increase, and we
Shall stand another century.

Then never mind a tree or two
Cut down, perhaps to ope a view,
Nor be of nail'd up verse ashamed,
You'll live to see the poet damn'd.
I envy not, I swear and vow,
The temples, or the shades of Stow;
Nor Jarva's groves, whose arms display
Their blossoms to the rising day;
Nor Chili's woods, whose fruitage gleams
Ruddy beneath his setting beams;

Nor Teneriffa's forests shaggy;
Nor China's varying Sharawaggi;
Nor all that has been sung or said
Of Pindus, or of Windsor shade.

Contentment is the chemic power
Which makes trees bloom in half an hour,
And faster plants substantial joy,
Than ax or hatchet can destroy.
O, gain but that, and you'll perceive
Your fears all fade, your hopes revive.
In winter calm contentment's voice
Shall make, like mine, your trees rejoice;
Across dead boughs a verdure fling,
And bless you with eternal spring.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of sun-shine, and of dews.

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
When spring gives up the reins of time
To summers glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head
I wove my devious way,
With loitering steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, sereneest solitude,
Bursts forth th' unbidden lay;
Begone, vile world: the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise;
And pity ev'n the gay.

These, these, are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here contemplation points the road
Through nature's charms to nature's God!
These, these, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures, and ye pains!—
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
 'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
 These monitory strains:
 What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
 The ties which constitute thy kind,
 The pleasures and the pains?

The same Almighty Power unseen,
 Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 To contemplation's eye,
 Fix'd every movement of the soul,
 Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
 And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
 He bids them war eternal wage,
 And combat each his foe:
 Till from dissensions concords rise,
 And beauties from deformities,
 And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man? and dar'st thou find
 A bliss which leans not to mankind?
 Presumptuous thought, and vain!
 Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
 Each power is weak, unless employ'd
 Some social good to gain.

Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air;
 With those exalted joys compare
 Which active virtue feels,
 When on the drags, as lawful prize,
 Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
 At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds,
 To man, while virtue's glorious deeds
 Employ his toilsome day,
 This fair variety of things
 Are merely life's refreshing springs
 To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast, go, unstring thy lyre;
 In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
 How sweet soe'er the strain.
 And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
 Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
 Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast, go; try every sense:
 If not thy bliss, thy excellence
 Thou yet has learn'd to scan.
 At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
 And see them all uniting show
 That man was made for man.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel,
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
 His master what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
 The muses drop the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
 The lash resounds the courser's spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now along th' indented plain,
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd,
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye:
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd);
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expence,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
 To govern men, and guide the state.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

Ah! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
 With hostile scenes of imagin'd war;
 Content still roves the blooming wilds,
 And fearless ease attends her there: [seat,
 Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her
 Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
 By nature's kind luxuriance wove?
 Has Rome lost the living greens,
 Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
 Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet
 stray'd, [shade.
 And met the willing muse, and peopled every

But now no bards thy woods among
 Shall wait th' inspiring muse's call;
 For though to mirth and festal song
 Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
 Yet what avails that all be peace within,
 If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the
 scene.

'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
 His happier tents which knew not war,
 And chang'd at will the trampled mead
 For fresher greens and purer air;

But long has man forgot such simple ways;
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of an-
cient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midst the damps and darkness of earth's
womb, [tomb;
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze that blows,
Hears shrieks, and clashing arms, and all Ger-
mania's woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, satyr, faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable
Jove.

I see, all arm'd with dews unblest,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-east,
The genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of
night;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks, and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?
Alas! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blof-
soms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
The fairest produce of the year;
Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
"Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
"Their own eternal rights, and nature's injur'd
reign."

THE LARK.

A SIMILE.

To the Reverend Mr. —

SEE how the lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings her way!
To heav'n's high vault her course she bends,
And sweetly sings as she ascends.
But when, contented with her height,
She shuts her wings, and checks her flight,
No more she chants the melting strain,
But sinks in silence to the plain.

This you observ'd, and ask'd from me,
My gentle friend, a simile.
So take in homely verse, but true,
Instead of one, the following two.

That larks are poet's birds, is known,
So make the case the poet's own.

And see him first from fields arise,
And pastoral scenes, to Cælia's eyes.
From thence the bold adventurer springs
To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
'Till having crown'd his soaring lays
With something more than empty praise;
And, like his readers, learnt aright
To mingle profit with delight;
He reads the news, he takes the air,
Or slumbers in his elbow chair.

Or lay aside for once grimace,
And make it yours, the parson's case;
Who, leaving curate's humble roof,
Looks down on crape, and sits aloof.
Though no vain wish his breast enthrall
To swell in pomp pontifical,
But pure contentment seated there,
Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
Yet are there not to stain the cloth,
(O may'st thou live secure from both!)
A city pride, or country sloth?
And may not man, if touch'd with these,
Resign his duty for his ease?

But I forbear; for well I ween
Such likenings suit with other men.
For never can my humble verse
The cautious ear of patron pierce;
Nor ever can thy breast admit
Degrading sloth, or self-conceit.
Then let the birds or sing or fly,
As Hector says, and what care I?
They hurt not me, nor eke my friend;
Since, whatsoe'er the fates intend,
Nor he can sink, nor I ascend.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'st him where'soe'er he
goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that oser'd stream,
Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the
way;
We do not now of distant ages dream,
And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day;
No fancied heroes rise at our command,
And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban
band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like
these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou still in Granta's shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends
we shar'd;
Nor see'st without such aids the day decline,
Nor think how much their loss has added weight
to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's and retirement's
lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;

And interest stains, and vanity controuls,
The pure unfulled thoughts, and fallies of our
souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat, [knew!
The rapid progress which our friendship
Even at the first with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from
servile fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say
My education rose above my birth, [clay
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call
thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ,
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He's only kind who takes the nobler way
T' unbind the springs of thought, and give them
power to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with
scorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themselves, thank Heaven that they
were born
Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring hoard,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne,
For they are nature's heirs, and all her works
their own.

TO THE SAME.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELATION.

O CHARLES, 'tis now the tender, trying time,
The hour of friendship, the sad moment,
when
You must a while indulge a virtuous crime,
And hide your own to ease another's pain,
The mournful tribute nature claims forego,
To calm a softer breast, and win it from its woe.

Yet think not consolation, vainly drest
In Tully's language, and the learned pride
Of wordy eloquence, can sooth the breast
Of real grief, or bid the tear subside, [eye;
The heartfelt tear, which streams from virtue's
For virtue's noblest proof is soft humanity.

Let dull unfeeling pedants talk by rote
Of Cato's soul, which could itself subdue;
Or idle scraps of Stoic fustian quote,
And bravely bear the pangs they never knew:
Refin'd from men, to deserts let them fly, [die.
And, 'mid their kindred rocks, unpitied live, and

But He, whose mercy melts in vernal skies,
Whose attribute is universal love,
Knit man to man by nature's tend'rest ties,
And bade us social joys and sorrows prove;
Bade us bedew with tears the kindred urn,
And for a brother lost like sad Maria mourn.

He bids thee too, in whispers felt within,
For sure he finely tun'd thy social soul,
Haste to the lovely mourner, and restrain
Grief's swelling tides which in her bosom
roll,

Not by obstructing the tumultuous course,
But stealing by degrees, and yielding to its force.

As the kind parent treats the wounded child
With open smiles, and only weeps by stealth;
Its wayward pain with condescension mild
She charms to rest, and cheats it into health:
So must we lightly urge th' afflicted fair,
Probe the self tortur'd breast, and teach it how
to bear.

Improve each moment when th' elastic mind,
Tir'd with its plaints, resumes the bent of
mirth;
Lead it to joys, not boistrous, but refin'd,
Far from those scenes which gave its sorrows
birth, [vale,
Through the smooth paths of fancy's flowery
And the long devious tracks of some well-woven
tale.

Though oft I've known a sorrow like to theirs,
In well-devised story painted strong,
Cheat the fond mourners of their real cares,
And draw perforce the list'ning ear along;
Till powerful fiction taught the tears to flow,
And more than half their grief bewail'd another's
woe.

But she, alas, unfortunately wise,
Will see through every scheme thy art can
frame,
Reject with honest scorn each mean disguise,
And her full share of genuine anguish claim;
Wild as the winds which ocean's face deform,
Or silent as the deep ere rolls th' impetuous storm.

Why had the talents given beyond her sex,
Or why those talents did her care improve?
Free from the follies which weak minds perplex,
But most expos'd to all which most can move.
Great souls alone are curs'd with grief's excess,
That quicker finer sense of exquisite distress.

Yet shall that power beyond her sex, at last,
Not giv'n in vain, o'er grief itself prevail,
Stop those heart-bursting groans which heave
so fast,

And reason triumph where thy counsels fail;
Save when some well-known object ever dear
Recalls th' untutor'd sigh, or sudden-starting tear.

Such tender tribute to departed friends
Through life alas must sad remembrance pay;
And such, O Charles, when kinder fate extends
Thy stronger thread beyond my fatal day,
Such shall I hope from thee, till thou resign
The last sure pledge of love to some poor friend
of thine.

TO MR. GARRICK.

ON old Parnassus, t'other day,
The muses met to sing and play;
Apart from the rest were seen
The tragic and the comic queen,

Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
 On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
 When, on a sudden, news was brought
 That Garrick had the patent got,
 And both their ladyships again
 Might now return to Drury-Lane.
 They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed,
 They wish'd the project might succeed,
 'Twas very possible; the case
 Was likely too, and had a face—
 A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
 And could her joy no longer hide;
 Why, sister, all the world must see
 How much this makes for you and me:
 No longer now shall we expose
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court
 From foreign aid a weak support;
 No more the poor polluted scene
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin?
 Or vindicated stage shall feel
 The insults of the dancer's heel.
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
 To operas now—they'll want them there;
 For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
 Has quite outdone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
 Reply'd, and smil'd; beside 'tis rude
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
 For my part, I shall be content
 If things succeed as they are meant;
 And should not be displeas'd to find
 Some changes of the tragic kind.
 And say, Thalia, mayn't we hope
 The stage will take a larger scope?
 Shall he, whose all-expressive powers
 Can reach the heights which Shakspeare soars,
 Descend to touch an humbler key,
 And tickle ears with poetry;
 Where every tear is taught to flow
 Through many a line's melodious woe,
 And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
 Are fritter'd into similes?

—O thou, whom nature taught the art
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
 Whatever name delight thy ear,
 Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
 O undertake my just defence,
 And banish all but nature hence!
 See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
 The fair afflicted * Constance flies;
 Now wild as winds in madness tears
 Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;
 Or low on earth disdains relief,
 With all the conscious pride of grief.
 My Pritchard too in Hamlet's queen—
 The goddess of the sportive vein
 Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
 My Pritchard, if you please, my dear!
 Her tragic merit I confess,
 But surely mine's her proper dress;
 Behold her there with native ease
 And native spirit, born to please;

* Mrs. Cibber in the character of Lady Constance in Shakspeare's King John.

With all Maria's charms engage,
 Or Milwood's arts, or Touchwood's rage,
 Through every foible trace the fair,
 Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
 To chant in forests unconfin'd
 The wilder notes of Rosalind.

O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praise,
 Brute, Druggier, Fribble, Ranger, Bays!
 O join with her in my behalf,
 And teach an audience when to laugh.
 So shalt buffoons with shame repair
 To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
 And real humour charm the age,
 Though * Falstaff should forsake the stage.

She spoke. Melpomene reply'd,
 And much was said on either side;
 And many a chief, and many a fair,
 Were mention'd to their credit there.
 But I'll not venture to display
 What goddesses think fit to say.
 However, Garrick, this at least
 Appears by both a truth confess'd,
 That their whole fate for many a year
 But hangs on your paternal care.
 A nation's taste depends on you:
 —Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
 O think how glorious 'twere to raise
 A theatre to virtue's praise.
 Where no indignant blush might rise,
 Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
 But every young attentive ear
 Imbibe the precepts, living there.
 And every unexperienc'd breast
 There feel its own rude hints express'd,
 And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
 Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite;
 A few short rules will guide you right.
 Consult your own good sense in all,
 Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
 To court, what you command, applause.

NATURE TO DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

SLY hypocrite! was this your aim?
 To borrow Pæon's sacred name,
 And lurk beneath his graver mien,
 To trace the secrets of my reign?
 Did I for this applaud your zeal,
 And point out each minuter wheel,
 Which finely taught the next to roll,
 And made my works one perfect whole?
 For who, but I, till you appear'd,
 To model the dramatic herd,
 E'er bade to won'dring ears and eyes,
 Such pleasing intricacies rise?
 Where every part is nicely true,
 Yet touches still the master clue;
 Each riddle opening by degrees,
 Till all unravels with such ease,
 That only those who will be blind
 Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

* Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the stage.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write ;
But you must impiously unite
With Garrick too, who long before
Had stol'n my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage,
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage ;
And as his different parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's, as in Pæon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too, can't say,
What does he mean ? is this a play ?
We see such people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teize your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

DEAR Cambridge, teach your friend the art
You use to gain the muse's heart,
And make her so entirely yours,
That at all seasons, and all hours,
The anxious goddess ready stands
To wait the motion of your hands.

It was of old a truth confess'd
That poets must have needful rest,
And every imp of Phœbus' quire
To philosophic shades retire,
Amid those flowery scenes of ease
To pick up sense and similes.
Had Virgil been from coast to coast,
Like his Æneas, tempest-tost,
Or pass'd life's fluctuating dream
On Tyber's or on Mincio's stream,
He might have been expert in sailing ;
But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
Nor great Augustus sav'd from fire
The relics of a trav'ling squire.

Had Horace too, from day to day,
Run post upon the Appian way,
In restless journeys to and from
Brundisium, Capua, and Rome ;
The bard had scarcely found a time
To put that very road in rhyme ;
And sav'd great cities much expence
In lab'ring to mistake his sense.

Nay he, whose Greek is out of date
Since Pope descended to translate,
Though wand'ring still from place to place,

At least lay by in stormy weather
(Whate'er Perrault or Wotton says)
To tack his rhapsodies together.

But you, reversing every rule
Of ancient or of modern school,
Nor hurt by noise, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
Can all things do, and at all times.
Your own Scriblerus never knew
A more unsettled life than you,
Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
Scarce ever more correctly thought.

In whirligigs it is confess'd
The middle line's a line of rest ;
And, let the sides fly how they will,
The central point must needs stand still.
Perhaps your mind, like one of these,
Beholds the tumult round at ease,
And stands, as firm as rock in ocean,
The centre of perpetual motion.

That Cæsar did three things at once,
Is known at school to every dunce ;
But your more comprehensive mind
Leaves piddling Cæsar far behind.
You spread the lawn, direct the flood,
Cut vistas through, or plant a wood,
Build China's barks for Severn's stream,
Or form new plans for Epic fame,
And then, in spite of wind or weather,
You read, row, ride, and write together.

But 'tis not your undoubted claim
To naval or equestrian fame,
Your nicer taste, or quicker parts,
In rural or mechanic arts,
(Though each alone in humbler station
Might raise both wealth and reputation)
It is not these that I would have,
Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
But 'tis that unexhausted vein,
That quick conception without pain,
That something, for no words can show it,
Which without leisure makes a poet.

Sure Nature cast, indulgent dame,
Some strange peculiar in your frame,
From whose well-lodg'd prolific seeds
This inexpressive power proceeds.

Or does Thalia court your arms
Because you seem to slight her charms,
And, like her sister females, fly
From our dull assiduity.
If that's the case, I'll soon be free,
I'll put on airs as well as she ;
And even in * this poetic shade,
Where erst, with Pope and Gay she play'd,
Ev'n here I'll tell her to her face
I've learn'd to scorn a forc'd embrace.
In short, here ends her former reign ;
And if we e'er begin again
It must be on another score—
I'll write like you, or write no more.

TO MR. MASON.

I.
BELIEVE me, Mason, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves ;
Thou too must bear th' inglorious chain ;
The world, the world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form.
When aided by th' ingenuous muse,
She turns the philosophic page,
And sees the wise of every age,
With nature's dictates warm.

* Middleton park, Oxfordshire.

II.

But ah! to few has fortune given
 The choice, to take or to refuse;
 To fewer still indulgent Heaven
 Allots the very will to choose,
 And why are varying schemes prefer'd?
 Man mixes with the common herd:
 By custom guided to pursue,
 Or wealth, or honours, fame, or ease,
 What others wish he wishes too;
 Nor from his own peculiar choice,
 Till strengthen'd by the public voice,
 His very pleasures please.

III.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
 Where Cam glides indolently flow,
 Hast thou, as indolently laid,
 Preferr'd to Heaven thy fav'rite vow:
 "Here, here forever let me stay,
 "Here calmly loiter life away,
 "Nor all those vain connections know
 "Which fetter down the freeborn-mind;
 "The slave of interest, or of show;
 "While you gay tenant of the grove,
 "The happier heir of Nature's love,
 "Can warble unconfin'd."

IV.

Yet sure, my friend, th' eternal plan
 By truth unerring was design'd;
 Inferior parts were made for man,
 But man himself for all mankind.
 Then by th' apparent judge th' unseen;
 Behold how rolls this vast machine
 To one great end, howe'er withstood,
 Directing its impartial course.
 All labour for the general good:
 Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
 By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
 The indolent by force.

V.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
 With many a fear unknown to thee,
 Must rove to glean his scanty fare
 From field to field, from tree to tree,
 His lot, united with his kind,
 Has all his little joys confin'd;
 The lover's and the parent's ties
 Alarm by turns his anxious breast,
 Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
 He hails with songs the rising morn,
 And, pleas'd at evening's cool return,
 He sings himself to rest.

VI.

And tell me, has not nature made
 Some stated void for thee to fill,
 Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
 To move, regardless of thy will?
 Go then, go feel with glad surprise
 New blifs from new attentions rise;
 Till, happier in thy wider sphere,
 Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease;
 Nay, glowing in the full career,
 Ev'n with thy virtuous labours more;
 Nor 'till the toilsome day is o'er
 Expect the night of peace.

TO THE REV. DR. LOWTH*.

ON HIS LIFE OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

O Lowth, while Wykeham's various worth you
 trace,
 And bid to distant times his annals shine,
 Indulge another bard of Wykeham's race
 In the fond wish to add his name to thine.
 From the same font, with reverence let me boast;
 The classic streams with early thirst I caught;
 What time, they say, the muses revel'd most,
 When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.
 But the same fate, which led me to the spring,
 Forbade me farther to pursue the stream:
 Perhaps as kindly; for, as sages sing,
 Of chance and fate full idly do we deem.
 And sure in Granta's philosophic shade
 Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my sight;
 And flow-ey'd reason lent his sober aid
 To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.
 Yes, ye sweet fields, beside your osier'd stream
 Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd;
 Full many a friendship form'd, life's happiest dream,
 And treasur'd many a bliss which never cloy'd.
 Yet may the pilgrim, o'er his temperate fare
 At eve, with pleasing recollection say
 'Twas the fresh morn which strung his nerves to
 bear
 The piercing beam, and useful toils of day.
 So let me still with filial love pursue
 The nurse and parent of my infant thought,
 From whence the colour of my life I drew,
 When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught
 O names by me rever'd?—till memory die,
 'Till my deaf ear forget th' enchanting flow
 Of verse harmonious, shall my mental eye
 Trace back old time, and teach my breast to
 glow.
 Peace to that honour'd shade, whose mortal frame
 Sleeps in the bosom of its parent earth,
 While his freed soul, which boasts celestial flame,
 Perhaps now triumphs in a nobler birth.
 Perhaps with Wykeham, from some blissful bower,
 Applauds thy labours, or prepares the wreath
 For Burton's generous toil.—Th' insatiate power
 Extends his deathful sway o'er all that breathe;
 Nor aught avails it that the virtuous sage,
 Forms future bards, or Wykehams yet to come;
 Nor ought avails it, that his green old age,
 From youth well spent, may seem t' elude the
 tomb:
 For Burton too must fall. And o'er his urn,
 While science hangs her sculptur'd trophies round,
 The letter'd tribes of half an age shall mourn,
 Whose lyres he strung, and added sense to sound.
 Nor shall his candid ear, I trust, disdain
 This artless tribute of a feeling mind;
 And thou, O Lowth, shalt own the grateful strain,
 Mean though it flow, was virtuously design'd;

* Afterward Bishop of London.

For 'twas thy work inspir'd the melting mood
To feel, and pay the sacred debt I ow'd:
And the next virtue to bestowing good,
Thou know'st, is gratitude for good bestow'd.

TO THE REV. MR. WRIGHT.

1751.

PRITHEE teaze me no longer, dear troublesome
friend,

On a subject which wants not advice:
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
Those ills I have learnt to despise.

You say I'm dependent; what then?—if I make
That dependence quite easy to me,
Say why should you envy my lucky mistake,
Or why should I wish to be free?

Many men of less worth, you partially cry,
To splendour and opulence soar:
Suppose I allow it; yet, pray Sir, am I
Less happy because they are more?

But why said I happy? I aim not at that,
Mere ease is my humble request;
I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
Nor stretch my wings far from my nest.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the fav'rites whom fortune has made,
Regardless of thousands who pine with neglect
In penfive obscurity's shade;

With whom when comparing the merit I boast,
Though rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I sink in confusion bewild'rd and lost,
And wonder I am what I am!

And what are these wonders, these blessings refin'd
Which splendour and opulence shower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To contentment's calm sunshine, the lot of the few,
Can insolent greatness pretend?
Or can it bestow, what I boast of in you,
That blessing of blessings, a friend?

We may pay some regard to the rich and the great,
But how seldom we love them you know;
Or if we do love them, it is not their state,
The tinsel and plume of the show.

But some secret virtues we find in the heart
When the mask is laid kindly aside,
Which birth cannot give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good spirits I've seen with a smile
To worth make a shallow pretence;
And the chat of good breeding with ease, for a
while,

May pass for good nature, and sense;

But where is the bosom untainted by art,
The judgment so modest and stay'd,
That union so rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

For those whom the great and the wealthy employ
Their pleasure or vanity's slaves,
Whate'er they can give I without them enjoy,
And am rid of just so many knaves.

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For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myself round in my lowness secure,
And am rid of just so many fools.

Then why should I covet what cannot increase
My delights, and may lessen their store;
My present condition is quiet and ease,
And what can my future be more?

Should fortune capriciously cease to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty descend,
I, doubtless, like others, should clasp her with joy,
And my wants and my wishes extend.

But since 'tis deny'd me, and Heaven best knows
Whether kinder to grant it or not,
Say, why should I vainly disturb my repose,
And peevishly carp at my lot?

No; still let me follow sage Horace's rule,
Who tried all things, and held fast the best;
Learn daily to put all my passions to school,
And keep the due poise of my breast.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away,
Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
Nor trust for my safety on life's stormy sea,
To the gilding and paint of my ship.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
My want of ambition deride,
He who rules his own bosom is lord of himself,
And lord of all nature beside.

ODE TO THE TIBER.

ON ENTERING THE CAMPANIA OF ROME, AT
OTRICOLI. 1755.

HAIL sacred stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!
To thee the muse-devoted soul,
Though destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou disdain, in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with transport to re-
sound.

Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sick'ning nature wears a fainter green,
And desolation spreads her torpid reign?
Is this the scene where freedom breath'd
Her copious horn where plenty wreath'd,
And health at opening day
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,

3 N

Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?
 Along the solitary * road,
 Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
 We muse, and mark the sad decays
 Of mighty works, and mighty days!
 For these vile wastes, we cry, had fate decreed
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus
 bleed?
 Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
 And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
 They did. For this deserted plain
 The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
 And here the shepherd saw
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
 And gave the nations law.
 Yes, thou and Latium once were great.
 And still, ye first of human things,
 Beyond the grasp of time or fate
 Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
 What though the mould'ring columns fall,
 And strow the desert earth beneath,
 Though ivy round each nodding wall
 Entwine its fatal wreath,
 Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
 The numerous glories thou hast lost?
 Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
 Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
 Produce from old records of genuine fame
 Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?

* *The Flaminian way.*

Ev'n now the muse, the conscious muse is here;
 From every ruin's formidable shade
 Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear, [dead.
 And wakes to more than form th' illustrious
 Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos, rise
 The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
 In solemn state advance!
 They fix the philosophic eye,
 Or trail the robe, or lift on high
 The light'ning of the lance.
 But chief that humbler, happier train,
 Who knew those virtues to reward
 Beyond the reach of chance or pain
 Secure, th' historian and the bard.
 By them the hero's generous rage
 Still warm in youth immortal lives;
 And in their adamant page
 Thy glory still survives.
 Through deep savannahs wild and vast,
 Unheard, unknown through ages past,
 Beneath the sun's directer beams,
 What copious torrents pour their streams!
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied
 urn.
 While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
 Her spear yet lifted, and her corset brac'd,
 Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
 Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
 Though from his caves th' unfeeling north
 Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
 Yet still thy laurels bloom:
 One deathless glory still remains,
 Thy stream has roll'd through Latian plains,
 Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT OF HAUT VILLERS,
 IN CHAMPAGNE. 1754.

SILENT and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
 While Marne's slow waters weave their mazy
 way,
 See, to th' exulting sun, and fost'ring gale,
 What boundless treasures his rich banks display!
 Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
 The lowing herds through living pastures rove;
 Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;
 And still superior nods the viny grove.
 High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
 Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;
 Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
 Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,
 To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
 Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
 Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
 The boon which Heaven accepts of praise and
 prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
 When desolation vaunted here her reign;
 One ravag'd desert was yon beauteous scene,
 And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.
 Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
 The swain still talks of those disastrous times,
 When Guise's pride, and Conde's ill-star'd heat,
 Taught Christian zeal to authorise their crimes;
 Oft to his children sportive on the grass,
 Does dreadful tales of worn tradition tell,
 Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass, [fell,
 Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron
 O dire effects of war! may ever more [cease!
 Through this sweet vale the voice of discord
 A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
 Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.
 Yet say, ye monks (beneath whose moss-grown
 seat,
 Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted muse
 A while sojourns, for meditation meet, [sues),
 And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pur-

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that nature's liberal hand
With every blessing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow.

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If, 'midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! Yon prospects wide

To reason's ear how forcibly they speak!
Compar'd with those, how dull is letter'd pride!
And Austin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abstinence, in every bliss
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.

The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss:
Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How smooth his course, how nature smiles around!

But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,
The fairy landskip sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.

ELEGY II.

ON * THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable George Bussy Villiers, Viscount Villiers.

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

AMID these mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypress shades in funeral rows,
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene, though chang'd, nor negligently tread;

These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,

* It is now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corre.

Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree,
The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
And * the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witness † thou field of Mars, that oft hadst known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heard'st the heart-felt universal groan,
When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness † thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
In sportive strugglings with th' opposing wave,
Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
By thousands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations hastily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on the applause we pay
To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
Th' important burden of an early fame;
Each added day some added worth to gain,
Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise,
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
'Tis from within alone true fame can rise,
The only happy is the self-approv'd.

ELEGY III.

To the Right Honourable George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nucham.

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

YES, noble youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,

* He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

† Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus!

† ———— Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.

Vire.

Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
 And taught the rude to wonder and adore.
 For beauty charms us, whether she appears
 In blended colours; or to soothing sound
 Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
 In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.
 All, all she charms; but not alike to all
 'Tis given to revel in her blissful bower;
 Coercive ties, and reason's powerful call, [your
 Bid some but taste the sweets, which some de-
 When nature govern'd, and when man was young,
 Perhaps at will th' untutor'd savage rov'd,
 Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung,
 He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.
 But since the sage's more sagacious mind,
 By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's com-
 mand,
 To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,
 And general good on partial duties plann'd,
 Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend
 As heedless chance, or wanton choice ordain;
 On various stations various tasks attend,
 And men are born to trifle or to reign.
 As chaunts the woodman, while the dryads weep,
 And falling forests fear the uplifted blow;
 As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
 Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough:
 To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead [ers,
 Through humbler toils to life's sequester'd bow-
 To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,
 And sooth with song the solitary hours.
 But thee superior, soberer toils demand,
 Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
 Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
 Have given thee honours, and have each their
 claim.
 Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast,
 Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
 Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,
 Nor let the syren ease approach thine ear.
 Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green
 See prostrate Rome her wond'rous story tell,
 Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
 And tremble at the prospect how she fell!
 Not that my rigid precepts would require
 A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
 Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting lyre,
 Or turn thy steps from fancy's flowery vale.
 Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brags survives,
 Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
 Whate'er of genius on the canvass lives,
 Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,
 Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few
 Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
 Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
 Exalt; but be thyself what they record.

ELEGY IV.

To an Officer.

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

FROM Latian fields, the mansions of renown,
 Where fix'd the warrior god his fated seat;

Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
 And little hearts for genuine glory beat;
 What for my friend, my soldier, shall I frame?
 What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of
 arms,
 To point his radiant path to deathless fame,
 By great examples, and terrific charms?
 Quirinus first, with bold, collected bands,
 The sinewy sons of strength, for empire strove;
 Beneath his prowess bow'd th' astonish'd lands,
 And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.
 War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
 And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come:
 War urg'd the slaughter, though she wept the
 slain,
 Stern war, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.
 But not from antique fables will I draw,
 To fire thy active soul, a dubious aid, [awe,
 Though now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rend
 By poets or historian sacred made.
 Nor yet to thee the babbling muse shall tell
 What mighty kings with all their legions
 wrought,
 What cities sunk, and storied nations fell,
 When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.
 While o'er yon hill th' exalted * Trophy shows
 To what vast heights of incorrupted praise
 The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose
 From private worth, and fortune's private ways.
 From steep Arpinum's rock-invested shade,
 From hardy virtue's emulative school,
 His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
 And by obeying, nobly learn'd to rule.
 Abash'd, confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,
 And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts;
 When the proud land its destin'd conqueror own'd
 In the new consul, and his veteran hosts.
 Yet chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
 And mean the joys the laurell'd harvests yield,
 If virtue fail. Let fame, let envy speak
 Of Capsa's walls, and Sextia's wat'ry field.
 But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,
 Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.
 Minturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last
 The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.
 Nor yet his vain contempt the muse shall praise
 For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth;
 The steel-rib'd warrior wants not envy's ways
 To darken theirs, or call his merits forth:
 Witness yon Cimbrian trophies!—Marius, there
 Thy ample pinion found a space to fly,
 As the plum'd eagle soaring sails in air,
 In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.
 Thence, too, thy country claim'd thee for her own,
 And bade the sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
 To teach in characters of living stone
 Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

* The trophies of Marius, now erected before the
 Capitol.

For wisely Rome her warlike sons rewards
With the sweet labours of her artists' hands;
He wakes her graces who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
The patriot deeds thy godlike sons display,
Why breathes on high no monumental brass,
Why swells no arc to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we till faithless France submissive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,
Whose light'ning smote rebellion's haughty brow,
And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?

O land of freedom, land of arts, assume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame!

ELEGY V.

To a Friend Sick.

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

'Twas in this * isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her temple to the healing god!

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bar'd,
And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
Its slated seat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting votarist rose, [aid.
While fancy work'd with medicine's powerful

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
Of some broad torrent, or some headlong steep,
With each dire form imagination wears,
When harass'd nature sinks in turbid sleep),

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams extend,

On billowy clouds saw sportive genii play,
And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,

And grateful offerings pay to powers so kind,
Though fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burden'd languor of disease,

* The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of Æsculapius.

But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
For truths like these the anxious muse appeals.
Can memory answer from affliction free,
Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
Hygeia revels with the blooming spring,
Ere this the vocal seats the muses love
With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of fate
That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from youth to age.

ELEGY VI.

To the Rev. Mr. Sanderson.

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small * orb confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did Heaven ordain,
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,

On tongues of men the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at mighty things, [see;
Which men, which angels might with rapture
Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
And, blush not while I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain,
With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd?
Did heedless fortune slumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
For calm content, and smiling ease are there,
And Heaven's divinest gift, sweet liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
And lost the friend the universe had gain'd.

* The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. 1758.

———“Mures animos in martia bella
 “Versibus exacuit.”———

HOR.

BRITONS, rouse to deeds of death :—
 Waste no zeal in idle breath,
 Nor lose the harvest of your swords
 In a civil war of words !

Wherefore teems the shameless press
 With labour'd births of emptiness ?
 Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
 Eloquence, that murders use ;
 Ill-tim'd humour, that beguiles
 Weeping idiots of their smiles ;
 Wit, that knows but to defame,
 And satire, that profanes the name.

Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
 The use and dignity of speech,
 At whose thunders nobly thrown
 Shrunk the man of Macedon.
 If the storm of words must rise,
 Let it blast our enemies.

Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
 On the Philips of the world.

Learn not vainly to despise
 (Proud of Edward's victories) !
 Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
 And navies powerful to display
 Their woven wings to every wind,
 And leave the panting foe behind.
 Give to France the honours due,
 France has chiefs and statesmen too.
 Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
 Lovers of the common-weal.
 And when such the foes we brave,
 Whether on the land or wave,
 Greater is the pride of war,
 And the conquest nobler far.

Agincourt and Cressy long
 Have flourish'd in immortal song ;
 And lisping babes aspire to praise
 The wonders of Eliza's days.
 And what else of late renown
 Has added wreaths to Britain's crown ;
 Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
 She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
 Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
 Where the Sambre meets the Maese ;
 Or Danube rolls his wat'ry train ;
 Or the yellow-tressed Mayne
 Through Dettingen's immortal vale —
 Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
 Might modest Worth ingenuous speak,
 To raise a blush on victory's cheek ;

And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
 Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory which aspires to last
 Learns not meanly on the past.
 'Tis the present now demands
 British hearts, and British hands.
 Curst be he, the willing slave,
 Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
 Curst be the coward tongue that dare
 Breathe one accent of despair,
 Cold as winter's icy hand
 To chill the genius of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep
 And bid our thunders wake or sleep
 As pity pleads, or glory calls—
 Monarchs of our wooden walls !
 Midst your mingling seas and skies
 'Rise ye Blakes, ye Raleighs rise !
 Let the sordid lust of gain
 Be banish'd from the liberal main.
 He who strikes the generous blow
 Aims it at the public foe.
 Let glory be the guiding star,
 Wealth and honours follow her.

See ! she spreads her lustre wide
 O'er the vast Atlantic tide !
 Constant as the solar ray
 Points the path and leads the way !
 Other worlds demand your care,
 Other worlds to Britain dear ;
 Where the foe insidious roves
 O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves ;
 And Justice' simpler laws confounds
 With imaginary bounds.

If protected commerce keep
 Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
 What have we from war to fear ?
 Commerce steels the nerves of war ;
 Heals the havoc rapine makes,
 And new strength from conquest takes.

Nor less at home O deign to smile,
 Goddess of Britannia's isle !
 Thou, that from her rocks survey'st
 Her boundless realms the wat'ry waste ;
 Thou, that roov'st the hill and mead
 Where her flocks and heifers feed ;
 Thou, that cheer'st th' industrious swain,
 While he strows the pregnant grain ;
 Thou, that hear'st his caroll'd vows
 When th' expanded barn o'erflows ;
 Thou, the bulwark of our cause,
 Thou, the guardian of our laws,
 Sweet liberty !—O deign to smile,
 Goddess of Britannia's isle !

If to us indulgent Heaven
 Nobler seeds of strength has given,

Nobler should the produce be;
 Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
 Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
 Goddess of extended views!
 Every breast which feels thy flame
 Shall kindle into martial fame,
 Till shame shall make the coward bold,
 And indolence her arms unfold:
 Ev'n avarice shall protect his hoard,
 And the plough-share gleam a sword.
 Goddess, all thy powers diffuse!—
 And thou, genuine British muse,
 Nurs'd amidst the druids old
 Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
 Thou that bear'st the golden key
 To unlock eternity,
 Summon thy poetic guard—
 Britain still has many a bard,
 Whom, when time and death shall join
 T' expand the ore, and stamp the coin,
 Late posterity shall own
 Lineal to the muse's throne—
 Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
 Of fabled shade, or haunted stream.
 In the daisy painted mead
 'Tis to peace we tune the reed;
 But when war's tremendous roar
 Shakes the isle from shore to shore,
 Every bard of purer fire
 Trytæus-like should grasp the lyre;
 Wake with verse the hardy deed,
 Or in the generous strife like * Sydney bleed.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

First Printed, 1762.

"Quasi ex Cathedrâ loquitur."—

FULL twenty years have roll'd, ye rhiming band,
 Since first I dipt in ink my trembling hand,
 For much it trembled, though th' obliging few,
 Who judge with candour, prais'd the † sketch I
 drew;

And echo, answering from the public voice,
 Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.

At length, arriv'd at those maturer years
 So rarely rais'd by hope, or sunk by fears,
 I rest in peace; or scribble if I please:
 In point of wealth not affluent, but at ease;
 (For ease is truly theirs who dare confine
 Their wishes to such moderate views as mine)
 In point of what the world and you call fame,
 (I judge but by conjecture) much the same.

But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
 It matters not: the following fact is true.
 From nobler names, and great in each degree,
 The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.
 To me, ye bards; and, what you'll scarce con-
 ceive,
 Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,

* Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an
 action near Zutphen, in Gelderland.

† "The danger of writing Verse." First
 printed in the year 1741; to which this poem
 may be considered as a sequel.

Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
 Unask'd it came, and from a hand unknown.

Then, since my king and patron have thought
 fit

To place me on the throne of modern wit,
 My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large;
 As bishops to their clergy give their charge,
 Though many a priest, who listens, might afford
 Perhaps more solid counsel to my lord.

To you, ye guardians of the sacred fount,
 Deans and archdeacons of the double mount,
 That through our realms intestine broils may cease,
 My first and last advice is, "Keep the peace!"
 What is't to you, that half the town admire
 False sense, false strength, false softness, or false
 fire?

Through heav'n's void concave let the meteors
 blaze,

He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
 What is't to you that numbers place your name
 First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame?
 Old time will settle all your claims at once,
 Record the genius, and forget the dunce.

It boots us much to know, observers say,
 Of what materials nature form'd our clay;
 From what strange beast Prometheus' plastic art
 Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
 If milky softness, gliding through the veins,
 Incline the muse to panegyric strains,
 Insipid lays our kindest friends may lull,
 Be very moral, yet be very dull.

If bile prevails, and temper dictates satire,
 Out wit is spleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
 With it's own malice arm'd we combat evil,
 As zeal for God's sake sometimes plays the devil,
 O mark it well! does pride affect to reign
 The solitary tyrant of the brain?

Or vanity exert her quick'ning flame,
 Stuck round with ears that listen after fame?
 O to these points let strict regard be given,
 Nor * "Know thyself" in vain descend from hea-
 ven.

Do critics tease you?—with a smile I speak,
 Nor would suppose my brethren were so weak.
 'Tis on ourselves, and not our foes, or friends,
 Our future fame, or infamy, depends.

Let envy point, or malice wing the darts.
 They only wound us in our mortal parts.
 Besides, 'tis much too late to go to school,
 Grown men will judge by nature's noblest rule,
 Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
 Not learn to dance from † journals and reviews.

If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
 As many fools will rate your worth too high;
 Then balance the account, and fairly take
 The cool report which men of judgment make.

In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
 Who, conscious of his strength, forgives the blow.

* "E cœlo descendit," *γὰρ οὐκ ἀναρῶν*. Juv.

† This is not intended as a reflection on either
 the Journals or Reviews. They are not the
 masters, but the scholars, the grown gentlemen,
 at whom the author smiles; and who, he thinks,
 had much better not pretend to judge at all,
 than borrow opinions which never fit easy upon
 them.

They court the insult who but seem afraid :
And then, by answering, you promote the trade,
And give them, what their own weak claims deny,

A chance for future laughter, or a sigh.

You, who as yet, unsullied by the press,
Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dress;
And you, who late the public taste have hit,
And still enjoy the honey-moon of wit,
Attentive hear me: grace may still abound,
Whoever preaches, if the doctrine's sound,

If nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
Why write; but ne'er pursue it as a trade.
And seldom publish: manuscripts disarm
The censor's frown, and boast an added charm,
Enhance their worth by seeming to retire,
For what but few can prate of, all admire.

Who trade in verse, alas, as rarely find,
The public grateful, as the muses kind.
From constant feasts like sated guests we steal,
And tir'd of tickling lose all power to feel.
'Tis novelty we want; with that in view,
We praise stale matter, so the bard be new;
Or from known bards with ecstasy receive
Each pert new whim they almost blush to give.

A life of writing, unless wond'rous short,
No wit can brave, no genius can support.
Some soberer province for your business choose,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the muse.
Through Fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,

Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhyme.
And, when our toils success no longer crowns,
What shelter find we from a world in frowns?
O'er each distress, which vice or folly brings,
Though charity extend her healing wings,
No maudlin hospitals are yet assign'd
For slipshod muses of the vagrant kind;
Where anthems might succeed to satires keen,
And hymns of penitence to songs obscene. [grin

What refuge then remains!—with gracious
Some practis'd bookseller invites you in. [frown,
Where luckless bards, condemn'd to court the
(Not for their parents' vices, but their own):
Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
Or earn by defamation daily bread,
Or, friendless, shirtless, penniless, complain,
Not of the world's, but "Cælia's cold disdain."

Lords of their workhouse see the tyrants sit,
Brokers in books, and stock-jobbers in wit,
Beneath whose lash, oblig'd to write or fast,
Our confessors and martyrs breathe their last!

And can ye bear such insolence?—away,
For shame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the
dray;

With minds indignant each employment suits,
Our fleets want sailors, and our troops recruits;
And many a dirty street, on Thames's side,
Is yet by stool and brush unoccupied.

Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for
fame.

The first in brothels with their punk and muse;
Your toast, ye bards? "Parnassus and the stew!"
Thank Heaven the times are chang'd; no poet
now

Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.

'Tis our own fault if Fielding's lash we feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastille.

Ev'n in those days some few escap'd their fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,
And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway in an ale-house dos'd, and died!
While happier Southern, though with spots of
yore,

Like Plato's hovering spirits, crufted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration join'd our love.

Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (while, round you, toils the proud and
vain

Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)

Indulge the muse in innocence and ease,
And tread the flowery path of life in peace?

Avoid all authors.—What! th' illustrious few,
Who, shunning fame, have taught her to pursue,
Fair virtue's heralds?—yes, I say again,
Avoid all authors, till you've read the men.
Full many a peevish, envious, slanderer elf,
Is, in his work, benevolence itself.

For all mankind unknown, his bosom heaves,
He only injures those with whom he lives.

Read then the man: does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?

To social duties does his heart attend,

As son, as father, husband, brother, friend?

Do those who know him love him? if they do,

You've my permission, you may love him too.

But chief avoid the hoit'rous roaring sparks,
The sons of fire!—you'll know them by their
marks.

Fond to be heard, they always court a croud,

And, though 'tis borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.

One epithet supplies their constant chime,

Damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and
damn'd sublime!

But most in quick short repartee they shine

Of local humour; or from plays purloin

Each quaint stale scrap which every subject hits,

Till fools almost imagine, they are wits.

Hear them on Shakspeare! there they foam, they
rage!

Yet taste not half the beauties of his page,

Nor see that art, as well as nature, strove

To place him foremost in th' Aonian grove.

For there, there only, where the sisters join,

His genius triumphs, and the works divine.

Or would ye sit more near these sons of fire,

'Tis Garrick, and not Shakspeare, they admire.

Without his breath, inspiring every thought,

They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakspeare
wrote;

Without his eager, his becoming zeal,

To teach them, though they scarce know why, to
feel,

A crude unmeaning mass had Jonson been,

And a dead letter Shakspeare's noblest scene.

O come the time, when diffidence again

Shall bind our youth in nature's modest chain!

Born in a happier age, and happier clime,

Old Sophocles had merit, in his time;

And so, no doubt, howe'er we flout his plays,

Had poor Euripides, in former days.

Not like the moderns we confess; but yet
Some seeming faults we surely might forget,
Because 'twould puzzle even the wise to show
Whether those faults were real faults, or no.

To all true merit give its just applause,
The worst have beauties, and the best have flaws.
Greek, French, Italian, English, great or small,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.

There are, mistaking prejudice for taste,
Who on one species all their rapture waste.
Though, various as the flowers which paint the
year,

In rainbow charms the changeful nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one standard would confine our wit.

Some manner'd verse delights; while some can
raise

To fairy fiction their extatic gaze,
Admire pure poetry, and revel there
On fightless forms, and pictures of the air!

Some hate all rhyme; some seriously deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.

Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale, or antique phrase,
O'er Spenser's happiest paintings, loveliest lays,
Some heedless pass; while some with transport
view

Each quaint old word, which scarce Eliza knew;
And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
The lance, and combat in ideal war
Dragons of lust, and giants of despair.

Why be it so; and what each thinks the best
Let each enjoy: but not condemn the rest.

Readers there are of every class prepar'd:
Each village teems; each hamlet has its bard,
Who gives the tone; and all th' inferior fry,
Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.

But be it mine with every bard to glow,
And taste his raptures genuine as they flow,
Through all the muses wilds to rove along
From plaintive elegy to epic song:

And, if the sense be just, the numbers clear,
And the true colouring of the work be there,
Again, subdued by truth's ingenuous call,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.

Nor think I, with the mob, that nature now
No longer warms the soil where laurels grow.

'Tis true, our poets in repose delight,
And, wiser than their fathers, seldom write.

Yet I, but I forbear for prudent ends,
Could name a list, and half of them my friends,
For whom posterity its wreaths shall twine,
And its own bards neglect, to honour mine.

Their poets in their turn will grieve, and swear,
Perhaps with truth, no patron lends an ear.

Complaints of times when merit wants reward
Descend like similes from bard to bard;

We copy our distress from Greece and Rome;
As in our northern lays their flowrets bloom.

We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
And plead prescription to rejoice or mourn.

All present times are bad: then cast your
eyes

Where fairy scenes of bliss in prospect rise.
As fond enthusiasts o'er the western main

With eager ken prophetic in vain,
See the mix'd multitudes from every land

Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command;

Till phoenix-like, a new bright world of gold
Springs from the dregs and refuse of the old.

I'm no enthusiast, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of sunshine for the tuneful race.

If monarchs listen when the muses woo,
Attention wakes, and nations listen too.

The bard grows rapturous, who was dumb
before,

And every fresh-plum'd eagle learns to soar!

Friend of the finer arts, when Egypt saw
Her second Ptolemy give science law,

Each genius waken'd from his dead repose,

The column swell'd, the pile majestic rose,

Exact proportion borrow'd strength from ease,

And use was taught by elegance to please.

Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,

The sculpture soften'd, and the picture glow'd,

Heroes reviv'd in animated stone,

The groves grew vocal, and the * Pleiads shone!

Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring cried,

Long live the king! my patron, and my pride!

Secure of endless praise, behold, I bear

My grateful suffrage to my sovereign's ear.

Though war shall rage, though time shall level
all,

Yon colours sicken, and yon columns fall,

Though art's dear treasures feed the wasting
flame,

And the proud volume sinks, an empty name,

Though plenty may desert this copious vale,

My streams be scatter'd, or my fountain fail,

Yet Ptolemy has liv'd: the world has known

A king of arts, a patron on a throne.

Ev'n utmost Britain shall his name adore,

"And Nile be sung, when Nile shall flow no
more!"

One rule remains. Nor shun nor court the great,

Your truest centre is that middle state

From whence with ease th' observing eye may go

To all which soars above, or sinks below.

'Tis yours all manners to have tried, or known,

T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own:

To stem the tide, where thoughtless crowds are
hurl'd.

The firm spectators of a bustling world!

Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your
wing.

Go range all Helicon, taste every spring;

From varying nature cull th' innoxious spoil,

And, while amusement soothes the generous toil,

Let puzzled critics with judicious spite

Descant on what you can, or cannot write.

True to yourselves, not anxious for renown,

Nor court the world's applause, nor dread its
frown.

Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark
there

To know no envy, and no malice fear.

At least you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,

That verse and virtue are their own reward.

* The seven poets patronised by Ptolemy Philadelphus, are usually called by the name of that constellation.

† "And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to
flow." ADDISON.

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

"Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

MAR.

I can't live with you, or without you.

A GENTLE maid, of rural breeding,
By nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.

The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove!
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are)
Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.

The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smoothe the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsel'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,

"On every thorn instruction grows."

Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should "increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,
A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And virtuous Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses).
But simp'ring, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chaunt in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."

Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no ev'ning long;
With him she saunter'd half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Consider, Sir, we're near relations—
"I hope so in our inclinations."—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,

With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'twas nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.

'Twas transport not to be express'd;
'Twas paradise!—But mark the rest.

Two smiling springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had, some how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The moon with all the starry reign
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.

Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.

A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.

Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!

Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.

The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
 And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
 And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
 Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
 —“ And then, my dear, I can't abide
 “ This always saunt'ring side by side.” —
 Enough, he cries! the reason's plain:
 For causes never rack your brain.
 Our neighbours are like other folks,
 Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes
 Are still delightful, still would please
 Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
 Look round, with an impartial eye,
 On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
 The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
 With all their wonted colours glow.
 The rill still murmurs; and the moon
 Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
 No change has made the seasons fail,
 No comet brush'd us with his tail.
 The scene's the same, the same the weather—
 We live, my dear, too much together.

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
 And added wealth the means supplies.
 With eager haste to town they flew,
 Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws
 Description claims its proper pause.

The rosy morn had rais'd her head
 From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
 And embryo sunbeams from the east,
 Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
 When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
 The village crowded round to gaze.
 The pert postillion, now promoted
 From driving plough, and neatly booted,
 His jacket, cap, and baldrick on,
 (As greater folks than he have done)
 Look'd round; and with a coxcomb air,
 Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
 Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
 And Jenny, from the stool before.

Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
 New objects ev'ry moment rise.
 Each carriage passing on the road,
 From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
 To the light car, where mounted high
 The giddy driver seems to fly,
 Were themes for harmless satire fit,
 And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
 Whate'er occur'd, 'twas all delightful,
 No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
 The dash and splash through thick and thin,
 The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
 (Where well-bred landlords were so ready
 To welcome in the 'squire and lady).
 Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
 Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.

Now nearer town and all agog
 They know dear London by its fog.
 Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
 Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
 Through Brentford win a passage free
 By roaring, Wilkes and liberty!
 At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
 (Where Bay's troops in ambush lay)
 O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
 (With palaces to grace its side)

Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
 Concludes the journey of three days.

Why should we paint, in tedious song,
 How ev'ry day, and all day long,
 They drove at first with curious haste
 Through Lud's vast town; or, as they pass'd
 'Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
 Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
 Describe how strong their wonder grew
 At buildings—and at builders too.

Scarce less astonishment arose
 At architects more fair than those—
 Who built as high, as widely spread
 Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their head.
 For British dames new follies love,
 And if they can't invent, improve.
 Some with erect pagodas vie,
 Some nod, like Pisa's tow'r, awry,
 Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
 Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
 With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
 And corn and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs,
 Stage above stage the turrets run,
 Like pendant groves of Babylon,
 'Till nodding from the topmost wall
 Otranto's plumes envelope all!
 While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
 Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
 Unconscious that their tails perfume,
 In scented curls, the drawing-room.

When night her murky pinions spread,
 And sober folks retire to bed,
 To ev'ry public place they flew,
 Where Jenny told them who was who.
 Money was always at command,
 And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
 Money was equipage, was show,
 Gallini's Almack's, and Soho;
 The *passe par tout* through ev'ry vein
 Of dissipation's hydra reign.

O London, thou prolific source,
 Parent of vice, and folly's nurse;
 Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
 Spawn hourly births,—and all with stings:
 But happiest far the he, or she,

I know not which, that livelier dunce
 Who first contriv'd the coterie,
 To crush domestic bliss at once.
 Then grinn'd no doubt, amidst the dames,
 As Nero fiddled to the flames.

Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
 With rev'rence, though in numbers weak;
 Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
 We spare the follies for the pile.
 Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
 With lamps above, and lamps below,
 Thy charms even modern taste defy'd,
 They could not spoil thee, though they try'd.

Ah, pity that time's hasty wings
 Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
 Let architects of humbler name
 On frail materials build their fame,
 Their noblest works the world might want,
 Wyatt should build in Adamant.

But what are these to scenes which lie
 Secreted from the vulgar eye,
 And baffle all the pow'rs of song?—
 A brazen throat, an iron tongue,

(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And nothing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.

Suffice it that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease;
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd).
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew ev'ry shark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken lu.

Advanc'd to fashion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so divinely life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.

At last they met, by his desire,
A-tête-à-tête across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face a-while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So fallow was his leathern cheek,
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.—"Tis time," he cries,
"When tir'd of folly, to be wise.
"Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on.

"How delicate the married life!
"You love your husband, I my wife.
"Not ev'n satiety could tame,
"Nor dissipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind

"'Tis happiness we wish to find.
"In rural scenes retir'd we sought
"In vain the dear, delicious draught.
"Though blest with love's indulgent store,
"We found we wanted something more.
"Twas company, 'twas friends to share
"The bliss we languish'd to declare.
"Twas social converse, change of scene,
"To soothe the sullen hour of spleen.

"Short absences to wake desire,
"And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the lonesome place; and found,
"In dissipation's giddy round,
"A thousand novelties to wake
"The springs of life and not to break.
"As, from the nest not wand'ring far,
"In light excursions through the air,
"The feather'd tenants of the grove
"Around in mazy circles move,
"(Sip the cool springs that murmur flow,
"Or taste the blossom on the bough).
"We sported freely with the rest;
"And, still returning to the nest,
"In easy mirth we chatter'd o'er
"The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
"In the full ocean of delight;
"In pleasures ev'ry hour employ,
"Immers'd in all the world calls joy.
"Our affluence-easing the expence
"Of splendour, and magnificence.
"Our company, th' exalted set
"Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
"Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
"We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the soul of bliss.
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meand'ring play
Through ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return, and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, list'ning to the Syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

THE GOAT'S BEARD.*

A FABLE.

"Propria quæ maribus—
"Fœmineo generi tribuuntur."

LILLY'S GRAM.

LIB. IV. FAB. 14.

Capellæ et Hirci.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrassent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,

* The purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having beards as well as the males, the He-goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themselves.

To which the god replied, That if they would take care to preserve the real and essential ad-

Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâssent suam ;
 " Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
 " Et usurpare vestri ornatum muneris :
 " Pares dum non sint vestræ fortitudini."

Hoc argumentum monet ut sustineas tibi
 Habitu esse similes, qui sint virtute impares.

In eight terse lines has Phædrus told
 (So frugal were the bards of old)
 A tale of goats ; and clos'd with grace
 Plan, moral, all, in that short space.

Alas, that ancient moralist
 Knew nothing of the slender twist
 Which Italy, and France, have taught
 To later times to spin the thought.

They are our masters now, and we
 Obsequious to their high decree,
 Whate'er the classic critics say,
 Will tell it in a modern way.

'Twas somewhere on the hills, which lie
 'Twixt Rome and Naples' softer clime,
 (They can't escape the traveller's eye,
 Nor need their names be told in rhyme)

A herd of goats, each shining morn,
 'Midst scraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
 Quick glancing to the sun display'd
 Their spotted sides, and pierc'd the shade.
 Their goat-herds still, like those of old,
 Pipe to the stragglers of the fold.

'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
 With Virgil's leave, we place the scene.
 For scarcely can we think his swains
 Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains ;
 Much less could e'er his shepherds dream
 Of pendant rocks on Mincio's stream.
 From Naples his enliven'd thought
 Its fondest, best ideas caught,
 Theocritus perhaps beside
 Some kind embellishments supply'd,
 And poets are not common men—
 Who talks of goats in Ely fen !

'Twas there, on one important day,
 It chanc'd the he-goats were away,
 The ladies of the colony
 Had form'd a female coterie ;
 And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
 Exerted all their power of tongue.
 Of ease and freedom much they spoke,
 Enfranchis'd from the husband's yoke ;
 How bright the sun, how soft the air,
 The trefoil flowers were sweeter far,
 While thus alone they might debate
 The hardships of the married state.

Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
 Which spread, and caught from dame to dame,
 A matron, sager than the rest,
 The fair enthusiasts thus address'd :

" Ladies, I joy to see, what I
 " Have felt, and smother'd with a sigh,
 " Should touch at length the general breast,
 " And honest nature stand confest.
 " Queens as we are, we see our power
 " Usurp'd, and daily sinking lower.

*advantages which their sex gave them over the
 other, they would have no reason to be dissatis-
 fied with letting them participate in what was
 merely ornamental.*

" Why do our lords and masters reign
 " Sole monarchs o'er their subject train ?
 " What stamp has nature given their line,
 " What mark to prove their right divine
 " To lead at will the passive herd ?

" —It can be nothing but their beard.

" Observe our shapes, our winning airs,

" Our spots more elegant than theirs ;

" With equal ease, with equal speed

" We swim the brook, or skim the mead ;

" Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,

" On pinnacles undaunted browze,

" Hang fearless o'er th' impetuous stream,

" And skip from crag to crag like them.

" Why are they then to us prefer'd ?

" —It can be nothing but their beard.

" Then let us to great Jove prepare

" A sacrifice and solemn prayer,

" That he would graciously relieve

" Our deep distress, and kindly give

" The all we want to make us shine

" Joint empresses by right divine."

A general murmur of applause

Attends the speech. The common cause

Glow in each breast, and all defy

The bonds of Salique tyranny.

The mild, the timorous grow bold ;

And as they saunter to the fold,

Ev'n kids, with voices scarcely heard,

Lisp out—" 'Tis nothing but the beard."

Agreed. And now with secret care

The due lustrations they prepare ;

And having mark'd a sacred field,

Of horns a spacious altar build ;

Then from the fragrant herbs that grow

On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,

They cull the sweets : and stuff the pile

With * tragopogon's downy spoil,

And gums of † tragacanth to raise

The bickering flame, and speed the blaze.

But chief the flower beyond compare,

The flaunting ‡ woodbine revell'd there,

Sacred to goats ; and bore their name,

Till botanists of modern fame

New-fangled titles chose to give

To almost all the plants that live.

Of these a hallow'd heap they place

With all the skill of female grace ;

Then spread the sprigs to catch the air,

And light them with the brushy hair

Pluck'd sily from their husbands' chins,

In seeming sport, when love begins.

" Hear, father Jove, if still thy mind

" With partial fondness views our kind ;

" If nurs'd by goats, as story says,

" Thou still retain'st their game some ways ;

" If on || thy shield her skin appears,

" Who fed with milk thy infant years ;

" If Capricorn advanc'd by thee,

" Shines in the sphere a deity, &c. &c.

* A plant called in English the goat's beard.

† The goat's thorn. The gums of this plant are used in medicine.

‡ The caprifolium, or goat's leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnaeus ranks it under the genus of *lonicera*, as he does the tragacanth under that of *astragalus*.

|| The agis, called so from the goat's skin which covers it.

"Hear, father Jove, our just request;
 "O grant us beards, and make us blest?"
 Swift mounts the blaze, the scented sky
 Seems pleas'd, the zephyrs gently sigh,
 And Jove himself, in frolic mood,
 Reclining on an amber cloud,
 Snuff'd in the gale; and though he hides
 A laugh which almost bursts his sides,
 Smil'd gracious on the suppliant crew;
 And from the left his thunder flew:
 Blest omen of success! Ye fair,
 Who know what tyrant spouses are,
 If e'er you slip the tighten'd rein,
 Or gave a surly husband pain,
 Guess at their joy.—Devoutly low
 They bent, and with prophetic glow
 They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
 With skittish coyness met the males,
 And scarce admitted the embrace,
 But merely to preserve the race.

But chief the river banks they throng;
 Narcissus-like o'er fountains hung,
 And not a puddle could they pass
 Without a squint to view their face,
 Happy to see the sprouts arise,
 Which promis'd future dignities.

When lo! their utmost wish prevails.
 A beard, as graceful as the male's,
 Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd,
 At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
 Looking (to borrow a quaint phrase
 From Young, to deck our humbler lays),
 "Delightfully with all their might,"
 The he-goats started at the sight.
 "Angels and ministers of grace!"
 Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
 Glance after glance oblique they sent,
 Then fix'd in dumb astonishment.
 Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas stand,
 Sole monarch of th' Hesperian strand,
 When Perseus on his shield display'd
 Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.

At last recovering their surprise,
 For goats, like men, are sometimes wise,
 On this absurd, new-modell'd plan,
 Like human couples they began,
 Unwilling, for decorum's sake,
 Quite to unite, or quite to break.
 With short half words, and looks that leer'd,
 They frown'd, they pouted, and they sneer'd.
 In general terms express'd their thoughts
 On private and peculiar faults;
 Dropp'd hints they scarcely wish'd to smother,
 And talk'd not to, but at each other.
 Till strife engend'ring more and more,
 They downright wrangled, if not swore;
 And ev'n the fair could scarce refrain

From broad expressions, when they saw
 Th' accomplishments they wish'd to gain,
 Created not respect, but awe;
 And softer kids usurp'd the flames
 Due only to experienc'd dames.

'Twas then the general discord rose;
 And Jove (industrious to compose
 The casual feuds his hasty nod
 Had caus'd); well worthy such a god,

Conven'd the states. And though he knew
 What mortals say is really true,
 "Advice is sometimes thrown away,"
 He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
 Each conscious of their claim, divide
 In separate bands on either side.

Like clients in a party cause,
 Determin'd to succeed or die
 (Whate'er their judge may talk of laws),
 Staunch martyrs to integrity.

The god appear'd in proper state,
 Not as the arbiter of fate,
 With all those ensigns of command
 Which sway the air, the sea, the land,
 But yet with dignity, to draw
 Attention, and becoming awe.

"Approach," he cry'd, "your idle strife
 Has rais'd a thought: I'll give it life.

"For know, ye goats, my high behests

"Shall not be thrown away on beasts.

"When sexes plead, the cause is common;

"Be goats no more, but man and woman."

The change ensues. He smil'd again,
 And thus address'd the motley train:
 (Here might we tell in Ovid's lay,
 How forms to other forms gave way,
 How pert-cock'd tails, and shaggy hides,
 And horns, and twenty things besides,
 Grew spruce bag-wigs, or well queu'd hair,
 The floating sack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
 Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
 Which rules in ermin'd state the globe.
 We wave all this, and say again,
 He thus address'd the motley train).

"When first I different sexes form'd,
 Happy myself, with goodness warm'd,
 I meant you helpmates for each other;
 The ties of father, son, and brother,
 And all the charities below
 I kindly meant should spring from you.
 Were more exalted scenes your lot,
 I kindly meant, as who would not,
 The fair should sooth the hero's care,
 The hero should protect the fair;
 The statesman's toils a respite find
 In pleasures of domestic kind;
 And kings themselves in social down
 Forget the thorns which line a crown.

In humbler life that man should roam
 Busy abroad, while she at home,
 Impatient for his dear return,
 Should bid the crackling incense burn,
 And spread, as fortune might afford,
 The genial feast, or frugal board;
 The joys of honest competence,
 The solace even of indigence.

But things are chang'd, no matter how;
 These blessings are not frequent now.
 Let time account, as he glides on,
 For all his wings and feythe have done:
 We take you in his present page,
 The refuse of an iron age.
 Then hear our sober thoughts.

Ye dames,
 Affection and good breeding claims
 That first, in preference to the males,
 We place your merits in the scales.
 For whether 'twas design'd or not,
 You some ascendancy have got.

* In the character of Hamlet.

† Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, book 4th. fab. 15th.

Ladies, we own, have had their share
 In learning, politics, and war.
 To pass at once the doubtful tale
 Of Amazons in coats of mail
 (Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
 And if I knew them, I've forgot).
 Authentic records still contain,
 To make the females justly vain,
 Examples of heroic worth---
 Semiramis of * east and † north.
 ‡ Marg'ret the Anjouvine, of Spain
 || Fair Blanche, and § Ellen of Guienne.
 ** Catherine of France immortal grew
 A rubric saint with Barthol'mew:
 In Russia Catherine's more than one
 Have done great things: and many a Joan
 Has bustled in the active scene;
 †† The Pope, the warrior, and the queen!
 But these are stars which blaze and fall;

O'er Albion did Eliza rise
 A constellation of them all,
 And shines the Virgo of the skies!
 ‡‡ Some dames of less athletic mould,
 By mere misfortune render'd bold,
 Have drawn the dagger in defence
 Of their own spotless innocence.
 O'er these the pensive muse shall mourn,
 And pity's tear shall grace their urn.
 †† Others, a more heroic part,
 By just revenge to fury led,
 Have plung'd it in a husband's heart,
 And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.
 Though laurels are their meed, 'tis true,
 Let milder females have their due,
 And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
 Who || suck'd the poison from the wound.
 For folks there are who don't admire
 In angel forms that soul of fire,

* The wife of Ninus.

† Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own person the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The first by descent, the second by marriage, and the third by conquest. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

‡ Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithstanding her supposed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk), supported the interest of her husband and his family with the most heroic spirit.

|| Blanche of Castile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her son St. Louis, and during his absence at the Holy Wars, with great fortitude and success. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

§ An adventurer in the crusades. She was first married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom she was divorced, under a pretence of consanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

** The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three succeeding monarchs. The massacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day was conducted under her auspices.

†† Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

‡‡ Some. Others.] Of these two assertions the author does not choose to give examples, as some might be thought fabulous, and others invidious.

|| Whether the story of Eleanor of Castile, wife to Edward the First of England, is fictitious or not, the

Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and scars
 On limbs best fram'd for softer wars.
 Nay, now, so squeamish men are grown,
 Their manners are so like our own,
 That though no Spartan dames we view
 Thump'd, cuff'd, and wrestled black and blue,
 Ev'n slighter blemishes offend
 Sometimes the fair one's fondest friend.
 Glorious no doubt it is, to dare
 The dangers of the sylvan war,
 When foremost in the chase you ride
 Some headlong steed you cannot guide,
 And owe, by Providence or chance,
 Your safety to your ignorance.
 But ah! the consequential ill
 Might there restrain ev'n woman's will.
 The furrow plough'd by * Tyburn hat
 On the fair forehead's Parian flat,
 The freckles, blotches, and parch'd skins,
 The worms, which like black-headed pins
 Peep through the damask cheek, or rise
 On noses bloated out of size,
 Are things which females ought to dread.—
 But you know best, and I proceed.

Some sages, a peculiar thought,
 Think politics become you not.
 Nay one, well vers'd in nature's rules,
 Calls † "cunning women knavish fools."
 —Your pardon—I but barely hint
 What impious mortals dare to print.

In learning, doubtless, you have shin'd
 The paragons of human kind.
 Each abstract science have explor'd;
 Have pierc'd through nature's coyest hoard;
 And cropp'd the loveliest flowers that blow
 On steep Parnassus' double brow.

And yet what small remains we find!
 ‡ Aspatia left no tracts behind;
 Content her doctrines to impart,
 As oral truths, warm from the heart.
 And ill-bred time has swept away
 Full many a grave and sprightly lay,
 Full many a tome of just renown,
 Fram'd by the numerous fair, who shone
 Poetic or historic queens,
 From Sappho down to || Anne Comnens.

In modern days the female pen
 Is paramount, and copes with men.
 Ladies have led th' instructive crew,
 And kindly told us all they knew.
 In France, in Britain, many a score.—
 I mention none—to praise the more.

Eleanor crosses existing at present are a sufficient testimony of her husband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

* The small round hat, which acquired its name from its being the distinguished mark of a pickpocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

† "A cunning woman is a knavish fool."

Lord Lyttleton's Advice to a Lady.

‡ The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were most of them her lovers too, and consequently received instruction in the most agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

|| A princess of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople, during the time of the first crusades. She wrote the history of her father's long reign, and is ranked among the Byzantine historians.

And yet in that same little isle
I view with a peculiar smile,
And wish to name a chosen few:

A —, or a —,
Or — But I won't. It envy raises.
Few men can bear each other's praises,
And in the fair one would not see
A Genus irritabile.

Swift says, a clever schoolboy's fame
Is all at which the sex should aim.
It may be so, and he be wise —
But I authorities despise.
Men cannot judge in such affairs.
I grant your talents great as theirs.
Your wit of a more piercing kind,
Your sense more moral and refin'd;
And should ye from strict reasoning swerve,
You still have conquest in reserve.

If arguments are sometimes slight,
* "Your eyes are always in the right."

In love your empire is supreme,
The hero's palm, the poet's theme.

Nor will we dare to fix a date
When the soft empire yields to fate.

At seventy great Eliza lov'd,
Though coy, perhaps † her heroes prov'd,
And ‡ Ninon had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again;
Let Gedoyne the just era fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-fix.

One little hint before we close
This tedious soporific dose,
One little hint we choose to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As husbands, though on small pretence,
Are wond'rous jealous of their sense,
Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
The great accomplishments you feel.
Then screen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze call'd modesty;
At least with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are sure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, justly claim
Your genuine share of power and fame;
Be every thing your conscious merit
Inspires, and with becoming spirit
Expand each passion of the heart,
Each talent nature gives exert;
Be wise, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd —
But keep your sex, and || hide the beard.

* *A line of Prior.*

† *Essex and Courtney.*

‡ *It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French Abbé, of the name of Gedoyne, had long solicited her favours, and was rather astonish'd at her coyness. When she yielded at last, she begged his pardon for so dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuse, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after she was fourscore; that she had only completed her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her empressment to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgment of her gratitude for his attentions.*

How long the attachment lasted, the author of this poem has modestly left undetermined.

|| *A certain Grecian painter, who had usually exerted his talents on lascivious subjects, was commanded by the state under which he lived to atone for his errors, by forming a piece which should damp the most licentious ap-*

Ladies, your slave. — The dames withdrew.
Now, gentlemen, I turn to you.

You heard the lessons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,
And sneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the fair.
When your important cause comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.

Is there a fault in womankind
You did not make, or strive to find?
To rise on your defects you teach them,
And lose your virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did you your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderness exert your sway,
And mildly win them to obey?
Had Cæsar, Antony, been men,
We scarce had heard of * Egypt's queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a slave great Philip's son;
Nor did † Alcides learn to spin
Till he put off the lion's skin.

Henry the Fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame),
Had frailties which the meanest clown
Of native sense would blush to own.
D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vassal to a —.
Nothing could tame the headstrong lad,
Whose pure good nature was run mad.
Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And ‡ Sully, teas'd and preach'd in vain.
Nothing could stop th' insatiate rage,
Not even the hasty || snow of age;
Not even his last provoking § wife,
That firebrand of perpetual strife,
Who set half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.

In what the world calls politics,
You teach the fair a thousand tricks.
Full many a mistress of a king,
At first a plain unheeded thing,
But swells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
Till to distress a weaker brother,
You play her off against each other;
Improve the sex's native wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and smiles;
Flatter her pride or peevishness,
Till she, elated by success,
Feels her own force, and, bolder grown
By your instructions, acts alone;
Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.

petite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus, with the charms his imagination could suggest, and then, to make her totally disgusting, clapped on her a beard.

* *Cleopatra.*

† *His condescensions to Omphale are well known.*

‡ *See his Memoirs.*

|| *He was very early gray.*

§ *Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious, intriguing spirit, with a very mean understanding. That she was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs sufficiently testify. The disturbances she raised at home, and the cabals she entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the second position. The last she must have severely felt, for she died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme misery.*

The second Charles on England's throne
 (Sav'd from oblivion by his crown),
 Call him whatever you think fit,
 A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
 Had from his travels learnt no more
 Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
 To all that should improve his mind,
 The voluntary dupe was blind.
 Whate'er calamities fell on him,
 Distress was thrown away upon him;
 The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
 Whether an exile, or a king.

Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
 And yet they were but silly creatures,
 Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
 (To weave the web of England's doom!
 By knaves abroad, and knaves at home).
 Of all who sooth'd his * idle hours
 (To wave his *en passant* amours),
 Of all who gloried in the flame,
 And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,
 Spite of her † frolics and expence,
 Nell Gwyn alone had common sense.

Of gaming little shall be said,
 You're surfeited upon that head.
 What arguments can move the mind,
 Where folly is with madness join'd?
 What sober reasoning can prevail,
 Where even contempt and ruin fail?
 Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
 "Burn not the taper at both ends."
 Why must your wives be taught by you,
 That needless art to squander too?
 Whene'er they show their bracelet strings,
 Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
 It should be in a quiet way;
 Ladies should piddle, and not play.

You know too well your glorious power,
 Greatly to lose in half an hour
 What cost your ancestors with pain
 At least full half an age to gain.
 Then let your spouses (to be grave)
 For coals and candles something save,
 And keep their pin-money and jointures,
 To free from jail the kind appointers.

Learning—you scarce know what it is.
 Then put the question, and 'tis this:
 True learning is the mind's good breeding,
 'Tis Common Sense improv'd by reading.
 If Common Sense, that corner-stone,
 Is wanting, let the rest alone.
 Better be fools without pretence,
 Than coxcombs even of eminence.

‡ Eve from her husband's lips preferr'd
 What she from angels might have heard.

* *There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed among his mistresses; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called sauntering, was the sultana queen he delighted in.* Duke of Buckingham's Character of Charles the Second.

† *Bishop Burnet, in his History of his own Times, says of Mrs. Gwyn, that she was the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, yet continued to the end of the king's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expence.*

‡ *He might have added to her credit, that she never meddled at all with the wretched politics of those times.*

§ *In the eighth book of Paradise Lost.*

VOL. XI.

And wisely chose to understand
 Exalted truths at second hand.
 Should your soft mates adopt her notions,
 And for instruction wait your motions,
 To what improvements would they reach?
 —Lord bless you, what have you to teach?

Yes, one thing, I confess you deal in,
 And read in fairly without spelling.
 In that, I own, your zeal is such,
 You even communicate too much.
 In matter, spirit, and in fate,
 Your knowledge is extremely great,
 Nobly deserting Common Sense
 For metaphysic excellence.
 And yet whate'er you say, or sing,
 Religion is a serious thing.
 At least to me you will allow
 A deity, it must be so.

Then let me whisper—"Don't perplex
 "With specious doubts the weaker sex.
 "Let them enjoy their 'Tates and Bradys,
 "Free-thinking is not sport for ladies."

Is't not enough you read Voltaire,
 While sneering valets frizz your hair,
 And half asleep, with half an eye,
 Steal in dear infidelity?
 Is't not enough Helvetius' schemes
 Elucidate your waking dreams
 (Though each who on the doctrine doats
 Skips o'er the text, to skim the notes),
 Why must the fair be made the wise
 Partakers of your mysteries?
 You'll say they listen to your chat.
 I grant them fools, but what of that?
 Your prudence, sure, might be so civil
 To let your females fear the devil.
 Even for the comfort of your lives,
 Some must be mothers, daughters, wives;
 Howe'er it with your genius suits,
 They shall not all be prostitutes.

Firm as the sage Lucretius draws
 Above religion, morals, laws,
 Secure (though at a proper distance)
 Of that great blessing nonexistence,
 You triumph; each a deity
 In all, but immortality.
 Why, therefore, will ye condescend
 To tease a weak believing friend,
 Whose honest ignorance might gain
 From error a relief in pain,
 And bear with fortitude and honour
 The miseries you brought upon her?
 Momus perhaps would sily say,
 For Momus has a merry way,
 Why will your wisdom and your wit
 To such degrading tricks submit?
 Why in soft bosoms raise a riot?
 Can't ye be d—mn'd yourselves in quiet?

But that's an after thought; at present
 We merely wish you to be decent.
 And just will add some trifling things,
 From whence we think confusion springs.

You'll easily conceive in gods,
 Who fix in air their thin abodes,
 And feast on incense and ambrosia;
 Foul feeding must create a nausea.
 Yet we ourselves to flesh and blood
 Have granted more substantial food,
 Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
 All but the poor are Epicures,

And reason from effects to causes
 On roti's, entremets, and sauces.
 But here be wise, the reason's clear,
 Be niggards of your knowledge here,
 And to yourselves alone confine
 That first of blessings, how to dine.
 For should the fair your taste pursue,
 And eating be their science too,
 Should they too catch this nasty trick
 (The bare idea makes me sick),
 What would become of nature's boast?
 Their beauty and their sex were lost.
 —I turn disgusted from the scene—
 She-gluttons are she-aldermen.

Another precept lingers yet,
 To make the tiresome group complete.
 In all your commerce with the sex,
 Whether you mean to please or vex;
 If not well bred, at least be civil;
 Ill manners are a catching evil.
 I speak to the superior few—
 Ye British youths, I speak to you.

The ancient heroes of romance,
 Idolaters in complaisance,
 So hit the sex's dearest whim,
 So rais'd them in their own esteem,
 That ev'ry conscious worth increas'd,
 And every foible sunk to rest.
 Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
 And adoration reign'd no more,
 Within due bounds the following sect
 Restrain'd them by profound respect;
 Politely grasp'd the filken reins,
 And held them in ideal chains.

But now, when you appear before 'em,
 You want all deference and decorum;
 And, conscious of good Heav'n knows what,
 Noddle your heads, and slouch your hat;
 Or, careless of the circling throng,
 Through full assemblies lounge along,
 And on a couch politely throw
 Your listless limbs without a bow,
 While all the fair, like Sheba's queen,
 Crowd eager to the inviting scene,
 And o'er that couch in raptures hang,
 To hear their Solomon's harangue.
 No doubt, 'tis edifying stuff
 (For gentle ears are cannon proof),
 And wise the doctrines which you teach.
 But your examples more than preach:
 For 'tis from hence your high-bred lasses
 Lose or despise their native graces.
 Hence comes it that at every rout
 They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
 The modest dignity of yore,
 The step chastis'd, is seen no more.
 They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
 A curt'sy is a thing forgot.
 Th' affected stare, the thrust-out chin,
 The leer, the titter, and the grin,
 Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
 "And lov'd to live in dimple sleek."

Nay, some who boast their sixteen quarters
 One might mistake for chandlers daughters.

Ah, could these triflers of a day
 Know what their masters think and say,
 When o'er their claret they debate
 Each pretty victim's future fate;

With what contempt and malice fraught
 They sneer the follies they have taught;
 How deep a blush their cheek would fire!
 Their little breasts would burst with ire;
 And the most heedless mawkin there,
 The loveliest idiot, drop a tear.

Virtues have sexes, past a doubt,
 Mythologists have mark'd them out;
 Nor yet in excellence alone
 Have this peculiar difference shown:
 Your vices—that's too hard a name—
 Your follies—should not be the same.
 In every plant, in every grain

Of nature's genuine works, we find
 Some innate essences remain,

Which mark the species and the kind.
 Though forms may vary, round or square,
 Be smooth, be rough, be regular;
 Though colours separate or unite,
 The sport of superficial light?

Yet is there something, that, or this,
 By nature's kind indulgence fown,
 Which makes each thing be what it is,

A tree a tree, a stone a stone.
 So in each sex distinct and clear
 A genuine something should appear,
 A *je-ne-sçai quoi*, however slight,
 To vindicate the natural right.

Then, sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
 Be this conclusion fairly drawn;
 Sexes are proper, and not common;
 Man must be man, and woman woman.
 In short, be coxcombs if you please,
 Be arrant ladies in your dress;
 Be every name the vulgar give
 To what their grossness can't conceive:
 Yet one small favour let me ask,
 Not to impose too hard a task—
 Whether you fix your fancied reign

In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
 The little something still retain.

Be gamesters, gluttons, jockies, grooms,
 Be all which nature never meant,
 Free-thinkers in the full extent,
 But ah; for something be rever'd,
 And keep your sex, and show the beard.

TO HER GRACE THE

DUTCHESS OF QUEENSBURY*.

SAY, shall a bard in these late times
 Dare to address his trivial rhymes
 To her, whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
 And every bard who breath'd a lay,
 Of happier vein, was fond to choose
 The patroness of every muse?

Say, can he hope that you, the theme
 Of partial Swift's severe esteem,

* In the first edition of this little poem, the name was not printed. As the Dutchess is since dead, it cannot be necessary to conceal it. She was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her, which was singularly well adapted, as her Grace never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence should receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve.

He will; and boldly say in print,
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint;
Who told him that the present scene
Of dress, and each preposterous fashion,
Flow'd from supineness in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That women were oblig'd to try
All stratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play,
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the fair.—
This may be true—But have a care;
Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own assertion, and my song,
Whose beauty, undisguis'd by art,
Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

——— "In naked beauty more adorn'd,
"More lovely." MILTON.

As Venus one day, at her toilet affairs,
With the graces attending, adjusted her airs,
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As * Guido has painted the beautiful group,
(For Guido, no doubt, in idea at least,
Had seen all the graces and Venus undrest),
Half pensive, half smiling, the goddess of beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their
duty: [carry'd,

And surely, she cry'd, you have strangely mis-
That not one of the three should have ever been
marry'd. [noses,

Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, straight
And cheeks that might rival Aurora's own roses;
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languish
or roll,

To enliven or soften the elegant whole. [deck;
The sweet auburn tresses, that shade what they
The shoulders, that fall from the delicate neck;
The polish'd round arm, which my statues might
own, [zone.

And the lovely contour which descends from the

Then how it should happen I cannot divine:
Either you are too coy, or the gods too supine.
I believe 'tis the latter; for every soft bosom
Must have its attachments, and wish to disclose 'em.
Some lovers not beauty, but novelty warms,
They have seen you so often, they're tir'd of your
charms.

But I'll find out a method their langour to move,
And at least make them stare, if I can't make
them love. [face †,

Come here, you two girls, that look full in my
And you that so often are turning your back,
Put on these cork rumps, and then tighten your
stays

'Till your hips and your ribs, and the strings
themselves crack.

Can ye speak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—
Then 'twill do. [you.

You have often dress'd me, and for once I'll dress

* The celebrated picture of Venus attired by the graces.

† Alluding to the usual representation of the graces.

Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But stretch them up tight 'till each hair stands an
end. [tow'rs;

One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's
Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of
flow'rs.

These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their
plumes.

If that's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,
My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.
And stay, from Jove's eagle, if napping * you
take him,

You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you
don't wake him.

Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and protest,
If I don't watch you closely, you'll spoil the whole
jest.

What I have disorder'd, you still set to rights,
And seem half unwilling to make yourselves
frights,

What I am concealing, you want to display;
But it sha'n't serve the turn, for I will have my
way.

Those crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your
chins, [pins.

And the heels of your slippers are broader than
You can stand, you can walk, like the girls in the
street; [feet.

Those buckles won't do, they scarce cover your
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—

Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll swear, as ye
pass, [glaſs.

I can scarcely help laughing—Don't look in the
Those tittering boys shall be whipt if they tease
you;

So come away girls. From your torments to
ease you,

We'll haste to Olympus, and get the thing over;
I have not the least doubt but you'll each find a
lover.

And if it succeeds, with a torrent of mirth
We'll pester their godships agen and agen;

* The sleeping Eagle in Pindar, thus translated by West.
Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,

The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,

While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
To ev'ry balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

Thus imitated by Akenſide.

With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds.

And thus by Gray.

Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With rustled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye

Then send the receipt to the ladies on earth,
And bid them become monsters, till men be-
come men.

ON A MESSAGE-CARD IN VERSE,

SENT BY A LADY.

HERMES, the gamester of the sky,
To share for once mankind's delights,
Slipp'd down to earth, exceeding fly,
And bade his coachman drive to White's.
In form a beau, so light he trips,
You'd swear his wings were at his heels;
From glass to glass alert he skips,
And bows and prattles while he deals.
In short, so well his part he play'd,
The waiters took him for a peer;
And ev'n some great ones whisp'ring said
He was no vulgar foreigner.
Whate'er he was, he swept the board,
Won every bett, and every game;
Stripp'd ev'n the rooks, who stamp'd and roar'd,
And wonder'd how the devil it came!
He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;
But found at last this great command
Was owing to one fav'rite card,
Which still brought luck into his hand.
The four of spades; when'er he saw
Its fable spots, he laugh'd at rules,
Took odds beyond the gaming law,
And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.
But now, for now 'twas time to go,
What gratitude shall he express?
And what peculiar boon bestow
Upon the cause of his success?
Suppose, for something must be done,
On Juno's self he could prevail
To pick the pips out, one by one,
And stick them in her peacock's tail.
Should Pallas have it, was a doubt,
To twist her silk, or range her pins,
Or should the muses cut it out,
For bridges to their violins.
To Venus should the prize be given,
Superior beauty's just reward,
And 'gainst the next great rout in heaven
Be sent her for a message-card.
Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!
Your goddesses are arrant farces;
Go, carry it to Mrs —
And bid her fill it full of verses.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY,

FOUR YEARS OLD.

OLD creeping time, with silent tread,
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head.
The rose-bud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to speak;
And in each smiling look is seen
The innocence which plays within.
Nor is the fault'ring tongue confin'd
To lisp the dawnings of the mind,
But fair and full her words convey
The little all they have to say;
And each fond parent, as they fall,
Finds volumes in that little all.

May every charm which now appears,
Increase, and brighten with her years!
And may that same old creeping time
Go on till she has reach'd her prime,
Then, like a master of his trade,
Stand still, nor hurt the work he made.

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A SONG.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cælia has undone me;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.
'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.
'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Cælia all together.

THE DOUBLE CONQUEST.

A SONG.

OF music, and of beauty's power,
I doubted much, and doubted long:
The fairest face a gaudy flower,
An empty sound the sweetest song.
But when her voice Clarinda rais'd,
And sung so sweet, and smil'd so gay,
At once I listen'd, and I gaz'd;
And heard, and look'd my soul away.
To her, of all his beauteous train,
This wond'rous power had love assign'd,
A double conquest to obtain,
And cure at once the deaf and blind.

SONG FOR RANELAGH.

YE belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicksome round, [springs,
Pray tell me from whence this impertinence
The sexes at once to confound? [air,
What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine
With each motion design'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call every art to her aid;
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.
But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent war.
The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.
 The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure:
 O be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

AN INSCRIPTION

IN THE COTTAGE OF VENUS,

AT MIDDLETON PARK, OXFORDSHIRE.

QUISQUIS es, O juvenis, nostro vagus advena luco,
 Cui cor est tenerum, cuique puella comes;
 Quisquis es, ah fugias!—hic suadent omnia amo-
 rem,
 Inque casâ hâc latitans omnia suadet amor.
 Aspice flore capri quam circum astringitur ilex
 Hærenti amplexu, et luxuriante comâ!
 Sylva tegit, tacitum sternit tibi lana cubile,
 Aut tumet in vivos mollior herba toros.
 Si quis adest subitum dant tintinnabula signum,
 Et strepit in primo limine porta loquax.
 Nec rigidum ostendit nostro de pariete vultum
 Actæusve senex, dimidiusve Cato:
 At nuda aspirat dulces Cytherea furorcs,
 Atque suos ritus consecrat ipsa Venus.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

WHOE'ER thou art, whom chance ordains to rove
 A youthful stranger to this fatal grove,
 O, if thy breast can feel too soft a flame,
 And with thee wanders some unguarded dame,
 Fly, fly the place!—Each object through the
 shade
 Persuades to love; and in this cottage laid,
 What cannot, may not, will not, love persuade? }
 See to yon oak how close the woodbine cleaves,
 And twines around its luxury of leaves!
 Above, the boughs a pleasing darkness shed,
 Beneath, a noiseless couch soft fleeces spread, }
 Or softer herbage forms a living bed.
 Do spies approach?—Shrill bells the sound repeat,
 And from the entrance screams the conscious gate.
 Nor from these walls do rigid bustos frown,
 Or philosophic censors threat in stone.
 But Venus' self does her own rites approve }
 In naked state, and through the raptur'd grove
 Breathes the sweet madness of excessive love.

HYMN TO VENUS.

ON A GREAT VARIETY OF ROSES BEING PLANTED
ROUND HER COTTAGE.

"Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
 "Adventumque tuum; tibi suaves Dædala tellus
 "Summittit flores." ————— LUCRET.

O VENUS, whose inspiring breath
 First waken'd nature's genial pow'r,
 And cloath'd the teeming earth beneath
 With every plant, with every flower,

Which paints the verdant lap of spring,
 Or wantons in the summer's ray;
 Which, brush'd by zephyr's dewy wing,
 With fragrance hails the opening day;
 Or, pour'd profuse on hill, on plain, on dale,
 Reserves its treasur'd sweets for evening's
 softer gale!

To thee, behold, what new delights
 The master of this shade prepares!
 Induc'd by far inferior rites,
 You've heard a Cyprian's softest prayers;
 There, form'd to wreaths, the sickly flower
 Has on thy altars bloom'd and died;
 But here, around thy fragrant bower,
 Extends the living incense wide;
 From the first rose the soft'ring zephyrs rear,
 To that whose fainter blush adorns the dying year.

Behold one beauteous flower assume
 The lustre of th' unsullied snow!
 While there the Belgic's softer bloom
 Improves the damask's deeper glow;
 The Austrian here in purple breaks,
 Or flaunts in robes of yellow light;
 While there, in more fantastic streaks,
 The red rose * mingles with the white,
 And in its name records poor Albion's woes,
 Albion that oft has wept the colours of the rose!

Then, Venus, come; to every thorn
 Thy kind prolific influence lend;
 And bid the tears of eve and morn
 In gently dropping dew's descend;
 Teach every sunbeam's warmth and light
 To pierce thy thicket's inmost shade;
 Nor let th' ungenial damps of night
 The breeze's searching wings evade,
 But every plant confess the power that guides,
 And all be beauty here, where beauty's queen
 presides.

So shall the master's bounteous hand
 New plans design, new temples raise
 To thee, and wide as his command
 Extend the trophies of thy praise.
 So daily, nightly, to thy star
 The bard shall grateful tribute pay,
 Whether it gilds Aurora's car,
 Or loiters in the train of day; [grace
 And each revolving year new hymns shall
 Thy showery month, which wakes the vege-
 table race.

IN A HERMITAGE,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

THE man whose days of youth and ease
 In nature's calm enjoyments pass'd,
 Will want no monitors like † these,
 To torture and alarm his last.

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,
 The zealot's list of rigid rules,
 To him are merely dull parade,
 The tragic pageantry of fools.

* York and Lancaster roses,
 † A skull, hour glass, &c.

What life affords he freely tastes,
When nature calls, resigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining wastes,
Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of folly's train,
Impatient of each kind restraint
Which parent nature fix'd, in vain,
To teach us man's true bliss, content.

For something still beyond enough
With eager impotence they strive,
Till appetite has learn'd to loath
The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which four disdain
To disappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,
And hates the world he made so bad.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLD BATH.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach.—Has med'cine
fail'd? [vain?
Have balms and herbs essay'd their powers in
Nor the free air, nor soft'ning sun prevail'd
To raise thy drooping strength, or soothe thy
pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to trust thy frame
To the cold bosom of this lucid lake. [flame,
Here health may greet thee, and life's languid
Ev'n from its icy grasp new vigour take.

What soft Ausonia's genial shores deny,
May Zembla give. Then boldly trust the wave:
So shall thy grateful tablet hang on high,
And frequent votaries bless this healing cave.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OAK,

AT ROMELY, IN DERBYSHIRE.

The oak is supposed to speak.

ONCE was I fam'd, an awful sage,
The silent wonder of my age!
To me was every science known,
And every language was my own.
The sun beheld my daily toil,
I labour'd o'er the midnight oil,
And, hid in woods, conceal'd from view
Whate'er I was, whate'er I knew.
In short, consum'd with learned care,
I liv'd, I died.—I rooted here!
For Heaven, that's pleas'd with doing good,
To make me useful, made me wood.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE*.

ON THE TERRACE AT NUNEHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

THIS tree was planted by a female hand,
In the gay dawn of rustic beauty's glow;

* *This tree is well known to the country people by the name of Bab's Tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was so much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham, to where it is now built, she earnestly entreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.*

And fast beside it did her cottage stand, [snow.
When age had cloath'd the matron's head with
To her, long us'd to nature's simple ways,
This single spot was happiness complete;
Her tree could shield her from the noon-tide blaze,
And from the tempest screen her little seat.
Here with her Collin oft the faithful maid
Had led the dance, the envious youths among:
Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,
The patient matron turn'd her wheel, and sung.
She felt her loss; yet felt it as she ought,
Nor dar'd 'gainst nature's general law exclaim;
But check'd her tears, and to her children taught
That well-known truth, "Their lot would be
"the same." [shores

Though Thames before her flow'd, his farther
She ne'er explor'd; contented with her own.
And distant Oxford, though she saw its towers,
To her ambition was a world unknown.
Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
Of kings and tumults, and the courtier train,
She coldly listen'd with unheeding ear,
And good queen Anne, for aught she car'd,
might reign.
The sun her day, the seasons mark'd her year,
She toil'd, she slept, from care, from envy free,
For what had she to hope, or what to fear,
Blest with her cottage, and her fav'rite tree,
Hear this ye great, whose proud possessions spread
O'er earth's rich surface to no space confin'd;
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind,
With reverence visit her august domain;
To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:
She found that happiness you seek in vain,
Blest with a cottage, and a single tree.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN.

Erected in the flower-garden at Nuneham, by G. S. Harcourt, and the Honourable Elizabeth Vernon, Viscount and Viscountess Nuneham. Sacred to the memory of Frances Poole, Viscountess Palmerston.

HERE shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found,
This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around her altar rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.

Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead;
May here be taught what worth the world has known.

Her wit, her sense, her virtues were her own;
To her peculiar—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.

O, if kind pity steal on virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh;
From soft humanity's ingenuous flame
A wish may rise to emulate her fame,
And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those who now lament her are no more.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies a youth, (ah wherefore breathless lies!)
Learn'd without pride, and diffidently wise.
Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd;
Fond of all virtues, wheresoe'er bestow'd.

Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,
The best good-nature, and the best good sense.
Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS FRITCHARD.

This tablet is placed here by the voluntary subscription of those who admired and esteemed her. She retired from the stage, of which she had long been the ornament, in the month of April 1768, and died at Bath in the month of August following, in the 57th year of her age.

HER comic vein had every charm to please,
'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's ease.

Ev'n when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
Full, clear, and just th' harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.

Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun:
One virtuous track her real life pursued,
That nobler part was uniformly good,
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

ON THE LATE

IMPROVEMENTS AT NUNEHAM,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

DAME nature, the goddess, one very bright day,
In strolling through Nuneham, met Brown in her way:

And bless me, she said, with an insolent sneer,
I wonder that fellow will dare to come here.
What more than I did has your impudence plann'd?
The lawn, wood, and water, are all of my hand;
In my very best manner, with Themis's scales,
I lifted the hills, and I scoop'd out the vales;
With Sylvan's own umbrage I grac'd ev'ry brow,
And pour'd the rich Thames through the meadows below.

I grant it, he cry'd; to your sov'reign com-
I bow, as I ought.—Gentle lady, your hand;
The weather's inviting, so let us move on;
You know what you did, and now see what I've done.

I, with gratitude, own you have reason to plead,
That to these happy scenes you were bounteous indeed:

My lovely materials were many and great!
(For sometimes, you know, I'm oblig'd to create).
But say in return, my adorable dame,
To all you see here, can you lay a just claim?
Were there no lighter parts which you finish'd in haste,

Or left, like a friend, to give scope to my taste?
Who drew o'er the surface, did you, or did I,
The smooth-flowing outline, that steals from the eye*,

* The first two words in this couplet have identical, rather than corresponding sounds, and therefore only appear to rhyme. This defect, however, may easily be

The soft undulations, both distant and near,
That heave from the lawns, and yet scarcely appear?

(So bends the ripe harvest the breezes beneath,
As if earth was in slumber, and gently took breath),
Who thin'd, and who group'd, and who scatter'd those trees,

Who bade the slopes fall with that delicate ease,
Who cast them in shade, and who plac'd them in light,

Who bade them divide, and who bade them unite?
The ridges are melted, the boundaries gone:
Observe all these changes, and candidly own
I have cloath'd you when naked, and, when overdrest,

I have stripp'd you again to your boddy and vest;
Conceal'd ev'ry blemish, each beauty display'd,
As Reynolds would picture some exquisite maid,
Each spirited feature would happily place,
And shed o'er the whole inexpressible grace.

One question remains. Up the green of yon sleep,
Who threw the bold walk with that elegant sweep?
—There is little to see, till the summit we gain;
Nay, never draw back, you may climb without pain,

And, I hope, will perceive how each object is caught,

And is lost in exactly the point where it ought.
That ground of your moulding is certainly fine,
But the swell of that knoll and those openings are mine.

The prospect, wherever beheld, must be good,
But has ten times its charms, when you burst from this wood,

A wood of my planting.—The goddess cried,
'Tis grown very hot, and 'tis grown very cold:
She fann'd and she shudder'd, she cough'd and she sneez'd,

Inclin'd to be angry, inclin'd to be pleas'd,
Half smil'd, and half pouted—then turn'd from the view,

And dropp'd him a curtsy, and blushing with-
Yet soon recollecting her thoughts, as she pass'd,

"I may have my revenge on this fellow at last:
"For a lucky conjecture comes into my head,
"That, whate'er he has done, and whate'er he has said,

"The world's little malice will balk his design:
"Each fault they call his, and each excellence
"mine."

TO LADY NUNEHAM,

NOW COUNTESS OF HARCOURT.

On the death of her sister, the Honourable Catherine Venables Vernon, June 1775.

MILD as the opening morn's serenest ray,
Mild as the close of summer's softest day,
Her form, her virtues, (fram'd alike to please
With artless grace and unassuming ease),

removed, by transposing the two verses, and reading them thus:

"That sweet-flowing outline, that steals from
"the view,

"Whodre w o'er the surface, did I, or did you

M

Nor blush that hence your origin we trace:
 'Twas thus immortal heroes sprung of old
 Strong from the stol'n embrace: by such as you,
 Unhous'd, uncloth'd, unletter'd, and unfed,
 Were kingdoms modell'd, cities taught to rise,
 Firm laws enacted, freedom's rights maintain'd,
 The gods and patriots of an infant world!

Let others meanly chant in tuneful song
 The black-shoe race, whose mercenary tribes,
 Allur'd by halfpence, take their morning stand
 Where streets divide, and to their proffer'd stools
 Solicit wand'ring feet; vain pensioners,
 And placemen of the crowd! Not so you pour
 Your blessings on mankind. Nor traffic vile
 Be your employment deem'd, ye last remains
 Of public spirit, whose laborious hands,
 Uncertain of reward, bid kennels know
 Their wonted bounds, remove the bord'ring filth,
 And give th' obstructed ordure where to glide.

What though the pitying passenger bestows
 His unextorted boon, must they refuse
 The well-earn'd bounty, scorn th' obtruded ore?
 Proud were the thought and vain. And shall not
 we

Repay their kindly labours, men like them,
 With gratitude unsought? I, too, have oft
 Seen in our streets the wither'd hands of age
 Toil in th' industrious task; and can we there
 Be thrifty niggards? Haply they have known
 Far better days, and scatter'd liberal round
 The scanty pittance we afford them now.
 Soon from this office grant them their discharge,
 Ye kind church-wardens! take their meagre limbs,
 Shriv'ring with cold and age, and wrap them warm
 In those blest mansions charity has rais'd.

But you of younger years, while vigour knits
 Your lab'ring sinews, urge the generous task,
 Nor lose in fruitless brawls the precious hours
 Assign'd to toil. Be your contentions, who
 First in the dark'ning streets, when Autumn sheds
 Her earliest showers, shall clear th' obstructed pass;
 Or last shall quit the field, when Spring distills
 Her moist'ning dews, prolific there in vain.
 So may each lusty scavenger, ye fair,
 Fly ardent to your arms; and every maid,
 Ye gentle youths, be to your wishes kind;
 Whether Ostrea's fishy fumes allure,
 As Venus' tresses fragrant; or the sweets
 More mild and rural from her stall who toils
 To feast the sages of the Samian school.

Nor ever may your hearts, elate with pride,
 Desert this sphere of love; for should ye, youths,
 When blood boils high, and some more lucky
 chance

Has swell'd your stores, pursue the tawdry band
 That romp from lamp to lamp—for health expect
 Disease, for fleeting pleasure soul remorse,

And daily, nightly, agonizing pains.
 In vain you call for Æsculapius' aid
 From Whitecross Alley, or the azure posts
 Which beam through Haydon Yard: the god de-

mands

More ample offerings, and rejects your prayer.
 And you, ye fair, O let me warn your breasts
 To shun deluding men: for some there are,
 Great lords of counties, mighty men of war,
 And well-dress'd courtiers, who with leering eye
 Can in the face begrim'd with dirt discern
 Strange charms, and pant for Cynthia in a cloud.

But let Lardella's fate avert your own.
 Lardella once was fair, the early boast
 Of proud St. Giles's, from its ample pound
 To where the column points the seven-fold day,
 Happy, thrice happy, had she never known
 A street more spacious! but ambition led
 Her youthful footsteps, artless, unassur'd,
 To Whitehall's fatal pavement. There she ply'd
 Like you the active broom. At sight of her
 The coachman dropp'd his lash, the porter oft
 Forgot his burden, and with wild amaze
 The tall well-booted sentry, arm'd in vain,
 Lean'd from his horse, to gaze upon her charms,

But fate reserv'd her for more dreadful ills:
 A lord beheld her, and with powerful gold
 Seduc'd her to his arms. What can not gold
 Effect, when aided by the matron's tongue,
 Long tried and practis'd in the trade of vice,
 Against th' unwary innocent! A while
 Dazzled with splendour, giddy with the height
 Of unexperienc'd greatness, she looks down
 With thoughtless pride, nor sees the gulf beneath.
 But soon, too soon, the high-wrought transport
 sinks

In cold indifference, and a newer face
 Alarms her restless lover's fickle heart.
 Distress'd, abandon'd, whither shall she fly?
 How urge her former task, and brave the winds
 And piercing rains with limbs whose daintier
 sense [now,
 Shrinks from the evening breeze? Nor has she
 Sweet innocence, thy calmer heart-felt aid,
 To solace or support the pangs she feels.

Why should the weeping muse pursue her steps
 Through the dull round of infamy, through haunts
 Of public lust, and every painful stage
 Of ill-feign'd transport, and uneasy joy?
 Too sure she tried them all, till her sunk eye
 Lost its last languish; and the bloom of health,
 Which revell'd once on beauty's virgin cheek,
 Was pale disease, and meagre penury.
 Then loath'd, deserted, to her life's last pang,
 In bitterness of soul, she curs'd in vain
 Her proud betrayer, curs'd her fatal charms,
 And perish'd in the streets from whence she sprung

FATAL CONSTANCY; OR, LOVE IN TEARS.

A SKETCH OF A

TRAGEDY IN THE HEROIC TASTE.

" Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare."

OVID.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sketch of a tragedy, though interrupted with breaks and *et ceteras* (which are left to be supplied by the fancy of the reader), is nevertheless a continued soliloquy spoken by the hero of the piece, and may be performed by one actor, with all the starts, graces, and theatrical attitudes in practice at present.

If any young author should be ambitious of writing on this model, he may begin his preface, or his advertisement, which is the more fashionable term, by observing, that "it is a melancholy contemplation to every lover of literature, to behold that universal defect of science which is the disgrace of the present times." He may then proceed to assert, "that every species of fine writing is at its very lowest ebb; that the reign of **** was what might properly enough be styled the golden age of dramatic poetry; that since that happy era, genius itself has gradually decayed, till at length, if he may be allowed the expression, the *effata vires* of nature, by he knows not what fatality, seem quite exhausted."

In his dedication, if to a lord—the proper topics are his lordship's public spirit; the noble stand which he made in the cause of liberty, but more particularly his heroic disinterestedness, in hiding from the world his own spirited performances, that those of inferior authors might have a chance for success.

If to a lady—after the usual compliments of wit, beauty, elegance of taste, and every social virtue, he must by no means forget, that like Prometheus he has endeavoured to steal fire from heaven; and that the finest and most animated touches in the character of Lindamira, are but faint copies of the perfections of his patroness.

He may take hints for his prologue from the following lines:

" Critics, to-night at your dread bar appears
 " A virgin-author, aw'd by various fears.
 " Should ye once hiss, poor man, he dies away,
 " So much he trembles for his first essay;
 " And therefore humbly hopes to gain your vote
 " —For the best play that ever yet was wrote.
 " Athens and Rome, the Stagirite, old Ben,
 " Corneille's sublimity, exact Racine,

" Rowe's flowing lines, and Otway's tender
 " part,
 " How Southern wounds, and Shakspeare tears
 " the heart,
 " Rules, nature, strength, truth, greatness, taste,
 " and art, &c. &c. &c.

ACT I.

A ROOM OF STATE.

The Hero and his Friend meeting.

[If this manner of opening the play, though almost universally practised, should be thought too simple and unassuming, the curtain may rise slowly to soft music, and discover the hero in a reclining, pensive posture, who, upon the entrance of his friend, and the ceasing of the symphony, may start from his couch, and come forward.]

WELCOME, my friend; thy absence long has torn
 My bleeding breast—nor hast thou heard as yet
 My hapless story. 'Twas that fatal morn,
 The frighted sun seem'd conscious of my grief,
 And hid himself in clouds, the tuneful birds
 Forgot their music, &c.—O Lyfimachus,
 Think'st thou she'er can listen to my vows?
 Think'st thou the king can e'er refuse her to me?
 O if he should!—I cannot bear the thought—
 The shipwreck'd mariner, the tortur'd wretch
 That on the rack, the traveller that sees
 In pathless deserts the pale light's last gleam
 Sink in the deep abyss, distracted, lost—
 But soft ye now, for Lindamira comes.
 Ah, cruel maid! &c. &c. &c.
 And dost thou yield? Ye waters, gently glide;
 Wind, catch the sound, O thou transcending fair!
 Stars, fall from heaven; and suns, forget to rise;
 And chaos come, when Lindamira dies!

[*Exeunt embracing.*]

ACT II.

THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

The Hero, solus.

How frail is man! what fears, what doubts perplex
 His firmest resolutions! Sure the gods*, &c.

* It is a usual complaint in tragedy, as well as in common life, that the gods have not made us as they should have done.

But hark! yon trumpet's sprightly notes declare
The king's approach: be still, my flutt'ring heart.
O royal Sir! if e'er thy groveling slave, &c.

Refus'd! O indignation!
Is it day?

[*Kneeling.*
[*Rising hastily.*

Do I behold the sun?—Thou tyrant, monster—
Down, down allegiance to the blackest hell.
I cannot, will not bear it.—O my fair,
And art thou come to witness my disgrace?
And is it possible that charms like thine
Could spring from such a fire?—Why dost thou weep?

Say, can a father's harsh commands controul—
Unkind and cruel! then thou never lovedst.
Curs'd be the treacherous sex, curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and every thing—but her!
By heaven, she faints! Ah, lift those lovely eyes,
Turn on this faithful breast their cheering beams!
—O joy! O ecstasy! and wilt thou seek
With me some happier land, some safer shore?
At night I'll meet thee in the palmy grove,
When the pale moon beams, conscious of the theft
—Till then a long adieu!
The merchant thus, &c.

[*Exeunt severally, languishing at each other.*

ACT III.

THE PALMY GROVE.

The Hero, solus.

Night, black-brow'd night, queen of the ebony
wand,

Now o'er the world has spread her solemn reign.
The glow-worm twinkles, and from every flower
The pearly dew returns the pale reflex
Of Cynthia's beams, each drop a little moon!
Hark, Lindamira comes!—No, 'twas the breath
Of zephyr panting on the leafy spray.
Perhaps he lurks in yonder woodbine bower,
To steal soft kisses from her lips, and catch
Ambrosial odours from her passing sighs.
O thief!—

She comes; quick let us haste away.
The guards pursue us? heavens!—Come then,
my love,

Fly, fly this moment. [*Here a long conference upon
love, virtue, the moon, &c. till the guards come up.*

—Dogs, will ye tear her from me?

Ye must not, shall not—O my heart-strings crack,
My head turns round, my starting eyeballs hang
Upon her parting steps—I can no more—

So the first man, from paradise exil'd,
With fond reluctance leaves the blooming wild:
Around the birds in pleasing concert sing,
Beneath his feet th' unbidden flow'rets spring;
On verdant hills the flocks unnumber'd play,
Through verdant vales meand'ring rivers stray;
Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn,
Eternal roses bloom on every thorn,
And join Pomona's lap to Amalthæa's horn.

[*Exeunt, torn off on different sides.*

ACT IV.

A PRISON.

The Hero in Chains.

Ye deep, dark dungeons, and hard prison walls,
Hard as my fate, and darksome as the grave

To which I hasten, wherefore do ye bathe
Your rugged bosoms with unwholesome dew
That seem to weep in mockery of my woe?
—But see! some angel brightness breaks the gloom.
'Tis Lindamira comes! So breaks the morn
On the reviving world. Thou faithful fair!

[*Approaching to embrace her.*

—Curse on my fetters, how they bind my limbs,
Nor will permit me take one chaste embrace.
Yet come, O come!—

What say'st thou? Force thee to it!

Thy father force thee to Orosius' arms!
He cannot, will not, shall not.—O my brain!
Darkness and devils! Burst my bonds, ye powers,
That I may tear him peacemeal from the earth,
And scatter him to all the winds of heaven.
—What means that bell?—O 'tis the sound of death!

Alas, I had forgot I was to die!

Let me reflect on death, &c.—

But what is death,

Racks, tortures, burning pincers, floods of fire,
What are ye all to disappointed love?
Drag, drag me hence, ye ministers of fate,
From the dire thought—Orosius must enjoy her!
Death's welcome now—Orosius must enjoy her!
Hang on her lip, pant on her breast!—O gods!
I see the lustful satyr grasp her charms,
I see him melting in her amorous arms:
Fiends seize me, furies lash me, vultures tear,
Hell, horror, madness, darkness, and despair!

[*Runs off to execution.*

ACT V.

THE AREA BEFORE THE PALACE.

The Hero and Soldiers.

I thank you, friends; I thank you, fellow-soldiers:
Ye gave me liberty, ye gave me life.
Yet what are those? Alas, ye cannot give
My Lindamira to my longing arms.
O I have search'd in vain the palace round,
Explor'd each room, and trac'd my steps again,
Like good Æneas through the streets of Troy
When lost Creusa, &c.—

Ha, by heaven she comes!

'Tis she, 'tis she, and we shall still be blest!
We shall, we shall!—But why that heaving breast?
Why floats that hair dishevell'd to the wind?
Why burst the tears in torrents from her eyes?
Speak, Lindamira, speak!—

Distraction! No,

He could not dare it. What, this dreadful night,
When the dire thunder rattled o'er his head,
Marry thee! bed thee! force thee to be his!
Defile that heaven of charms!—What means thy
rage?

Thou shalt not die! O wrest the dagger from her!
Thou still art mine, still, still to me art pure
As the soft fleecy snow on Alpine hills
Ere the warm breath of Spring pollutes its white-
ness.

—O gods, she dies! And dost thou bear me, earth?
Thus, thus I follow my adventurous love,
And we shall rest together.

Ha, the king!

But let him come; I am beyond his reach,
He cannot curse me more. See, tyrant, see,
And triumph in the mischiefs thou hast caus'd.

—By heaven he weeps ! O, if humanity
Can touch thy flinty heart, hear my last prayer;
Be kind, and lay me in the same cold grave
Thus with my love ; one winding-sheet shall hold
Our wretched reliques, and one marble tomb
Tell our sad story to the weeping world.
—One kiss—'tis very dark—good night—heaven
—Oh !

THE MORAL.

Let cruel fathers learn from woes like these,
To wed their daughters where those daughters
please.
Nor erring mortals hope true joys to prove,
When such dire ills attend on virtuous love.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LINDAMIRA.

STRANGE rules, good folks! these poets are so nice,
They turn our mere amusements into vice.
Lard ! must we women of our lives be lavish,
Because those huge strong creatures men will ra-
vish !
I'll swear I thought it hard, and think so still,
To die for---being pleas'd against one's will.
.. ..
.. ..
But you, ye fair and brave, for virtue's sake,
These spotless scenes to your protection take,

O D E S.

ODE I.

FOR HIS * MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 10. 1758.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABOUT the year 963 Ottoberto, of the family of Este, passed from Italy into Germany with the Emperor Otho the Great. Azo, his descendant in the next century, by marriage with the daughter of Welfus, Count Aldorf, inherited the dominions of the family in Suabia. Welfus, a son of that marriage, received the dukedom of Bavaria from the emperor Henry the Fourth, in 1061. The descendants of Welfus became afterwards possessed of all those duchies which lie between the Elbe and the Weser (Brunswick, Wolfenbuttle, Lunenburgh, Zell, Hanover, &c.); and in the year 1714, George the First, Duke and Elector of Hanover, succeeded to the throne of Great Britain.

WHEN Othbert left th' Italian plain,
And soft Atesté's green domain,
Attendant on imperial sway
Where fame and Otho led the way,
The genius of the Julian hills

(Whose piny summits nod with snow,
Whose naiads pour their thousand rills

To swell th' exulting Po),
An eager look prophetic cast,
And hail'd the hero as he pass'd.

Hail, all hail, the woods replied,
And echo on her airy tide [side.
Roll'd the long murmurs down the mountain's

The voice resum'd again: " Proceed,
" Nor cast one ling'ring look behind;
" By those who toil for virtue's meed,
" Be every softer thought resign'd;
" Nor social home, nor genial air,
" Nor glowing suns, are worth thy care:
" New realms await thee in a harsher sky,
" Thee and thy chosen race from Azo's nuptial tie.
" 'Tis glory wakes; her active flame
" Nor time shall quench, nor danger tame;

* George the Second.

" Nor * Boia's amplest range confine,
" Though Guelpho reigns, the Guelphic line.
" Yon northern star, which dimly gleams
" Athwart the twilight veil of eve,
" Must point their path to distant streams:
" And many a wreath shall victory weave,
" And many a palm shall fame display
" To grace the warriors on their way,
" Till regions bow to their commands
" Where Albis widens through the lands,
" And vast Visurgis spreads his golden sands.

" Nor rest they there. Yon guiding fire
" Still shines aloft, and gilds the main!
" Not Lion Henry's † fond desire
" To grasp th' Italian realms again,
" Nor warring winds, nor wint'ry seas,
" Shall stop the progress fate decrees;
" For lo! Britannia calls to happier coasts,
" And vales more verdant far than soft Atesté
" boasts.

" Behold, with euphrasy I clear
" Thy visual nerve, and fix it there,
" Where, crown'd with rocks grotesque and
" steep,
" The white isle rises o'er the deep!

* Bavaria.

† Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, Saxony, &c. was one of the greatest heroes of the twelfth century. He united in his own person the hereditary dominions of five families. His claims upon Italy hindered him from joining with the Emperor Frederic the First, in his third attack upon the Pope, though he had assisted him in the two former; for which he was stripped of his dominions by that Emperor, and died in 1195, possessed only of those duchies which lie between the Elb and the Weser.

From this Henry, and a daughter of Henry the Second of England, his present Majesty is lineally descended.

" There glory rests. For there arrive
 " Thy chosen sons; and there attain
 " To the first title fate can give,
 " The father-kings of free-born men!
 " Proceed; rejoice; descend the vale,
 " And bid the future monarchs hail!"
 Hail, all hail, the hero cried;
 And echo on her airy tide
 Pursued him, murmuring down the mountain's
 side.

'Twas thus, O king, to heroes old
 The mountains breath'd the strain divine,
 Ere yet her volumes Fame enroll'd
 To trace the wonders of thy line;
 Ere freedom yet on ocean's breast
 Had northward fix'd her halcyon nest;
 Or Albion's oaks descending to the main
 Had roll'd her thunders wide, and claim'd the
 wat'ry reign.

But now each Briton's glowing tongue
 Proclaims the truths the genius sung,
 On Brunswick's name with rapture dwells,
 And hark! the general chorus swells:
 " May years on happy years roll o'er,
 " Till glory close the shining page,
 " And our ill-fated sons deplore
 " * The shortness of a Nestor's age!
 " Hail, all hail! on Albion's plains
 " The friend of man and freedom reigns!
 " Echo, waft the triumph round,
 " Till Gallia's utmost shores rebound,
 " And all her bulwarks tremble at the sound."

ODE II.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1759.

YE guardian powers, to whose command,
 At nature's birth, th' Almighty mind
 The delegated task assign'd
 To watch o'er Albion's favour'd land,
 What time your hosts with choral lay,
 Emerging from its kindred deep,
 Applausive hail'd each verdant steep,
 And white rock, glittering to the new-born day!
 Angelic bands, where'er ye rove
 Whilst lock'd in sleep creation lies:
 Whether to genial dews above
 You melt the congregated skies,
 Or teach the torrent streams below
 To wake the verdure of the vale,
 Or guide the varying winds that blow
 To speed the coming, or the parting, sail:
 Where'er ye bend your roving flight,
 Whilst now the radiant lord of light
 Winds to the north his sliding sphere,
 Avert each ill, each bliss improve,
 And teach the minutes as they move
 To bless the opening year.

Already Albion's lifted spear,
 And rolling thunders of the main,
 Which justice sacred laws maintain,
 Have taught the haughty Gaul to fear.

* " Nestoris brevitas senectæ."

Muse Anglicana.

On other earths, in other skies,
 Beyond old ocean's western bound,
 Though bleeds afresh th' eternal wound,
 Again Britannia's cross triumphant flies.
 To British George, the king of isles,
 The tribes that rove th' Arcadian snows,
 Redeem'd from Gallia's polish'd wiles,
 Shall breathe their voluntary vows:
 Where nature guards her last retreat,
 And pleas'd Astrea lingers still;
 While faith yet triumphs o'er deceit,
 And virtue reigns, from ignorance of ill.
 Yet, angel powers, though Gallia bend,
 Though fame with all her wreaths, attend
 On bleeding war's tremendous sway,
 The sons of leisure still complain,
 And musing science sighs in vain,
 For peace is still away.

Go then, ye faithful guides
 Of her returning steps, angelic band,
 Explore the sacred seats where peace resides,
 And waves her olive wand.
 Bid her the wastes of war repair.
 —O southward seek the flying fair,
 For not on poor Germania's haras'd plain,
 Nor where the Vistula's proud current swells,
 Nor on the borders of the frighted Seine,
 Nor in the depths of Russia's snows she
 dwells.
 Yet O, where'er, deserting freedom's isle,
 She gilds the slave's delusive toil;
 Whether on Ebro's banks she strays,
 Or sighing traces Taio's winding ways,
 Or soft Ausonia's shores her feet detain,
 O bring the wanderer back, with glory in her
 train.

ODE III.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

November 10. 1759.

BEGIN the song—Ye subject choirs,
 The bard whom liberty inspires
 Wakes into willing voice th' accordant lays.—
 Say, shall we trace the hero's flame
 From the first soft'ring gale of fame,
 Which bade the expanding bosom pant for
 praise?
 Or hail the star whose orient beam
 Shed influence on his natal hour,
 What time the nymphs of Leyna's stream,
 Emerging from their wat'ry bower,
 Sung their soft carols through each osier shade,
 And for the pregnant fair invok'd Lucina's aid?

No. Haste to Scheld's admiring wave,
 Distinguish'd amidst thousands brave,
 Where the young warrior flesh'd his eager
 sword:

While Albion's troops with rapture view'd
 The ranks confus'd, the Gaul subdu'd,
 And hail'd, prophetic hail'd, their future lord,
 Waiting the chief's maturer nod,
 On his plum'd helmet vict'ry fate,
 While suppliant nations round him bow'd,
 And Austria trembled for her fate,

Till, at his bidding slaughter swell'd the Mayne,
And half her blooming sons proud Gallia wept in
vain.

But what are wreaths in battle won?
And what the tribute of amaze
Which man too oft mistaken pays
To the vain idol shrine of false renown?
The noblest wreaths the monarch wears
Are those his virtuous rule demands,
Unstain'd by widows' or by orphans' tears,
And woven by his subjects' hands.
Comets may rise, and wonder mark their way
Above the bounds of nature's sober laws,
But 'tis th' all-cheering lamp of day,
'The permanent, th' unerring cause,
By whom th' enliven'd world its course main-
tains,
By whom all nature smiles, and beauteous order
reigns.

ODE IV.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1760.

AGAIN the sun's revolving sphere
Wakes into life th' impatient year,
The white-wing'd minutes haste:
And, spite of fortune's fickle wheel,
Th' eternal fates have fix'd their seal
Upon the glories of the past.
Suspended high in memory's fane,
Beyond ev'n envy's soaring rage,
The deeds survive, to breathe again
In faithful history's future page;
Where distant times shall wond'ring read
Of Albion's strength, of battles won,
Of faith restor'd, of nations freed;
Whilst round the globe her conquests run,
From the first blush of orient day,
To where descend his noontide beams,
On fable Afric's golden streams,
And where at eve the gradual gleams decay.

So much already hast thou prov'd
Of fair success, O best lov'd,
O first of favour'd isles!
What can thy fate assign thee more,
What whiter boon has Heaven in store,
To bless thy monarch's ceaseless toils?
Each rising season, as it flows,
Each month exerts a rival claim;
Each day with expectation glows,
Each fleeting hour demands its fame.
Around thy genius waiting stands
Each future child of anxious time:
See how they press in shadowy bands,
As from thy fleecy rocks sublime
He rolls around prophetic eyes,
And earth, and sea, and Heaven surveys:
"O grant a portion of thy praise!"
"O bid us all," they cry, "with lustre rise!"

Genius of Albion, hear their prayer,
O bid them all with lustre rise!
Beneath thy tutelary care,
The brave, the virtuous, and the wise,

Shall mark each moment's winged speed
With something that disdains to die,
The hero's, patriot's, poet's meed,
And passport to eternity!
Around thy rocks while ocean raves,
While yonder sun revolves his radiant car,
The land of freedom with the land of slaves,
As nature's friends, must wage illustrious war.
Then be each deed with glory crown'd,
'Till smiling peace resume her throne;
Till not on Albion's shores alone
The voice of freedom shall resound,
But every realm shall equal blessings find,
And man enjoy the birth-right of his kind.

ODE V.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1761.

STILL must the muse, indignant, hear
The clanging trump, the rattling car,
And usher in each opening year
With groans of death, and sounds of war?
O'er bleeding millions, realms oppress,
The tuneful mourner sinks distress,
Or breathes but notes of woe:
And cannot Gallia learn to melt,
Nor feel what Britain long has felt
For her insulting foe?
Amidst her native rocks secure,
Her floating bulwarks hovering round,
What can the sea-girt realm endure,
What dread, through all her wat'ry bound?
Great queen of ocean, she defies
All but the power who rules the skies,
And bids the storms engage;
Inferior foes are dash'd and lost,
As breaks the white wave on her coast
Consum'd in idle rage.
For alien sorrows heaves her generous breast,
She proffers peace to ease a rival's pain:
Her crowded ports, her fields in plenty dress,
Bless the glad merchant, and th' industrious
swain.
Do blooming youths in battle fall?
True to their fame the funeral urn we raise;
And thousands, at the glorious call,
Aspire to equal praise.

Thee, glory, thee through climes unknown
Th' adventurous chief with zeal pursues;
And fame brings back from every zone
Fresh subjects for the British muse.
Tremendous as th' ill-omen'd bird
To frighted France thy voice was heard
From Minden's echoing towers:
O'er Biscay's roar thy voice prevail'd;
And at thy word the rocks we scal'd,
And Canada is ours.
O potent queen of every breast
Which aims at praise by virtuous deeds,
Where'er thy influence shines confess
The hero acts, th' event succeeds.
But ah, must glory only bear,
Bellona-like, the vengeful spear?
To fill her mighty mind

Must bulwarks fall, and cities flame,
And is her amplest field of fame
The miseries of mankind?
On ruins pil'd on ruins must she rise,
And lend her rays to gild her fatal throne?
Must the mild power who melts in vernal skies,
By thunders only make his godhead known?
No, be the omen far away;
From yonder pregnant cloud a kinder gleam,
Though faintly struggling into day,
Portends a happier theme!—

—And who is he, of regal mien,
Reclin'd on Albion's golden fleece,
Whose polish'd brow and eye serene
Proclaim him elder-born of peace?
Another George!—Ye winds convey
Th' auspicious name from pole to pole!
Thames, catch the sound, and tell the subject sea
Beneath whose sway its waters roll,
The hoary monarch of the deep,
Who sooth'd its murmurs with a father's care,
Doth now eternal Sabbath keep,
And leaves his trident to his blooming heir.
O, if the muse aright divine,
Fair peace shall bless his opening reign,
And through its splendid progress shine,
With every art to grace her train.
The wreaths so late by glory won,
Shall weave their foliage round his throne,
Till kings, abash'd, shall tremble to be foes,
And Albion's dreaded strength secure the world's
repose.

ODE VI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1761.

'Twas at the nectar'd feast of Jove,
When fair Alcmena's son
His destin'd course on earth had run
And claim'd the thrones above,
Around their king in deep debate,
Conven'd, the heavenly synod sat,
And meditated boons refin'd
To grace the friend of human kind:
When lo, to mark th' advancing god,
Propitious Hermes stretch'd his rod,
The roofs with music rung!
For, from amidst the circling choir,
Apollo struck th' alarming lyre,
And thus the muses sung:
“What boon divine would Heav'n bestow?
“Ye gods unbend the studious bow,
“The fruitless search give o'er,
“Whilst we the just reward assign,
“Let Hercules with Hebe join,
“And youth unite with power!”

O sacred truth in emblem drest!
Again the Muses sing,
Again in Britain's blooming king
Alcides stands confest.
By temp'rance nurs'd, and early taught
To shun the smooth fallacious draught
Which sparkles high in Circe's bowl;
To tame each hydra of the soul,

Each lurking pest, which mocks its birth,
And ties his spirit down to earth,
Immers'd in mortal coil;
His choice was that severer road
Which leads to virtue's calm abode,
And well repays the toil.
In vain ye tempt, ye specious harms,
Ye flow'ry wiles, ye flatt'ring charms,
That breathe from yonder bower;
And Heav'n the just reward assigns,
For Hercules with Hebe joins,
And youth unites with power.

O, call'd by Heav'n to fill that awful throne,
Where Edward, Henry, William, George, have
shone,
(Where love with rev'rence, laws with power
agree,
And 'tis each subject's birthright to be free)
The fairest wreaths already won
Are but a prelude to the whole:
Thy arduous task is now begun,
And, starting from a nobler goal,
Heroes and kings of ages past
Are thy compeers: extended high
The trump of fame expects the blast,
The radiant lists before thee lie,
The field is time, the prize eternity!
Beyond example's bounded light
'Tis time to urge thy daring flight,
And heights untry'd explore:
O think what thou alone can'st give,
What blessings Britain may receive
When youth unites with power.

ODE VII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1762.

God of slaughter, quit the scene,
Lay the crested helmet by;
Love commands, and beauty's queen
Rules the power who rules the sky.
Janus, with well-omen'd grace,
Mounts the year's revolving car,
And forward turns his smiling face,
And longs to close the gates of war.
Enough of glory Albion knows.—
Come, ye powers of sweet repose,
On downy pinions move!
Let the war-worn legions own
Your gentler sway, and from the throne
Receive the laws of love!

Yet, if justice still requires
Roman arts, and Roman souls,
Britain breathes her wonted fires,
And her wonted thunders rolls.
Added to our fairer isle
Gallia mourns her bulwark gone:
Conquest pays the price of toil,
Either India is our own.
Ye sons of freedom, grasp the sword;
Pour, ye rich, th' imprison'd hoard,
And teach it how to shine:
Each selfish, each contracted aim
To glory's more exalted claim
Let luxury resign.

You too, ye British dames, may share
 If not the toils, and dangers of the war,
 At least its glory. From the Baltic shore,
 From Runic virtue's native shore,
 Fraught with the tales of ancient lore,
 Behold a fair instructress come!
 When the fierce * female tyrant of the north
 Claim'd every realm her conquering arms could
 gain,
 When discord, red with slaughter, issuing forth,
 Saw Albert struggling with the victor's chain;
 The storm beat high, and shook the coast,
 Th' exhausted treasures of the land
 Could scarce supply th' embattled host,
 Or pay th' insulting foe's demand.
 What then could beauty do? † She gave
 Her treasure'd tribute to the brave,
 To her own softness join'd the manly heart,
 Sustain'd the soldier's drooping arms,
 Confided in her genuine charms,
 And yielded every ornament of art.
 —We want them not. Yet, O ye fair,
 Should Gallia, obstinately vain,
 To her own ruin urge despair,
 And brave th' acknowledg'd masters of the main:
 Should she through ling'ring years protract her
 fall,
 Through seas of blood to her destruction wade,
 Say, could ye feel the generous call,
 And own the fair example here pourtray'd?
 Doubtless ye could. The royal dame
 Would plead her dear adopted country's cause,
 And each indignant breast unite its flame,
 To save the land of liberty and laws.

ODE VIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1762.

"Go Flora" (said the impatient queen
 Who shares great Jove's eternal reign)
 "Go breathe on yonder thorn:
 "Wake into bloom th' emerging rose,
 "And let the fairest flower that blows
 "The fairest month adorn.
 "Sacred to me that month shall rise,
 "Whatever ‡ contests shake the skies
 "To give that month a name:
 "Her April buds let Venus boast,
 "Let Maia range her painted host:
 "But June is Juno's claim.
 "And goddesses, know, in after-times
 "(I name not days, I name not climes)

* Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North.

† In the year 1395, the ladies of Mecklenburgh, to support their Duke Albert's pretensions to the crown of Sweden, and to redeem him when he was taken prisoner, gave up all their jewels to the public; for which they afterwards received great emoluments and privileges, particularly the right of succession in fiefs, which had before been appropriated to males only.

‡ Alluding to the contention between the goddesses in Ovid's *Fæsti*, about naming the month of June.

"From nature's noblest throes
 "A human flower shall glad the earth,
 "And the same month disclose his birth,
 "Which bears the blushing rose.
 "Nations shall bless his mild command,
 "And fragrance fill th' exulting land,
 "Where'er I fix his throne." —
 Britannia listen'd as she spoke,
 And from her lips prophetic broke,
 "The flower shall be my own."

O goddesses of connubial love,
 Thou sister, and thou wife of Jove,
 To thee the suppliant voice we raise:
 We name not months, we name not days,
 For where thy smiles propitious shine,
 The whole prolific year is thine.
 Accordant to the trembling strings,
 Hark, the general chorus swells,
 From every heart it springs,
 On every tongue it dwells.
 Goddesses of connubial love,
 Sister thou, and wife of Jove,
 Bid the genial powers that glide
 On ether's all-pervading tide,
 Or from the fount of life that stream
 Mingling with the solar beam
 Bid them here at virtue's shrine,
 In chastest bands of union join.
 Till many a George and many a Charlotte prove,
 How much to thee we owe, queen of connubial
 love!

ODE IX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1763.

At length th' imperious lord of war
 Yields to the fates their ebon car,
 And frowning quits his toil:
 Dash'd from his hand the bleeding spear
 Now deigns a happier form to wear,
 And peaceful turns the soil.
 Th' insatiate furies of his train,
 Revenge and hate, and fell disdain,
 With heart of steel, and eyes of fire,
 Who stain the sword which honours draws,
 Who fully virtue's sacred cause,
 To Stygian depths retire.
 Unholy shapes, and shadows drear,
 The pallid family of fear,
 And rapine, still with shrieks pursued,
 And meagre famine's squalid brood
 Close the dire crew.—Ye eternal gates display
 Your adamant folds, and shut them from the
 day!

For lo, in yonder pregnant skies
 On billowy clouds the goddess lies,
 Whose presence breathes delight,
 Whose power th' obsequious seasons own,
 And Winter loses half his frown,
 And half her shades the night,
 Soft-smiling peace! whom Venus bore,
 When tutor'd by th' enchanting lore
 Of Maia's blooming son,
 She sooth'd the synod of the gods,
 Drove discord from the blest abodes,
 And Jove resum'd his throne.

Th' attendant graces gird her round,
 And sportive ease, with locks unbound,
 And every muse to leisure born,
 And plenty, with her twisted horn,
 While changeful commerce spreads his loosened
 sails, [vaits!
 Blow as ye list, ye winds, the reign of peace pre-

And low, to grace that milder reign,
 And add fresh lustre to the year,
 Sweet innocence adorns the train,
 In form and features; Albion's heir!
 A future George!—Propitious powers,
 Ye delegates of heaven's high King,
 Who guide the years, the days, the hours
 That float on time's progressive wing,
 Exert your influence, bid us know
 From parent worth what virtues flow!
 Be to less happy realms resign'd
 The warrior's unrelenting rage,
 We ask not kings of hero-kind,
 The storms and earthquakes of their age.
 To us be nobler blessings given:
 O teach us, delegates of Heaven,
 What mightier bliss from union springs!
 Future subjects, future kings,
 Shall bless the fair example shown,
 And from our character transcribe their own:
 "A people zealous to obey;
 "A monarch whose parental sway
 "Despises regal art;
 "His shield, the laws which guard the land;
 "His sword, each Briton's eager hand,
 "His throne, each Briton's heart."

ODE X.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1763.

COMMON births, like common things,
 Pass unheeded or unknown:
 Time but spreads or waves his wings,
 The phantom swells, the phantom's gone!
 Born for millions, monarchs rise,
 Heirs of infamy or fame.
 When the virtuous, brave, or wise,
 Demand our praise, with loud acclaim,
 We twine the festive wreath, the shrines adorn,
 'Tis not our king's alone, 'tis Britain's natal morn.
 Bright examples plac'd on high
 Shine with more distinguish'd blaze;
 Thither nations turn their eye,
 And grow virtuous as they gaze.
 Thoughtless ease and sportive leisure,
 Dwell in life's contracted sphere;
 Public is the monarch's pleasure,
 Public is the monarch's care:
 If Titus smiles, the observant world is gay;
 If Titus frowns or sighs, we sigh and lose a day!
 Around their couch, around their board,
 A thousand ears attentive wait,
 A thousand busy tongues record
 The smallest whispers of the great.
 Happy those whom truth sincere
 And conscious virtue join to guide!
 Can they have a foe to fear,
 Can they have a thought to hide?

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Nobly they soar above th' admiring throng,
 Superior to the power, the will of acting wrong.
 Such may Britain find her kings!—
 Such the muse * of rapid wings
 Waits to some sublimer sphere:
 Gods and heroes mingle there.
 Fame's eternal accents breathe,
 Black Cocytus howls beneath;
 Ev'n malice learns to blush, and hides her stings.
 —O such may Britain ever find her kings!

ODE XI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1765.

SACRED to thee,
 O commerce, daughter of sweet liberty,
 Shall flow the annual strain!
 Beneath a monarch's fostering care
 Thy sails unnumber'd swell in air,
 And darken half the main.
 From every cliff of Britain's coasts
 We see them toil, thy daring hosts
 Who bid our wealth increase,
 Who spreads our martial glory far,—
 The sons of fortitude in war,
 Of industry in peace.
 On woven wings,
 To where, in orient clime, the gray dawn springs,
 To where soft evening's ray
 Sheds its last blush, their course they steer,
 Meet, or o'ertake the circling year,
 Led by the lord of day.
 Whate'er the frozen poles provide,
 Whate'er the torrid regions hide
 From Sirius' fiercer flames,
 Of herb, or root, or gem, or ore,
 They grasp them all from shore to shore,
 And waft them all to Thames.
 When Spain's proud pendants wav'd in western
 skies,
 When Gama's fleet on Indian billows hung,
 In either sea did ocean's genius rise,
 And the same truths in the same numbers sung.
 "Daring mortals, whither tend
 "These vain pursuits? Forbear, forbear!
 "These sacred waves no keel shall rend,
 "No streamers float on this sequester'd air!
 "—Yes, yes, proceed, and conquer too;
 "Success be yours: But mortals, know,
 "Know, ye rash adventurous bands,
 "To crush your high-blown pride,
 "Not for yourselves, or native lands,
 "You brave the seasons, and you stem the
 tide.
 "Nor Betis, nor Iberus' stream,
 "Nor Tagus with his golden gleam,
 "Shall insolently call their own
 "The dear-bought treasures of these worlds un-
 known.
 "A chosen race to freedom dear,
 "Untaught to injure as to fear,
 "By me conducted, shall exert their claims,
 "Shall glut my great revenge, and roll them all
 "to Thames."

* Pindar.

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ODE XII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1765.

HAIL to the rosy morn, whose ray
To lustre wakes th' auspicious day,
Which Britain holds so dear!
To this fair month of right belong
The festive dance, the choral song,
And pastimes of the year.
Whate'er the wint'ry colds prepar'd,
Whate'er the spring but faintly rear'd,
Now wears its brightest bloom;
A brighter blue enrobes the skies,
From laughing fields the zephyrs rise
On wings that breathe perfume.
The lark in air that warbling floats,
The wood-birds with their tuneful throats,
The streams that murmur as they flow,
The flocks that rove the mountain's brow,
The herds that through the meadows play,
Proclaim 'tis nature's holiday!
And shall the British lyre be mute,
Nor thrill through all its trembling strings,
With oaten reed, and pastoral flute,
Whilst every vale responsive rings?
To him we pour the grateful lay,
Who makes the season doubly gay:
For whom so late, our lifted eyes
With tears besought the pitying skies,
And won the cherub health to crown
A nation's prayer, and ease that breast
Which feels all sorrows but its own,
And seeks by blessing to be blest.
Fled are all the ghastly train,
Writhing pain, and pale disease;
Joy resumes his wonted reign,
The sun-beams mingle with the breeze,
And his own month, which health's gay livery
wears, [years.
On the sweet prospect smiles of long succeeding

ODE XIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1766.

HAIL to the man, so sings the Hebrew bard,
Whose numerous offspring grace his genial
board:
Heaven's fairest gift, Heaven's best reward,
To those who honour, who obey his word.
What shall he fear, though drooping age
Unnerve his strength, and pointless sink his spear;
In vain the proud, in vain the mad shall rage;
He fears his God and knows no other fear.
Lo! at his call a duteous race
Spring eager from his lov'd embrace,
To shield the fire from whom their virtues rose;
And fly at each rever'd command,
Like arrows from the giant's hand,
In vengeance on his foes.
So Edward fought on Creffy's bleeding plain,
A blooming hero, great beyond his years.
So William fought—But cease the strain;
A loss so recent bathes the muse in tears.
So shall hereafter every son,—
Who now with prattling infancy relieves
Those anxious cares which wait upon a throne,
Where, ah, too oft, amid the myrtles, weaves

The thorn its pointed anguish—So
Shall every youth his duty know
To guard the monarch's right, and people's weal;
And thou, great George, with just regard,
To Heav'n, shalt own the Hebrew bard
But sung the truths you feel.

Blest be the day which gave thee birth!
Let others tear the ravag'd earth,
And fell ambition's powers appear
In storms, which desolate the year.
Confess'd thy milder virtues shine,
Thou rul'st indeed, our hearts are thine.
By slender ties our kings of old
Their fabled right divine would vainly hold.
Thy juster claim ev'n freedom's sons can love,
The king who bends to Heav'n, must Heav'n it-
self approve.

ODE XIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1767.

WHEN first the rude o'er-peopled north
Pour'd his prolific offspring forth,
At large in alien climes to roam,
And seek a newer better home,
From the bleak mountain's barren head,
The marshy vale, th' ungrateful plain,
From cold and penury they fled
To warmer suns, and Ceres' golden reign.
At every step the breezes blew
Soft and more soft: the lengthen'd view
Did fairer scenes expand:
Unconscious of approaching foes,
The farm, the town, the city rose,
To tempt the spoiler's hand.
Not Britain's so. For nobler ends
Her willing daring sons she sends,
Fraught like the fabled car of old,
Which scatter'd blessings as it roll'd.
From cultur'd fields, from fleecy downs,
From vales that wear eternal bloom,
From peopled farms, and busy towns,
Where shines the ploughshare, and where sounds
the loom,
To sandy deserts, pathless woods,
Impending steeps, and headlong floods,
She sends th' industrious swarm:
To where self-strangled nature lies,
Till social art shall bid her rise
From Chaos into form.
Thus George and Britain blest mankind.—
And lest the parent realm should find
Her numbers shrink, with flag unfurl'd
She stands, th' asylum of the world.
From foreign strands new subjects come,
New arts accede a thousand ways,
For here the wretched finds a home,
And all her portals charity displays.
From each proud master's hard command,
From tyrant zeal's oppressive hand,
What eager exiles fly!
“ Give us, they cry, 'tis nature's cause,
“ O give us liberty and laws
“ Beneath a harsher sky!”
Thus George and Britain blest mankind.—
Away, ye barks; the favouring wind

Springs from the east; ye prowls, divide
The vast Atlantic's heaving tide!

Britannia from each rocky height
Pursues you with applauding hands:
Afar, impatient for the freight,
See! the whole western world expecting stands!
Already fancy paints each plain,
The deserts nod with golden grain,
The wond'ring vales look gay,
The woodman's stroke the forests feel,
The lakes admit the merchant's keel—
Away, ye barks, away!

ODE XV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1767.

FRIEND to the poor!—for sure, O king,
That godlike attribute is thine—
Friend to the poor; to thee we sing,
To thee our annual offerings bring,
And bend at mercy's shrine.
In vain had nature deign'd to smile
Propitious on our favourite isle
Emerging from the main:
In vain the genial source of day
Selected each indulgent ray
For Britain's fertile plain:
In vain yon bright surrounding skies
Bade all their clouds in volumes rise,
Their soft'ring dews distill'd:
In vain the wide and teeming earth
Gave all her buried treasures birth,
And crown'd the laughing field:
For lo! some fiend, in evil hour
Assuming famine's horrid mien,
Diffus'd her petrifying power
O'er thoughtless plenty's festive bower,
And blasted every green.
Strong panic terrors shook the land;
Th' obdurate breast, the griping hand
Were almost taught to spare;
For loud misrule, the scourge of crimes,
Mix'd with the madness of the times,
And rous'd a rustic war.
Whilst real want, with sigh sincere,
At home, in silence, dropp'd the tear,
Or rais'd th' imploring eye,
Foul riot's sons in torrents came,
And dar'd usurp thy awful name,
Thrice sacred misery!

Then George arose. His feeling heart
Inspir'd the nation's better part
With virtues like its own:
His pow'r controul'd th' insatiate train,
Whose av'rice grasp'd at private gain,
Regardless of a people's groan.
Like snows beneath th' all-cheering ray,
The rebel crowds dissolv'd away:
And justice, though the sword she drew,
Glanc'd lightly o'er th' offending crew,
And scarce selected, to avenge her woes,
A single victim from a host of foes.
Yes, mercy triumph'd; mercy shone confest,
In her own noblest sphere, a monarch's breast.
Forcibly mild did mercy shine,
Like the sweet month in which we pay

Our annual vows at mercy's shrine,
And hail our monarch's natal day.

ODE XVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1768.

LET the voice of music breathe,
Hail with song the new-born year!—
Though the frozen earth beneath
Feels not yet his influence near,
Already from his southern goal
The genial god who rules the day
Has bid his glowing axle roll,
And promis'd the return of May.
Yon ruffian blasts, whose pinions sweep
Impetuous o'er our northern deep,
Shall cease their sounds of war:
And, gradual as his power prevails,
Shall mingle with the softer gales
That sport around his car.

Poets should be prophets too,—
Plenty in his train attends;
Fruits and flowers of various hue
Bloom where'er her step the bends.
Down the green hill's sloping side,
Winding to the vale below,
See she pours her golden tide!
Whilst, upon its airy brow,
Amidst his flocks, whom nature leads
To flowery feasts on mountains' heads,
Th' exulting shepherd lies:
And to th' horizon's utmost bound
Rolls his eye with transport round,
Then lifts it to the skies.

Let the voice of music breathe!
Twine, ye swains, the festal wreath!
Britain shall no more complain
Of niggard harvests, and a failing year:
No more the miser hoard his grain,
Regardless of the peasant's tear,
Whose hand laborious till'd the earth,
And gave those very treasures birth.

No more shall George, whose parent breast
Feels every pang his subjects know,
Behold a faithful land distressed,
Or hear one sigh of real woe.
But grateful mirth, whose decent bounds
No riot swells, no fear confounds,
And heart-felt ease, whose glow within
Exalts contentment's modest mien,
In every face shall smile confest,
And in his people's joy, the monarch too be blest.

ODE XVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1768.

PREPARE, prepare your songs of praise,
The genial month returns again,
Her annual rites when Britain pays
To her own monarch of the main.
Not on Phenicia's bending shore,
Whence commerce first her wings essay'd,
And dar'd th' unfathom'd deep explore,
Sincerer vows the Tyrian paid

To that imaginary deity,
 Who bade him boldly seize the empire of the sea.
 What though no victim bull be led,
 His front with snow-white fillets bound;
 Nor fable chant the neighing steed;
 That issued when he smote the ground;
 Our fields a living incense breathe:
 Nor Libanus, nor Carmel's brow,
 To dress the bower, or form the wreath,
 More liberal fragrance could bestow.
 We too have herds and steeds, beside the rills
 That feed and rove, protected, o'er a thousand
 hills.

Secure while George the sceptre sways
 (Whom will, whom int'rest, and whom duty draws
 To venerate and patronize the laws),
 Secure her open front does freedom raise.
 Secure the merchant ploughs the deep,
 His wealth his own: Secure the swains
 Amidst their rural treasures sleep,
 Lords of their little kingdoms of the plains
 Then to his day be honour given!
 May every choicest boon of Heaven
 His bright, distinguish'd reign adorn!
 Till white as Britain's fleece, old time shall shed
 His snows upon his reverend head,
 Commanding filial awe from senates yet unborn.

ODE XVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1769.

PATRON of arts, at length by thee
 Their home is fix'd: thy kind decree
 Has plac'd their empire here.
 No more unheeded shall they waste
 Their treasures on the fickle taste
 Of each fantastic year.
 Judgment shall frame each chaste design,
 Nor e'er from truth's unerring line
 The sportive artist roam:
 Whether the breathing bust he forms,
 With nature's tints the canvas warms, [dome,
 Or swells, like Heaven's high arch, th' imperial
 Fancy, the wanderer, shall be taught
 To own severer laws:
 Spite of her wily wanton play,
 Spite of her lovely errors, which betray
 Th' enchanted soul to fond applause,
 Ev'n she, the wanderer, shall be taught
 That nothing truly great was ever wrought,
 Where judgment was away.

Through osier twigs th' acanthus rose:
 Th' idea charms, the artist glows:
 But 'twas his skill to please,
 Which bade the graceful foliage spread,
 To crown the stately column's head
 With dignity and ease.
 When great Apelles, pride of Greece,
 Frown'd on the almost finish'd piece,
 Despairing to succeed,
 What though the missile vengeance pass'd
 From his rash hand, the random cast
 Might dash the foam, but skill had form'd the steed.
 Nor less the Phidian arts approve
 Labour, and patient care,
 Whate'er the skilful artists trace,
 Laocoon's pangs, or soft Antinous' face:
 By skill, with that diviner air

The Delian god does all but move;
 'Twas skill gave terrors to the front of Jove,
 To Venus every grace.

—And shall each sacred seat,
 The vales of Arno, and the Tuscan stream,
 No more be visit'd with pilgrim feet?
 No more on sweet Hymettus' summits dream
 The sons of Albion? or below,
 Where Ilyssus' waters flow,
 Trace with awe the dear remains
 Of mould'ring urns, and mutilated fanes?
 Far be the thought. Each sacred seat,
 Each monument of ancient fame,
 Shall still be visit'd with pilgrim feet,
 And Albion gladly own from whence she caught
 the flame.
 Still shall her studious youth repair,
 Beneath their king's protecting care,
 To every clime which art has known;
 And rich with spoils from every coast
 Return, till Albion learn to boast
 An Athens of her own.

ODE XIX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1770.

FORWARD, Janus, turn thine eyes,
 Future scenes in prospect view,
 Rising as the moments rise,
 Which form the fleeting year anew.
 Fresh beneath the scythe of time,
 Could the muse's voice avail,
 Joys should spring, and reach their prime,
 Blooming ere the former fail,
 And every joy its tribute bring
 To Britain, and to Britain's king.

Suns should warm the pregnant soil,
 Health in every breeze should blow;
 Plenty crown the peasant's toil,
 And shine upon his cheerful brow.
 Round the throne whilst duty waits,
 Duty join'd with filial love,
 Peace should triumph in our gates,
 And every distant fear remove;
 Till gratitude to Heav'n should raise
 The speaking eye, the song of praise.

Let the nations round in arms
 Stun the world with war's alarms,
 But let Britain still be found
 Safe within her wat'ry bound.
 Tyrant chiefs may realms destroy;
 Nobler is our monarch's joy,
 Of all that's truly great possess'd,
 And by blessing, truly blest.

Though comets rise, and wonder mark their way,
 Above the bounds of nature's sober laws,
 It is the all-cheering lamp of day,
 The permanent, the unerring cause,
 By whom th' enliven'd world its course maintains,
 By whom all nature smiles, and beauteous order
 reigns.

ODE XX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1770.

DISCORD hence! the torch resign
 Harmony shall rule to-day.—

Whate'er thy busy fiends design
Of future ills in cruel play,
To torture or alarm mankind,
Lead th' insidious train away,
Some blacker hours for mischief find;
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar year,
And mark'd with Heaven's peculiar white,
This day shall grace the rolling sphere,
And ling'ring end its bright career,
Unwilling to be lost in night.
Discord, lead thy fiends away!
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Is there, intent on Britain's good,
Some angel hovering in the sky,
Whose ample view surveys her circling flood,
Her guardian rocks, that shine on high,
Her forests waving to the gales,
Her streams that glide through fertile vales,
Her lowing pastures, fleecy downs,
Towering cities, busy towns,
Is there who views them all with joy serene,
And breathes a blessing on the various scene?

O if there is, to him 'tis given
(When daring crimes almost demand
The vengeance of the thunderer's hand),
To soften or avert the wrath of Heaven.
O'er ocean's face do tempests sweep?
Do civil storms blow loud?
He stills the raging of the deep,
And madness of the crowd.

He too, when Heaven vouchsafes to smile
Propitious on his favourite isle,
With zeal performs the task he loves,
And every gracious boon improves.
Blest delegate! if now there lies
Ripening in yonder pregnant skies
Some great event of more than common good,
Though envy howl with all her brood,
Thy wonted power employ;
Usher the mighty moments in,
Sacred to harmony and joy,
And from this era let their course begin!

ODE XXI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1771.

AGAIN returns the circling year,
Again the festal day,
Which ushers in its bright career,
Demands the votive lay:
Again the oft-accustom'd muse
Her tributary task pursues,
Strikes the preluding lyre again, [strain.
And calls the harmonious band to animate her
Britain is the glowing theme;
To Britain sacred be the song:
Whate'er the fates lov'd to dream
Lycæan shades among,
(When raptur'd views their bosoms warm'd,
Of perfect states by fancy form'd),
United here and realiz'd we see,
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!
The triple cord, which binds them fast,
Like the golden chain of Jove,
Combining all below with all above,
Shall bid the sacred union last.

What though jars intestine rise,
And discord seems a while to reign,
Britain's sons are brave, are wise,
The storm subsides, and they embrace again.
The master-springs which rule the land,
Guided by a skilful hand,
Loosening now, and now restraining,
Yielding something, something gaining,
Preserve inviolate the public frame,
As, though the seasons change, the year is still
the same.
O should Britain's foes presume,
Trusting some delusive scene
Of transient feuds that rage at home,
And seem to shake the nice machine,
Should they dare to lift the sword,
Or bid their hostile thunders roar,
Soon their pride would mirth afford,
And break like billows on her shore;
Soon would find her vengeance wake,
Weep in blood the dire mistake,
And 'gainst their wild attempts united see
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!

ODE XXII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1771.

LONG did the churlish east detain
In icy bonds th' imprison'd Spring:
No verdure dropp'd in dewy rain,
And not a zephyr wav'd its wing.
Even he, th' enlivening source of day,
But pour'd an ineffectual ray
On earth's wild bosom, cold and bare;
Where not a plant uprear'd its head,
Or dar'd its infant foliage spread
To meet the blasting air.
Nor less did man confess its force:
Whate'er could damp its genial course,
Or o'er the seats of life prevail,
Each pale disease that pants for breath,
Each painful harbinger of death,
Lurk'd in the loaded gale.

But now th' unfolding year resumes
Its various hues, its rich array;
And bursting into bolder blooms,
Repays with strength its long delay.
'Tis nature reigns. The grove unbinds
Its tresses to the southern winds,
The birds with music fill its bowers;
The flocks, the herds beneath its shade
Repose, or sport along the glade,
And crop the rising flowers.
Nor less does man rejoice. To him
More mildly sweet the breezes seem,
More fresh the fields, the suns more warm;
While health, the animating soul
Of every bliss, inspires the whole,
And heightens each peculiar charm.

Loveliest of months, bright June! again
Thy season smiles. With thee return
The frolic band of pleasure's train;
With thee Britannia's festal morn,
When the glad land her homage pays
To George, her monarch, and her friend.
"May cheerful health, may length of days,
"And smiling peace his steps attend!"

"May every good"—Cease, cease the strain;
The prayer were impotent and vain:
What greater good can man possess
Than he, to whom all-bounteous Heaven,
With unremitting hand, has given
The power and will to bless?

ODE XXIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1772.

At length the fleeting year is o'er,
And we no longer are deceiv'd;
The wars, the tumults are no more
Which fancy form'd, and fear believ'd.
Each distant object of distress,
Each phantom of uncertain guess,
The busy mind of man could raise,
Has taught ev'n folly to beware;
At fleets and armies in the air
The wond'ring crowd has ceas'd to gaze.
And shall the same dull cheats again
Revive, in stale succession roll'd?
Shall sage experience warn in vain,
Nor the new-year be wiser than the old?
Forbid it, ye protecting powers,
Who guide the months, the days, the hours,
Which now advance on rapid wing!
May each new spectre of the night
Dissolve at their approaching light,
As fly the wint'ry damps the soft return of Spring.
True to herself if Britain prove,
What foreign foes has she to dread?
Her sacred laws, her sov'reign's love,
Her virtuous pride by freedom bred,
Secure at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.
Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's smiles,
Till faction wrought the civil frame's decay?
Did Greece submit to Philip's wiles,
Till her own faithless sons prepar'd the way?
True to herself if Britain prove,
The warring world will league in vain,
Her sacred laws, her sovereign's love,
Her empire boundless as the main,
Will guard at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

ODE XXIV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1772.

From scenes of death and deep distress
(Where Britain shar'd her monarch's woe),
Which most the feeling mind oppresses,
Yet best to bear the virtuous know,
Turn we our eyes—The cypress wreath
No more the plaintive muse shall wear;
The blooming flowers which round her breathe,
Shall form the chaplet for her hair;
And the gay month which claims her annual fire,
Shall raise to sprightlier notes the animated lyre.
The lark that mounts on morning wings
To meet the rising day,
Amidst the clouds exulting sings,
The dewy clouds, whence zephyr flings
The fragrance of the May.
The day which gave our monarch birth,
Recalls each noblest theme of ages past;

Tells us, whate'er we owed to Nassau's worth,
The Brunswick race confirm'd, and bade it last:
Tell us, with rapturous joy unblam'd,
And conscious gratitude, to feel
Our laws, our liberties reclaim'd
From tyrant pride and bigot zeal;
While each glad voice that wakes the echoing air,
In one united wish thus joins the general prayer:
"Till ocean quits his fav'rite isle,
"Till Thames, thy wat'ry train
"No more shall bless its pregnant soil,
"May order, peace, and freedom smile
"Beneath a Brunswick's reign!"

ODE XXV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1773.

WRAPT in the stole of sable grain,
With storms and tempests in his train,
Which howl the naked woods among,
Winter claims the solemn song.
Hark, 'tis nature's last farewell;
Every blast is nature's knell!
Yet shall glooms oppress the mind,
So oft by sage experience taught
To feel its present views confin'd,
And to the future point th' aspiring thought?
All that fades again shall live,
Nature dies but to revive.
Yon sun who sails in southern skies,
And faintly gilds th' horizon's bound,
Shall northward still, and northward rise,
With beams of warmth and splendour crown'd;
Shall wake the slumbering, buried grain
From the cold earth's relenting breast,
And Britain's isle shall bloom again
In all its wonted verdure drest.
Britain, to whom kind Heaven's indulgent care
Has fix'd in temperate climes its stated goal,
Far from the burning zone's inclement air,
Far from th' eternal frosts which bind the pole.
Here dewy Spring exerts his genial powers;
Here Summer glows salubrious, not severe;
Here copious Autumn spreads his golden stores,
And Winter strengthens the returning year.
O with each blessing may it rise,
Which Heaven can give, or mortals bear!
May each wing'd moment as it flies,
Improve a joy, or ease a care;
Till Britain's grateful heart astonish'd bends
To that Almighty Power from whom all good de-
scends.

ODE XXVI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1773.

BORN for millions are the kings
Who sit on Britain's guarded throne:
From delegated power their glory springs,
Their birth-day is our own!
In impious pomp let tyrants shine,
Assuming attributes divine,
And stretch their unresisted sway
O'er slaves, who tremble and obey.
On lawless pinions let them soar:
Far happier he, whose temperate power,

Acknowledg'd and avow'd,
Ev'n on the throne restriction knows;
And to those laws implicit bows
By which it rules the crowd.

When erst th' imperial pride of Rome
Exulting saw a world o'ercome,
And rais'd a mortal to the skies,
There were, 'tis true, with eagle eyes
Who view'd the dazzling scene.
Though incense blaz'd on flattery's shrine,
Great Titus and the greater Antonine
Felt, and confess'd they were but men.

But ah! how few, let history speak
With weeping eye and blushing cheek,
E'er reach'd their mighty mind.
Man, selfish man, in most prevail'd,
And power roll'd down a curse entail'd
On reason and mankind.

Happy the land, to whom 'tis given
T' enjoy that choicest boon of Heaven,
Where bound in one illustrious chain,
The monarch and the people reign!

Hence is Britannia's weal maintain'd;
Hence are the rights his fathers gain'd
To every free-born subject known:
Hence to the throne, in songs of praise,
A grateful realm its tribute pays,
And hails the king, whose birth-day is its own.

ODE XXVII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1774.

" Pass but a few short fleeting years,"
Imperial Xerxes sigh'd and said,
Whilst his fond eye suffus'd with tears,
His numerous hosts survey'd;
" Pass but a few short fleeting years,
" And all that pomp, which now appears
" A glorious living scene,
" Shall breathe its last; shall fall, shall die,
" And low in earth yon myriads lie
" As they had never been!"

True, tyrant: Wherefore then does pride,
And vain ambition, urge thy mind
To spread thy needless conquests wide,
And desolate mankind?
Say, why do millions bleed at thy command?
If life, alas, is short, why shake the hasty land?

Not so do Britain's kings behold
Their floating bulwarks of the main,
Their undulating sails unfold,
And gather all the wind's aerial reign.
Myriads they see, prepar'd to brave
The loudest storm, the wildest wave,
To hurl just thunders on insulting foes,
To guard, and not invade, the world's repose.
Myriads they see, their country's dear delight,
Their country's dear defence, and glory in the
fight!

Nor do they idly drop a tear
On fated nature's future bier;
For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;
Though chang'd the men, the worth is still the
same;
The sons will emulate their fires,
And the sons sons will catch the glorious flame!

ODE XXVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1774.

HARK!—or does the muses's ear
Form the sounds she longs to hear?—
Hark! from yonder western main
O'er the white wave echoing far,
Vows of duty swell the strain,
And drown the notes of war.
The prodigal again returns,
And on his parent's neck reclines;
With honest shame his bosom burns,
And in his eye affection shines;
Shines through tears, at once that prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

Discord, stop that raven voice,
Lest the nations round rejoice.
Tell it not on Gallia's plain,
Tell it not on Ebro's stream,
Though but transient be the pain,
Like to some delusive dream:
For soon shall reason, calm and sage,
Detect each vile seducer's wiles,
Shall sooth to peace mistaken rage,
And all be harmony and smiles;
Smiles repentant, such as prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

O prophetic be the muse!
May her monitory flame
Wake the soul to noble views,
And point the path to genuine fame!
Just subjection, mild commands,
Mutual interest, mutual love,
Form indissoluble bands,
Like the golden chain of Jove.
Closely may they all unite!
And see, a gleam of lustre breaks
From the shades of envious night—
And hark! 'tis more than fancy speaks—
They bow, they yield, they join the choral lay,
And hail with us our monarch's natal day.

ODE XXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1775.

YE powers, who rule o'er states and kings,
Who shield with sublunary wings
Man's erring race from woe,
To Britain's sons in every clime
Your blessings waft, whate'er their crime,
On all the winds that blow!

Beyond the vast Atlantic tide
Extend your healing influence wide,
Where millions claim your care:
Inspire each just, each filial thought,
And let the nations round be taught
The British oak is there.

Though vaguely wild its branches spread,
And rear almost an alien head
Wide-waving o'er the plain,
Let still, unspoil'd by foreign earth,
And conscious of its nobler birth,
The untainted trunk remain.

Where mutual interest binds the band,
Where due subjection, mild command,
Ensure perpetual ease,

Shall jarring tumults madly rave,
And hostile banners proudly wave
O'er once united seas?
No; 'midst the blaze of wrath divine
Heaven's loveliest attribute shall shine,
And mercy gild the ray;
Shall still avert impending fate;
And concord its best era date
From this auspicious day.

ODE XXX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1776.

ON the white rocks which guard her coast,
Observant of the parting day,
Whose orb was half in ocean lost,
Reclin'd Britannia lay.
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste
A pensive look she cast;
And scarce could check the rising sigh,
And scarce could stop the tear which trembled
in her eye.

"Sheath, sheath the sword which thirsts for
"blood"
(She cried), "deceiv'd, mistaken men!
"Nor let your parent o'er the flood
"Send forth her voice in vain!
"Alas, no tyrant she,
"She courts you to be free!
"Submissive hear her soft command,
"Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's
"hand."

Hear her, ye wise, to duty true,
And teach the rest to feel,
Nor let the madness of a few
Distress the public weal!

So shall the opening year assume,
Time's fairest child, a happier bloom;
The white-wing'd hours shall lightly move,
The sun with added lustre shine!
"To err is human."—Let us prove
"Forgiveness is divine!"

ODE XXXI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1776.

YE western gales, whose genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath
One verdant livery wears:
You sooth the sultry heats of noon,
Add softness to the setting sun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your season, lovely gales,
Through ether now your power prevails;
And our dilated breasts shall own
The joys which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,
With outspread wing, and eager eye
On distant scenes intent,
"Sits expectation in the air"—
Why do, alternate, hope and fear
Suspend some great event?

Can Britain fail?—The thought were vain!
The powerful empress of the main

But strives to smooth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain'd with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Through nature spreads a general calm,
While yet a pause fell discord knows;
Catch the soft moment of repose,
Your genuine powers exert;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every bosom to be kind,
And humanize the heart.

Propitious gales, O wing your way!
And whilst we hail that rightful sway
Whence temper'd freedom springs,
The bliss we feel to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings!—

ODE XXXII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1777.

AGAIN imperial Winter's sway
Bids the earth and air obey;
Throws o'er yon hostile lakes his icy bar,
And, for a while, suspends the rage of war.
O may it ne'er revive!—Ye wise,
Ye just, ye virtuous, and ye brave,
Leave fell contention to the sons of vice,
And join your powers to save!

Enough of slaughter have ye known,
Ye wayward children of a distant clime,
For you we heave the kindred groan,
We pity your misfortune and your crime,
Stop, parricides, the blow,
O find another foe!
And hear a parent's dear request,
Who longs to clasp you to her yielding breast.

What change would ye require? What form
Ideal floats in fancy's sky?
Ye fond enthusiasts break the charm,
And let cool reason clear the mental eye.
On Britain's well-mix'd state alone,
True liberty has fix'd her throne,
Where law, not man, an equal rule maintains:
Can freedom e'er be found where many a tyrant
reigns?

United, let us all those blessings find,
The God of nature meant mankind.
Whate'er of error, ill redrest;
Whate'er of passion, ill repress;
Whate'er the wicked have conceiv'd,
And folly's heedless sons believ'd,
Let all lie buried in oblivion's flood,
And our great cement be—the public good.

ODE XXXIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1777.

DRIVEN out from heaven's ethereal domes,
On earth insatiate discord roams,
And spreads her baleful influence far:
On wretched man her scorpion stings
Around th' insidious fury flings,
Corroding every bliss, and sharp'ning every care.
Hence, demon, hence! in tenfold night
Thy Stygian spells employ,

Nor with thy presence blast the light
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

But come, thou softer deity,
Fairest unanimity!
Not more fair the star that leads
Bright Aurora's glowing steeds,
Or on Hesper's front that shines,
When the garish day declines;
Bring thy usual train along,
Festive dance, and choral song,
Loose-rob'd sport, from folly free,
And mirth, chastis'd by decency.

Enough of war the pensive muse has sung,
Enough of slaughter trembled on her tongue;
Fairer prospects let her bring
Than hostile fields, and scenes of blood;
If happier hours are on the wing,
Wherefore damp the coming good?
If again our tears must flow,
Why forestal the future woe?
Bright-ey'd hope, thy pleasing power
Gilds at least the present hour,
Every anxious thought beguiles,
Dresses every face in smiles,
Nor lets one transient cloud the bliss destroy
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

ODE XXXIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1778.

WHEN rival nations great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Fill the world with war's alarms,
And breathe a temporary hate,
The hostile storms but rage a while,
And the tir'd contest ends.—
But ah, how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!
Each hasty word, each look unkind,
Each distant hint, that seems to mean
A something lurking in the mind
Which almost longs to lurk unseen,
Each shadow of a shade offends
Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends.

That Power alone who fram'd the soul,
And bade the springs of passion play,
Can all their jarring strings controul,
And form on discord concord's sway.
'Tis He alone, whose breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whose touch the mountains bends;
Whose word from darkness call'd forth light,
'Tis He alone can reunite
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain, bow the knee!
His awful, his august decree,
Ye rebel tribes, adore!
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,
Ope in each breast a little heaven,
And discord is no more.

ODE XXXV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1778.

ARM'D with her native force, behold,
How proudly through each martial plain

Britannia stalks! " 'Twas thus of old,
" My warlike sons, a gallant train,
" Call'd forth their genuine strength, and spread
" Their banners o'er the tented mead; [yield,"
" 'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to
She cries, and shows the lillies on her shield.

" Yes, goddess, yes! 'twas thus of old,"
The muse replies, " thy barons bold
" Led forth their native troops, and spread
" Their banners o'er the tented mead.
" But nobler now the zeal that warms
" Each patriot breast: For freedom's reign
" Has burst the Norman's feudal chain,
" And given new force to glory's charms.
" No vassal bands
" Rise at a tyrant lord's commands:
" 'Tis for themselves, with honest rage,
" The voluntary youths engage;
" To guard their sacred homes they fight,
" And in their own assert the public right.
" Bound by choice, and choice alone, [own.
" Their leaders, and their laws are both their
" Laws obey'd, because approv'd,
" And chiefs that rule, because belov'd.
" 'Tis hence that flash of virtuous pride,
" Which Britain's sons disdain to hide, [eyes,
" Glows on their cheeks, and through their
" In active fire, the foe defies:
" 'Tis hence, at home, they claim and find
" Th' undoubted rights of human kind;
" And, whilst they own a just controul,
" But yield a part to guard the whole.
" 'Tis hence they spurn a servile chain,
" While tyrant man's despotic reign
" Enslaves the peopled earth;
" And hence, with equal zeal obey
" A father king, and hail the day
" Which gave such monarchs birth."

ODE XXXVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1779.

To arms, to arms, ye sons of might,
And hail with sounds of war the new-born year!
Britannia, from her rocky height,
Points to the Gallic coast, and lifts her spear.
Th' immortal hatred, which by turns
Wakes and sleeps, with fury burns:
New cause of just offence has Albion found,
And lo, it bleeds afresh, th' eternal wound!

Though great in war, of skill possess,
Though native courage fire their breast
With ardour for the public weal,
One want, at least, our rivals feel,
The want of freedom damps each gen'rous aim;
Whoe'er the lord they serve, th' oppression is the
same.

Power despotic rarely knows,
Rarely heeds a subject's woes;
By force it claims, with grasping hand,
Whate'er ambition dares demand:
The ravag'd merchant, plunder'd swain,
May pour their weak complaints in vain;
Their private sorrows are their own;
A tyrant feels not, though a people groan.

O happier far the well-mix'd state, [fate,
Which blends the monarch's with the subject's

And links the sceptre to the spade !
 The stroke which wounds the lowliest clown
 Is insult to the British crown, [invade.
 And he attacks our rights, who dares the throne
 One common flame, one active soul
 Pervades, and animates the whole ;
 One heart, one hand, directs the blow,
 And hurls the vollied vengeance on the foe.

ODE XXXVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1779.

LET Gallia mourn ! th' insulting foe,
 Who dar'd to aim the treach'rous blow,
 When lost, she thought, in deep dismay,
 Forlorn, distress'd, Britannia lay.

Deems she misfortune e'er can tame
 The gen'rous inborn British flame ?
 Is Agincourt so little known ?
 Must fresh conviction curb her pride,
 Each age new annals be supply'd,
 Of Gallia's shame and our renown ?

What though a while the tempest shrouds
 Her summits, and a night of clouds
 Each rock and mountain wears ;
 Yet soon returns the flitting breeze,
 And brighter o'er her subject seas
 The queen of isles appears.

Let Gallia mourn ! th' insulting foe,
 Who sees by all the winds that blow,
 Her treasures waisted to the coast
 She insolently deem'd was lost.

Yon sun, that with meridian ray
 Now gilds the consecrated day,
 When Britain breathes her annual vow
 For him, the guardian of her laws,
 For him, who in her sacred cause
 Bids the red bolt of vengeance glow.

That very sun, when Ganges' stream
 Redden'd beneath his rising beam,
 Saw Britain's banners wave
 In eastern air, with honest pride,
 O'er vanquish'd forts ; which Gallia tried,
 But tried in vain to save.

That very sun, ere evening due
 Has dimm'd his radiant orb, will view,
 Where Lucia's mountains tower on high,
 And seem to prop the western sky,
 That oft-contested island own
 Allegiance to the British throne.

Like her own oak, the forest's king,
 Though Britain feels the blows around ;
 Ev'n from the steel's inflictive sting,
 New force she gains, new scyons spring,
 And flourish from the wound.

ODE XXXVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1780.

AND dares insulting France pretend
 To grasp the trident of the main,
 And hope the astonish'd world should bend
 To the mock pageantry assum'd in vain ?

What, though her fleets the billows load,
 What, though her mimic thunders roar,
 She bears the ensigns of the god,
 But not his delegated power. [cree,
 Ev'n from the birth of time, 'twas Heaven's de-
 The queen of isles should reign sole empress of
 the sea.

United Bourbon's giant pride,
 Strains every nerve, each effort tries,
 With all but justice on its side,
 That strength can give, or perfidy devise.
 Dread they not Him who rules the sky,
 Whose nod directs the whirlwind's speed,
 Who bares His red right arm on high,
 For vengeance on the perjurd head,
 Th' Almighty Power, by whose august decree
 The queen of isles alone is sovereign of the sea ?

Vain-glorious France ! deluded Spain !
 Whom even experience warns in vain,
 Is there a sea that dashing pours
 Its big waves round your trembling shores,
 Is there a promontory's brow
 That does not Britain's vast achievements know ?
 Ask Biscay's rolling flood,
 Ask the proud Celtic steep,
 How oft her navies rode
 Triumphant o'er the deep ?
 Ask Lagos' summits that beheld your fate,
 Ask Calpe's jutting front, fair cause of endless
 hate,
 Yet 'midst the loudest blasts of fame,
 When most the admiring nations gaze,
 What to herself does Britain claim ?
 —Not to herself she gives the praise,
 But low in dust her head she bows,
 And prostrate pays her grateful vows
 To Him, the Almighty Power, by whose decree
 She reigns, and still shall reign, sole empress of
 the sea.

ODE XXXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1780.

STILL o'er the deep does Britain reign,
 Her monarch still the trident bears :
 Vain-glorious France, deluded Spain,
 Have found their boasted efforts vain ;
 Vain as the fleeting shades, when orient light
 appears.

As the young eagle to the blaze of day
 Undazzled and undaunted turns his eyes,
 So unappall'd, where glory led the way,
 'Midst storms of war, 'midst mingling seas
 and skies,

The genuine offspring of the Brunswick name
 Prov'd his high birth's hereditary claim,
 And the applauding nation hail'd with joy
 Their future hero in the intrepid boy.

Prophetic, as the flame that spread
 Round the young Iulus' head,
 Be that blest omen of success. The muse
 Catches thence ecstatic views ;
 Sees new laurels nobly won,
 As the circling year rolls on ;
 Sees that triumphs of its own
 Each distinguish'd month shall crown ;

And, ere this festive day again
Returns to wake the grateful strain,
Sees all that host of foes,
Both to her glory and repose,
Bend their proud necks beneath Britannia's yoke,
And court that peace which their injustice broke.

Still o'er the deep shall Britain reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear;
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

Grasp'd be the spear by ev'ry hand,
Let every heart united glow,
Collected, like the Theban band,
Can Britain dread a foe?

No! o'er the deep she still shall reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear:
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

ODE XL.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1781.

Ask round the world, from age to age,
Not where alone th' historian's page
Or poet's song have just attention won:
But even the feeblest voice of fame
Has learnt to list Britannia's name,
Ask of her inborn worth, and deeds of high renown!

What power from Lusitania broke
The haughty Spaniard's galling yoke? [ring?
Who bade the Belgian mounds with freedom
Who fix'd so oft with strength supreme,
Unbalanc'd Europe's nodding beam,
And rais'd the Austrian eagle's drooping wing?
'Twas Britain!—Britain heard the nations
groan,

As jealous of their freedom as her own!
Where'er her valiant troops she led,
Check'd and abash'd, and taught to fear,
The earth's proud tyrants stopp'd their mad
career; [fled.
To Britain Gallia bow'd; from Britain Julius

Why then, when round her fair protectress'
brow [blow,
The dark clouds gather, and the tempests
With folded arms, at ease reclin'd,
Does Europe sit? or, more unkind,
Why fraudulently aid the insidious plan?
The foes of Britain are the foes of man.

Alas! her glory soars too high;
Her radiant star of liberty
Has bid too long th' astonish'd nations gaze;
That glory which they once admir'd,
That glory in their cause acquir'd,
That glory burns too bright, they cannot bear
the blaze.

Then Britain, by experience wise,
Court not an envious or a timid friend;
Firm in thyself undaunted rise,
On thy own arm and righteous Heaven depend.
So as in great Eliza's days,
On self-supported pinions borne,
Again shalt thou look down with scorn
On an opposing world, and all its wily ways;

Grown greater from distress,
And eager still to bless,
As truly generous as thou'rt truly brave,
Again shalt crush the proud, again the conquer'd
save.

ODE XLI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1781.

STILL does the rage of war prevail,
Still thirsts for blood th' insatiate spear?
Waft not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,
That passion baffles reason's boasted reign,
And half the peopled world is civilized in vain.

What are morals, what are laws,
What religion's sacred name?
Nor morals soften, nor religion awes:
Pure though the precepts flow, the actions are
the same.

Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And avarice tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury fiends that wait,
As torturing plagues, on human kind,
When shown in their own native light,
In truth's clear mirror heavenly bright,
Like real monsters rise;
But let illusion's powerful wand
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,
They cheat us in disguise;
We dress their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them glory, and pursue the blaze.

O blind to nature's social plan,
And Heaven's indulgent end!
Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bless,
Bids strife and discord cease;
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
"And all her paths are peace."
Ev'n this auspicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy serene;
And not one ruffling gale of care
Disturb the halcyon scene;
On lighter wings would zephyr move,
The sun with added lustre shine,
Did peace descending from above,
Here fix her earthly shrine;
Here to the monarch's fondest prayer
A just attention yield,
And let him change the sword of war
For her protecting shield.

ODE XLII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1782.

O WOND'ROUS power of inborn worth,
When danger calls its spirit forth,
And strong necessity compels
The secret springs to burst their narrow cells!
Though foes unnumber'd gird her round,
Though not one friend is faithful found,
Though impious scorn derides,
Yet still unmov'd amidst the band,
Like her own rocks, does Britain stand,
And braves th' insulting tides.
A world in arms assaults her reign,
A world in arms assaults in vain.

'Tis Britain calls, ye nations, hear?
 Unbrace the corselet, drop the spear,
 No more th' insidious toil pursue,
 Nor strive to weaken what you can't subdue.
 'Tis Britain calls: with fatal speed
 You urge, by headlong fury led,
 Your own impending fate.
 Too late you'll weep, too late you'll find,
 'Twas for the glory of mankind,
 That Britain should be great.
 In Britain's voice, 'tis freedom calls,
 For freedom dies, if Britain falls.

She cannot fall; the same Almighty hand
 That rais'd her white rocks from the main,
 Does still her arduous cause maintain, [land.
 Still grasps the shield that guards her favour'd
 Obedient to his word,
 Not to destroy, but to reclaim,
 Th' avenging angel waves the flaming sword:
 Revere his awful name!
 Repentant in the dust,
 Confess his judgments just;
 Th' avenging sword shall cease to wave,
 And whom his mercy spares, his power shall save.

ODE XLIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1782.

STILL does reluctant peace refuse,
 Though courted by each generous mind,
 To shed her panacean dues,
 And heal the madness of mankind!
 Must this auspicious day again
 Be clouded with one anxious care,
 And powers malignant render vain [pray'r!
 The monarch's fondest wish, the people's general
 O no! in yonder pregnant sky,
 Whence all our hopes and blessings spring,
 New bursting scenes of glory lie,
 And future joys are on the wing!
 The ling'ring morn, that coyly sheds
 On broken clouds and mountain-heads
 At first a glimmering ray,
 Now brighter and now brighter glows,
 Wide and more wide the lustre flows,
 'Till all is future day,
 And earth, rejoicing in ethereal light,
 Forgets the dreary damps, and live-long shades
 of night.

Satiate of war, whose mad excess
 No bound, no kind restriction knows,
 But marks its progress with distress,
 The willing world shall seek repose;
 And Belgia, waking from her dreams
 Of Gallic frauds, illusive schemes,
 Shall add new strength to concord's chain,
 And know her ancient friends again.

While those, whom nearer ties unite,
 Whom all the charities combine,
 Shall backward turn their trembling fight,
 And deprecate the wrath divine:
 'Midst bleeding heaps of brothers slain,
 'Midst desolation's horrid reign,
 And all its complicated woes,
 With wild affright in every face,

Shall strain more close the strict embrace,
 And wonder they could e'er be foes.

O pleasing hope, O blest presage
 Of joys to last from age to age! [approve,
 For what Heaven's self commands must Heaven
 Returning amity, and mutual love!

And hark! on yonder western main
 Imperious France is taught to know,
 That Britain re-assumes her reign:
 Her thunders only slept, to strike the deeper blow.

Ye nations, hear! the Gallic star,
 Shorn of its beams, th' horizon leaves;
 That fatal firebrand of the war
 No longer dazzles and deceives.

Record it in the fairest light
 Of faithful history's future page,
 "They only triumph'd, whilst they shunn'd
 "the fight,
 "We, when we forc'd them to engage."

ODE XLIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1783.

YE nations, hear th' important tale—
 Though armies press, though fleets assail,
 Though vengeful war's collected stores
 At once united Bourbon pours—
 Unmov'd amidst th' insulting bands,
 Emblem of Britain, Calpe stands— [mourn,
 Th' all-conquering hosts their baffled efforts
 And, though the wreath's prepar'd, unwreath'd
 the chiefs return.

Ye nations, hear! nor fondly deem
 Britannia's ancient spirit fled;
 Or glosing weep her setting beam,
 Whose fierce meridian rays her rivals
 dread—
 Her genius slept—her genius wakes—
 Nor strength deserts her, nor high Heaven
 forsakes.

To Heaven she bends, and Heaven alone,
 Who all her wants, her weakness knows,
 And supplicates th' eternal Throne
 To spare her crimes, and heal her woes.
 Proud man with vengeance still
 Pursues, and aggravates e'en fancied ill;
 Far gentler means offended Heaven employs,
 With mercy Heaven corrects—chastises, not
 destroys.

When hope's last gleam can hardly dare
 To pierce the gloom, and sooth despair;
 When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,
 In act to cleave th' offended sky,
 Its issuing wrath can Heaven repress,
 And win to virtue by success.
 Then O! to Heaven's protecting hand
 Be praise, be prayer address'd,
 Whose mercy bids a guilty land
 Be virtuous, and be blest!

So shall the rising year regain
 The erring seasons wonted chain;
 The rolling months that gird the sphere
 Again their wonted liveries wear;

And health breathe fresh in every gale,
And plenty clothe each smiling vale
With all the blessings nature yields
To temperate suns from fertile fields.

So shall the proud be taught to bow,
Pale envy's fierce contentions cease,
The sea once more its sovereign know,
And glory gild the wreath of peace.

ODE XLV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1783

At length the troubled waters rest,
And, shadowing ocean's calmer breast,
Exulting commerce spreads her woven wings:
Free as the winds that waft them o'er,
Her issuing vessels glide from shore to shore,
And in the bending shrouds the careless sea-boy
sings.

Is peace a blessing?—Ask the mind
That glows with love of human kind,
That knows no guile, no partial weakness knows,
Contracted to no narrow sphere,
The world, the world at large is umpire here;
They feel, and they enjoy, the blessings peace
bestows.

Then, oh! what bliss his bosom shares,
Who, conscious of ingenuous worth,
Can nobly scorn inferior cares,
And send the generous edict forth;
To distant sighs of modest woe
Can lend a pitying list'ning ear,
Nor see the meanest sorrows flow
Without a sympathizing tear.

Though rapine with her fury train
Rove wide and wild o'er earth and main,
In act to strike, though slaughter cleave the air,
At his command they drop the sword,
And in their midway course his potent word
Arrests the shafts of death, of terror, of despair.

When those who have the power to bless,
Are readiest to relieve distress,
When private virtues dignify a crown,
The genuine sons of freedom feel
A duty which transcends a subject's zeal,
And dread the man's reproach more than the
monarch's frown.

Then to this day be honours paid
The world's proud conqu'rors never knew;
Their laurels shrink, their glories fade,
Expos'd to reason's sober view.
But reason, justice, truth rejoice,
When discord's baneful triumphs cease,
And hail, with one united voice,
The friend of man, the friend of peace.

ODE XLVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1784.

ENOUGH of arms—to happier ends
Her forward view Britannia bends;
The gen'rous hosts, who grasp'd the sword,
Obedient to her awful word,

Though martial glory cease,
Shall now, with equal industry,
Like Rome's brave sons, when Rome was free,
Resume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wand'ers, come
To genial hearths, and social home,
The tender housewife's busy care;
The board with temperate plenty crown'd;
The smiling progeny around,
That listen to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the fav'rite theme,
For what has war with bliss to do?
Teach them more justly far to deem,
And own experience taught it you.

Teach them, 'tis in the will of fate,
Their frugal industry alone
Can make their country truly great,
And in her bliss secure their own.

Be all the songs that sooth their toil,
And bid the brow of labour smile,
When through the loom the shuttle glides,
Or shining share the glebe divides,
Or, bending to the woodman's stroke,
To waft her commerce, falls the British oak—
Be all their songs, that soften these,
Of calm content and future well-earn'd ease;
Nor dread, lest inborn spirit die:
One glorious lesson, early taught,
Will all the boasted powers supply
Of practised rules and studied thought.
From the first dawn of reason's ray
On the young bosom's yielding clay,
Strong be their country's love impress'd,
And with your own example fire their breast:
Tell them 'tis theirs to grasp the sword
When Britain gives the awful word;
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cause,
And guard, from faction nobly free,
Their birth-right blessing, liberty,
True liberty, that loves the laws.

ODE XLVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1784.

HAIL to the day, whose beams, again
Returning, claim the choral strain,
And bid us breathe our annual vows
To the first power that Britain knows;
The power which, though itself restrain'd,
And subject to that just controul
Which, many an arduous conflict gain'd,
Connects, unites, and animates the whole.

Yon radiant sun, whose central force
Winds back each planet's vagrant course,
And through the systems holds imperial sway,
Bound by the same inherent laws,
Ev'n whilst it seems the active cause, [they.
Promotes the general good, as much confin'd as

That wond'rous plan, through ages sought,
Which elder Egypt never taught,
Nor Greece with all her letter'd lore,
Nor struggling Rome, could e'er explore,

Though many a form of rule she tried ;
That wond'rous plan has Britain found,
Which curbs licentiousness and pride,
Yet leaves true liberty without a wound.

The fierce Plantagenets beheld
Its growing strength, and deign'd to yield ;
Th' imperious Tudors frown'd, and felt ag-
griev'd ;
Th' unhappy race, whose faults we mourn,
Delay'd awhile its wish'd return, [chiev'd.
'Till Brunswick perfected what Nassau had at-

From that bright era of renown,
Astrea walks the world again,
Her fabled form the nations own,
With all th' attendant virtues in her train.
Hark ! with what general loud acclaim
They venerate the British name,
When forms of rule are in the balance weigh'd,
And pour their torrents of applause
On the fair isle, whose equal laws
Controul the sceptre, and protect the spade.

The triple chain, which binds them fast,
Like Homer's golden one, descends from Jove ;
Long may the sacred union last,
And the mixt powers in mutual concert move,
Each tempering each, and listening to the call
Of genuine public good, blest source and end of
all !

ODE XLVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1785.

DELUSIVE is the poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inspire
The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates th' according lyre ?
Trust the muse : her eye commands
Distant times and distant lands ;
Through bursting clouds, in opening skies,
Sees from discord union rise ;

And friendship bind unwilling foes
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
Yon scyon rising in the west
Will soon its genuine glory see,
And court again the fostering breast,
Whose nurture gave its powers to spread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head.

The parent tree, when storms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again ;
Again its fostering aid shall lend,
Nor hear the suppliant plead in vain ;
Shall stretch protecting branches round,
Extend the shelter, and forget the wound.

Two Britains through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with sails unfurl'd ;
Each from the other's kindred state
Avert by turns the bolts of fate ;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider sphere.

When Rome's divided eagles flew,
And different thrones her empire knew,
The varying language soon disjoin'd
The boasted matters of mankind :
But here, no ills like those we fear,
No varying language threatens here ;
Congenial worth, congenial flame,
Their manners and their arts the same,
To the same tongue shall glowing themes afford,
And British heroes act, and British bards record.
Fly swift, ye years ! ye minutes haste !
And in the future lose the past ;
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,
Oblivion, cast thy friendly veil !
Let not memory breathe a sigh,
Or backward turn th' indignant eye ;
Nor the insidious arts of foes
Enlarge the breach that longs to close,
But acts of amity alone inspire
Firm faith, and cordial love, and wake the wil-
ling lyre.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE ROMAN FATHER.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRY, 1750.

BRITONS, to-night in native pomp we come,
True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome ;
In those far distant times when Romans knew
The sweets of guarded liberty, like you ;
And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,
Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.

Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as
these,
What can we frame a polish'd age to please ?

Say, can you listen to the artless woes
Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows ?
Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply,
No merit their's but pure simplicity.

Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,
And turn'd upon himself the critic's art ;
Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from fancy's
wings,

And torn up similes like vulgar things :
Nay ev'n each moral, sentimental, stroke,
Where not the character, but poet spoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste design,
Nor spar'd an useless, though a golden line,

These are his arts; if these cannot atone
For all those nameless errors yet unknown;
If, shunning faults which nobler bards commit,
He wants their force to strike th' attentive pit;
Be just, and tell him so; he asks advice,
Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.
Your kind applause may bid him write—beware!
Or kinder censure teach him to forbear.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, 1750.

LADIES, by me our courteous author sends
His compliments to all his female friends;
And thanks them from his soul for every bright
Indulgent tear, which they have shed to-night.
Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
O who could bear the loveliest form of art,
A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!
'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,
Though men may flatter, and though men will
toast,
'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere;
The wife, the parent, and the friend, are there:
All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the
chace,

Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.

Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confess,
Are the soft inmates of the female breast.
But then, they fill so full that crowded space,
That the poor public seldom finds a place.
And I suspect there's many a fair one here,
Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatio's bier,
That still retains so much of flesh and blood,
She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.

Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,
At your tribunal he must stand or fall.
Whate'er his country or his fire decreed,
You are his judges now, and he must plead.

Like other culprit-youths, he wanted grace;
But could have no self-interest in the case.
Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,
It might have answer'd some convenient end:
But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take
Her life away—and for his country's sake!
Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There's very little fear the crime should spread.
True patriots are but rare among the men,
And really might be useful, now and then.
Then do not check, by your disapprobation,
A spirit which once rul'd the British nation,
And still might rule—would you but set the fa-
shion.

PROLOGUE

TO EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, 1751.

CRITICS! your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—

And would to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great shade perceive the doubtful
fame,

Not to his labours granted, but his name.

Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,

"He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,

"Or purchase their delight at such a rate,

"As for it he himself must justly hate;

"But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to see

"From him such plays as other plays should be;

"Would learn from him to scorn a motley scene,

"And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with
"men." [chang'd,

Thus spoke the bard.—And though the times are

Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd;

And satire had not then appear'd in state,

To lash the finer follies of the great;

Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,

Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd;

With no false niceness this performance view,

Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true:

Sure, to those scenes some honour should be paid,

Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare play'd:

Nature was nature then, and still survives;

The garb may alter, but the substance lives,

Lives in this play—where each may find complete,

His pictur'd self—Then favour the deceit—

Kindly forget the hundred years between;

Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

PROLOGUE TO CREUSA.

SPOKEN BY MR. ROSS, 1754.

PROLOGUES of old, the learn'd in language say,
Were merely introductions to the play,
Spoken by gods, or ghosts, or men who knew
Whate'er was previous to the scenes in view;
And complaisantly came to lay before ye
The several heads and windings of the story.

But modern times and British rules are such,
Our bards beforehand must not tell too much;
Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring French, admit
Ev'n confidants, who might instruct the pit,
By asking questions of the leading few,
And hearing secrets, which before they knew.

Yet what we can to help this antique piece
We will attempt.—Our scene to-night is Greece,
And by the magic of the poet's rod,
This stage the temple of the Delphic god!
Where kings, and chiefs, and sages came of old,
Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;
And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,
As an old priest, or wither'd maid, decreed.
Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,
Some knew, more doubted, many more believ'd.
In short, these oracles and witching rhymes
Were but the pious frauds of ancient times;
Wisely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,
When faith was wonder, and religion law!

Thus much premis'd, to ev'ry feeling breast
We leave the scenes themselves to tell the rest.

—Yet something sure was to the critics said,
Which I forget—some invocation made!

Ye critic bands, like jealous guardians, plac'd
To watch th' encroachments on the realms of taste,
From you our author would two boons obtain,
Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:
Two things he asks; 'tis modest, sure, from you
Who can do all things, to request but two:

First to his scenes a kind attention pay,
Then judge!—with candour judge—and we obey.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MISS HAUGHTON, WHO ACTED THE
PYTHIA, 1754.

At length I'm freed from tragical parade,
No more a Pythian priestess—though a maid;
At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,
My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.

Yet superstitious folks, no doubt are here,
Who still regard me with a kind of fear,
Left to their secret thoughts these prying eyes
Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.
Nay, though I disavow the whole deceit,
And fairly own my science all a cheat,
Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,
The beaux were handsome, or the critics wife,
They'd all believe it, and with dear delight
Say to themselves at least—— [right.]

"The girl has taste;" "The woman's in the
Or should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,
They'd get good matches ere the season clos'd,
They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,
And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;
But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,
"Suppose there should be something in her art!"
Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,
On such a motion, and by such a day,
They would be summon'd from their own affairs,
To tend the nation's more important cares:
"Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,
"I'll undergo it—for my country's good."

All men are bubbles; in a skilful hand,
The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.
Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,
'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.
The devil without may spread the tempting sin,
But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.

A SECOND EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, 1754.

STAY, ladies—Though I'm almost tir'd to death
With this long part—and am so out of breath—
Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,
That, if I die for't, I must give it vent. [pose,

"The men you know are gone. And now sup-
Before our lords and masters are rechose,
We take th' advantage of an empty town,
And choose a House of Commons of our own.
What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then
Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?
O place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,
We'll show them women have their public use!
Imprimis they shall marry; not a man
Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.
Next we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;
For by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming:
We'll spoil their deep destructive midnight play;
The laws we make, we'll force them to obey;
Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,
Piddle with us, ye know, at quinze and brag.
"I hope, my dearest," says some well-bred spouse,
"When such a bill shall come before your house,

* This epilogue was spoken at the time of a general election.

"That you'll consider men are men—at least
"That you'll not speak, my dear."—Not speak?—
the beast!

What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs
like these—

For this, Sir, I shall bring you on your knees.
—Or if we're quite good-natured, tell the man,
We'll do him all the service that we can.

Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs!
We'll tax, and double tax, their nasty wines;
But, duty free, import our blonds and laces,
French hoops, French filks, French cambricks, and
—French faces.

In short, my scheme is not completed quite,
But I may tell you more another night.
So come again, come all, and let us raise
Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,
That all true Britons shall with one consent
Cry out, "Long live the female parliament!"

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND, 1759.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted
store

Of either nation now can charm no more:
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the public eye;
And grave processions, musically flow,
Here pass unheeded—as a Lord Mayor's show.

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,
To China's eastern realms; and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become, [home.
But praise th' advent'rous youth who brings them

One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his error for his virtue's sake.

From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no right divine in kings;
From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And through each line from freedom's choice it
flows.

Justice, with mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his people's hearts—our monarch reigns.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN,
1762.

Success makes people vain.—The maxim's true,
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,

Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery
lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard: though twice your kind applause
Has on this fickle spot espous'd his cause,
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Plain tragedy, his first adventurous care,
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.
Plain comedy to-night, with strokes refin'd,
Would catch the coyest features of the mind;
Would play politely with your hopes and fears,
And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes
tears.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore
to shore,

And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools,
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules.
Form'd on the classic scale his structures rise,
He shifts no scenes to dazzle and surprise.
In one poor garden's solitary grove,
Like the primeval pair, his lovers rove;
And in due time will each transaction pass
—Unless some hasty critic shakes the glass.

PROLOGUE TO THE SAME.

AS SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1762.

Success makes people vain.—The maxim's true,
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelvemonths hence, dedaub'd with livery
lace,

Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not so our bard—though twice your kind ap-
plause

Has on this fickle spot espous'd his cause,
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore
to shore,

And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scenes—But here I stopp'd him short—

“Not change your scenes?” said I—“I'm sorry
for't:”

“My constant friends above, around, below,
“Have English tastes, and love both change and
“show: [flat—

“Without such aids, ev'n Shakspeare would be

“Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.

“What eager transport stares from every eye,

“When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!

“When tin cascades like falling waters gleam;

“Or through the canvass—bursts the real stream,

“While thirsty Islington laments in vain

“Half her New River roll'd to Drury-Lane.

“Lord, Sir,” said I, “for gallery, boxes, pit,

“I'll back my Harlequin against your wit”—

Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—“What will the critics say?”

VOL. XI.

“As usual, Sir—abuse you all they can!”—

“And what the ladies?”—“He's a charming man!

“A charming piece!—One scarce knows what it
“means; [scenes!”

“But that's no matter—where there's such sweet
Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—

I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.

Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:

Write as he will, we'll act it as you please.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken before the Dance, by Mrs. Yates and Mr. Palmer, in the Characters of Araminta and Modely, 1762.

Araminta.

WELL, ladies, am I right, or am I not?

Should not this foolish passion be forgot;

This fluttering something, scarce to be express'd,

Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breast?

How mortified he look'd!—and looks so still.

[Turning to Modely.

He really may repent—perhaps he will—

Modely.

Will Araminta?—Ladies, be so good,

Man's made of frail materials, flesh and blood.

We all offend at some unhappy crisis,

Have whims, caprices, vanities—and vices.

Your happier sex by nature was design'd,

Her last best work, to perfect humankind.

No spot, no blemish, the fair frame deforms;

No avarice taints, no naughty passion warms

Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you

E'er taught desire to stray.—

Araminta.

All this is true.

Yet stay; the men, perchance, may call it sincere,

And some few ladies think you not sincere.

For your petition, whether wrong or right,

Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.

Another time, if I should want a spouse,

I may myself report it to the house:

At present, let us strive to mend the age;

Let justice reign, at least upon the stage.

Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,

May learn two lessons from the Lovers' School;

While Cælia's choice instructs them how to choose,

And my refusal warns them to refuse.

PROLOGUE TO ALMIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH, 1771.

CRITICS be dumb—to-night a lady sings,

From soft Italia's shores, an English muse,

Though fate there binds her in a pleasing chain,

Sends to our stage the offspring of her brain:

True to her birth, she pants for British bays,

And to her country trusts for genuine praise.

From infancy well read in tragic lore,

She treads the path her father trod before;

To the same candid judges trusts her cause,

And hopes the same indulgence and applause.

No Salic law here bars the female's claim,

Who pleads hereditary right to fame.

Of love and arms she sings, the mighty two,

Whose powers uniting must the world subdue;

Of love and arms! in that heroic age,

Which knew no poet's, no historian's page;

But war to glory form'd the unletter'd mind,
 And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;
 Nor taught in vain: the youth who dar'd aspire
 To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
 Observ'd with duteous care each rigid rule,
 Each stern command of labour's patient school;
 Was early train'd to bear the sultry beams
 Of burning suns, and winter's fierce extremes;
 Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
 His vows he breath'd, his wishes center'd there:

Honour alone could gain her kind regard;
 Honour was virtue, beauty its reward.
 And shall not British breasts, in beauty's cause,
 Adopt to-night the manners which she draws?
 Male writers we confess are lawful prize,
 Giants and monsters that but rarely rise!
 With their enormous spoils your triumphs grace,
 Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
 But when a lady tempts the critic war,
 Be all knights-errant, and protect the fair.

MISCELLANIES.

(NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITION OF THE ENGLISH POETS, 1790.)

THE VISION OF SOLOMON*.

'Twas night, and sleep with gently-waving wand
 Sat softly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
 Whose waking nod could Judah's realms command,
 Or deal destruction to the frightened foe.
 Great David's son—but at this tranquil hour
 No dreams of state disturb'd his peaceful bed;
 To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd soar,
 And brighter visions hover round his head.
 Let meaner kings by mortals guard their state,
 Around his sacred couch aerial legates wait.

"Hail, best lov'd!" superior to the rest,
 One bending angel cry'd with heavenly voice,
 "Earth, seas, and air, stand to thy view confess'd,
 And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
 Choose then from these—say, shall thy pow'r extend [shore,

Where suns scarce warm this earth's remotest
 Shall India's lords beneath thy sceptre bend,
 Whilst their black troops stand silent and adore?
 To thee, sole lord, shall earth her stores unfold,
 Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame
 with gold?

Shall ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
 As erst to Moses, rang'd in order stand;
 While crowds once more admire the floating wall,
 And treasures open on the glittering sand?
 Or shall Fame's breath inspire each softer air,
 Thee just and good, to distant worlds resound,
 While Peace, fair goddess, leads the smiling year,
 Swells the glad grain, and spreads the harvest
 round;
 Bids Jordan's stream extend its azure pride,
 Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble in the
 tide?"

The cherub spoke—when Power majestic rose;
 A Tyrian-tinctur'd robe she dragg'd behind,
 Whose artful folds at every turn disclose
 Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the wind.
 Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
 Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes.
 Aw'd and amaz'd, her very smiles we fear'd,
 As though storms lurk'd beneath the smooth
 disguise;

* See 2 Chron. chap. i. ver. 7.—12.

But when the frowns, tremendous thunders roar,
 Stern desolation reigns, and kingdoms float in gore.

Her, Wealth succeeds—and scarce his tottering
 head

Sustains the glittering ore's incumbent weight;
 O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments spread;
 A well-fix'd staff directs his feeble feet.

Thus mean himself appear'd; but all around
 What crowds unnumber'd hail the passing peer!
 Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the ground,
 And own'd with reverence a superior there.

"Rise, David's son, thy utmost wish extend,
 See to thy sceptre Wealth, the world's great mo-
 narch, bend."

Fame next approach'd, whose clarion's martial
 sound

Bids conqu'ring laurels flourish ever green;
 And gentle Peace with olive chaplets crown'd,
 And Plenty, goddess of the sylvan scene. [hair;
 These Pleasure join'd; loose flow'd her radiant
 Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre.

"Come, Mirth," she sung, "your blooming
 wreaths prepare;

Come, gay Delight, and ever-young Desire:
 Let days, let years in downy circles move,
 Sacred to sprightly Joy, and all-subduing Love."

The mingled train advanc'd; to close the rear,
 As lost in thought, appear'd a pensive maid;

Bright was her aspect, lovely, yet severe,
 In virgin white her decent limbs array'd:

She mov'd in sober state; on either side

A beauteous handmaid friendly aid bestow'd,

Fair Virtue here, her view from earth to guide;

There Contemplation rais'd her golden rod.

Hail, Wisdom, hail! I see and bless the sight,
 First-born of Heav'n, pure source of intellectual
 light.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,

On her alone, regardless of the crowd;

"Let vulgar souls (he cry'd) yon trifles prize,
 Mortals that dare of mis'ry to be proud.

Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous charms;
 Nature's true beauties with more lustre shine.

Then take me, Wisdom, take me to thy arms;

O snatch me from myself, and make me thine.

All Heav'n calls good, or man felicity,

Peace, plenty, health, content, are all compriz'd
 in thee."

VERSES TO HIS MOTHER.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY *.

Ere yet to Heaven my infant thought could reach,
 Ere praise its Maker by the powers of speech,
 Taught by thy care, by thy example mov'd,
 I rais'd my waking eyes, ador'd and lov'd.
 For life, and this my more than life, receive
 That poor return which I with blushes give;
 For, ah! the trifling tribute of a lay,
 Is all my humble-gratitude can pay!
 Hear then my fervent wish, though cloth'd in song,
 (Ye powers confirm it, ere it quit my tongue!)
 From this blest day may fate propitious shine;
 Each earthly bliss that Heaven calls good, be thine.
 May adverse clouds like empty mists decay,
 And time declining, shed a purer ray,
 To gild the evening of thy well-spent day.
 And when (yet ne'er let that sad hour appear,
 While my poor breast draws in this vital air),
 Thy fainting frame sinks on the bed of death,
 May no sharp pangs attend thy fleeting breath;
 No care on care, like restless billows roll,
 To break the calm of thy departing soul.
 Full in thy sight let choirs of angels spread
 Their radiant plumes, and hover round thy head;
 Then one soft sigh thy issuing soul convey,
 While thy great loss and mine points out the way †
 To scenes of bliss, and realms of endless day.

TO DR. STEBBING ‡.

O EVER mine! whate'er my fate portends,
 Of absence, passions, business, fortune, friends;
 Whether in wide-spread scarf and rustling gown,
 My borrow'd rhetoric soothes the saints in town,
 Or makes in country pews soft matrons weep,
 Gay damsels smile, and tir'd church-wardens sleep.
 Whether to ease consign'd, my future day,
 One downy circle, sportive rolls away;
 Or, deep in Cambria, or the wilds of Kent,
 I drag out life, and learn from ills content;
 Still be thy friendship like a genius there,
 Zest of the joy, and solace of the care.

ON CHURCHILL.

So from his common place, when Churchill strings
 Into some motley form his damn'd good things,

* He seems to have had Pope's verses to Mrs. Martha Blount, in his eye, when he wrote this little poem. His imitation, however, is by no means servile.

† This line probably alludes to the recent loss of his father.

‡ Written apparently while he was but young in the college, and had an intention to take orders. He left a sermon among his MSS. apparently prepared for the pulpit, written in a plain, clear, and unornamented style; such as might be expected from a man whose judgment was too correct, to give to any species of composition which he exercised himself, in graces foreign to it.

The purple patches every where prevail,
 But the poor work has neither head nor tail.

Churchill had strength of thought, had power to paint,

Nor felt from principles the least restraint.
 From hell itself his characters he drew,
 And christen'd them by every name he knew;
 For 'twas from hearsay he pick'd up his tales,
 Where false and true by accident prevails:
 Hence I, though older far, have liv'd to see
 Churchill forgot, an empty shade like me.

That I'm his foe, ev'n Churchill can't pretend;
 But—thank my stars—he proves I am no friend:
 Yet Churchill, could an honest wish succeed,
 I'd prove myself to thee a friend indeed;
 For had I power like that which bends the spheres
 To music never heard by mortal ears,
 Where, in his system sets the central sun,
 And drags reluctant planets into tune,
 So would I bridle thy eccentric soul,
 In reason's sober orbit bid to roll:
 Spite of thyself, would make thy rancour cease,
 Preserve thy present fame, and future peace;
 And teach thy muse no vulgar place to find
 In the full moral chorus of mankind.

A PATHETIC APOLOGY

For all Laureats, past, present, and to come.

“ Veniant ad Cæsaris aures!”

YE silly dogs, whose half-year lays
 Attend like satellites on Bays,
 And still, with added lumber load
 Each birth-day, and each new-year ode,
 Why will ye strive to be severe?
 In pity to yourselves forbear;
 Nor let the sneering public see
 What numbers write far worse than he.
 His muse, oblig'd by sack and pension,
 Without a subject or invention—
 Must certain words in order set,
 As innocent as a gazette;
 Must some half-meaning, half-disguise,
 And utter neither truth nor lies.
 But why will you, ye volunteers
 In nonsense, tease us with your jeers,
 Who might with dullness and her crew
 Securely slumber? Why will you
 Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs,
 You're not oblig'd—ye silly dogs!

When Jove, as ancient fables sing,
 Made of a senseless log a king,
 The frogs at first their doubts express'd,
 But soon leap'd up, and smok'd the jest,
 While every tadpole of the lake
 Lay quiet, though they felt it quake.
 They knew their nature's due degree,
 Themselves scarce more alive than he;
 They knew they could not croak like frogs;
 —Why will you try?—ye silly dogs!

When the poor barber felt askance
 The thunder of a Quixote's lance,
 For merely bearing on his head
 Th' expressive emblem of his trade.

The barber was a harmless log,
 The hero was the silly dog.—
 What trivial things are cause of quarrel,
 Mambrino's helmet, or the laurel,
 Alike distract an idiot's brain,
 " Unreal mock'ries!" shadowy pain!
 Each laureat (if kind Heaven dispense
 Some little gleam of common sense),
 Blest with *one hundred pounds per ann.*
 And that too tax'd, and but ill paid,
 With caution frames his frugal plan,
 Nor apes his brethren of the trade.
 He never will to garrets rise,
 For inspiration from the skies,
 And pluck, as Hotspur would have done,
 " Bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon."
 He never will to cellars venture,
 To drag up glory from the centre,
 But calmly steer his course between
 Th' ærial and infernal scene,
 — *One hundred pounds!* a golden mean!

Nor need he ask a printer's pains,
 To fix the type, and share the gains;
 Each morning paper is so kind,
 To give his works to every wind.
 Each evening post and magazine
Gratis adopts the lay serene.
 On their frail barks his praise or blame
 Floats for an hour, and sinks with them.
 Sure without envy you might see
 Such floundering immortality.
 Why will ye then, amidst the bogs,
 Thrust in *your* oar?—ye silly dogs!
 He ne'er desires his stated loan
 (I honestly can speak for one)
 Should meet in print the public eye;
 Content with *Boyce's* harmony,
 Who throws on many a worthless lay
 His music and his powers away.

Are you not charm'd, when at Vauxhall
 Or Marybone, the Syrens squall
 Your oft-repeated madrigals,
 Your Nancys of the hills or vales,
 While tip-toe misses and their beaux
 Catch the dear sounds in triple rows,
 And whisper, as their happiness,
 They know the author of the piece?
 This vanity, my gentle brothers,
 You feel; forgive it then in others;
 At least in one you call a dunce.
 The laureat's odes are sung but once,
 And then not heard—while your renown
 For half a season stuns the town—
 Nay, on brown paper fairly spread,
 With wooden print to grace its head,
 Each barber pastes you on his wall,
 Each cobbler chants you in his stall;
 And Dolly, from her master's shop,
 Encores you, as she twirls her mop.

Then "ponder well ye parents dear"
 Of works, which live a whole half year,
 And with a tender eye survey
 The frailer offspring of a day,
 Whose glories wither ere they bloom,
 Whose very cradle is their tomb.
 Have ye no bowels, cruel men!
 You who may grasp or quit the pen,

May choose your subject, nay, your time,
 When genius prompts to sport in rhyme,
 Dependent on yourselves alone,
 To be immortal, or unknown;
 Does no compassion touch your breast,
 For brethren to the service prest?
 To laureats is no pity due,
 Encumber'd with a thousand clogs?
 I'm very sure they *pity* you,
 Ye filliciest of all silly dogs!

INSCRIPTION

IN THE GARDENS AT NUNEHAM, IN
 OXFORDSHIRE.

To the Memory of Walter Clark, Florist, who died
 suddenly near this spot. 1784.

ON him whose very soul was here,
 Whose dutiful, careful, constant toil
 Has varied with the varying year,
 To make the gay profusion smile;
 Whose harmless life in silent flow
 Within these circling shades has past,
 What happier death could Heaven bestow,
 Than in these shades to breathe his last?
 'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
 Has earth receiv'd him in her breast;
 Still far beside the scenes he lov'd,
 In holy ground his relics rest.
 Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
 Which round yon bow'r he taught to wave,
 With ev'ry fragrant brier that blows,
 Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.
 Each village matron, village maid,
 Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie:
 Due honours to the rural dead,
 And emblems of mortality.
 Each village swain that passes by,
 A sigh shall to his memory give;
 For sure his death demands a sigh,
 Whose life instructs them how to live.
 If spirits walk, as fabling age
 Relates to childhood's wond'ring car,
 Full oft, does fancy dare preface,
 Shall Walter's faithful shade be here;
 Athwart yon glade, at night's pale noon,
 Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
 And by the glimmering of the moon
 Revisit each belov'd retreat:
 Perhaps the tasks on earth he knew,
 Resume, correct the gadding spray,
 Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
 Or chase the noxious worm away.
 The bursting buds shall gladder grow,
 No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear;
 And many a fair effect shall show
 At noon that Walter has been here.
 Nay, ev'ry morn, in times to come,
 If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
 If richer breezes breathe perfume,
 If softer swell the verdant glade;
 If neatness charm a thousand ways,
 Till nature almost art appear,
 Tradition's constant fav'rite theme,
 Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

Containing

ART OF DANCING,
MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN,
MODERN FINE LADY,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
SONGS,

TALES,
ECLOGUES,
FABLES,
EPITAPHS,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly though serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach——

THE ART OF DANCING, CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:

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1897

1897

THE LIFE OF JENYNS.

SOAME JENYNS was born in Great Ormond-Street, London, in the beginning of the year 1704. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. of Bottisham-Hall, in Cambridgeshire, descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Jenyns of Churchill, in Somersetshire. He was knighted by King William, January 9. 1693-4. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, Bart. of Hayden, in the county of Essex; a woman of great beauty, and of very amiable manners, and elegant accomplishments.

He received a domestic education, at first under the Rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards under the Rev. Stephen White.

At the age of seventeen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, and entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, July 2. 1722, under Dr. Edmonson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

He resided there near three years, pursuing his studies with great industry; but left the university, as was formerly the usual practice with gentlemen of fortune, without taking any degree.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived.

He early displayed his poetical talents. In 1723, he published *The Art of Dancing*, a poem in two cantos, inscribed to Lady Fanny Fielding; 1729, he wrote the verses *In the Earl of Oxford's Library*; in 1730, verses *To the Earl of Chesterfield, on his being installed Knight of the Garter*; and in 1733, *An Epistle to Lord Lovelace*. This was followed by *The Modern Fine Gentleman*, 1746; *The Squire and Parson, An Eclogue*; *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated, to Lord Hardwicke*; *To the Hon. Miss Yorke, on her Marriage to Lord Anson*, 1748; *The Modern Fine Lady*, 1750; and several others, which he collected into a volume in 1752.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election, in 1741, he was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, and gave his support to Walpole. He represented it again in the parliament of 1747. In that of 1754, he was member for Dunwich, in Suffolk; and in 1761, took his seat for the town of Cambridge, which place he continued to represent so long as he remained in Parliament.

When Moore began "The World," in 1753, he gave his assistance, among others, and contributed Nos. 125, 153, 157, 163, and 178.

In 1755, he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations; a place which he held during every change of administration, until it was abolished in 1780, when he retired from the business of parliament. He was, in general, an adherent of the minister for the time being, and was a useful, active, and diligent member of the House of Commons, though he shared, as he admitted in one of his poems, no gift of tongue.

In 1757, he published his *Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil, in Six Letters*, 8vo. This work excited much attention, and produced several answers; to which he replied, in an *Additional Preface* to the second edition. He is of opinion, that to produce good exclusive of evil, is one of those im-

possibilities which even Infinite Power cannot accomplish, and that all evils owe their existence solely to the necessity of their own nature; by which he means, that they could not possibly have been prevented without the loss of some superior good. Many evils, he thinks, will unavoidably insinuate themselves, by the natural relations and circumstances of things, into the most perfect system of created beings, even in opposition to the will of an Almighty Creator; by reason that they cannot be excluded without working contradictions, which not being proper subjects of power, it is no diminution of Omnipotence, to affirm that it cannot effect them. Such is the ground-work of his *Inquiry*, &c. which was reviewed with great severity by Dr. Johnson, in the "Literary Magazine" for 1757. He took a revenge unworthy of a man of letters, many years after, in a severe *Epitaph on Dr. Johnson*.

On the publication of Mr. Hawkins Browne's Latin poem, on the "Immortality of the Soul," in 1752, Jenyns made a *translation* of it into English, which was published in Doddsley's "Collection of Poems," 1758.

In 1756 he published a pamphlet, intituled *Short but Serious Reasons for a National Militia*, 8vo; and to this succeeded several other performances, both in prose and verse, either in defence of Government, or levelled at some persons in opposition to the measures of administration.

In 1761, he published his *Miscellaneous Poems*, in 2 vols, 8vo, one of which contained some political essays.

In 1767, he published a pamphlet, intituled *Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the High Price of Provisions*, 8vo. This high price he attributes principally to the increase of our national debt, and the increase of our riches, that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. This pamphlet is replete with very ingenious observations.

In 1776, he published his celebrated work, intituled *A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, 12mo. This publication was very generally read, and commended in terms of the highest praise, by some, whilst it was spoken of in the slightest manner by others. Though he professes and appears to have written it with a laudable design, yet it has provoked censure from the divine and the moralist, and profane sarcasm from the philosopher and sceptic. He is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently relating, and elaborately displaying the strongest objections which have been raised against the Christian religion, while his mode of refuting them is cold, careless, and unsatisfactory. He seems to have defended Christianity upon principles that lead, as persons may be differently disposed, to scepticism, or to enthusiasm.

His plan is comprehended under the following propositions: 1st, That there is now extant, a book intituled the New Testament. 2dly, That from this book may be extracted, a system of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object, and the doctrines, not only infinitely superior to, but unlike every thing which had ever entered into the mind of man. 3dly, That from this book may likewise be collected a system of ethics, in which every moral precept founded on reason is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection, than in any other of the wisest philosophers of preceding ages; every moral precept founded on false principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added, peculiarly corresponding with the new object of this religion. Lastly, that such a system of religion and morality could not have been the work of any man, or set of men, much less of those obscure, ignorant, and illiterate persons, who actually did discover and publish it to the world; and that, therefore, it must undoubtedly have been effected by the interposition of Divine Power, that is, that it must derive its origin from God. Under the *third* proposition, he reckoned *valour*, *patriotism*, and *friendship*, among fictitious virtues, founded on false principles; and he apprehends that however they have been celebrated and admired, they are, in fact, no virtues at all.

At the close of his work, he makes the following explicit declaration of his belief in the doctrine of the Christian religion. "Should it ever have the honour to be admitted into such good company, they will, immediately, I know, determine that it must be the work of some enthusiast, or methodist, some beggar, or some madman. I shall, therefore, beg leave to assure them, that the author is very far removed from all these characters: that he once, perhaps, believed as little as themselves; but having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance—Whether Christianity was really an imposture

founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation communicated to mankind by the interposition of some supernatural power? On a candid inquiry he found that the first was an absolute impossibility, and that its pretensions to the latter were founded on the most solid grounds. In the further pursuits of his examination, he perceived at every step new lights arising, and some of the brightest, from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover. These arguments, which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion, he has here put together in as clear and concise a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the same effect upon others, and being of opinion that if there were a few more true Christians in the world, it would be beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

Many answers to this work appeared, but only two of them merit notice: "A Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, &c." by Dr. MacLaine, the learned translator of Mosheim's "Church History;" and "A Full Answer to a Late View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, &c." by the Rev. Henry Taylor, the editor of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi. "I have the interest of Christianity," says Dr. MacLaine, "too much at heart, not to protest solemnly against your method of defending it. Your *View* of its internal evidence is certainly exceptionable in many respects. In general, your reasoning is neither close nor accurate; your illustrations run wide of the principles they are designed to explain and enforce. One would be tempted sometimes to think that you yourself lost sight of those principles in the midst of the desultory detail of arguments and observations which you bring to support them; and while we admire several fine touches of genius, wit, and eloquence, that strike us in the midst of this splendid confusion, we lament the want of that luminous order, and philosophical precision, that are indispensably required in a work of this kind. You look like a man who has been suddenly transported into a new scene of things, where a multitude of objects strike him at once, and who begins to describe them before he had time to consider their arrangement and their connections. Or, to use another figure that comes nearer to your particular case, you look like a zealous and spirited volunteer, who has embarked in a vessel surrounded with enemies, and assailed by tempestuous weather, and begins to defend and work the ship, without that experience in the art of navigation, or the science of defence, that is necessary to ensure success and victory."

In 1732, he published eight *Disquisitions on several Subjects*, 8vo. In this work, among other ingenious, but idle fancies, he communicates his ideas of the *pre-existent state of man* as a state of punishment, which he attempts to confirm, by a fanciful construction of those passages of scripture, which are commonly adduced in support of the doctrine of original sin. But if the condition of man be indeed so forlorn and wretched, as he represents, it must be likewise entirely hopeless; for if all be wrong at present, it is impossible we should have any proof that things ever have been, or ever will be right. The doctrines which he inculcates in his *disquisition on Government*, in opposition to the established principles of civil liberty, are inconsistent with the great rights and interests of mankind. In his *disquisition on Rational Christianity*, he dogmatically condemns the doctrines and spirit of these friends to Christianity, who believe it on rational grounds, and explain it in a manner consistent with common sense; and paradoxically asserts that the doctrines of Christianity are "so adverse to all the principles of human reason, that if brought before her tribunal, it must be inevitably condemned." It will generally, however, be thought by those who are sincere believers in Christianity, that that explanation of the Scriptures which makes them agree with our natural ideas of religion and morals, is as likely to be the true one, as that which ascribes to them doctrines contrary to the principles of reason. His opposition to all the established principles of civil liberty, in his *seventh* disquisition, was combated in a very sensible and spirited pamphlet, intitled "An Answer to the Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, &c. It was likewise ridiculed, with great humour, in the "Dean and the 'Squire," a political eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Esq. by the "Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers."

This was the last performance which he gave to the world; but he continued from time to time to write verses. Among the last of his occasional compositions, were the burlesque *Ode to Lord Carlisle*, the

Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, the short poem on his *Majesty's Escape* from the attack of a lunatic, and the compliment to *Lady Salisbury*, 1787.

He died at his house in Tilney-Street, of a fever, after a few days illness, December 18. 1787, in the 83d year of his age, leaving no issue. He was buried in the church of Bottisham. In the registry of burials in the parish of Bottisham for 1787, the following entry was made by the Rev. William Lort Mansell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was then sequestrator of that vicarage.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of
his age.

What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his parish Minister

to do his duty,

By declaring,

That while he registers the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,

He regrets the loss of one of the most
amiable of men,

And one of the truest Christians.

To the parish of Bottisham he is an
irreparable loss.

He was buried in this church, December 27,
near midnight,

By William Lort Mansell, sequestrator;

Who thus transgresses the common forms
of a Register,

Merely because he thinks it to be

The most solemn and lasting method
of recording to posterity,

That the finest understanding

Has been united

To the best heart.

He was twice married, first to Mary, the only daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham, in Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union, as is too frequently the case, his inclinations were less consulted than the advantages that were supposed to be the certain appendages to an alliance with great wealth. The consequence may be imagined. A separation ensued, which his lady did not long survive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, Esq. of Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, who survived him.

Three editions of his works were printed during his life. The first was printed in a small 8vo, 1752, the second in two small volumes 8vo, 1761, and the last was printed in one large volume 8vo, 1770. His name was not put to either of these editions; but the title-pages of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, *Ignavis nunquam*. In 1790, his *Works* were collected in 4 vols. 8vo, including several pieces never before published, by Charles Nalson Cole, Esq. with "Short Sketches of his Life," which have been chiefly followed in the present account. The first volume contains his *Miscellaneous Poems*. The second, the translation of Browne, *De Animi Immortalitate*; five numbers of the "World;" *Short but Serious Reasons for a National Militia*; *Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high Price of Provisions*; *The objections to the Taxation of our American Colonies by the Legislature*; *Reflections on several Subjects*; *Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform*; *A Scheme for the Coalition of Parties*; *Thoughts on the National Debt*, never before published. The third, *A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*, in *Six Letters*; *On Evil in General*, *On Evils of Imperfection*, *On Natural Evils*, *On Moral Evils*, *On Political Evils*; and seven *Disquisitions*, *On the Chain of Universal Being*, *On Cruelty to Inferior Animals*, *On a Pre-existent State*, *On the Nature of Fame*, *On the Analogy between things Material and Intellectual*, *On Rational Christianity*, *On Government and Civil Liberty*. The fourth, *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, and *Short and Curfory Observations on Several Passages in the New Testament*, never before published.

His *Poems* were inserted in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790, and are reprinted in the present collection, with the following additional pieces from Mr. Cole's edition, 1790, *written in the Earl of Oxford's Library at Wimple; To a Nefgay in Pancharilla's Breast, From Bonfarius, Given to a Lady with a Watch; Belphegor, a Fable from Machiavel; A Dialogue between the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and Madam Popularity; A Simile; A Passage in Ossian Versified; On seeing the Earl of Chesterfield at a Ball, at Bath; The American Coachman; Burlesque Ode, Written at the Countess of Salisbury's Assembly; Epitaph on Dr. Johnson; On a late execrable Attempt on his Majesty's Life.*

His character seems to have been amiable and respectable. His life had been very active and diversified. He had studied much, he had seen more. He conversed as well as he wrote. His thoughts were sprightly, his expressions neat. His person was diminutive, and of a slight make; and he had a small wen, or protuberance, on his neck. In his youth, he had been so fond of dress, as to be distinguished as one of the beaux of his time; but in the latter part of his life, his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath beaver surtout, with blue worsted boot-stockings. His religious routine is said to have been singular. From early impression, or strong conviction, he was originally a zealous believer of revelation, and suspected of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually losing ground in faith, he wandered into paths obscured by doubt, and became a professed deist; till, by a retrograde progress, he measured back his steps to the comforts of rational Christianity. On his death-bed, it is said, he reviewed his life, and with a visible gleam of joy, he gloried in the belief that his *View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion* had been useful. It was received, perhaps, where greater works would not make their way, and so might have aided the ardour of virtue, the confidence of truth. He spoke of his death as one prepared to die. He did not shrink from it as an evil, nor as a punishment, but met it with decent firmness, as his original destiny, the kind release from what was worse, the kinder summons to all that is better. As a lay-vindicator of divine revelation, he ranks with Milton, Locke, Addison, and Newton.

As an author, he has attained no small degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that useful and polite learning could give. He possesses a judgment critically exact, an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour. He is entitled to great praise for many excellencies of style. Mr. Burke has truly said, that he was one of those who wrote the purest English, that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. To the character of an elegant, he joins that of a sensible and agreeable writer. He has the rare merit of treating, in a pleasing manner, that abstracted metaphysic subject, the origin or necessity of evil, which has perplexed human reason in every age. He has written like a man of taste and acuteness, in the habit of deep thinking. A species of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered at once interesting and argumentative. But genius, like every power in human nature, is capable of an absurd and pernicious, as well as of a judicious and beneficial application. While it is employed in investigating useful truths, and enlarging the boundaries of real knowledge, it is rendering such important services to mankind, as to merit the highest applause. Of this perversion of genius, his political tracts and philosophical disquisitions afford a striking example. Not contented with that portion of reputation for originality, which is to be acquired in the plain path of truth and common sense, he finds it necessary to employ the subtleties of sophistry in support of opinions, which party-attachments led him to adopt, and to exercise his superior abilities, in erecting fanciful and paradoxical systems, or in defending some dangerous tenets. His *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, contains many just and important observations; but his method of reasoning is liable to considerable objections. It has not occurred to the advocates of the Christian religion, that doctrines, allowed to be contradictory to reason, are not on this account the less credible, nor have they ever conceived that the virtues of friendship, fortitude, and patriotism, do not form a part of the morality of the gospel; much less have they urged the want of these virtues as a peculiar recommendation of its excellence. They are conspicuously illustrated in the character of its author; and it would be easy to produce striking instances, in which his courage and friendship, and concern for the welfare of his country, were actually displayed. The advocates of Christianity, in answer to Shaftesbury and others, have sufficiently vindicated it in this respect. They are unquestionably virtues of confi-

derable importance; and so far as they do not interfere with the general principles of benevolence, which Christianity inculcates, they constitute a part of Christian morality.

As a poet, he is rather characterised by elegance and correctness, than by invention or enthusiasm. He writes with terseness and neatness, seldom with much vigour or animation. He is a pleasing and elegant, but not a very animated, or first-rate writer. His expression is concise, his wit lively, his satire poignant, his humour delicate, and his versification easy, flowing and agreeable. His *Art of Dancing*, *Modern Fine Gentleman*, *Modern Fine Lady*, *First Epistle of Horace*, *Burlesque Ode*, &c. are elegant and beautiful compositions. In every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection. His version of Browne's *De Immortalitate Animi*, is a correct and classical performance, which may challenge a comparison with the subsequent versions of Mr. Cranwell and Mr. Lettice. His shorter pieces, in general, may be read with pleasure. We find here and there some indecencies of expression, which we sincerely wish he had avoided. The *Epitaph on Dr. Johnson* was not dictated by the same spirit of candour and friendship which bedewed the grave of Jenyns, and strewed it with flowers.

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Mr. Cole, in his "Sketches," with the zeal of friendship and the fondness of affectionate remembrance; but he rates his merits too high. His remarks on his style are exceeding just.

"He was a man of great mildness, gentleness, and sweetness of temper, which he manifested to all with whom he had concerns, either in the business of life or its social intercourse. His earnest desire was, as far as it was possible, never to offend any person; and he made such allowances, even for those who in their dispositions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable instances. He was strict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a constant practiser of them in private; ever professing the greatest veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law established; holding her liturgy as the purest and most perfect form of public worship in any established church in Christendom: but he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its present state, and which he earnestly desired to have seen accomplished by those who were properly authorized.

"In private life, he was most amiable and engaging; for he was possessed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the most lively, spirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiously amongst those with whom he conversed, but which was tempered with such a kindness of nature, that it never was the cause of uneasiness to any of those with whom he lived: this made his acquaintance much sought after and courted by all those who had a taste for brilliant conversation, being well assured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not possess the same talent, they never would be censured by him because they wanted it.

"This so gentle an exertion of so rare a quality, he not only strictly observed himself, but was always much hurt if he observed the want of it in others; and considered every fallacy of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of those who heard it, as one of its greatest abuses, since he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, bestowed by nature, as much for the happiness of others, as of those who possess them.

"No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than he did; no person saw, or more strictly practised, the necessity imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, whose duty it is to reconcile the lower classes to their present condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and thereby to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was most kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as such, entitled to his care and protection.

"He spent his summers at his house in the country, residing there with hospitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never suffered any places at that season calculated for public diversions to allure him; for he said he could at that time do more good in his own parish than in any other situation.

"He frequently lamented the prevailing fashion of the later times of his life, which carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed

with, to places far distant from their houses and ancient seats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of those who wish to continue the scenes of dissipation they have left: whence it is, that the money which should revert to the districts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in some degree entitled to, from its expenditure amongst them; hospitality done away, and the stream of charity, that would otherwise have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is stopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worse, which necessarily occasions great mischiefs to the public.

"When he was in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and attended all those meetings which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

"From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and superior understanding, he was much resorted to in that character at home.

"Unknown to Sir Robert Walpole, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he supported him to the utmost of his power, till he retired from his high station. He seldom or ever spoke, whilst sitting in Parliament.

"From having long had a seat at the Board of Trade, and constantly attending his duty there, he gained an understanding of the great outlines of the commercial interests of this country.

"As an author, so long as a true taste of fine writing shall exist, he will have a distinguished place amongst those who have excelled. Whatever he hath published, whether he played with his muse, or appeared in the plain livery of prose, was sought for with avidity, and read with pleasure, by those who at the time were esteemed the best judges of composition. A minute criticism on their several excellencies is unnecessary, as the public sanction hath stamped their merit. Suffice it to say, that his poems are on the most pleasing subjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, sterling wit, and, at the same time, great correctness.

"He wonderfully excelled in burlesque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumstances; which might be well expected, after his short but excellent strictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the first epistle of the second book of Horace's Epistles, inscribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

"How far he followed the rules there laid down, must be determined by those who shall read and compare the original with the translation; in which it may be found, that in this kind of imitation, he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever losing sight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

"As a writer of prose, whoever will examine his style, will find that he is entitled to a place amongst the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath at the same time a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwise tire and disgust the reader with their sameness; a failure which may be found in some of the works of those to whom the public have ascribed a superior degree of merit. But this variety occasions no difficulty or embarrassment in the sense intended to be conveyed, which always at first sight appears clear, and is easy to be comprehended, so that the reader is never stopped in his progress to study what is meant.

"This is his characteristic as a writer, on whatever subject he engaged, whether it were serious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphysical. His matter is always most pertinent to the subject which he handles; he reasons with closeness and precision, and always, by a regular chain of argument, arrives at the conclusions which he professes is his design to establish. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifesting at some times the truest humour and the most lively wit, at other times the most regular chain of argument, with the nicest discrimination and marked differences of abstract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit consists in quickly assembling ideas, and putting those together with readiness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, in carefully separating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I say, that he cannot but allow that our author was one of those very few who have appeared in the world possessed of these two almost discordant talents of the understanding."

THE WORKS OF JENYNS.

P O E M S.

THE ART OF DANCING.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. the Lady Fanny Fielding.*

“Incessu patuit Dea.”

VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly, though serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre:
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
O may her eyes (to her this verse is due),
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!
Hail, loveliest art! that canst all hearts ensnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire:
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But still, though form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shows each grace in full perfection bright;
Then as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
At every step new beauties we explore,
And worship now, what we admir'd before:

* Daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Daniel Earl of Winchelsea, and died Sep. 27. 1734.

So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien
And graceful step confess bright beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess open to his eyes.

Now haste, my muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer, say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
Shows that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within; [snows,
The milk-maid safe through driving rains and
Wrapp'd in her cloke, and propp'd on pattens goes;
While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom
bare:

The woolly drab, and English broad cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy:
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his sob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
Should from its silken bondage be untied?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
For you the silk-worm's fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away,

For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heavenly bow,
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine,
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes. [seen

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks are
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touch-stone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Though for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow;
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
Ofills I speak by long experience found,
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruised black with many
a wound.

Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb-ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power,
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud sop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show,
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant star and garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true:
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
Still thy lost garter is sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heaven, how thence deduc'd to
earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry
grove, [love;

And spreads on ev'ry tree, enclos'd in knots of
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the Summer sun now mounted
high,

With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush that added to their native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;

The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Through the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame,
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize;
So in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.

High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,

Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,

Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs move the circling air:
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;

Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow and ready hand prepare
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
The fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance:
First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:

* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;

To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence lost in error, and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way:
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
Through various hands in wild confusion tost;
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;

* "*Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,*
"*Arte leves currus.*" OVID.

† "*Nec audit currus habenas.*" VIRG.

VOL. XI.

Till † *Fuillet*, the pride of Gallia rose,
And did the dance in characters compose;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote;
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Though mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.

Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around;
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance:
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
With all those dances of illustrious fame,
|| Which from their native country take their name:

With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor Country-Dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to Heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed:
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, his weight and genius prove;

Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:
If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? This too let him forbear,
And to the Country-Dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain shall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to every strain:

† *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.*

|| *French Dances.*

So for the race prepar'd two couriers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise:
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dullness, and a coquette air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only to advantage dress'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye;
Good judges no such tumbler's tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to her feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball;
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her through crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-Dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair op'ning glade, each Summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
The sporting fairies their assemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warble through the groves around;
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
And home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
Round where the trembling May-pole fix'd on
high,

Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-Dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons
join,

To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes
shine;

Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose;
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain would be here th' instructing muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast:
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires;
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts ensnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment
sway,

Your reason rather than your eyes obey;
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be
still,

Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
With a poor simple inexperienced wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold, united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples
stand!

Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight;
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:

So in a wheel, with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd;
The muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend:
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In every country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In hunt-the-squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms;
New ones succeed, the last is still her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's universal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way
In a bright regular confusion stray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly;
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial-dance is done.

Where can the mor'lif find a juster plan
Of the vain labours and the life of man;
A while through jostling crowds we toil, and
sweat,

And eagerly pursue we know not what;
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Though to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has given a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other steps delay;
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause through ev'ry couple run,
There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting
bliss,

The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press;
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays;
Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep;
With ready hand, obsequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air: }

Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread;
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast;
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow;
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger
warm,

Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small beer.
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught re-
fuse,

When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus through each precept of the dancing art
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part;
Through ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings.
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies:
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear:
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

AN EPISTLE,

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY,

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Lovelace, then
in Town. September 1735.*

IN days, my Lord, when mother time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true;

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite:
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys, for a barley straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,

And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
 About their rates, or tithes, or game :
 Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 And some for diff'rence in religions :
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,
 The tinker some a better teacher ;
 These to the church they fight for strangers,
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers ;
 While those, a more believing people,
 Can swallow all things—but a steeple.
 But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these matters go,
 And equally detest the strife
 And usual joys of country life,
 Have by good fortune little share
 Of its diversions or its care ;
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,
 Who hunt all day, and drink all night ;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 At quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting :
 But then no farm I occupy
 With sheep to rot, and cows to die ;
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,
 Though in my hedge I find a snare ;
 Nor view I, with due admiration,
 All the high honours here in fashion ;
 The great commissions of the quorum,
 Terrors to all who come before 'em ;
 Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
 Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold ;
 The representative's carefing,
 The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing ;
 Nor can I for my soul delight
 In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
 Who, if you send three days before,
 In white gloves meets you at the door,
 With superfluity of breeding
 First makes you sick, and then with feeding :
 Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
 You would next time such plagues avoid,
 And visit without previous notice,
 " John, John, a coach !—I can't think who 'tis,
 My Lady cries, who spies your coach,
 Ere you the avenue approach :
 " Lord, how unlucky !—washing day !
 " And all the men are in the hay !"
 Entrance to gain is something hard,
 The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd ;
 The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
 The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost :
 These difficulties all o'ercome,
 We reach at length the drawing-room ;
 Then there's such trampling over-head,
 Madam you'd swear was brought-to-bed ;
 Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
 To get clean sleeves to hide her smock ;
 The servants run, the pewter clatters,
 My lady dresses, calls, and chatters ;
 The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
 Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
 Now after three hours tedious waiting,
 On all our neighbour's faults debating,
 And having nine times view'd the garden,
 In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
 In comes my lady and the pudden :
 " You will excuse, Sir,—on a sudden"—
 Then that we may have four and four,
 The bacon, fowls, and cauliflow'r,

Their ancient unity divide,
 The top one graces, one each side ;
 And by and by, the second course
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse ;
 A salver then to church and king,
 The butler sweats, the glasses ring :
 The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
 Bawdy and politics abound ;
 And as the knight more tipsey waxes,
 We damn all ministers and taxes.
 At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
 The coachman tolerably drunk,
 Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
 Enough to dislocate one's bones,
 We home return, a wond'rous token
 Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
 Afflict us not, ye gods, though sinners,
 With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,
 Nor business, nor diversions please me ;
 You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?
 I answer, with a book or friend :
 The circulating hours dividing
 'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding :
 But books are still my highest joy,
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.
 Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
 By guides experienc'd taught the way ;
 The wonders of each region view,
 From frozen Lapland to Peru ;
 Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
 Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
 Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
 Recals past ages back agen ;
 Where all I see, through ev'ry page,
 Is but how men, with senseless rage,
 Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
 To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn ;
 Though loaded with a diff'rent aim,
 Yet always asses much the same.
 Sometimes I view with much delight,
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight ;
 Here faith and works at variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get ;
 Presbytery and Episcopacy
 They fight so long, it would amaze ye :
 Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
 With reprobation absolute ;
 There sense kicks transubstantiation,
 And reason pecks at revelation.
 With learned Newton now I fly
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
 Visit new worlds, and for a minute
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it ;
 And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding maze ;
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire ;
 With pleasing admiration see
 Matter's surprising subtlety ;
 As how the smallest lamp displays,
 For miles around, its scatter'd rays ;
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)
 A * fart, that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.

'Tis thus my lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life;
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome, though no treat;
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you;
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

"Atque ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et æqui."
HOR.

To the Hon. Philip Yorke, Esq. *

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can
spoil

With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, Yorke, (for sure, if any, thou can'st tell)
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart;
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour usurps her honours, and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of Virtue would express,
'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?

* Now Earl of Hardwicke.

As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would nature's law appear
As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear,
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must Virtue be.

Then what is that? Not want of power, or
fame,

Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd through ev'ry
place,

Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous
art,

Unnumber'd species live through ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise:
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed:
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private
care

The public good, and justly takes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in other's woe, and courts his own;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For luxury brutes, and man himself for fame;
Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own:
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God:
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task:
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for such are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws;

For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our interest are the same.

"But hold," cries out some Puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty
shine,

"Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain?

"And work salvation out with fear and pain?"

We own the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules:

Virtue, with them, is only to abstain

From all that nature asks, and covet pain;

Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,

And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:

Heaven's path is rough and intricate, they say,

Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;

God is a Being cruel and severe,

And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,

In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,

Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe!

Through craft misleading, or misled by fear;

How little they God's counsels comprehend,

Our universal parent, guardian, friend!

Who, forming by degrees to bless mankind,

This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,

Where for a while his fond paternal care

Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:

Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense de-
light,

Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;

Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,

Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;

Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give

Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:

Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,

And elements contend to serve our use:

Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,

The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and
kings,

All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,

Are the gay play-things of this infant state.

Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,

But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;

Or if some stripes from providence we feel,

He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;

Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,

To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,

In more exalted joys to fix our taste,

And wean us from delights that cannot last.

Our present good the easy task is made,

To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;

For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,

His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;

Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,

Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;

Waft us to regions of eternal peace,

Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;

From strength to strength our souls for ever guide

Through wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,

Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,

And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths
their guide,

And force the helm from prejudice and pride;

Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our
friend,

Virtue our good, and happiness our end,

How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail!

None would hereafter then with groundless fear

Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,

Predestinating some without pretence

To Heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;

Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,

And favouring sects or nations, men or times.

To please him none would foolishly forbear

Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,

Or deem it merit to believe or teach

What reason contradicts, or cannot reach*;

None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,

Or malice for whatever tenets sake,

Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,

And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown
nice,

Would in one female frailty sum up vice,

And censure those, who, nearer to the right,

Think virtue is but to dispense delight†.

No servile tenets would admittance find,

Destructive of the rights of human kind;

Of power divine, hereditary right,

And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:

For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,

Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then, righteous to excess,

Would show fair virtue in so black a dress,

That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright
array,

First from the spectre fly themselves away:

No preachers in the terrible delight,

But choose to win by reason, not affright;

Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,

And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws

Would fatten on obscurities and flaws,

But rather, nobly careful of their trust,

Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,

And be, like Hardwicke, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,

And laying waste the world be counted great,

But one good-natur'd act more praises gain

Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;

No more would brutal rage disturb our peace

But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;

Our own and others good each hour employ,

And all things smile with universal joy;

Virtue with happiness her consort join'd,

Would regulate and bless each human mind,

And man be what his Maker first design'd.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

"Quale portentum neque militaris

"Daunia in latis alit esculetis,

"Nec Jubaë tellus generat, leonum

"Arida nutrix."

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,

* It is apprehended, that genuine Christianity
requires not the belief of any such propositions.

† These lines mean only, that censoriousness is
a vice more odious than unchastity; this always

His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries
flown,

Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before ;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth ;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
* Though shallow, muddy ; brisk, though mighty
dull ;
Fierce without strength ; overflowing, though
not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show thole ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies, }
There sits with countenance erect and wise, }
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies ; }
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought ;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards ;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part ;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton * he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave ;

*proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from
too much good-nature and compliance.*

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham.

" Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not
dull,

" Strong without rage, without overflowing full."

* One, a celebrated prize-fighter ; the other, a
no less famous boxer.

By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less ;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light ;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun :
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar ;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious
grown }
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone ;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for
its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort, }
Gringes each morn at levées, bows at court, }
And, from the hand he hates, implores support. }
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
A ribband and a pension buy the slave :
This bribes the fool about him ; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar ;
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would :
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes
spent,

And lends them ready cash at *cent. per cent.*
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives ;
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

" Miseri quibus
" Intentata nites."

HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

SKILL'D in each art that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
The tofs of quality and high-bred fieur,
Now Lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year :
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;
Breakfast and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play ;
Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.

§ R. iij

For love no time has she, or inclination,
 Yet must coquette it for the sake of fashion;
 For this she listens to each fop that's near,
 Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
 And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear,
 But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
 Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
 Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms
 For wither'd lean Right Honourable arms;
 He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
 And treats her as if sprung from race divine,
 Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
 Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost;
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid;
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung;
 * She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung,
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers prest,
 But most for ready cash for play distress'd,
 Where can she turn!—The 'squire must all re-
 pair,

She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
 And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy:
 She feels no transports in the bridal bed,
 Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read;
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity:

Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
 † Impatient for Heaven's cordial drop, she tries;
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
 The ruddy emplar newly on the town,
 The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her with denies,
 Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies;
 All night from rout to rout her chairman run,
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
 The gilded chariot, or the tassell'd chair;
 For lonely seat she's forc'd to quit the town,
 And ‡ Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,
 Ne'er press'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
 She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
 And envies ev'ry cinder-wench she meets:
 And now the dreaded country first appears,
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears

* *Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one M'Lean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.*

† "The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has
 "thrown,
 "To make the nauseous draught of life go
 "down." *Rob.*

‡ *A person well known for supplying people of quality with hired equipages.*

Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
 Then starts and trembles at the sight of trees.
 Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
 Until at length appears the ruin'd hall
 Within the grass green moat and ivy'd wall;
 The doleful prison where for ever she,
 But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
 Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
 And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
 While bells her ears with tongues discordant
 grate,

Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate:
 But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
 Nor deigns she to return one aukward bow,
 But bounces in, disdainingly once to speak,
 And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,
 A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
 With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
 Her insolence and title only left;
 Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
 And the low pastimes of a country fair:
 Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray,
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
 Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,
 Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
 Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
 Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
 And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to
 death.

THE
 FIRST EPISTLE
 OF THE
 SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,
 IMITATED.

*To the Right Hon. Philip, Lord Hardwicke, Lord
 High Chancellor of Great Britain.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece is a burlesque imitation: a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humorous application of the words and sentiments of any author, to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of compositions; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescencies: these immediately lose sight of their original, and those scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertise the reader, that in the following epistle he is to expect nothing more than

an apposite conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense; all the little merit it can pretend to, consisting solely in the closeness of so long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

WHILST you, my Lord, such various toils sustain,
Preside o'er Britain's peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age;
With tedious verse to trespass on your time,
Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.

All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,
Who after death within the sacred walls
Of Westminster with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but sorry treatment, while they liv'd;
And though they labour'd in their country's cause,
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,
Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren soil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
Ev'n * he who long the House of Commons led,
That hydra dirè, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience to his latest breath,
Envy could only be subdu'd by death.
Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,
Dead they're ador'd—when none desire their places.

This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The seat of justice in no former reign
Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

But though the people are so just to you,
To none besides will they allow their due,
No minister approve, who is not dead,
Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head;
Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,
They've some for former ministers and kings;
And, with a kind of superstitious awe,
Deem *Magna Charta* still a sacred law.

But if because the government was best
Of old in France, when freedom she possess'd,
In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,
England's we judge was so, who then had none;
Into most strange absurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.
Brought to perfection in these days we see
All arts, and their great parent liberty;
With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel ev'n France,

If age of ministers is then the test,
And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,
Let's try and fix some æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:
Are they all wicked since Eliza's days?
Did none in Charles' or James' merit praise?
Or are they knaves but since the revolution?
If none of these are facts, then all's confusion;
And by the self-same rule one cannot fail
To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.

* Sir Robert Walpole;

Wife Cecil, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any since:
Of Arthur's days we almost nothing know,
Yet sing their praise, because they're long ago.
Oft as 'tis doubted in their several ways
Which of past orators best merit praise,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If Harley's head deserv'd the most regard,
Or Windham's tongue, or Jekyl's patriot heart,
Old Shippen's gravity, or Walpole's art.
These were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fullest houses still are quoted;
These have been fam'd from Anna's days till
ours,
When Pelham has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
The art of ministerial eloquence,
By adding honest truth to nervous sense.
Oft afe the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right;
The late rebellion in the truest light
By chance they saw; but were not once so wise,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise:
If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat:
But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have some blunders, and some
tricks,

With such impartial sentiments I join,
And their opinions tally just with mine.

I would by no means church or king destroy,
And yet the doctrines taught me when a boy
By Crab the curate, now seem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God:
In all the writings of those high-flown ages,
You meet with now and then some scatter'd pages
Wrote with some spirit and with sense enough;
These sell the book, the rest is wretched stuff:
I'm quite provok'd, when principles, though true,
Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they're
new.

Should I but question, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous Hanmer spoke,
If things went right, when St. John trod the
stage,

How the old Tories all would storm and rage!
They shun conviction, or because a truth
Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits:
What!—to be taught by Lytteltons and Pitts.

When angry patriots or in prose or rhymes
Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the present to disgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
But had the patriots of those ancient days
Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
The trade, though now so flourishing and new,
Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

England, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,
Began to think frugality a jest,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
Gamesters and jockeys turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;
Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen;
What should have paid the butcher, bought
Poussin;

Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,
Then whist became the business of the nation,
That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then tosses them away;

Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet;

These were the blest effects of being quiet,

Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
He smoak'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,
There justice to dispense was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling:
To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn best markets might be had,
And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.

But now the world's quite alter'd; all are bent
To leave their seats, and fly to parliament:
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obstrep'rous voters all night long
With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song:
Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,
Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies;
And, for the fashion-sake, in spite of nature,
Commence sometimes a most important creature,
Busy as Car—w rave for ink and quills,
And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.

Few landmen go to sea unless they're prest,
And quacks in all professions are a jest;
None dare to kill, except most learn'd physicians,
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians;
There's not a soul but thinks, could he be sent,
H' has parts enough to shine in parliament.

Though many ills this modern taste produces,
Yet still, my Lord, 'tis not without its uses;
These minor politicians are a kind
Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd;
Do but allow them with applause to speak,
They little care, though all their tenants break;
They form intrigues with no man's wife or daughter,

And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water;
Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,
But loth in any cause to draw their swords.

Were smaller matters worthy of attention,
A thousand other uses I could mention;
For instance, in each monthly magazine
Their essays and orations still are seen,
And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradesman's creed;
Apprentices they serve to entertain,
Instead of smutty tales, and plays profane;
Instruct them how their passions to command,
And to hate none—but those who rule the land:
Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking breaths.

When with her brothers miss comes up to town,
How for each play can she afford a crown;
Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unless she goes to church, or a committee;
And sure committees better entertain,
Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,
Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle;
At church she hears with unattentive ear
The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with so much wit and sense,

She falls a victim soon to eloquence:
Well may she fall; since eloquence has power
To govern both the Upper House and Lower.

Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
They, when in barns their corn was safely laid,
For harvest-homes, great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work:
This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,
And was the source of all election-treating;
A while their jests, though merry, yet were wise,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,
No sober family cou'd sleep in bed:
All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no hurt
Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.
Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready cash, to win each country town;
This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;
But still all canvassing produc'd confusion,
The relics of its rustic institution

'Tis but of late since thirty years of peace
To useful sciences have giv'n increase,
That w' have inquir'd how Rome's lost sons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold;
What treats proud Sylla, Cæsar, Crassus gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave:
Nor try'd in vain; too fortunately bold,
Many have purchas'd votes, and many sold;
No laws can now amend this venal land,
That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.

Some think an int'rest may be form'd with ease,
Because the vulgar we must chiefly please;
But for that reason 'tis the harder task,
For such will neither pardon, grant, nor ask.
See how Sir W——, master of this art,
By different methods wins each C——n heart,
He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
And teaches their attentive fires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
Insidious pimps, and hungry parasites:
Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early visits round a town,
At every house relates his stories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and Hanover;
If tales will money save, and business do,
It matters little, are they false or true.

Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause,
To his own conscience, or his country's cause,
Is soon elated, and as soon cast down
By every drunken cobbler's smile or frown;
So small a matter can depress or raise
A mind that's meanly covetous of praise:
But if my quiet must dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,
Adieu, say I, to all electioneering.

The boldest orator it disconcerts,
To find the many, though of meanest parts,
Illiterate, squabbling, discontented prigs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at Figg's,
To all good sense and reason shut their ears,
Yet take delight in S—d—m's bulls and bears.

Young knights now sent from many a distant shire
Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear;
Their joy's to view his majesty approach,
Drawn by eight milkwhite steeds in gilded coach,
The pageant show and bustle to behold, [gold,
The guards, both horse and foot, lac'd o'er with

The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,
The iv'ry sceptre, and the radiant crown.
The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
And business is delay'd at least an hour;
The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,
But might as well read orders to deaf asses.

But now see honest V—— rise to joke!
The House all laugh: "What says he? Has he
spoke?"

No not a word; then whence this sudden mirth?
His phiz foretels some jest's approaching birth.

But lest I seem these orators to wrong,
Envious because I share no gift of tongue,
Is there a man whose eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fullest house in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave, and now to weep,
Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes
sleep,

Now fills our headswith false alarms from France,
'Then conjurer-like, to India bids us dance,
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For surely he does all that man can do.

But whilst, my Lord, these makers of our laws
Thus speak themselves into the world's applause,
Let bards for such attempts too modest share
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
If you would spur them up the Muses' hill,
Or ask their aid your library to fill.

We poets are in ev'ry age and nation,
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation;
'This in a thousand instances is shown
(Myself as guilty as the rest I own);
As when on you our nonsense we impose,
'Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose;
When w' are offended, if some honest friend
Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend;
When undesir'd our labours we repeat,
Grieve they're no more regarded by the great,
And fancy, shou'd you once but see our faces,
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.

'Tis yours, my Lord, to form the soul to verse,
Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse;
Great Alexander once, in ancient days,
Pay'd Chærilus for daubing him with praise;
And yet the same fam'd hero made a law,
None but Apelles shou'd his picture draw;
None but Lysippus cast his royal head
In brass: it had been treason if in lead:
A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd,
And had in painting too perhaps some taste;
But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,
He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.
But you, my Lord, a fav'rite of the Muse,
Wou'd choose good poets, were there good to
choose,

You know they paint the great man's soul as like,
As can his features Kneller or Vandyke.

Had I such pow'r, I never wou'd compose
Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;
But rather try to celebrate your praise,
And with your just encomiums swell my lays:

Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmost skill
To consecrate to fame Britannia's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wise councils once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;

Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,
And peace*, long wish'd-for, to the world restor'd.

But your true greatness suffers no such praise,
My verse would link the theme it meant to raise;
Unequal to the task wou'd surely meet
Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet
Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so
simple,

Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple†.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE
GARTER ‡.

THESE trophies, Stanhope, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou, the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,
Herself and garter both were surely thine.

TO A LADY IN TOWN.

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to
reign,

For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties
make;

Through circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;
Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echoes groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my Chloe's voice,
Nor Handel's nor Corelli's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares;
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
Music, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's muse;
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
And call forth scenes of sympathizing woe:
Here Heloise mourns her absent lover's charms,
There parting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forsakes her nest, forsaken by her love,

* A general peace was at this time just concluded at
Aix la Chapelle.

† Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire.

‡ He was installed at Windsor on the 18th of June
1730, at the same time with the Duke of Cumberland
and the Earl of Burlington.

I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields
Where Cam's old urn its silver current yields,
Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,
As if to guard it from th' assaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her sons, though few, not Pallas cou'd defend,
Nor Dullness succour to her thousands lend;
Love, like a fever with infectious rage,
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of
age:

To gaze at her, ev'n Dons were seen to run,
And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce
begun.

* So Helen look'd, and mov'd with such a
grace,

When the grave seniors of the Trojan race
Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth consum'd, and set their
town on fire.

At fam'd Newmarket oft I spend the day,
An unconcern'd spectator of the play;
There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with despair;
For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,
Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the decision of two rival dice,
Whilst long disputes 'twixt seven and five remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for
gain,

Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
"Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make Chloë mine."
Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,
O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their slender limbs they
strain,

And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air se-
rene,

And cheerful sun-beams gild the beauteous scene,
Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
Where'er or choice or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:
Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:
Dull sports! for oh my Chloe is not there!

Fatigu'd at length, I willingly retire
To a small study, and a cheerful fire,
There o'er some folio pore; I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilst I by dear affliction live again:
But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones past;
For just when now beneath some silent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,

* *Vid. Hom. II. lib. 3. ver. 150.*

Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad Orpheus from th' infernal shade
Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

TO A LADY.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES
DESIGNED FOR A GROTTTO.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
shores,

The Indian swain his fable love adores.
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes;
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves
inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed as wrought by nature's hand!
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees;
A shell or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and
you.

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll please, when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from
your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this
grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought;
Here verdant plants and blooming flow'rs will
grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-work
flow;
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dyes,
There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring
eyes;

Delightful bower of bliss! secure retreat!
Fit for the muses, and Statira's seat.

But still how good must be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find!
The muse her company, good sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride;
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away;

Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
 Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair;
 And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
 Before the thrills of Farinelli's voice;
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
 To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariot
 sees,
 For groves the playhouse quits, and beaux for
 trees.
 Blest is the man, whom Heav'n shall grant one
 hour
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely
 bow'r!

TO A LADY.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY
 FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes
 command,
 The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,
 Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
 The exactest image of the lovely maid;
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
 This pure, as flows the style through ev'ry line,
 That like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the fable currents stain
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
 Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in silver snow
 Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
 Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
 The ivory plain of lovely Chloe's neck:
 See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
 Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
 The yielding paper's pure but vacant breast,
 By her fair hand and flowing pen imprest,
 At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
 And with new life and new ideas glows,
 Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
 Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
 From pole to pole you send your great commands;
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
 So those who from the sword in battle run,
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
 But these are charms no ages can devour
 These, far superior to the brightest face,
 Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.
 When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
 These lovely lines shall future ages view,
 And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
 The curious piece, and wish like you to write!
 Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire
 To copy Paul's stroke, or Titian's fire:
 Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
 And I in vain to imitate them try:
 Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
 To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH
 HARLEY*.

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
 And verse a tribute sacred to the fair;
 Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
 By undisputed right, the muses queen;
 Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
 And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
 Lesbia presided thus in Roman times,
 Thus Sacharissa reign'd o'er British rhymes.
 And present bards to Margaretta bow,
 For what they were of old, is Harley now.

From Oxford's house, in these dull busy days,
 Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;
 He to our slightest labours still is kind,
 Beneath his roof, w' are ever sure to find
 (Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
 Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;
 Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
 Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;
 Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
 Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
 Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
 Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd?
 A double right you to this empire bear,
 As first in beauty, and as Oxford's heir.

Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd
 Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find;
 Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
 Without one foible of her sex to hide;
 Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dyes
 Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
 Oh Harley! cou'd but you these lines approve,
 These children sprung from idleness and love,
 Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design!)
 Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
 Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critics blame,
 Alike I'd scorn: Your approbation's fame.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI. IMITATED.

*To the Honourable Philip Yorke, Esq. soon after the
 general election in 1747.*

For quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries,
 When gathering storms obscure the skies,
 The stars no more appearing;
 The candidate for quiet prays,
 Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
 Of blest electioneering.

Who thinks, that from the speaker's chair
 The serjeant's mace can keep off care,
 Is wond'rously mistaken:
 Alas! he is not half so blest
 As those wh' have liberty and rest,
 And dine on beans and bacon.

* Only daughter and heir of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by Lady Henrietta Cavendish, only daughter and heir of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. She was afterwards Duchess of Portland, and died July 17. 1785.

Why should we then to London run,
And quit our cheerful country sun,
For business, dirt, and smoke?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our care?
In troth, 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,
And mounts behind the general's horse,
Outstrips hussars and pandours;
Far swifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or ——— before the Highlanders.

A man, when once he's safely chose,
Shou'd laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill;
A seat is no bad thing, but still
Elections are the devil.

Its gifts with hand impartial Heav'n
Divides: to Oxford it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
To ——— indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted seats, and parks, and land;
Brocades and silks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
Six neighing steeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car:

To me they've given a small retreat,
Good port and mutton, best of meat,
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE VIII. IMITATED.

To the same.

DID but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd send;
But still the choicest and the best
Shou'd be consign'd to friends at Wreſt*.

An organ, which, if right I guess,
Wou'd best please Lady Marchioness,
Shou'd first be sent by my command,
Worthy of her inspiring hand:
To Lady Bell of nicest mould
A coral set in burnish'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
Portraits by Lely or Vandyke,
A curious bronze, or bust antique.

But since these gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wish for more,
Already blest with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verse, though such as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my presents all in rhymes;

* *The seat of the Marchioness of Kent, wife of Lord Hardwicke.*

And lest you should forget their worth,
Like them I'll set their value forth.

Not monumental bras or stones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by Marlbro's sword,
Nor titles which these feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,
As can the labours of the muse.
But if she should her aid deny,
With you your virtues all must die,
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say
How wise, how good, was Lady Grey.

What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial Rome?
Or him deserving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,
And built the little church of Ross?
Did not th' eternal powers of verse
From age to age their deeds rehearse.

The muse forbids the brave to die,
Bestowing immortality;
Still by her aid in blest abodes
Alcides feasts among the gods;
And royal Arthus still is able
To fill his hospitable table
With English beef, and English knights,
And looks with pity down on White's.

TO THE HON. MISS YORKE,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON, APRIL 25.
1748.

VICTORIOUS Anson see returns
From the subjected main!
With joy each British bosom burns,
Fearless of France and Spain.

Honours his grateful sovereign's hand,
Conquest his own bestows,
Applause unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

"But still, my son," Britannia cries,
"Still more thy merits claim;
"Thy deeds deserve a richer prize
"Than titles, wealth, or fame:

"Twice waſted ſafe from pole to pole,
"Thou'ſt ſail'd the globe around;
"Contains it aught can charm thy ſoul?
"Thy fondeſt wiſhes bound?

"Is there a treasure worth thy care
"Within th' encircling line?
"Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r,
"To make that treasure thine."

Heav'n listen'd to Britannia's voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He chose ———, the gods approv'd his choice,
And paid him all in you.

CHLOE TO STREPHON.

A SONG.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Pres not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Ah cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may!
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

A SONG.

CEASE, Sally, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

Oh, torture me not, for love's sake,
With the smirk of those delicate lips,
With that head's dear significant shake,
And the toss of the hoop and the hips!

Oh, fight still more fatal! look there,
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So — now there's an end of my care,
I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

Do you sing too? Ah, mischievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the devil can 'scape being caught
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to advise should I try?
What nature ordains we must prove;
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A SONG.

WHEN first I fought fair Cælia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept, and sigh'd in vain,
She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome, she made me blest,
And yielded all her charms,
And I forsook her when possess'd,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
To rage thy breast incline;
For why, since you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine?

THE CHOICE.

HAD I, Pigmalion-like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I would adore,
The model should be thus design'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her skin should be as lilies fair,
With rosy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermilion spread,
And soft and moist, as well as red;
Her eyes should shine with vivid light,
At once both languishing and bright;
Her shape should be exact and small,
Her stature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both sprightly and serene;
Besides all this, a nameless grace
Should be diffus'd all o'er her face:
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This for her form; now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettish arts,
And vain designs of conquering hearts,
Not sway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But soft, though bright, like her own eyes,
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the sciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To press the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh,
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught—or me.

I'd have her to strict honour ty'd,
And yet without one spark of pride;
In company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a stranger to the spleen;
Well pleas'd to grace the park and play,
And dance sometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours
In solitude and shady bow'rs,
And there beneath some silent grove,
Delight in poetry and love.

Some sparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her soul inspire,
Enough, at least, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at least, to make her wise,
And sops and fopperies despise;
Prefer her books, and her own muse,
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;
Above her sex exalt her mind,
And make her more than womankind.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST-INDIES.

For universal sway design'd,
To distant realms Clorinda flies,
And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,
To bound the conquests of her eyes,

From our cold climes to India's shore
With cruel haste she wings her way,
To scorch their sultry plains still more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilst ev'ry streaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But still, if right the muses tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief shall that fair bosom swell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Though now, like Philip's son, whose arms
Did once the vassal world command,
You rove with unresisted charms,
And conquer both by sea and land;

Yet when (as soon they must) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side,
Behold my Chloe stands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts serenely flow,
Calm as the softly-breathing air
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,
With such soft pow'r endu'd,
She seems a new-born Venus rose
From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,
The scaly race repair,
They sport beneath the crystal wave,
And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd
In shining volumes lies,
There basks the carp bedropt with gold
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear,
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew
To the fair tempter fly,
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,
Ah, simple fish, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And struggle in the snare.

But, fair one, though these toils succeed,
Of conquest be not vain,
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed
Unpunish'd thus to reign;

Remember, in a wat'ry glass
His charms Narcissus spy'd,

When for his own bewitching face
The youth despair'd, and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish ensnare,
No more such wiles pursue;
Left whilst your baits for them prepare,
Love finds out one for you.

CHLOE HUNTING.

WHILST thousands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare;
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
To languish and despair.

Oh, strange caprice in thy dear breast!
Whence first this whim began;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
And shun their sovereign man!

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both must die,
Not surer they, when you pursue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

ON LUCINDA'S RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

BRIGHT Venus long with envious eyes
The fair Lucinda's charms had seen,
"And shall she still," the goddess cries,
"Thus dare to rival beauty's queen!"

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haste indignant goes,
Where death, the prince of terrors, reigns
Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies:
"O sole in whom my hopes confide!
To blast my rival's potent eyes,
And in her fate all mortal pride;

"Let her but feel thy chilling dart;
"I will forgive, tremendous god,
"Ev'n that which pierc'd Adonis' heart:"
He hears, and gives th' assenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce disease
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the loveliest fabric seize
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Assur'd he meant Lucinda's charms,
To her th' infectious dæmon flies,
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, to employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the spoils of ev'ry grace
The goddess picks some glorious prize,
Transplants the roses from her face,
And arms young Cupids from her eyes.

Now death (ah veil the mournful scene)!
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder fate not slept between,
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

"What phrenzy bids thy hand essay,"
He cries, "to wound thy surest friend,
Whose beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims send?"

"Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
As thine own silent arrows sure?
Or who that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?"

Death thus reprov'd his hand restrains,
And bids the dire distemper fly;
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
That thousands may adore, and die.

WRITTEN IN MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Long had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan through ev'ry
part,
Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth and sky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,
'Till Locke's unerring pen the portrait drew.
So beauteous Eve a while in Eden stray'd,
And all her great Creator's works survey'd;
By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour;
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:
But still a stranger to her own bright face,
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;
'Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;
The shining mirror all her charms displays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

Since thou, relentless maid, can'st daily hear
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'er-
flow
At these imaginary scenes of woe?
Rather teach these to weep, and that to heave,
At real pains themselves to thousands give;
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,
Consider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID RELIEVED.

As once young Cupid went astray,
The little god I found;
I took his bow and shafts away,
And fast his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my spoils I cast,
My conquest proud to show;
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,
And smil'd to see him so.

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But ah! that smile such fresh supplies
Of arms resistless gave!
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his slave.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

Poor Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led astray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd and look'd so like a maid,
So seldom eat, so often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady Abbess oft would cry,
If any sister trod awry,

Or prov'd an idle flatterer;
"See wise and pious Mrs. Jane!
A life so strict, so grave a mien
Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young slut at length replies,
"Experience, madam, makes folks wise,
'Tis that has made her such;
And we, poor souls, no doubt should be
As pious, and as wise, as she,
If we had seen as much."

THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

White as her hand fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm;
When sent, fair Julia, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Can'st quench my fierce desire;
But not with water, ice, or snow,
But with an equal fire.

ANACREON, ODE XX.

A rock on Phrygian plains we see
That once was beauteous Niobe:
And Progne, too revengeful fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glass would be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be chang'd to stays, that straitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy slender waist;
A silver stream I'd bathe thee, fair,
Or shine pomatum on thy hair;
In a soft fable tippet's form
I'd kiss thy snowy bubbles warm;

In shape of pearl thy bosom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck,
Pleas'd to be aught that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your shoe.

A TRANSLATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE various pow'rs of blended shade and light,
The skilful Zeuxis of the dusky night;
The lovely forms that paint the snowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating stain;
In tuneful lines, harmonious Phœbus, sing,
At once of light and verse celestial king.

Divine Apollo! let thy sacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,
Like the fair empty sheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurnish'd, till inspir'd by you;
O let one beam, one kind enlight'ning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play!
Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall
strew.

But now the muse's useful precepts view,
And with just care the pleasing work pursue.
First choose a window that convenient lies,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes;
Dark be the room; let not a straggling ray
Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,
Except one bright refulgent blaze convey'd
Through a strait passage in the shutter made,
In which th' ingenions artist first must place
A little, convex, round, transparent glass,
And just behind th' extended paper lay,
On which his art shall all its pow'r display:
There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,
And paint their objects on the silver sheet;
A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,
And magic landscapes charm our wand'ring
eyes;

'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If Epicurus' doctrine teaches true,
The subtle parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what causes all these wonders flow,
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
How through the centre of the convex glass,
The piercing rays together twisted pass,
Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,
Or why the sun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philosophers the cause inquire,
Enough for us to see, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours stain
The painted surface of the paper plain!
Now bright and gay, as shines the heavenly bow,
So late a wide, unpeopled waste of snow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There slender tow'rs, and little cities rise:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds de-
scend:

Thus the wife vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to stand,
And wonder much, how they securely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great Apelles' art;
Zephyrs the waving harvests gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow;
Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,
Some rise to fight, whilst others pass away.

On all we seize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we stop, the horse-man catch;
Compel the posting traveller to stay;
But the short visit causes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely prospects rise!
Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes.
Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in small folds her waving garments flow,
And all her slender limbs still slenderer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The spacious hoop, once five vast ells around:
But think not to embrace the flying fair,
Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,
In this resembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough w' have seen; now let th' intruding day
Chase all the lovely magic scenes away;
Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns;
The bright creation in a moment flies,
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads!
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

In her own isle's remotest grove
Stands Venus' lovely shrine,
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,
And built by hands divine.

The polish'd structure, fair and bright
As her own ivory skin,
Without is alabaster white,
And ruby all within.

Above, a cupola charms the view,
White as unsully'd snow;
Two columns of the same fair hue
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,
In which such virtue reigns,
That, bath'd in its balsamic waves,
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there spreads
A fragrant spicy grove,
That with its curling branches shades
The labyrinths of love.

Bright beauty here her captives holds,
Who kiss their easy chains,
And in the softest closest folds
Her willing slaves detains.

Would'st thou, who ne'er these seas hast try'd,
Find where this island lies,
Let pilot love the rudder guide,
And steer by Chloë's eyes.

ON A NOSEGAY IN THE COUNTESS OF
COVENTRY'S BREAST.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

DELIGHTFUL scene! in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
Though planted in a bed of snow!
Yet see how soon they fade, and die,
Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye!
No wonder if, o'ercome with bliss,
They droop their heads to steal a kiss;
Who would not die on that dear breast?
Who would not die to be so blest?

THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE,
1748.

By his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London-Evening stain'd with beer,
With half a Bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But soon discerning with sagacious nose
The well-known flavour of the Parson's toes,
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose.
The doctor ent'ring to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

Parson.

Why sitt'st thou thus forlorn and dull, my
friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'Squire.

What peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, though old, are clogg'd with a new
tax;

My oaks, though young, must groan beneath the
My barns are half unthatch'd, untill'd my house;
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!
Long as the land contended for,—and lost:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So short my pocket is, so long the score;
At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

Parson.

I must confess the times are bad indeed;
No wonder, when we scarce believe our creed;
When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,
And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd;

1

When all church-pow'r is thought to make men
slaves,

Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'Squire.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold
your tongue:

I'm for the church;—but think the parson's wrong.

Parson.

See there! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection through each country town;
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing.

'Squire.

Come drink;—

Parson.

—Here's to you then, to church and king.

'Squire.

Here's church and king; I hate the glass should
stand,

Though one takes tythes, and t' other taxes land.

Parson.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this
sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the Toleration,
And to the church restore the Convocation.

'Squire.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

Parson.

Is not most gracious George our faith's de-
fender?

You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender!

'Squire.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news! a boy
with letters:

Oh, ho! here's one, I see, from parson Sly:

"My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to
die,

[hence,

"I hope, if heav'n should please to take him
"To ask the living wou'd be no offence."

Parson.

Have you not sworn that I shou'd Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;
How oft discover'd puffs on new-plow'd land;
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your wor-
ship stand.

'Squire.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or
civil;

Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

Parson.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Presbyterian rascal Sly.
I am, you know, a right true hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song or story,

'Squire.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

3 S ij

Parson.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign!
Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee;
Great queen! who governest this earthly ball,
And mak'st both kings and kingdoms rise and fall;
Whose wond'rous pow'r in secret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
And gives them peace again—— * nay gav'st us this;
Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:—
 'Squire, rubbing his hands.
 ——With all my heart.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Translated from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.
Man, only man, solicitous to know
The springs whence nature's operations flow,
Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain,
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
For fable death still hovering o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, since nature errs not, do we find,
These seeds of science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' etherial way,
Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
Since all must perish in one common grave,
Nor can these long laborious searches save,
Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
Come on then, let us feast; let Chloe sing,
And soft Næra touch the trembling string;
Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!
What means then shall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind?

* *Madam de P—mp—dour.*

Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, though fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
And seeks unwearied truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys she asks which must depend
On the frail senses, and with them must end;
But such as suit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change, eternally the same.
Take courage then, these joys we shall attain;
Almighty wisdom never acts in vain;
Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
Such pow'rs, e'er perish like an earthly clod;
But purg'd at length from soul corruption's stain,
Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,
She shall her native strength and native skies re-
gain;
To heav'n an old inhabitant return, [tual urr-
And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpet-
Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)
Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,
Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
Retains some marks of her celestial race;
Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce
Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?
Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?
Can in her cells such mighty treasures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye?
Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, through all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those
names,
Adjusted properly by legal claims,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniscience given?
When now the rapid stream of eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull farce repeated on the stage,
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
Perfection such as here she never tastes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foresees a system more complete.
Of those what think you, who the circling race
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying through unbounded
space?
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,
That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,
From thence descending visits but this earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her
birth?
Cou'd she thus act, unless some power unknown,
From matter quite distinct and all her own,
Supported, and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,

Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
 Without the body's unrequested aid;
 Her own internal strength her reason guides,
 By this she now compares things, now divides;
 Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
 Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
 Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
 And rears the aspiring fabric to the skies;
 From whence, as on a distant plain below,
 She sees from causes consequences flow,
 And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
 Which from the Almighty's throne to earth de-
 scends:

And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
 Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
 Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
 And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
 Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
 Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
 For body is but a machine alone

Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
 Rate not th' extension of the human mind
 By the plebeian standard of mankind,
 But by the size of those gigantic few
 Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,
 Or Britain, well deserving equal praise,
 Parent of heroes too in better days.
 Why shou'd I try her numerous sons to name,
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame;
 Or who have forc'd fair science into light,
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?
 O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
 First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
 And drove the mists of sophistry away;
 Pervaded nature with amazing force
 Following experience still throughout his course,
 And finishing at length his destin'd way,
 To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
 Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,
 If in your present happy heav'nly state,
 You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
 Let this degenerate land again be blest
 With that true vigour which she once possess'd;
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.
 Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n
 For most important purposes by Heav'n;
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
 That there's a self which after death shall live,
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
 For future prospects in a world to come.
 Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
 We plant flow'rs oak's posterity to shade;
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
 Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
 We think no dangers great, or labours long,
 By which we hope our beings to extend,
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
 Disowning every crime for which he dies;
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
 Nature has wove into the human mind
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
 And give an earnest of a life to come:
 For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
 Why think of what posterity shall say?
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral
 train,

And marble monument that speaks in vain,
 With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
 To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
 Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have
 lay'd,

And annual obsequies around it pay'd,
 As if to please the poor departed shade;
 Others on blazing piles the body burn,
 And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
 But all in one great principle agree,
 To give a fancy'd immortality.
 Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil
 Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?
 Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
 No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,
 But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
 Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
 Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
 To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
 And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
 With the same features which in life it wore:
 So strong their presage of a future state,
 And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold, remote from reason's beams,
 Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
 Of life impatient rush into the fire,
 And willing victims to their gods expire!
 Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
 Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.
 Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
 For steadfast virtue, and contempt of life:

These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
 Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
 But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
 And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
 In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
 And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
 See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
 To battle all unanimously run,
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.
 Whence this disdain of life in eve'ry breast,
 But from a notion on their minds impress'd,
 That all who for their country die, are blest?
 Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams;
 Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;
 All show with what consent mankind agree
 In the firm hope of immortality.

Grant these inventions of the crafty priest,
 Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,
 Unless some glimmerings of a future state
 Were with the mind coeval, and innate;
 For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,
 In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Becanse we are unable to conceive
 How unembodiy'd souls can act, and live,
 The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
 And habitations in peculiar places :
 Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject ;
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
 Folly and fraud on truth's fair form have laid :
 Yet let that task be our's ; for great the prize ;
 Nor let us truth's celestial charms despise,
 Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God, from nature's voice is
 clear ;

And yet what errors to this truth adhere ?
 How have the fears and follies of mankind
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
 To each the frailties of the human mind ?
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.

Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
 Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
 When time should ripen the decrees of fate,
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,
 Through errors maze, and chase these clouds a-
 way.

Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,
 And brought us aid from this divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
 By nature, void of this celestial aid :
 Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
 Nor scorn plain reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize,
 Is plain ; such is this union nature ties :
 But then as often too they disagree,
 Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
 Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
 Whilst various ails debilitate the mind ;
 At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
 The body sinks with sickness and with pains :
 Now, did one common fate their beings end,
 Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
 But sure experience, on the slightest view,
 Shows us, that the reverse of this is true ;
 For when the body oft expiring lies,
 Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
 The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
 And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
 How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
 Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
 Her liberty restor'd, her bonds untty'd ?
 And like some bird who from its prison flies,
 Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
 It must have parts in infinitum join'd ;
 And each of these must will, perceive, design,
 And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line ;
 Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
 Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast ?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
 Of modelling and figuring these parts ;
 Just as if circles wiser were than squares ;
 But surely common sense aloud declares

That site and figure are as foreign quite
 From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
 With what strange pow'rs must motion then be
 fraught ?

Reason, sense, science must derive their source
 From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force ;
 Tops whipp'd by school-boys sages must com-
 mence,

Their hoops, like them, be cudgell'd into sense,
 And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.

Whence can this very motion take its birth ;
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth :
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
 Which governs all the bodily machine :

Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
 Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd ;
 But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
 So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity ;
 Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
 Which time can dissipate, and force divide ;
 For beings of this make can never die,
 Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own
 essence lie.

If to conceive how any thing can be
 From shape extracted and locality
 Is hard, what think you of the Deity ?
 His being not the least relation bears,
 As far as to the human mind appears,
 To shape or size, similitude or place,
 Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space,
 Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
 From all material dross ; and such the human
 mind.

For in what part of essence can we see
 More certain marks of immortality ?
 Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
 She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight ;
 Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
 From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then, forgetful of its toils and strife,
 Pursue the joys of this fallacious life ;
 Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
 And into nothing then dissolve away.
 Are these our great pursuits ? Is this to live ?
 These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can
 give ?

How much more worthy envy is their fate,
 Who search for truth in a superior state ?
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
 And following reason's much-entangled clue,
 But with one great and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,
 Corporeal organs if we take away ?
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them
 must decay.

Why not ? or why may not the soul receive
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve ?
 The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear ;
 These in mankind new faculties create,
 And lift him far above his native state ;
 Call down revolving planets from the sky,
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,

The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft we see those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In distances of things, their shapes and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the embryo state?
Or one from birth insensible of day
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light's deny'd to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires;
Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can
stay;

An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, no in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! nor farther launch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither, bury'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not undo th' Almighty's standard quit;
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Could I a firm persuasion once attain,
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, although renew'd by fate,
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.

Might I from fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius, and science, morals, and good sense,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous offspring to the world well known,
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;

The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time

BOOK II.

God then through all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unblest
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heaven's
decree

With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow.
What millions perish by each other's hands
In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains?
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of nature's liberality?
(Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain)
What numbers guiltless of their own disease
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow
degrees?

Where then is virtue's well-deserv'd reward?—
Let's pay to virtue ev'ry due regard;
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a threefold hate;
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:
Should he at length so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretch-
ed state.

Is private life from all these evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,
Deceit, that friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels and feuds, and law's entangling snares.
But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age:
If happiness exists, 'tis sure! here;
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?

Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the dye's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not that these ills from virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed,
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the mis'ries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain:
Which e'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the magi's brain!
Hence ouzy Nile, with all her monstrous train!

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, though he can't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own!
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
No; they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.

Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessing of an hour;
Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See * one whose councils, one † whose con-
qu'ring hand
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.

* Lord Somers.

† Duke of Marlborough.

Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
‡ In each politer kind of writing well:
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit:
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much 'tis plain,
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds
confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won!
By this the Sophists were of old misled;
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is
bred!

Hear then my argument:—Confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*.
But is it right what here so oft appears,
That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
The inference then that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state,
The wise extending their inquiries wide,
See how both states are by connection ty'd;
Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.

"But rules not God by general laws divine:
"Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"
What laws are these? Instruct us if you can:—
There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind?
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
Of these none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires:
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;

‡ Dean Swift.

In these lov'd offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views:
God through the wonders of his works pursues:
Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise nature has this social law confirm'd
By forming man so helpless and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach:
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated state,
Their pow'rs how wond'rons, and their strength
how great,

When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass, like gravity combines!
This then's the first great law by nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law!
See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from east to west,
How few, alas! how very few are blest!
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with error's mists the human mind?
No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error and distress,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to
blest?

Whom true religion leads! (for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds);
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after sophistry's vain systems run!
For these as for essentials we engage
In wars and massacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken zeal, how savage is thy reign!

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd ap-
pears,
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;
Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r dis-
own,

He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all goes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal though thou hop'st to run,
Thyself thou canst not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric seize?
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?
'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
(Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse, how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind?
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd;
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious * Hough we
find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind;
The mitre's glory, freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage;
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory
claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this
dread,

If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!

* *Bishop of Worcester.*

Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within ;
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours, and its strife ;
And, scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid :
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave :
Virtue will lead him to ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

But still his merit you can not regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so : yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive nature draws ;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues ;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain !
He follows but where nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we th' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan ;
In fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost ;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd :
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss ;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With wisdom's richest harvest folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose ;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain ;
God may perhaps (might human reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find ;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To Heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past
Through error's rocks, and see the port at last ;
Let us review and recollect the whole.—
Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial, or material be,
But claims by nature immortality ;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will ; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect good ;

With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our ear thly state
With sure presages of a life to come ;
All false and useless, if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease : we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live ;
It follows, that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom :
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom Infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns ?
Whilst all creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design ?
Not so : the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when, or how,
But) after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display ;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF OXFORD'S LIBRARY AT
WIMPLE *, 1729.

Who, uninspir'd, can tread this sacred ground,
With all the sons of fame encompass'd round ?
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant
bays,
Each sister art her willing charms displays :
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow ;
There marble busts illustrious faces show :
And in old coins are little heroes seen,
With venerable rust of ages green :
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By Gothic fire, and persecution's rage,
Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes stand,
By Providence preserv'd for Oxford's hand.
Whilst thus within these magic walls I stray,
At once all climes and ages I survey :
On fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
Recal past time, and live whole eras o'er :

* *Wimple-Hall, with the estate round it, was formerly the possession of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a descendant of which was the gallant Lord Cutts, who so frequently distinguished himself in the several sieges and battles during the war in which the great Duke of Marlborough commanded.—This estate was sold by the Cutts family to the famous Sir John Cutler, who settled it on the marriage of his daughter with Lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards sold it to John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, in the partition of whose estates it came to the Earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country residence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was sold by his family to the Chancellor Lord Hardwicke, from whom it descended to the present Earl Hardwicke.*

Converse with heroes fam'd in ancient song,
And bards, by whom those heroes breathe so long:
Observe the quick migrations learning makes,
How harass'd nations trembling she forsakes,
And hastes away to build her downy nest
In happier climes, with peace and plenty blest.

See how, in fam'd Augustus' golden days,
Wit triumph's, crown'd with universal praise!
Approaches thrones with a majestic air,
The prince's mistress, and the statesman's care.
Mecænas shines in ev'ry classic page,
Mecænas, once the Harley of his age.
Nor with less glory she her charms display'd,
In Albion once when Royal Anna sway'd.
See Oxford smiles! and all the tuneful train,
In his Britannia's sons revive again;
Prior, like Horace, strikes the sounding strings,
And in harmonious Pope once more great Mar-
sings.

Again she waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his son:
Chas'd from the senate and the court she flies,
There craft and party zeal her place supplies.
Yet still, since fix'd in Wimple's happy plain,
(Her last retreat) she knows not to complain.
There in great Oxford's converse does engage
Th' instructed ear, and shames a vicious age;
Or in his consort's accents stands confest,
And charms with graceful ease each list'ning
guest;
Or with her lov'd companions gladly tied,
Goodness sincere, and beauty void of pride,
Fixes her throne in Margaretta's * face,
And from her lips acquires a new resistless grace.

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, afterwards
married to William, the second Duke of Portland.

BONFONIUS *.

BAS. XI.

Exoptat se florem illum esse, quo uteretur amica.

ERGO, floscule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente sinu usque conquiesces?
Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis
Beatus nimis insidebis usque?

O si, floscule, mi tuâ liceret
Ista sorte frui, et meæ puellæ
Incubare sinu, atque desidere
Hos inter globulos papillarum,
Non sic lentus inersque conquiescam,
Non sic insideam otiosus usque.
Sed toto spatio inquietus errem,
Et feram sinui, feramque collo
Mille basia, mille et huic et illi
Impingam globulo osculationes.

Nec mihi satis hæc putes futura:
Namque et discere curiosus optem,
Quid discriminis inter hunc et illum,
Et quantus tumor hujus illiusque;
Quantum albedine præstet hic vel ille;
Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat;
Sinisterne globus, globusne dexter
Figura placeat rotundiore;
An dexter globus, an globus sinister
Papilla rubeat rubentior:
Explorem quoque, quo beata ducat
Illa semita, quæ globos gemellos
Sic discriminat, et subesse clamat
Mellitum magis elegansque quiddam:
Indagem quoque, quicquid est latentis,
Et labar tacitus, ferarumque sensum,
Usque Cypridis ad beata regna.

At mi Pancharidis meæ papillas
Nec summo licet ore suaviari,
Nec levi licet attigisse palmâ.
O sortem nimis asperam atque iniquam!
Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
Tantillum illa negat mihi scienti;
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id scienti.

* A poet of the sixteenth century, born at Clermont,
in Auvergne, Lieutenant General of Bar on the Seigne;

TO A NOSEGAY IN PANCHARILLA'S
BREAST.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

MUST you alone then, happy flow'rs,
Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,
Must you alone be still thus blest,
And dwell in Pancharilla's breast?
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I should not sure so quickly die,
I shou'd not so inactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair ball of snow,
Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses
And print on each ten thousand kisses.
Nor would I thus the task give o'er;
Curious new secrets to explore,
I'd never rest till I had found
Which globe was softest, which most round—
Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
Or the left bosom or the right;
Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
And which was tip'd with purest red.

Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous scene,
Till I had trac'd the path between,
That milky way so smooth and even,
That promises to lead to heav'n:
Lower and lower I'd descend,
To find where it at last wou'd end;
Till fully blest I'd wand'ring rove
O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.

But ah! those wishes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be blest,
The nymph unveils her snowy breast;
While to her slave's desiring eyes,
The heav'nly prospect she denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,
To place a senseless nosegay there,
And yet refuse my lips the bliss
To taste one dear transporting kiss.

who, of all the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches
the nearest to the grace, ease, and softness of Tibullus.

GIVEN TO A LADY

*With a Watch which she had borrowed to hang at
her Bed's Head.*

WHILST half asleep my Chloe lies,
And all her softest thoughts arise;
Whilst, tyrant honour laid at rest,
Love steals to her unguarded breast;
Then whisper to the yielding fair,
Thou witness to the pains I bear,
How oft her slave with open eyes,
All the long night despairing lies;
Impatient till the rosy day
Shall once again his beams display,
And with it he again may rise,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.

Tell her as all thy motions stand,
Unless, recruited by her hand,
So shall my life forget to move;
Unless, each day, the fair I love
Shall new repeated vigour give
With smiles, and make me fit to live.
Tell her, when far from her I stray,
How oft I chide thy slow delay;
But when beneath her smiles I live,
Blest with all joys the gods can give,
How often I reprove thy haste,
And think each precious moment flies too fast.

BELPHEGOR :

A FABLE.

From Machiavel.

—“Fugit indignata sub umbras.” VIRG.

TH' infernal monarch once, as stories tell,
Review'd his subjects from all parts of hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He scarce believ'd his empire was so great;
Still as each pass'd, he ask'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought
them there:

Scarce one he question'd, but replied the same,
And on the marriage noose laid all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuse their wives.

Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus Satan spoke: hell trembled with the sound.

My friends, what vast advantages wou'd flow
To these our realms, could we but fully know
The form and nature of these marriage chains,
That send such crowds to our infernal plains;
Let some bold patriot then, who dares to show
His gen'rous love to this our state below,
For his dear country's good the task essay,
And animate awhile some human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he shall remain,
Enjoy its pleasures, and endure its pain,
Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial state.

He spoke; the list'ning crowds his scheme ap-
prov'd:

But who so much his prince, or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearless heart, to undertake
This hymeneal trial, for their sake?

At length with one consent they all propose,
That fortune shall by lot the task impose;
The dreaded chance on bold Belphegor fell,
Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of hell.

First in fair Florence he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large house, fine plate, a coach and fix;
Dress'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard,
and whor'd,

And liv'd in short in all things like a lord:
His feasts were plenteous, and his wines were
strong,

So poets, priests, and pimps his table throng,
Bring dedications, sermons, whores, and plays,
The dev'l was ne'er so flatter'd in his days:
The ladies too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when she mention'd Roderigo's name;
For so he's call'd: rich, young, and debonnaire,
He reigns sole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, sure, of Eve could e'er escape
The dev'l, when cloth'd in such a tempting shape.

One nymph at length, superior to the rest,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inspir'd his breast;
Soft looks and sighs his passion soon betray'd,
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.
I shall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feasts, what balls, what dresses, pomp and
state,

Adorn'd their nuptial day, lest it should seem
As tedious to the reader, as to him,
Who big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Press close the yielding maid in all her charms,
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
With equal ardour loves, and gives a loose to joy:
Dissolv'd in bliss more exquisite than all
He e'er had felt in heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himself Belphegor cry'd: [fears?
Are these the marriage chains? are these my
Oh had my ten, but been ten thousand years!

But ah these happy moments last not long!
For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
All thoughts of love and tenderness are lost,
Their only aim is, who shall squander most;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilst he is ever guzzling nasty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, sad man! stays out so very late!
Hence ev'ry day domestic wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed:
They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.

His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once spent, all friends on course are
gone;

The sum design'd his whole ten years to last,
Is all consum'd before the first is past:
Where shall he hide? ah whither must he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambush lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worst dun of all, his wife's at home.

Quite tir'd at length, with such a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known;
And crowds pursue him close from town to town:

He quits the public road, and wand'ring strays
Through unfrequented woods, and pathless ways;
At last with joy a little farm he sees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and ease;
Matthew his name: to him Belphegor goes,
And begs protection from pursuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy case,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,
And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he should receive his rents from hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace, and safety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noise, or strife,
Disturb'd him there;—for Matt had ne'er a wife.
But ere few weeks in this retreat are past
Matt too himself becomes a dun at last;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus Belphegor's words his wrath assuage.
My friend, we dev'ls, like English peers, he
cry'd,
Though free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Though tradesmen's cheating bills I scorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long since a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindness to repay;
We subtle spirits can, you know, with ease
Possess whatever human breasts we please,
With sudden frenzy can o'ercast the mind,
Let passions loose, and captive reason bind:
Thus I three mortal bosoms will infect,
And force them to apply to you for rest;
Vast sums for cure they willingly shall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.
He spoke, then fled unseen, like rushing wind,
And breathless left his mortal frame behind:
The corps is quickly known, and news is spread
That Roderigo's in the desert dead;
His wife in fashionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.
A beauteous maid, who then in Florence dwelt,
In a short time unusual symptoms felt;
Physicians came, prescrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cause of her disease;
Her parents thought 'twas love disturb'd her rest,
But all the learn'd agreed she was possess'd;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the priests their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines could the dæmon tame,
Till Matthew heard the news, and hast'ning came:
He asks five hundred pounds; the money's paid;
He forms the magic spell, then cures the maid:
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to rich houses flies,
And makes their heirs successively his prize,
Who both by Matthew's skill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.
And now Belphegor, having thrice obey'd,
With reason thinks his host is fully paid;
Next free to range, to Gallia's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to rise;
Black hideous scenes distract his royal mind,
From all he seeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vast treasures shall his art repay,
Whoe'er can chase the strange disease away:
At length, instructed by the voice of fame,
To Matthew sends; poor Matt reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuses fail'd, he must, or die;

At last despairing he the task essay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whisp'ring said:
Since force, not choice, has brought thy servant
here,
Once more, Belphegor, my petition hear,
This once at my request, thy post resign,
And save my life, as once I rescu'd thine.
Cruel Belphegor, deaf to his request,
Disdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jest;
With tears and sighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;
Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
This dev'l was of a most malignant sort;
And that he could but make one trial more,
And if that fail'd, he then must give him o'er:
Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets
round,
Instructed when he mov'd his hand to sound,
He whisper'd in his patient's ear again,
Belphegor answer'd all his arts were vain:
He gives the sign, they sound; th' outrageous din
Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within;
He asks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
By Heav'n's, 'tis she, Matt cries, you'd best be gone,
She comes once more to seize you for her own;
Belphegor frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal shades for refuge flies;
There paints a dreadful sketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
Matthew o'erpaid with honours, fame, and fees,
Returns to blest obscurity, and ease,
With joy triumphant lo Pæan sings,
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,
AND MADAM POPULARITY*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H. Pelham.

1. WHILST I was pleasing in your eyes,
And you was constant, chaste, and wise;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I pass'd each hour,
Nor envy'd Walpole's wealth and pow'r.

Madam Popularity.

2. While I possess'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my soul 'twould vex a faint,
When I've most reason for complaint,

* From the commencement of the Spanish war in 1739, to the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, signed October 7, 1748, the land tax was raised from two shillings to four shillings. In 1749, it was lowered to three shillings, at which rate it was continued till 1752, when Mr. Pelham, at that time the minister, reduced it to two shillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in 1754. This was one, amongst others, of those popular measures which gilded the evening of this minister's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote soon after the land-tax act of that year passed.

To hear you thus begin to scold :
 'Think on Britannia! proud and old!
 Are not her interests all your theme,
 Your daily labour, nightly dream?

H. Pelham.

3. My just regard I can't deny
 For her and her prosperity;
 Nor am ashamed it is so great,
 That, to deliver her from debt,
 From foreign wars and civil strife,
 I'd freely sacrifice my life.

Madam Popularity.

4. To her your warmest vows are plighted,
 For her I ev'ry day am flighted;
 Her welfare always is prefer'd,
 And my neglected voice unheard:
 Examples numerous I could mention,
 A peace! bad as the old convention;
 Money reduc'd to three *per cent*,
 No pity on the poor who lent;
 Armies that must for ever stand,
 And still three shillings laid on land.

H. Pelham.

5. Suppose now, Madam, I was willing
 For once to bait this grievous shilling,
 To humour you—I know 'tis wrong,
 But you have such a curst tongue.

Madam Popularity.

6. Why then, though rough as winds or seas,
 You scorn all little arts to please,
 Yet thou art honest, faith, and I
 With thee alone will live and die.

A SIMILE.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
 Notions in town quite out of fashion;
 Such as that love's a dangerous passion,
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
 And to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd she'd long secur'd her honour
 From all assaults yet made upon her,
 Had scratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand,
 Had torn the lawyer's gown and band,
 And gold refus'd from knights and squires
 To bribe her to her own desires:
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard,
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
 She saw by others freely tasted,
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted:
 Yet, notwithstanding her condition,
 Continu'd firm in opposition.

At length a troop of horse came down,
 And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town;
 The cornet he was tall and young,
 And had a most bewitching tongue.
 They saw and lik'd: the siege begun:
 Each hour he some advantage won.
 He ogled first;—she turn'd away;—
 But met his eyes the following day;
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes,
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases:
 Her ruby lips he next attacks:—
 She struggles;—in a while she smacks;
 Her snowy breast he then invades;—
 That yields too after some parades;

And of that fortress once possess'd,
 He quickly masters all the rest.
 No longer now, a dupe to fame,
 She smothers or resists her flame,
 But loves without or fear or shame.

So have I seen the Tory race
 Long in the pouts for want of place,
 Never in humour, never well,
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
 Their heads with country-notions fraught,
 Notions in town not worth a groat,
 These tenets all reluctant quit,
 And step by step at last submit
 To reason, eloquence, and Pitt.

At first to Hanover a plum
 Was sent;—They said—A trivial sum,
 But if he went one title further,
 They vow'd and swore they'd cry out murder;
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted;
 They push'd and frown'd—but still they granted;
 He push'd for more, and more again—
 Well—Money's better sent, than Men:
 Here virtue made another stand.—
 No—not a man shall leave the land.
 What?—not one regiment to Embden?
 They start—but now they're fairly hem'd in:
 These soon, and many more are sent;—
 They're silent—Silence gives consent.
 Our troops, they now can plainly see,
 May Britain guard in Germany:
 Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians
 Are paid, to oppose the French and Russians:
 No scruple they with truth to say,
 They're fighting for America:
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle
 About an Hessian horse or saddle;
 No more of continental measures,
 No more of wasting British treasures;
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit.—
 'Tis right—He can't be wrong, who did it:
 They're fairly fous'd o'er head and ears,
 And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

A PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

THE deeds of ancient days shall be my theme;
 O Lora, the soft murmurs of thy stream,
 Thy trees, Garmallar, rustling in the wind,
 Recal those days with pleasure to my mind.
 See'st thou that rock, from whose heath-cover'd
 crown,
 Melvina, three old bended firs look down?
 Green is the plain which at its feet is spread,
 The mountain flower there shakes its milk-white
 head;
 Two stones, memorials of departed worth,
 Uplift their moss-cap'd heads, half sunk in earth;
 The mountain deer, that crop the grass around,
 See the pale ghosts who guard the sacred ground,
 Then starting, fly the place, and at a distance
 bound.

ON SEEING THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD AT A BALL AT BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

In times by selfishness and faction sour'd
 When dull importance has all wit devour'd;

When rank, as if t'insult alone design'd,
Affects a proud seclusion * from mankind;
And greatness, to all social converse dead,
Esteems it dignity to be ill-bred:
See! Chesterfield alone resists the tide,
Above all party, and above all pride,
Vouchsafes each night these brilliant scenes to grace,
Augments and shares the amusements of the place;
Admires the fair, enjoys the sprightly ball,
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleases all.
Hence, though unable now this style to hit,
Learn what was once politeness, ease, and wit.

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

Crown'd be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin
From vicious steeds to loose a chaise,
And save the necks within.
See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain;
Defy the terrors of the whip,
And rend the filken rein!
Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,
With ready foot the spring we press,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.
The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together;
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.
Boys, who love mischief, and of course
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, Stop them! Stop them! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.
Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.
Hungry at length, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes;
By sufferings growing mighty tame,
And by experience wise;
With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay;
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.
Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Gloucester's honest Dean,
For, Tucker†,—thou'rt the man.

* Alluding to the supercilious airs of some of our people of quality, who affect to avoid frequenting the public rooms.

† Early in the unfortunate contest between the mother country and the American colonies, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, published a pamphlet, intitled, An Address and Appeal to the Landed Interest; in which he proposed and recommended to the nation a total

BURLESQUE ODE.

I'll combat nature, interrupt her course,
And baffle all her stated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's side;
Divert the tempest from its destin'd line,
And stem the torrent of th' impetuous tide;
Teach the dull ox to dance, the ass to play,
And even obstinate Americans t' obey.
Like some dread herald, tygers I'll compel
In the same field with stags in peace to dwell:
The rampant lion now erect shall stand,
Now couchant at my feat shall lie deprest;
And if he dares but question my command,
With one strong blow I'll halve him to a crest.
Thus spoke the giant Gogmagog: the sound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.
Now morning, rob'd in saffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dress'd,
Climbs the celestial staircase, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the east;
From whence around she sees
The crystal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with straggling flocks,
The scarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-shadow-
ing rocks.
Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old ocean views her with desiring eyes,
And longs once more to clasp her in his arms,
Repenting he had suffer'd her to rise;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence she just had fled,
To the slow, loitering hours he roars amain,
To hasten back the lovely fugitive again.
Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whose genial animating ray
Men, beasts, the teeming earth, and rolling seas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Must share one common fate, intensely freeze,
And all become one solid mass of ice;
Ambition would be froze, and faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.
Say, what new worlds and systems you survey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlasting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconsum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for most ardently I wish to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or snow!
And thou, sweet moon! canst tell a softer tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeness, fair and pale,
In pensive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving swain,
And looks on you with tear-besprinkled eyes,
And sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again;

separation from the colonies, offering at the same time to enter into alliance of friendship and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other sovereign independent states. This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding short poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciseness as to the matter, and humour in the manner, so peculiar to himself, recommends and supports the Dean's plan.

Say, for thou know'st what constant hearts endure;

And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit sees,
Gleam through the waving branches of the trees,
Which, high-embow'ring, shade his gloomy cell,

Where undisturb'd perpetual silence reigns,
Unless the owl is heard, or distant bell,

Or the wind whistling o'er the furzy plains.

How blest to dwell in this sequester'd spot:

Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle spreads,

And with green and gold the flow'ry meads;

Fruit-trees in vast white periwigs are seen,

Resembling much some antiquated beau,

Which north-east winds, that blow so long and keen,

Powder full oft with gentle flakes of snow;

Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,

And sweetly sing and shake—and shake with cold.

Summer succeeds; in ev'nings soft and warm,

Thrice-happy lovers saunter arm and arm;

The gay and fair now quit the dusty town,

O'er turnpike-roads incessant chaises sweep,

And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,

To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;

There with success each swain his nymph assails,

As birds, they say, are caught—can we but salt their tails.

Then Autumn, more serene, if not so bright,

Regales at once our palate, and our sight;

With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,

And of its purple clusters rob the vine;

The spacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,

Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:

But disappointment oft his hopes attend—

In tithes and mildews the rich prospect ends.

Last, Winter comes; decrepit, old, and dull;

Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;

The social converse, circulating glass,

And cheerful fire, are his: to him belong

Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly lass,

The serious game at whist, and merry song;

Nor wants he beauties—see the sun-beams glow

O'er lakes of crystal ice, and plains of silver snow!

Thus roll the seasons o'er Britannia's land,

But none her freeborn-weather can command;

Seasons unlike to those in servile climes,

Which o'er Hispania's or Italia's plains

Dispense, at regular and stated times,

Successive heat and cold, and drought and rains;

Her's scorning, like her sons, to be controul'd,

Breathe heat in Winter oft, and oft in summer cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair goddess of this isle!

Deign on my verses, and on me, to smile;

Like them unfetter'd by the bonds of sense,

Permit us to enjoy life's transient dream,

To live, and write, without the least pretence

To method, order, meaning, plan, or scheme:

And shield us safe beneath thy guardian wings,

From law, religion, ministers, and kings.

WROTE AT THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY'S ASSEMBLY, 1787.

FROM Salisbury's garter droop'd the historian knows,

Th' illustrious order so entitled rose!

Another Salisbury now our bosoms warms,

With equal elegance and equal charms.

Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,

With justice be consign'd to equal fame;

Let kings with no less pride her garter wear,

Then every noble knight may have a pair.

EPITAPH ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HERE lies Sam Johnson:—Reader have a care,

Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear:

Religious, moral, generous, and humane

He was; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain,

Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,

A Christian, and a scholar—but a brute.

ON A LATE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT ON HIS MAJESTY'S LIFE, 1786.

LONG had our gracious George, with gentle hand,

And love paternal, Britain's sceptre sway'd;

To render this a free and happy land,

Was all for which he wish'd to be obey'd.

With radiance bright, though mild, his virtues shone,

For he of every virtue was possess,

Which can add lustre to a monarch's throne,

Or warm an undissembled patriot's breast.

Pattern of female excellence! his toils

His royal consort ever soothes and shares;

Imparting sweet domestic bliss, with smiles

That can disperse the heaviest cloud of cares.

Though faction, disappointment's restless child,

Has sometimes dar'd to interrupt his peace;

Yet aw'd at once, and charm'd, whene'er he smil'd,

She bade disorder and confusion cease.

Lov'd and ador'd by all, to all a friend,

Caution seem'd needless to protect his life;

Till hell and madness sent abroad a fiend,

And arm'd that fiend with a destructive knife.

But Britain's guardian angel, who still watch'd,

To shield her favourite son from every harm,

Just in th' important moment trembling catch'd,

And turn'd aside th' assassinating arm.

Let then earth, air, and the high-vaulted sky,

With praises, pray'rs, and loud thanksgivings, ring,

Joy fire each breast, and sparkle in each eye,

That heav'n has thus preserv'd our country and our king.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN LOGAN.

Containing

ODES,
SONGS,

TALES,
HYMNS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While youthful Bards their verse inspire
Alone with Fancy's sparkling fire,
They form the rhyme in vain;
Unless, like you, they join the glow,
That melts the soul to gentlest woe,
In soft impassion'd strain.

Then will poetic transports rise,
And mildly brighten in our eyes;
Then tears begin to flow:
And as we own the potent lay,
Our duteous hands will twine the bay
Around the Poet's brow.

MR. DAVID ROBERTSON'S ODE TO LOGAN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1795.

JOHN L. O'CONNOR

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THE LIFE OF LOGAN.

Of the personal history of LOGAN there is no written memorial. With talents and virtues that commanded the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries, he has not had the good fortune to find a biographer. Perhaps the time approaches, when the public is to be presented with a full and candid representation of him and his writings. It is expected to accompany an edition of his "Miscellaneous Works," which has been long meditated by his friend and executor the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertson, minister of Dalmeny, already advantageously known to the public by his "Inquiry into the Fine Arts," "History of Mary Queen of Scots," and other learned and ingenious performances.

In the mean time, the present writer is able to give no other account of this accomplished and amiable man, than such as is supplied by casual information, and a very slight personal knowledge.

John Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, in the county of Mid Lothian, about the year 1748. He was the second son of George Logan, a farmer at that place, and afterwards at Gossford, in the parish of Aberlady, in the county of East Lothian. He was a man of strong parts, and equally distinguished for his industry and skill as a farmer, and his integrity and friendliness of disposition as a neighbour. In the latter part of his life he was visited with a disorder that affected his imagination and spirits, and produced an unhappy vacillation of mind, from which he was never perfectly relieved. His mother, Janet Waterston, was the daughter of John Waterston, a small proprietor of land at Howden, in the parish of Stowe, on Gala Water, and remarkable for nothing but the mildness of her piety, the gentleness of her disposition, and the simplicity of her manners. They had two sons, of whom the poet was the youngest. James, the eldest, followed the occupation of his father, which he quitted soon after his death for the profession of physic. He settled in America, and served some time as a surgeon in the American army; and died several years before the poet. Both parents were Seceders, of the class called Burghers.

Early in life he discovered a propensity to learning; and the uncommon proficiency which he made in those branches of education usually taught in remote country villages, determined his parents to educate him for the clerical profession.

After passing through the usual course of school-education in the country, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the several classes of languages, and afterwards applied himself to the several branches of philosophy and theology with remarkable assiduity and success.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, then a student at the university; which improved with their years, undisturbed by any casual mistake, or jealousy on either side. He also became acquainted with Bruce, who was his contemporary at the university. A similarity of taste and of pursuits, soon brought on an intimacy between them, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

He had before this time given evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry, and discovered an early predilection for that more perfect species of poetical composition, which abounds in fiction and fancy, picturesque description, and romantic imagery. Hence the compositions of Spenser, Milton, Collins, Akenfide, Gray, and Mason, became his favourite study; and from admiring their poetical beauties, the transition was easy to his believing himself capable of producing similar excellencies. He began to write verses early; but unluckily none of his pieces are dated, so that it cannot be said at what precise age he composed them.

After the death of Bruce, he made a selection from his MSS. of such poems as he thought worthy of publication, and gave them to the world in a small 12mo volume, intitled "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce," printed at Edinburgh by subscription, in 1770, with a *Preface*, giving a short account of his life and character, and "some poems wrote by different authors." His share in this miscellany is variously represented by Dr. Robertson, and the friends of Bruce.

While he resided in the country, during the vacation of the college, the reputation of his abilities procured him the notice of Lord Elibank, who then resided at Ballencrief, in the parish of Aberlady; a nobleman, who to a consummate knowledge of polite literature, and other accomplishments be-

coming his rank, joined an exemplary spirit of true patriotism, whereof that part of the country with which he was connected, still feels the salutary influence.

When he had completed his theological studies, he resided for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster, as private tutor to his son, the present Sir John Sinclair, Bart. an employment in which he was succeeded by his friend Dr. Robertson. It is unnecessary to add, that the nation is indebted to the laudable patriotism of the pupil of Logan, and of Dr. Robertson, for the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and the establishment of the "Board of Agriculture."

After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the Church, he was admitted a probationer of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and soon obtained so much distinction as an eloquent and affecting preacher, that he was chosen by the Kirk-Session and Incorporations of South-Leith, to be one of the ministers of that parish, and ordained in 1773.

While he was engaged in the duties of his clerical function, he was not negligent of literature; but continued from time to time to exert his poetical faculties in various kinds of metrical composition, to which nature gave him a strong impulse.

In 1779, he delivered to a voluntary set of pupils, in St. Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, during the Winter Session of the College, a series of lectures on *The Philosophy of History*, and met with the countenance, approbation, and friendship of Dr. Robertson, Principal of the University, Dr. Blair, Dr. Ferguson, and other men of genius and learning.

He read the same course of lectures during the Session of the College 1780, with such general approbation, that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the Professorship of Universal History in the University, then vacant by the resignation of John Pringle, Esq.: but this chair having been always filled by an advocate, he was reckoned inadmissible; and Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. was elected by the Magistrates and Council of the city, Feb. 16. 1780. upon a *lect* presented by the Faculty of Advocates.

The reading of his lectures the year following, not meeting with encouragement, he resolved to commit them to the press, and published an analysis of them, so far as they relate to ancient history, under the title of *Elements of the Philosophy of History*, 8vo, 1781, which was followed by one of the lectures on *the Manners and Government of Asia*, 8vo, 1782. This excellent production exhibits one of the most successful attempts to apply the science of moral philosophy to the illustration of the history of mankind, that has yet appeared.

The same year, 1781, he published his *Poems*, 8vo, in which he reprinted, with some alterations, the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, originally inserted in the collection of poems published under the name of Bruce. A second edition of his poems appeared in 1782.

In 1783, he offered his *Runnemed*, a tragedy, to Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who put it in rehearsal; but a stop was put to its representation by an injunction from the Chamberlain's Office, on account of the allusions it was supposed to contain to the politics of the time. It was therefore first presented from the press; and notwithstanding the prejudice the world is apt to conceive against dramatic compositions that have not been exhibited on the stage, was very favourably received.

It was afterwards acted at the theatre in Edinburgh, with considerable applause.

The failure of his scheme of giving lectures, and the prohibition of his play, made a deep impression on his spirits, which had always been unequal, and had a considerable effect on his health, which from this time began visibly to decline. The pensive melancholy, which he felt in common with men of genius and feeling, aggravated, perhaps, by a constitutional defect in his nervous system, that inexplicable part of our frame, now became in some degree habitual, and discovered itself in deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of professional decorum, which offended his parishioners, and made it eligible for him to discontinue the exercise of his clerical function.

An agreement to that purpose was completed between him and the Kirk-Session and Incorporations of South Leith, in 1786; in consequence of which Mr. Dickson was appointed his assistant and successor; and he retired upon a moderate annuity.

While this scheme was ripening, he went to London, in October 1785, and was for some time concerned in the "English Review."

In 1788, he published, without his name, a pamphlet intituled *A Review of the Principal Charges against Mr. Hastings*, 8vo, which attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree. Some passages in it reflecting on the conduct of the managers of the prosecution, being considered by the House of Commons as an infringement on their privileges, the Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute the publisher, Mr. Stockdale, who was tried 9th December 1789, and acquitted.

This was the last publication which he gave to the world. After a lingering indisposition, he died in London, the 28th of December 1788, in the 40th year of his age.

By his will, he appointed Dr. Robertson, and the Rev. Dr. Donald Grant, his joint executors, and left them his books and manuscripts, to be sold for the payment of legacies to the amount of 600 l. which he bequeathed to his friends and relations.

In 1790, a volume of *Sermons*, selected from his MSS. was published at Edinburgh, in 8vo, under the superintendence of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Hardy, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University. A second volume was published in 8vo, 1791. and his MSS. in the possession of Dr. Robertson, would furnish an additional volume. The third edition of the two volumes was printed in 1793.

The following list of his unpublished works, and uncollected pieces, was communicated to the present writer, in a letter from Dr. Robertson, dated Dalmeny, Sept. 19. 1795.

"Those in verse consist of *Electra*, a tragedy; the *Wedding Day*, a tragedy, being a translation into blank verse of the *Deserteur* of Mercier; the *Cartagenian Heroine*, a tragedy, but of which there is only the first act finished; and about half-a-dozen of short lyric poems. Those in prose consist of eight numbers of an intended periodical paper, called the *Guardian*. The subject of one of the numbers is a capital essay on the genius and writings of Addison. Besides these, I have also in my possession Mr. Logan's MS. *Lectures on Roman History*, about twenty-five in number, with six or seven introductory ones to his Course of Lectures on Universal History. His Lectures on Roman History begin with Romulus, and come down to the fall of the empire, and the establishment of the feudal system.

"In the small volume of poems published under the title of 'Poems by Michael Bruce,' the following were composed by Mr. Logan: *Danton*, *Menalcas*, and *Melibæus*; *Pastoral Song*, to the tune of the 'Yellow-Hair'd Laddie'; *Eclogue* in the manner of Ossian; *Ode to a Fountain*; two *Danish Odes*; *Chorus* of 'Anacreontic to a Wasp'; the tale of *Levina* (278 lines), in the poem of 'Lochleven'; *Ode to Asoli*; *Ode to the Cuckoo*."

It is of importance to the reputation of Bruce, to subjoin the following account of his share in the volume of poems published under his name, given by his friend Mr. David Pearson, in a letter to the present writer, dated, Little Balgedie, near Kinnesswood, Aug. 29. 1795.

"I need not inform you concerning the bad treatment that his [Bruce's] poems met with from the Rev. Mr. Logan, when he received from his father the whole of his manuscripts, published only his own pleasure, and kept back those poems that his friends would most gladly have embraced; and since published many of them in his own name. The *Cuckoo* and the *Hymns* in the end of Logan's book, are assuredly Mr. Bruce's productions."

The facts stated in Mr. Pearson's letter are more circumstantially related in the following extract of a letter to the present writer, from Mr. John Birrel, dated Kinnesswood, Aug. 31. 1795. The veneration with which this worthy and intelligent man regards the memory of Bruce, and the enthusiasm with which he cultivates his favourite studies, are only less meritorious than his benevolent exertions to relieve the necessities, and sooth the afflictions of his aged mother, which afford an example worthy the imitation of persons of superior rank and education.

"Some time before the poet's father died, he delivered the book containing the first draught of some of Michael's poems, his sermons, and other papers, into my hand, desiring I would keep them, saying, 'I know of none to whom I would rather give them than you, for you mind me more of my Michael than any body'; a compliment which I never deserved, and which in modesty I should conceal. Some years after I entered upon terms with Mr. Morison of Perth, to sell the MSS. for the benefit of auld Annie [the poet's mother], who was in very destitute circumstances. But in the mean time, Dr. Baird wrote for them, with a view to republish Michael's poems, with any others that could be procured of his. I sent them to him gladly, hoping soon to see the whole in print,

and the old woman decently provided for in consequence. The finished book of Michael's poems was given to Mr. Logan, who never returned them. Many a time, with tears trickling down his cheeks, has old Alexander told me how much he was disappointed in Logan, who came unexpectedly and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers, &c. After the publication, he went over to Edinburgh to recover them. Mr. Logan desired him to call again, and they would be ready. He did so; but he was gone out, and no message left. He saw Mr. Logan on the street, who told him that he had left the poems with the servants, but that, as he did not get them, he was afraid the servants had taken them, and singed fowls with them.—David Pearson," he adds in another place, "does not remember of seeing the *Ode to the Fountain*, *The Vernal Ode*, *Ode to Paoli*, *Ghosts of Elysian Bards*, or the *Danish Odes*, until he saw them in print. But the rest of the publication he decidedly ascribes to Michael, and in a most particular manner the *Cuckoo*, *Salgar* and *Morna*, and the other *Eclogue*."

Such are the facts which the present writer esteems it a part of his duty to state, as they have been communicated to him by the respective friends of Logan and Bruce. He shall not intrude upon the admirers of these two poets any opinion of his own concerning the claims of their respective friends, since his only intention is to enable them, from a consideration of the facts, to form their own conclusions; leaving them still open to the impression of any additional, or more satisfactory evidence that may hereafter arise.

It must not be concealed, that an unauthorized report is wandering about in the literary circles of Edinburgh, which ascribes the first sketch of the *Ode to the Cuckoo* to Bruce, and the composition, as it now stands, to Logan, who, it is said, improved and embellished it so much, as to make it in a great measure his own. On the other hand, his cousin Mrs. Hutchison, wife of Mr. John Hutchison, merchant in Edinburgh, informs the present writer that she saw the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing before it was printed. If the testimonies of Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Hutchison went the length of establishing the existence of the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing in Bruce's lifetime, or before his MSS. came into Logan's possession, they might be considered as decisive of the controversy. The suppression of Bruce's MSS. it must be owned, is a circumstance unfavourable to the pretensions of Logan.

No new edition of his *Poems* has been called for since his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1782, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry. In this edition the present writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Dr. Robertson, to give him the pieces ascribed to him in Bruce's "Poems," which he did not think proper to claim himself; neither has he presumed, upon the authority of Mr. Pearson, to deprive him of the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, to which he has put his name. In justice to both poets, he has followed the collection of their poems, printed under their respective names, in the present edition, distinguishing the pieces which have been claimed for the one or the other by their respective friends.

Logan was a man of very amiable dispositions, and of very agreeable manners. He loved and esteemed his friends, and was by them loved and esteemed. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, learning, and virtue. Genius, a sufficient stock of professional erudition, and a happy facility of communication, distinguished him as a public instructor. Failings he had undoubtedly; many of his friends will remember them; but he had no failings which did not proceed from an unhappy constitutional temperament. In feeling minds passions naturally burn with too much vehemence. His sensibility was too ardent, his passions were too easily moved. His spirits were always much elated, or much depressed. After the failure of his schemes of literary ambition, the frequency and duration of his periods of melancholy became more remarkable. His health continually declined. He grew burdensome to himself, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief which the bottle supplies; a weakness which, in his unhappy circumstances, reflects no dishonour on his memory, and cannot be remembered, but with pity and sadness.

As an author, Logan has distinguished himself as an *historian*, a *divine* and a *poet*.

His *Elements of the Philosophy of History*, display the deep penetration, comprehensive views, and animated composition, which distinguished his course of "Lectures on Ancient and Modern History." He appears from these outlines, to have taken a very comprehensive and philosophical sur-

vey of the history of mankind. Though they were particularly intended for his pupils, they may be of use to readers of history in general, in leading them to contemplate events in their connection with each other, and in relation to their causes, and in suggesting hints of speculation and inquiry. In this excellent production, as well as in his *Dissertation on Asia*, he shows himself to be both a man of erudition and a philosopher. But, besides this, we discover in them some of the principal qualifications of a poet, a vein of imagery and invention, and the true flame of genius.

It is no unpleasant reflection, to be able to find so many elegant writers of sermons among the Scottish preachers; in the first rank of which Logan stands very high. Leechman, Craig, Farquhar, Walker, Logan, Drysdale, Gerard, Lamont, Charters, and Blair, are such writers of sermons, as any country might with justice be proud of. It is remarkable, that an art which has been so long and so constantly practised as that of preaching, should hitherto have furnished so very few models of eloquence. It was in France that the first attempts appear to have been made towards any improvement in this species of composition. In the reign of Lewis XIV. the eloquence of the pulpit was carried to a perfection which has not since been exceeded by the writers of that or any other country. The first who distinguished themselves in France by their eloquence in preaching, were Bossuet, Flechier, and Bourdaloue; and the two former were surpassed by the latter, who united with considerable warmth, and remarkable correctness and purity of expression, great force and strength of reasoning. These were followed by Massillon, who exceeded all his predecessors, and has afforded the most perfect models of pulpit-eloquence that have yet appeared in any country. Bourdaloue, nervous in his style, simple in his expression, and acute in his reasoning, aims at convincing the understanding, rather than at touching the heart. Massillon, not less nervous in his style, but more acute in his expression, expresses himself in a language dictated by the richest imagination and the most delicate taste; and, addressing himself to the heart, hurries us along with a never-failing torrent of the warmest and most passionate eloquence.

In England the art of preaching has made a less distinguished progress, and is yet far from having arrived at that degree of perfection which the French have attained. Before the Restoration, there is hardly a preacher whose sermons deserve to be read. The spirit of religious controversy gave them some warmth; but, utterly void of taste, and destitute of elegance of expression, they abound in cold divisions and scholastic jargon. Then appeared Sanderson and Barrow, who, deviating from the involved method of their predecessors, introduced a mode less formal, though not quite pure from the parade of artificial composition. In that reign, Scott, diffuse, figurative, serious, and fervent, formed a manner peculiar to himself, which, without an equal portion of congenial talents, it was impossible to imitate. About the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, some improvements were made. In the sermons of Tillotson there is remarkable good sense, accompanied with simplicity, and considerable purity of expression. Clarke pondered his subjects with patience, compared the Bible carefully with itself, argued coolly, decided with caution, wrote with precision, and seldom admitted an improper word, or gave it a wrong position; but he is generally dry and uninteresting. Butler's sermons are for the most part upon very abstruse metaphysical points, little suited to the pulpit, or to the generality of readers. In the sermons of Seed there is sound and clear reasoning; the expression is lively and elegant, and the manner warm and interesting; but his style is often too artificial, as opposed to natural. The sermons of Hoadly, Sherlock, Secker, Jortin, and many others, though justly celebrated for their sound and clear reasoning, and nervous expression, yet hardly ever afford any examples of an animated and passionate eloquence. Atterbury is almost the only English preacher who has attained any remarkable elegance, or who approaches in any degree to the eloquence of the French. His style is more nervous, his expression more elegant, and his manner more warm and affecting than almost any of the English preachers; but he is sometimes careless and incorrect, and sometimes even flat and insipid.

If the English preachers have fallen short of the eloquence of the French, those of Scotland have been still farther behind. The genius of presbytery, and the manners of the people, were unfavourable to a refined and polished eloquence. Of late, however, together with other improvements, good sense, elegance, and correctness, have come to be attempted in the discourses from the pulpit; and some preachers have appeared, who, in sound and dispassionate reasoning, in order and clearness, and even in purity and elegance of expression, have rivalled the most celebrated preachers of our

neighbouring country. The first who appears to have distinguished himself in Scotland, by the good sense, sound reasoning, and manly simplicity of his pulpit compositions, was Dr. Leechman. Some improvements were made by succeeding preachers, and sermons became gradually more fashionable. Those of Mr. Walker, as the productions of taste and genius, exercised on important subjects, were deservedly commended. But the polish of Dr. Blair, which gave elegance to sentiments not too profound for common comprehension, nor too obvious to be uninteresting, was wanting to render this species of composition popular and generally pleasing. By employing the utmost exertions of a vigorous mind, and of patient study, to select the best ideas, and to prune off every superfluous thought, by taking pains to embellish them by all the beauties of language and elegant expression, and by repeatedly examining, with the severity of an enlightened critic, every sentence, and erasing every harsh and uncouth phrase, he has produced the most elegant models of pulpit-composition that has yet appeared in these kingdoms. In consequence of Dr. Johnson's approbation, one hundred pounds were given for the first volume of his sermons; which, on account of the extensive sale, the proprietors doubled. They gave him 300 l. for the second, and 600 l. for each of the two succeeding volumes; which was more than ever a work of equal bulk procured from booksellers; but they increased the sale of the former volumes.

The *Sermons* of Logan, though not so exquisitely polished as those of Dr. Blair, possess in a higher degree the animated and passionate eloquence of Massillon and Atterbury. His composition is everywhere excellent. Its leading characteristics are strength, elegance, and simplicity. The formation of his sentences appears the most inartificial, though at the same time it will be found to be strictly correct. But the manner, amidst all its beauties, is on the first perusal lost in the enjoyment the reader feels from the sentiment. Devotional and solemn subjects peculiarly accord with his feelings and genius. In exhibiting deep and solemn views of human life, his sentiments are bold and varied, and his imagination teems with the most soothing and elevated figures. His knowledge of poetry in general, and his relish for its highest beauties, are every where conspicuous. Topics such as these, which we have seen illustrated before a thousand times, are made to pass before the mind in the most impressive and affecting manner; and for a moment we deceive ourselves into a belief that the subjects themselves must be new to us. But it appears to have been no part of his plan, to seek out for new subjects of preaching, or to excite his ingenuity in exhibiting new views of moral and religious topics. To embellish the most common subjects, which are certainly the most proper and useful, with new ornaments; to persuade by a more forcible and more captivating illustration; to unite the beauties of elegant diction, and the splendour of fine imagery; in this lay his chief exertions, and here rests his chief praise. The *fourth*, *ninth*, and *eleventh* discourses, in the first volume, remind us that the *Sermons* are posthumous, and many of them, at least, not intended for publication. The first head of the *fourth* sermon, and three short passages in the *ninth*, are almost literal transcripts from Seed's sermon "On the Path of the Just;" and almost the one-half of the *eleventh* is taken from Seed's sermon on "Charity." It is evident that he was indolent at times, and did not write up to his powers, contenting himself with producing what was at hand, rather than seeking what was best, and what he *could* have given. It is also evident that what is his own, is superior to what is foreign, and that he has improved what he has adopted. The *Prayers* and *Addresses* to communicants, in the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the form in which that solemn ordinance is generally administered in the present times in Scotland, are distinguished compositions, and highly devotional.

As a *poet*, Logan appears to no less advantage than in those departments of literature in which we have surveyed him. He is characterised by that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invariable sanctions bestowed by nature on every true poet. His poems are the productions of a mind tremblingly alive to those fine impulses of passion which form the soul of poetic composition, and familiarised to all the most delicate graces of the poetic art. He discovers taste and delicacy of sentiment, joined to a great share of poetical imagination. His thoughts are always just, and often striking. His images are pleasing and picturesque, and his language is for the most part correct and harmonious. Sprightly subjects he treats with ease; in the pathetic and solemn he is a master. The pensiveness of his disposition, though un-

fortunate for himself, enriched his poetical vein, and shaded his compositions with a tender melancholy. Melpomene, Erato, and Euterpe, were his favourite muses.

His *Runnemed* is the greatest effort of his genius. The title is taken from the place where the famous *Magna Charta* was obtained. The story is founded on the contest between King John and his barons. The under-plot is borrowed, without any acknowledgment, from the *Tancrede* of Voltaire. This is evident from the following list of correspondent characters: Tancrede, *Elvine*, Orbaſſan, *Arden*, Argive, *Albemarle*, Aldamon, *Edgar*, Amenaide, *Elvina*, the Sultan, and the *Dauphin*. It is not, however, a mere translation of the *Tancrede*. It has variations in the circumstances, and variations in the conduct of the story. The savage temper of Amenaide is properly softened in *Elvina*; an unnatural connection is formed between the love-tale and the contest of the barons with King John; the story terminates happily, and the performance is made more dramatical. The subject is announced in the *Prologue*, in an elevated tone.

A nameless youth beheld with noble rage
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that's music to the British ear!
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere!
Fair *Liberty*, the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

The play is intended to awaken sentiments of liberty and public spirit in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Liberty* is by no means a stranger to the stage. It makes the principal subject of the "Cato" of Addison, and has been brought forward by Voltaire in his "Brutus," and "Death of Cæsar," to omit a crowd of less illustrious examples. The stories which form the most striking exemplification of moral or political heroism, the death of Socrates, or the catastrophe of Cato, though inexpressibly beautiful and engaging in themselves, are by no means calculated to succeed upon the theatre. This has been imputed to the necessity of introducing the passion of love, in order to make a tragedy interesting. But this is by no means the case. The tragedies of Shakspeare, the *Atbalie*, the *Merope*, and the *Orphelin de la Chine*, of the French theatre, have been successful without this subsidiary aid. In reality, nothing more is requisite than an event full of anxiety and uncertainty, and subject to the greatest and most unexpected changes of fortune. Addison found the inability of supporting the representation of five acts, merely by the patriotism of Cato. Logan has also found the necessity of recurring to the aid of an improbable love-tale. Exclusive of the injudiciousness of this circumstance, it must be allowed to be a very interesting and pathetic performance. The diction is nervous and elegant; though it is sometimes deficient in grace, and sometimes chargeable with redundancy and amplification. It has many passages highly dramatic and highly poetical. It has a beauty directly the reverse of amplification. He not unfrequently concentrates a thought which an unskilful poet would have dilated, in a very few words, and by that means gives it a high degree of force and pathos. The whole performance is animated with the noblest enthusiasm for liberty, and is stamped with the peculiar characters of genius. The spirited address to *King John*, which is put into the mouth of *Elvine*, asserting the natural rights of mankind, in opposition to tyranny and oppression, is the most singular passage in the play. But it is difficult to interest the generality of readers in sentiments of public virtue, which are in a great measure peculiar to minds of a superior order.

In his *Odes* he is rather characterised by the sprightly and tender, than by the sublime; yet his muse preserves her dignity, and retains that pleasing wildness, that excursive humour, which necessarily enter into the genius of lyric poetry. She discovers not by the barbarity of her accent, and the harshness of her numbers, that she has acquired her first ideas of harmony and modulation north of the Tweed. The numbers are easy, the language is elegant, and the stanzas are regular throughout. The regular measure is always preferable to loose and irregular numbers, while the length and variety of the stanza prevent the disgust of monotony; because in poetry, as in music, it is necessary that there should be a proportion of parts, so that the ear should be accustomed with the modulation. The selection of his subjects displays at once the delicacy of his taste, and the sensibility of his heart.

The *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which he is supposed to have written, and certainly improved, is distinguished by the delicate graces of simplicity and tenderness, in the highest degree. The hint of this exquisite performance was probably taken from "A Song to the Cuckoo," the earliest specimen of song-

writing extant in our language; but the train of the thoughts is purely original. His *Ode to Women* is sprightly and poetical, but inclines more to the *beautiful* than to the *sublime* species of lyric composition. It is more in the manner of Anacreon than Pindar. We cannot, however, admit that any modern breathes the true spirit of Anacreon. There is, in the sound of the Teian lyre, an irresistible and ineffable magic, when struck by the hand of its original master, which no other touch can extort. His *Odes* written in *Spring* and *Autumn*, and his other descriptive and allegorical performances, are not destitute of pathetic sentiment and agreeable description; but their spirit and genius are of a more abstracted kind, and will be most admired by those few congenial minds, who can discern and feel the finer influences of fancy, who can enjoy the enthusiasm of visionary communications, and aspire to the regions of ideal existence. But, abstracted from all external praise, there is a charm in the indulgence of poetic fancy; and in this respect poetry, like virtue, is its own reward.

Of his *Lovers* and *Tale* the sentiments are delicate and noble, and the narration is animated and agreeable. He judiciously avoids that minuteness, which anticipates every reflection of the reader, and supports attention without an affectation of brilliancy, and without wandering from his purpose, like an ordinary artist, in search of flowers and embellishment. He well knew that poetry, when it fails to interest the affections, is no longer the animated language of nature. His *Brave of Tarnew* is an imitation of Hamilton's beautiful ballad of that name; but his story of the bereaved bride surpasses the original. Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus, never composed a more affecting and impassioned elegy. The poem on Hero and Leander cannot boast a stronger infusion of the soft and tender, of energy and pathos.

His *Hymns* may challenge a comparison with the most popular compositions of that kind in our language; but they add little to his poetical reputation. Most of them were originally printed, with some variations, in the collection of "Translations and Paraphrases of Sacred Scripture," 1781, used in public worship in Scotland. It appears from a copy of the "Paraphrases, &c." in the possession of Dr. Robertson, in which the several authors are distinguished by Logan, that he is the most considerable, as well as the most poetical contributor to that collection of sacred poems. In majesty and sublimity of sentiment, grandeur and solemnity of description, and beauty and simplicity of expression, he maintains a distinguished superiority over his competitors. His version of *Genesis* xxvii. 20—22. has exceeding merit. If his efforts to smooth the path of duty by the powers of imagination, and to win our attention to the precepts of life by ornament and harmony, are sometimes unsuccessful, his motives at least deserve applause. He is even entitled to some praise, for having done better than others, what no versifier of the sacred writings has done well. "Poetical devotion," to use the emphatical words of Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Waller, "cannot often please. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted, Infinity cannot be amplified, Perfection cannot be improved. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be generally found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere." But besides this want of conformity and assimilation between piety and poetry, there is another reason why the versification of the sacred writings should not be attended with success; the want of conformity and assimilation between language and sentiment. Nothing can be more striking and opposite than the different genius of the English and the Hebrew poetry. The Eastern Muse is daring, fervent, and unsubdued in her progress; snatching at figures remote in their nature and disposition, frequently inattentive to consistency and connection, desultory in sentiment, and abrupt in expression. These qualities are utterly unfit for the regular and limited walks of rhyme. The songs of Sion will no more bend to the genius of a strange language, than their fingers would of old to the commands of their conquerors, when called upon to sing them in a strange land.

THE WORKS OF LOGAN.

P O E M S.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fleest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
" When first on them I met my lover;
" Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
" When now thy waves his body cover!
" For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
" Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

" For never on thy banks shall I
" Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

" He promised me a milk-white steed,
" To bear me to his father's bowers;
" He promised me a little page,
" To 'squire me to his father's towers;
" He promised me a wedding-ring,—
" The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
" Now he is wedded to his grave,
" Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

" Sweet were her words when last we met;
" My passion I as freely told him!
" Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
" That I should never more behold him!
" Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
" It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
" Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
" And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
" With all the longing of a mother;
" His little sister weeping walk'd
" The green-wood path to meet her brother:
" They sought him east, they sought him west,
" They sought him all the forest thorough;
" They only saw the cloud of night,
" They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

" No longer from thy window look,
" Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
" No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
" Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
" No longer seek him east or west,
" And search no more the forest thorough;
" For, wandering in the night so dark,
" He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
" No other youth shall be my marrow;
" I'll seek thy body in the stream,
" And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Alas, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "dust to dust" the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend thy head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart begins to beat!
The blood runs cold at int'rest's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:—
The veil is rent: the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The fallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supply'd
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!

ODE TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
"O were that maiden mine!"

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul express;

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From Summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye,
To nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an Autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove!

Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,
And to display, is to conceal;
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision's finer than the view;
Her landscape nature never drew
So fair as fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heav'n.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O nature, nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind,
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!

O sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!
When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, de-
cay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light:
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.
When tempests with their train impend on
high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with light-
nings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder
rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

ODE WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.
The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.
The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
With all the pride of Spring;
Now Heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wonted verdant food,
Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain

Like Pan attunes the past'ral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear-inchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-sprung flower:
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come thou, fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale,
And opens in the sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now, thy spring of life appears;
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis nature's voice, "O pull the rose,
"Now while the bud in beauty blows,
"Now while the opening leaves disclose
"The incense of the Spring!"

What youth, high-favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waste entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the primæval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting fung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown:—
No other theme than you I'll choose,
Than you invoke no other muse:
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo;

Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of nature and of you!

SONG.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh—Can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through
mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

ODE TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dew.

Blest be her night as infants rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who sweetly-playful smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind,

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the park:
Attracted groupes in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round;
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorc'd from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine?
An angel blest unconscious arms?
The circle of surrender'd charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day; the broken dream;
The vision wild; the sudden scream;
Tears that unbidden flow!—
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound,
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than nature's bloom;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promis'd hours
With golden light illumine.

A hand advancing strikes the bell!
That sound dissolves the magic spell,
And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies:
At once th' ærial music dies;
In wild you walk alone!

Howe'er the wind of fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The lov'd Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

ODE TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, Winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the Spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-enthron'd the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
For rural lovers spring;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The sylvan muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

You forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang th' eternal lamps on high,
On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind;

An Egypt *, with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which rul'd thy natal night
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heav'nly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the master of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound.
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful goddess thus addrest,
And pointing to the prize:
"Behold the wreath of glory shine!
"And mark the onward path divine
"That opens to the skies!

"The heavenly fire must ever burn,
"The hero's step must never turn
"From yon sublime abodes;
"Long must thy life of labours prove
"At last to die the son of Jove,
"And mingle with the gods."

THE LOVERS.

[The lovers in the following poem were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night, to meet with her lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.]

Harriet.

'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep,
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
A while the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates;
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone: 'Tis dreary night,
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

* The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;
A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire:

The howlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs,
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies—Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

Henry.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have fought;
And dangers brav'd, and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

Harriet.

I fear to go—I dare not stay.
Look back.—I dare not look that way.

Henry.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend,
The arms that fold thee will defend.

Harriet.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother girding on his sword,
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

Henry.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!

Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger, love arose;

From adverse briars that threat'ning stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

Harriet.

My heart believes my love ; but still
My boding mind presages ill :
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embraced, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears ;
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.

An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures love had plann'd ;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower ;
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head ?
What tears may I have yet to shed ?

Henry.

O do not wound that gentle breast,
Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress'd ;
For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain ;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast ;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er :
Past scenes ; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile :
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings !

Harriet.

My father's castle springs to fight ;
Ye towers that gave me to the light !
O hills ! O vales ! where I have play'd ;
Ye woods, that wrap me in your shade !
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er !
O scenes I shall behold no more !
I take a long, last, lingering view :
Adieu ! my native land adieu !

O father, mother, brother dear !
O names still utter'd with a tear !
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd ;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold !
Farewel, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell !

Henry.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign ;
My friends, my house, my all is thine,
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts, and happier life !
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed ;

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The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They rise, the dear domestic hours !
The May of love unfolds her flow'rs ;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest ;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends ;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal ;
Pure as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

Like cherubs new come from the skies,
Henrys and Harriets round us rise ;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call ;
To your fair images I run,
You clasp the husband in the son ;
O how the mother's heart will bound !
O how the father's joy be crown'd !

A TALE.

WHERE past'ral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows ;
In Caledonia's classic ground,
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle ;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown ;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease ;
And in the 'arbour which he rear'd,
He rais'd the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care ;
And all the country blest the name
Of Emily the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now faint'd in the sky) ;
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart ;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe :

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had rov'd,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the soul.

The graces, that for nature fair
Present us mimic art;
The false refinements that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd,
Without the thought to please.

Instruct th' unplanted forest crab
To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the savage mild:

But who would give the rose a hue,
Which nature has not giv'n?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heav'n?

The father watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found;
And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store:
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? A hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The sun, that, rising saw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone,
And walks a stranger o'er the fields,
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of Winter whistled loud
And shrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;

At times he stopt to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
"Beneath the covert of this rock,
"My daughter, let us die!"

At midnight in the weary waste,
In sorrow sat the pair;
She chaff'd his shiv'ring hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

"In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
"In yonder hall they died;
"Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
"Each by his spouse's side.

"Oft have I made yon hall resound
"With social sweet delight;
"And marked not the morning hour,
"That stole upon the night.

"When there the wanderers of the dark,
Reposing, ceas'd to roam;
"And strangers, happy in the hall,
"Did find themselves at home:

"I little thought that, thus forlorn,
"In deserts I should bide,
"And have not where to lay the head,
"Amid the world so wide?"

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapless pair;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
"Alas, my master, have I liv'd
"To bid your house farewell!

"But I will never bid adieu
"To him I pris'd so high:
"As with my master I have liv'd,
"I'll with my master die.

"I saw the Summer-friend, who shar'd
"The banquet in your hall,
"Depart, nor cast one look behind
"On the forsaken wall.

"I saw the daily, nightly guest
"The changing scene forsake;
"Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
"The long farewell to take:

"Then to the service of my lord
"I vow'd a throbbing heart;
"And in the changes of your life
"To bear an humble part.

"Forgive the fond officious zeal
"Of one that loves his lord!
"The new possessor of your field
"A suppliant I imploer'd.

" I told the treachery of your friend,
 " The story of your woe,
 " And sought his favour, when I saw
 " His tears begin to flow.
 " I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
 " The lone sequester'd seat,
 " Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,
 " To be your last retreat.
 " I offer'd—what was all your own—
 " The gold I had in store;
 " Low at his feet I fell, and wept
 " That I could give no more.
 " Your gold is your's," the generous youth
 With gentle accent said;
 " Your master's be that little field,
 " And cheerful be his shed!"
 " Now Heav'n has heard my prayer; I've wish'd
 " I could in part repay
 " The favours your extended hand
 " Bestow'd from day to day.
 " I yet may see a garland green
 " Upon the hoary head;
 " Yet see my master blest, before
 " I dwell among the dead!"
 In silence Arthur look'd to Heav'n,
 And clasp'd his Edwin's hand;
 The eyes of Emily in tears
 Express'd affection bland.
 From opening heaven the moon appear'd;
 Fair was the face of night;
 Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
 The air was flowing light.
 Arthur resum'd the pilgrim's staff;
 They held their lonely way.
 Dim through the forest's darksome bourn,
 Till near the dawning day.
 Then a long line of ruddy light,
 That quiver'd to and fro,
 Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
 The pilgrimage of woe.
 He enter'd solemn, slow, and sad,
 The destin'd hermitage,
 A little and a lonely hut,
 To cover hapless age.
 He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
 And kiss'd a falling tear;
 " I have my all, ye gracious powers!
 " I have my daughter here!"
 A sober banquet to prepare,
 Emilia cheerful goes;
 The faggot blaz'd the window glanc'd;
 The heart of age arose.
 " I would not be that guilty man,
 " With all his golden store;
 " Nor change my lot with any wretch
 " That counts his thousands o'er.
 " Now here at last we are at home,
 " We can no lower fall;

" Low in the cottage peace can dwell,
 " As in the lordly hall.
 " The wants of nature are but few;
 " Her banquet soon is spread;
 " The tenant of the vale of tears
 " Requires but daily bread.
 " The food that grows in every field
 " Will life and health prolong;
 " And water from the spring suffice
 " To quench the thirsty tongue.
 " But all the Indies, with their wealth,
 " And earth, and air, and seas,
 " Will never quench the sickly thirst
 " And craving of disease.
 " My humble garden to my hand
 " Contentment's feast will yield;
 " And, in the season, harvest white
 " Will load my little field.
 " Like nature's simple children here,
 " With nature's self we'll live,
 " And, of the little that is left,
 " Have something still to give.
 " The sad vicissitudes of life
 " Long have I learn'd to bear;
 " But, oh! my daughter, thou art new
 " To sorrow and to care!
 " How shall that fine and flow'ry form,
 " In silken folds confin'd,
 " That scarcely fac'd the Summer's gale,
 " Endure the Wint'ry wind?
 " Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
 " With angry tempest red?
 " How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
 " That's hanging o'er thy head?
 " Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
 " I take with temper mild;
 " But, oh! repay it thousand-fold
 " In blessings on my child!"
 " Weep not for me, thou father fond!"
 The virgin soft did say;
 " Could I contribute to thy peace,
 " O, I would bless the day!
 " The Parent who provides for all,
 " For us will now provide;
 " These hands have learn'd the gayer arts
 " Of elegance and pride;
 " What once amus'd a vacant hour,
 " Shall now the day engage;
 " And vanity shall spread the board
 " Of poverty and age.
 " At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
 " And, while the faggots blaze,
 " Recount the trifles of the time,
 " And dream of better days!
 " I'll read the tragic tales of old,
 " To sooth a father's woes;
 " I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
 " And sing thee to repose."

The father wept. "Thy wond'rous hand,
 "Almighty, I adore!
 "I had not known how blest I was,
 "Had I not been so poor!

"Now blest be God for what is left,
 "And blest for what is given!
 "Thou art an angel, O my child!
 "With thee I dwell in heaven!"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
 They trod the past'ral plain:
 But who describes a Summer's day,
 Or paints the halcyon main:

One day, a wanderer in the wood
 The lonely threshold prest;
 'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
 Had first receiv'd a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
 "I come from foreign climes;
 "From countries red with Indian blood,
 "And stain'd with Christian crimes.

"O may Britannia never hear
 "What these sad eyes have seen!
 "May an eternal veil be drawn
 "That world and this between!
 "No frantic avarice fir'd my soul,
 "And Heav'n my wishes crown'd;
 "For soon a fortune to my mind
 "With innocence I found.

"From exile sad, returning home,
 "I kiss'd the sacred earth;
 "And flew to find my native woods
 "And walls that gave me birth.
 "To church on Sunday fond I went,
 "In hopes to mark unseen,
 "All my old friends assembled round
 "The circle of the green.

"Alas, the change that time had made!
 "My ancient friends were gone;
 "Another race possess'd the walls,
 "And I was left alone!

"A stranger among strangers, long
 "I look'd from pew to pew;
 "But not the face of one old friend
 "Rose imag'd to my view.

"The horrid plough had ras'd the green,
 "Where we have often play'd;
 "The ax had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
 "The school-boy's Summer shade.

"One maid, the beauty of the vale,
 "To whom I vow'd my care,
 "And gave my heart, had fled away,
 "And none could tell me where,

"My cares and toils in foreign climes
 "Were for that peerless maid:
 "She rose in beauty by my side;
 "My toils were all repaid.

"By Indian streams I sat alone,
 "While on my native isle,

"And on my ancient friends, I thought,
 "And wept the weary while.

"'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
 "She came in every dream,
 "As, smiling on the rear of night,
 "Appears the morning beam.

"In quest of her, I wander wild,
 "O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
 "And, if I find her not, I fly
 "To Indian climes again."

The father thus began: "My son,
 "Mourn not thy wretched fate;
 "For he that rules in heaven decrees
 "This life a mixed state.

"The stream that carries us along,
 "Flows through the vale of tears;
 "Yet, on the darkness of our day,
 "The bow of heav'n appears.

"The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
 "Is fenc'd with prickles round;
 "Queen of the vale, the lily fair
 "Among the thorns is found.

"Ev'n while we raise the song, we sigh
 "The melancholy while;
 "And, down the face of mortal man,
 "The tear succeeds the smile.

"Nought pure or perfect here is found;
 "But when this night is o'er,
 "Th' eternal morn will spring on high,
 "And we shall weep no more.

"Beyond the dim horizon far,
 "That bounds the mortal eye,
 "A better country blooms to view,
 "Beneath a brighter sky."

Unseen the trembling virgin heard
 The stranger's tale of woe;
 Then enter'd, as an angel bright,
 In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose, he look'd, he gaz'd,
 He stood a statue pale;
 His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
 His fault'ring voice did fail.

At last, "My Emily herself
 "Alive in all her charms!"
 The father kneel'd; the lover's rush'd
 To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranc'd
 Long while they did remain;
 They glow'd, they trembl'd, and they sobb'd,
 They wept and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
 To bless the happy pair;
 Heav'n smil'd on Edward the belov'd,
 And Emily the fair.

MONIMIA:

AN ODE.

In weeds of sorrow wildly dight,
 Alone beneath the gloom of night,
 Monimia went to mourn;

She left a mother's fond alarms;
 She left a father's folding arms;
 Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
 Disastrous planets now had pow'r,
 And evil spirits reign'd;
 The lone owl from the cloister'd isle,
 O'er falling fragments of the pile,
 Ill-boding prophet plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
 She tore the willows by the way,
 And gaz'd upon the wave:
 Then raising wild to heav'n her eyes,
 With sobs and broken accent, cries,
 "I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
 Illumin'd by a transient beam,
 She knew the wonted grove;
 Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
 And roses mix'd with myrtles twine,
 To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
 And sweetly mournful sung her woes,
 Enamour'd of the tree:
 Touch'd with the melody of woe,
 More tender tears began to flow,
 "She mourns her mate like me."

"I lov'd my lover from a child,
 And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
 And waltz'd o'er the green;
 He train'd my nightingale to sing,
 He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
 To crown me rural queen.

"My brother died before his day;
 Sad through the church-yard's dreary way,
 We went to walk at eve;
 And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
 Long at the monument to mourn,
 And look upon his grave.

"Like forms funereal while we stand,
 In tender mood he held my hand,
 And laid his cheek to mine;
 My bosom beat unknown alarms,
 We wept in one another's arms,
 And mingled tears divine.

"From sweet compassion love arose,
 Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
 And pair'd upon the tomb;
 Attesting all the powers above,
 A fond romance of fancied love
 We vow'd our days to come.

"A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
 Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
 Implor'd a mutual mind;
 Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
 But Harry's footsteps never flew
 The wonted scene to find.

"Three nights in dire suspense I sat
 Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
 Sent from a foreign shore;—

"Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
 Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
 "You never see me more!"—

"Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
 And one disorder'd moment made
 An ever-wretched wife;
 Ah! in the circuit of one sun,
 Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
 And desolate for life!

"Apart my wedding robes I tore,
 And guarded tears now gushing o'er
 Distain'd the bridal bed:
 Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
 And fought devoted now to dwell
 For ever with the dead.

"My lord to Indian climates went,
 A letter from my lover sent
 Renew'd eternal woes;—
 Before my love my last words greet,
 Wrapt in the weary winding sheet,
 I in the dust repose!

"Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
 Perhaps too rashly I believ'd
 A tale of treach'rous art;
 Monimia! could you now behold
 The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
 Oh! it would break thy heart!

"Now in the grave for ever laid,
 A constant solitary shade,
 Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
 For you I fled my native sky;
 Loaded with life for you I die;
 My love, remember me!"

"Of all the promises of youth,
 The tears of tenderness and truth,
 The throbs that lovers send;
 The vows in one another's arms,
 The secret sympathy of charms;
 My God! is this the end?"

She said, and rushing from the bow'r,
 Devoted fought in evil hour
 The promontory steep;
 Hung o'er the margin of the main,
 Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
 The dashing of the deep.

"Waves that resound from shore to shore!
 Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
 Of ocean, storm, and wind!
 Your elemental war is tame,
 To that which rages in my frame,
 The battle of the mind!"

With downcast eye and musing mood,
 A lurid interval she stood
 The victim of despair;
 Her arms then tossing to the skies,
 She pour'd in nature's ear her cries,
 "My God! my father! where?"—

Wild on the summit of the steep
 She ruminated long the deep,
 And felt her freezing blood;

Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly founding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

ODE

WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN
AUTUMN.

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The penfive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the founding woods!

Ah! well-known streams! ah! wonted groves,
Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flow'r strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bow'rs:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze?
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,

Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursu'd;
And wand'ring o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May Summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console th' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?
Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aereal music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,

Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide !

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace !

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore !

HYMN II.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span ;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field ;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades ;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toils to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return !
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold ?
Who from the carments of the tomb
Can raise the human mold ?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,

The waters lost can ne'er recal
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom ;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers ! Whither gone
The mighty men of old ?
" The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
" In sacred books enroll'd.

" Gone to the resting-place of man,
" The everlasting home,
" Where ages past have gone before,
" Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry ;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard : Then from his throne
In majesty he rose ;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

" When mortal man resigns his breath,
" And falls a clod of clay,
" The soul immortal wings its flight,
" To never-setting day.

" Prepar'd of old for wicked men
" The bed of torment lies ;
" The just shall enter into bliss
" Immortal in the skies."

HYMN III.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb ;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early ears thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who caus'dst me to hope,
When life began to beat,

And when a stranger in the world,
 Didst guide my wandering feet;
 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
 And evil days descend;
 Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
 To mourn my latter end.
 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
 In death I will adore;
 And after death will sing thy praise,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.
 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years,
 And in her left, the prize of fame
 And honour bright appears.
 She guides the young, with innocence,
 In pleasure's path to tread,
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
 According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase,
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

HYMN V.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 Above the mountains and the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
 To this the joyful nations round
 All tribes and tongues shall flow,
 Up to the Hill of God they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.
 The beam that shines on Zion hill
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Zion towers
 Shall all the world command.
 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years,
 To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
 Their millions slain deplore;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.
 Come then—O come from every land,
 To worship at his shrine;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauty's shine.

HYMN VI.

BEHOLD! th' Ambassador divine,
 Descending from above,
 To publish to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love!

On him in rich effusion pour'd
 The heavenly dew descends;
 And truth divine he shall reveal,
 To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
 Shall strike the wondering ears;
 But still and gentle breathe the voice
 In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
 Shall raise its falling frame;
 The dying embers shall revive,
 And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
 Shall never know decline,
 Till foreign lands and distant isles
 Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
 And bade the planets roll,
 Who laid the basis of the earth,
 And form'd the human soul.

Thus saith the Lord, "Thee have I sent,
 "A prophet from the sky,
 "Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
 "The message from on high.

"Before thy face the shades of death
 "Shall take to sudden flight,
 "The people who in darkness dwell
 "Shall hail a glorious light;

"The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
 "The iron fetters fall;
 "The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
 "Appointed rise o'er all.

"And lo! presaging thy approach,
 "The Heathen temples shake,
 "And trembling in forsaken fanes,
 "The fabled idols quake.

"I am Jehovah: I am One:
 "My name shall now be known;
 "No idol shall usurp my praise,
 "Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
 Conspicuous rise to view;
 And future scenes, predicted now,
 Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
 Let earth his praise resound;
 Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
 And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
 The universal song;
 And let the scatter'd villages
 The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 Lift up the lonely voice;

And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

HYMN VII.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the Spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

HYMN VIII.

WHEN Jesus, by the virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at thy altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who frequent in the fane

Had for the Saviour wailed long,
But waited still in vain;

Came Heaven-directed at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

HYMN IX.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

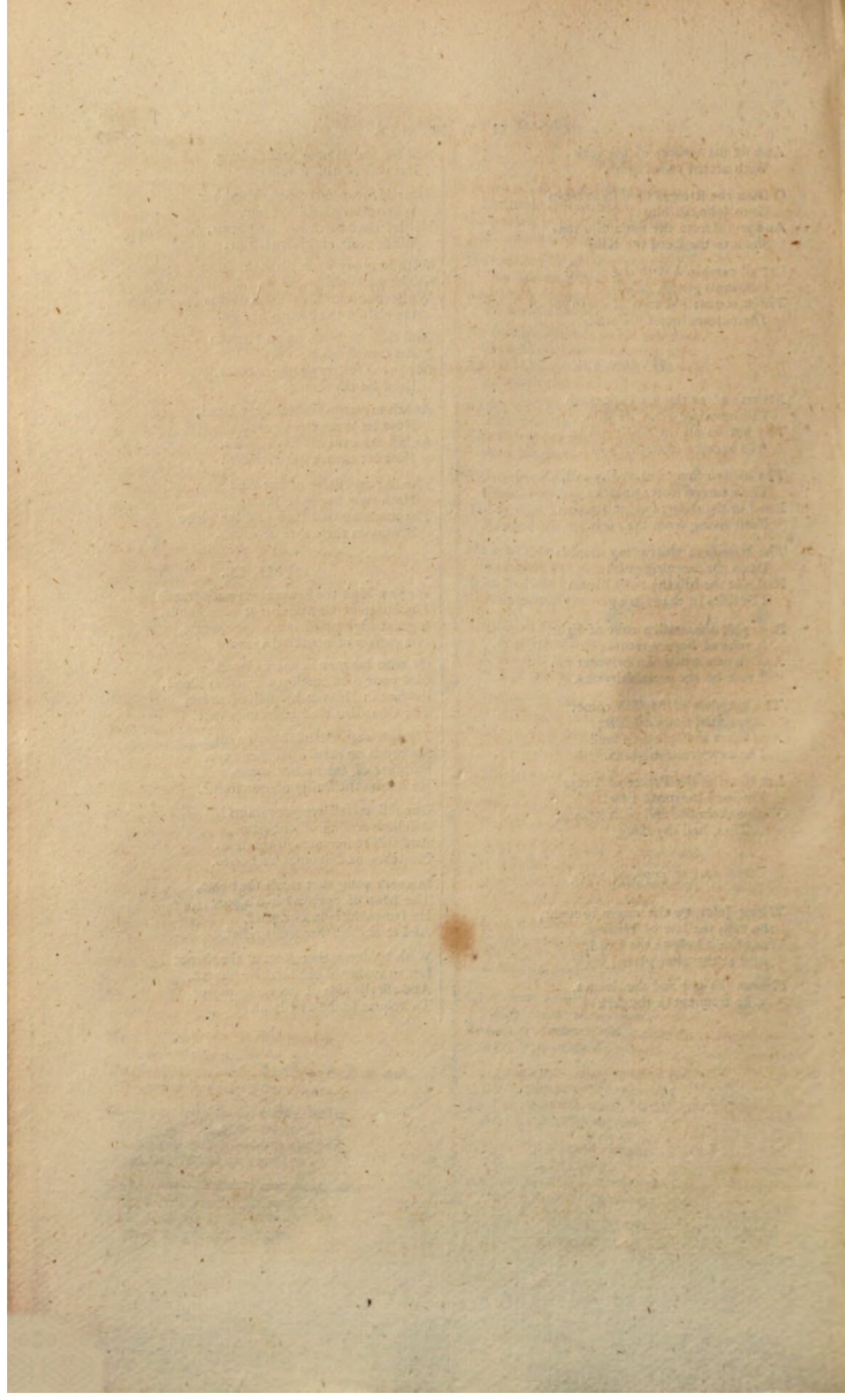
He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS WARTON.

Containing

TRIUMPH OF ISIS,
NEWMARKET,
PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY,
PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT,



ODES,
ELEGIES,
SONNETS,
INSCRIPTIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Lo! where on Isis' bank, fair England's muse
Laments the leader of her laureat train;
Whose art, with chivalry's romantic hues,
Combines the chasteness of the classic strain:
She mourns that sage, whose patient toil pursues
Her faltering steps through time's extensive plain;
And from primeval shades her progress shows,
Down to the brightness of Eliza's reign:
With the rich meed of some melodious tear,
Fain would she now that cruel stroke deplore,
Which stopt her darling in his fair career
Of antiquarian search, and critic lore:
For still, while taste or she can honour claim,
Each age shall venerate her WARTON's name!

MR. THOMSON'S SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WARTON.

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COLLECTOR'S NAME

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THE LIFE OF WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, the "Historian of English Poetry," was born in the year 1728. He belonged to a poetical family. His father, Thomas Warton, B. D. was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Poetry Professor in that University, from 1718 to 1728, and Vicar of Basingstoke in Hants, and of Cobham in Surrey. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Richardson, Rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey, by whom he had two sons, Joseph, the present respectable Master of Winchester School, the poet, and one daughter, Jane. He does not appear to have published any thing in his lifetime; but after his death, which happened at Basingstoke, in 1745, a volume of poems was printed by subscription in 1748. Amhurst's "Terræ Filius" contains some anecdotes of him. His mother died at Winchester, in 1762. His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, is advantageously known to the world, by his "Ode to Fancy," and other ingenious poems in "Dodsley's Collection," "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," "Translation of the Pastorals and Eclogues of Virgil," and an edition of the "Works of Pope," with notes.

By his quotation from Gray's Ode, in his *Description of the City College and Cathedral of Winchester*, and his Latin poem on *Catbarine Hill*, we learn that he received his education at the seminary over which his brother now presides.

In due time he became a member of Trinity College, Oxford; took the degree of Master of Arts in 1750, of Bachelor of Divinity in 1767; but did not succeed to the Mastership of his college, as might have been expected, when it became vacant in 1776, though he continued to reside in it till his death.

In a life passed within the limits of a college, where the transitions from the study to the common-room, and from thence back to the study, mark the passing day with scarce any variation, nothing of incident is to be expected, nothing will be found important enough to be recorded. Yet a life thus spent is not to be condemned. The writings of Warton shew, that one at least has been productive of much entertainment, much usefulness to the world.

He very early exerted his poetical talents, as may be seen by the dates of his several publications; which may be considered as the principal landmarks in his life.

In 1745, he published *Five Pastoral Eclogues*; the scenes of which are supposed to lie among the shepherds oppressed by the war in Germany, 4to. These Eclogues have not been collected in his works, and have eluded the diligence of the present writer.

In 1747, he published *The Pleasures of Melancholy*, written in 1745, 4to, reprinted in "Dodsley's Collection," which was followed by *The Progress of Discontent, a Poem*, written at Oxford in 1746, first printed in "The Student;" and *Newmarket, a Satire*, fol. 1750, reprinted in "Pearch's Collection," and again in "Dodsley's Collection."

At a time when few are capable of distinguishing themselves in any extraordinary degree, he rendered a service to his Alma Mater, which could not but be acceptable.

It is well known that Tory, if not Jacobite principles, were suspected to prevail much in the University of Oxford, about the time of the Rebellion in 1745; and soon after its suppression, the folly and drunken extravagance of several young men belonging to one of the colleges, gave offence to the friends of the House of Hanover, in a manner which occasioned a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, and a stigma on the Vice-Chancellor and some of the heads of houses.

In 1748, while this matter was the subject of conversation, Mr. Mason published his "Isis, an elegy," in which, after celebrating the worthies she formerly boasted, she laments her degenerate sons, that,

— madly bold

To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold.

In answer to Mr. Mason's elegy, which was much applauded, and with great reason, at the time of its publication, Warton published his *Triumph of Isis, an elegy*, 4to, 1749, which was equally deserving of praise. His eulogium on Dr. King is particularly worthy of notice. It was reprinted in Pearch's Collection.

It is remarkable, that though neither Mason nor Warton ever excelled these performances, each of them, as by consent, when he first collected his poems into a volume, omitted his own party-production,

In 1751, he published *An Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre, Oxford, July 2. 1751, being the day appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, for the commemoration of the benefactors of the university*, 4to. In this Ode, *Minerva*, after having assisted *Queen Bonduca* in a battle, is feigned to request drink of the river *Isis*, and, in reward of the favour, to promise that her banks shall become the seat of learning, and the pride of Britain.

In 1753, he published *The Union, or Select Scots and English Poems*, 12mo.

These were only the lighter productions of Warton's genius. In 1753, he published *Observations on the Faery Queen of Spenser*, 8vo, which he corrected and enlarged in 2 vols, 12mo, 1762. He sent a copy of the first edition to Dr. Johnson, which he acknowledged in a letter to him, dated July 16. 1754, containing the following merited compliment: "I now pay you a very honest acknowledgment for the advancement of the literature of our native country. You have shown to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which these authors had read. Of this method Hughes, and men much greater than Hughes, seem never to have thought. The reason why the authors, which are yet read, of the sixteenth century, are so little understood, is, that they are read alone, and no help is borrowed from those who lived with them, or before them."

Some time before, he seems to have taken orders, and to have become Fellow of his College; for, in his notes on Dr. Johnson's letter, preserved by Mr. Boswell, he mentions his design of publishing a volume of "Observations on the best of Spenser's Works," being hindered by his taking pupils. "I am glad of your hindrance in your Spenserian design," Dr. Johnson writes him, Nov. 28. 1754, "yet I would not have it delayed."

At this time his friend Collins was at Oxford, on a visit to him; but labouring under the most deplorable languor of body, and dejection of mind. "Poor dear Collins!" says Dr. Johnson, "would a letter give him any pleasure? I have a mind to write." Soon after he writes him: "I had lately a letter from your brother, with some account of poor Collins, for whom I am much concerned. I have a notion, that by very great temperance, or more properly abstinence, he may yet recover."

In February 1755, he procured for Dr. Johnson the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma, from the University of Oxford; which was considered as an honour of considerable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his Dictionary, which came out soon after.

In 1756, he published a pamphlet, intitled, *The Observer Observed*, 8vo, on the publication of Upton's "Spenser." This year he was elected by the university, Poetry Professor, on the death of Mr. Hawkins; which office he held the usual term of ten years.

In 1758, when Dr. Johnson began the "Idler," he gave his assistance, and contributed Nos. 33. 93. and 96. The same year he published *Inscriptionum Metricarum Delectus, Accedunt Notulae*, 4to, 1758, and wrote *A Panegyric on Ale*, printed in Doddsley's "Collection."

About this time he published *A Description of the City College and Cathedral of Winchester, exhibiting a complete and comprehensive detail of their antiquities and present state*, 8vo, without date or name.

In 1760, he contributed the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope* to the 5th volume of the "Biographia Britannica."

The year following, he published *The Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, M. D. Dean of Wells, and President of Trinity College, Oxford*, 8vo. In the *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, he has supplied some defects, and rectified some mistakes in the account given of him in the "Biographia Britannica."

In 1761, he contributed to the "Oxford Collection of Verses," a poem on the Death of George II. addressed to Mr. Secretary Pitt, and verses on the Marriage of the King, and on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 1762.

About 1762, he published *A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto published*, 12mo, without a date; a burlesque on Oxford Guides, and Companions.

His next publication was the *Oxford Sausage, or Select Poetical Pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford*, 12mo, 1764. In this collection, the *Newsman's Verses*, and several other pieces of pleasantry, were contributed by Warton.

In 1768, he was presented to the Vicarage of Shalfield, in Wiltshire.

In 1770, he published from the Clarendon Press, *Theocriti Syracusii Cum Scholiis Græcis, Historibus Emendationibus et Animadversionibus in Scholia Editoris et Joannis Toupii Glossis selectis ineditis, Indicibus amplissimis. Premittuntur Editoris Dissertatio de Bucolicis Græcorum, Vita Theocritæ Ionia Barnesio Scripta, cum nonnullis aliis auctoribus. Accedunt Editoris et variorum Notæ perpetuæ Epistola Joannis Toupii de Syracusis ejusdem addenda in Theocritum necnon Collectiones quindecim Codicum; Oxon. 2 vols, 4to.* "This," says Dr. Harwood, "is a very splendid edition; and, after a very careful perusal, I can pronounce it as correct as it is splendid. Every lover of Greek literature is under great obligations to the very learned and ingenious Mr. Warton, for this magnificent edition of *Theocritus*, and for several other immortal productions." Some additional notes and observations, by way of Appendix to Warton's edition of *Theocritus*, were published by Mr. Toup in 1772, *Curæ Posteriores, Sive Appendicula Notarum atque Emendationum in Theocritum Oxonii nuperrimè publicatum, 4to.*

In 1771, he published an improved account of *The Life of Sir Thomas Pope, Founder of Trinity College, Oxford, chiefly compiled from Original Evidences; with an Appendix of Papers never before published, 8vo.* The attention and research which he has lavished in composing the memoirs of the munificent and meritorious founder of Trinity College, evince his gratitude and ability; but it cannot but be considered as an unhappiness that he was called upon by his situation and connections to attend to a subject on which even the vigorous genius of Milton could stamp no considerable value.

The same year he was presented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire, and elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

In 1774, he gave to the world the first volume of his *History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and on the Introduction of Learning into England, 4to.* The second volume appeared in 1778, and the third, which is brought down to the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1781. To the third volume is prefixed a third dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*. The fourth and last volume was announced, as "speedily to be published," in the end of his edition of *Milton's* smaller poems 1785, and it is said, a considerable portion of it was actually printed off at the time of his death. It is expected to be completed, and given to the world, with every possible advantage, by his brother, whose abilities, both in poetry and other literary provinces, have justly obtained the full sanction of public applause. A few mistakes and inaccuracies in these volumes were pointed out, with illiberal exaggeration, by Mr. Ritson, a writer of acknowledged, but misapplied talents, in a pamphlet, intitled "Observations on the three first volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a Familiar Epistle to the Author," 4to, 1782. A vindication of Warton appeared in various communications in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1782 and 1783.

In 1777, he collected his *Poems* into an 8vo volume, containing *Miscellaneous Pieces, Odes, and Sonnets*. In this collection he omitted his *Pastoral Eclogues, the Triumph of Isis, Newmarket, a Satire, The Progress of Discontent*, and other pieces of humour. The publication may be considered as, in some measure, original, there being only seven pieces that had before appeared, and near three times that number which were then first printed. Alluding to this publication, Mrs. Piozzi, in her entertaining "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," reports the following conversation: "Such a one's verses are come out, said I: "Yes (replied Johnson) and this frost has struck them in again. Here are some verses I have written to ridicule them; but remember that I love the fellow dearly, now, for all that I laugh at him.

Wherefo'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new:
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time has flung away;
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet."

In 1781, he printed for private use, a few copies of *A History of Kiddington Parish, 4to*, intended as a specimen of a history of Oxfordshire. A second edition was published, "corrected and enlarged," for sale, in 1783. This admirable specimen of parochial history, and of his general idea of such history, serves but to make us regret that he had not opportunity to execute more of such a plan.

But why regret this exertion of his talents, when his *History of Gothic Architecture*, which he more than promised in the *History of English Poetry*, is now, it is to be feared, lost to the world?

In 1782, he engaged, as might be expected, on the side of Chatterton, in the Rowleian controversy, and published *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley; in which the arguments of the Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined*, 8vo, which bears conviction with every unprejudiced mind. This year he was presented to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire.

The same year he published his *Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted Window at New College, Oxford*, 4to.

In 1785, he was elected Camden Professor of Ancient History, on the resignation of Dr. Scott; and the same year he was made Poet Laureat, on the death of Whitehead.

His next publication was *Poems on Several Occasions, English, Latin, and Italian, with Translations by John Milton, viz. Lycidas, L'Allegro Il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miscellanies, English Psalms, Elegiarum Liber, Epigrammatum Liber, Sylvarum Liber, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and other Illustrations*, 8vo, 1785. A second edition, with corrections and improvements, appeared after his death, in 1790. The chief purpose of the *Notes* is to explain Milton's allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels universally gleaned both from his poetry and his prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to shew the peculiarities of his phraseology. His commentary is enriched with some occasional illustrations by his brother Dr. Warton. In the second edition, the *Notes* appear to have undergone an entire revival. Some notes, which were in the first edition, he has omitted in the second; intending, as is evident by the references, to introduce them, and probably with considerable additions, in his edition of *Milton's* larger poems, which he was preparing for the press. Many of his own notes, not to be found in the first edition, are inserted in the second, together with some which are marked with the initials of the names of Warburton and Hurd. A multitude of corrections are also made, in which he probably availed himself of the hints of friendly criticism.

This was the last publication he gave to the world, except his official *Odes*, and many excellent notes in the *variorum* edition of Shakspeare 1786, which are distinguished by his name.

His health began to decline a little time before his death, but not in such a manner as to give much alarm to his friends. He had been some time ill with the gout; but was thought in a fair way of recovery. On Thursday, May 20. 1790. he appeared remarkably cheerful, and supped, and passed the evening in the common-room. Between ten and eleven o'clock he sunk in his chair. His friends thought him only dozing; but on approaching, found him struck with the palsy, and quite dead on one side. He was immediately conveyed to his room, and continued insensible till his death, on Friday, about two o'clock, in the sixty-second year of his age. On the 27th of May, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the Chapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours.

A new edition of his *Poems*, including the pieces omitted in the edition 1777, and the *New-Year* and *Birth-Day Odes*, for 1786, 1787 and 1788, was printed in 1791. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1791, with his *Birth-Day Odes* for 1789 and 1790, *Sonnet in imitation of Spenser*, and his Latin poems *ad Somnum* and *Qui fit Macenas*, omitted in former editions, received for the first time into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was truly amiable and respectable. To his friends he was endeared by his simple, open, and friendly manners; to the University of Oxford by his long residence and many services; and to the public by the valuable additions which have been made by his talents to English poetry, antiquities, and criticism. His mind was more fraught with wit and mirth than his outward appearance promised. His person was unwieldy and ponderous, and his countenance somewhat inert; but the fascination of his converse was wonderful. He was the delight of the jovial Attic board, anniversaries, music meetings, &c. and possessed beyond most men the art of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and scholastic accomplishments, he united those conciliatory talents, that amiable sociability of manners, which could, to the claim of respect for the author, add that of esteem for the man. He was a liberal scholar, an agreeable companion, a warm philanthropist, a disinterested Christian, and an amiable man.

"His social qualities," says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1790, "had long endeared him to the members of his own society, among whom he constantly resided. The brilliancy of his wit, the solidity of his judgment, and the affability of his temper, give to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, the most pungent regret for his irreparable loss. His literary productions have rendered him peculiarly eminent as an annotator, a biographer, an antiquary, and a poet; and he may be deservedly considered as the ornament, not only of the university, but of the literary world at large. Such, indeed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, the extent and variety of his learning, that his memory will be for ever revered as a profound scholar, and a man of true genius. Learning must deplore him as one of her best and most valuable ornaments."

As an author, he has chiefly distinguished himself as a *biographer*, a *historian*, a *critic*, and a *poet*.

In his *Lives of Dr. Batburs* and *Sir Thomas Pope*, we find that art, propriety, and ease, which characterize the productions of those whose talents have been carefully cultivated by reflection and study. But they will not, perhaps, by the generality of readers, be deemed either instructive or entertaining. Of the memorials of *Dr. Batburs*, which have been transmitted to posterity, few are at this time interesting or affecting enough to engage the attention of the public; but he may be credited for his industry, and the difficulties he surmounted in attaining the necessary information to complete his work. The insufficiency of the materials which time has preserved concerning *Sir Thomas Pope*, has engaged him to enter occasionally into historical digressions. Among other national transactions, he gives an interesting relation of the persecutions of the Princess Elizabeth. But on losing sight of *Sir Thomas Pope*, he detracts from the merit of his performance, considered as a composition. The principal figure in the picture being eclipsed by the decorations that surround it, the eye is fixed on the latter, and neglects the former. Indeed, the life of a person whose capacity was slender and limited, who never sustained or merited any important office, and whose sphere of action was narrow, is not properly an object of curiosity. The mind does not willingly bestow its attention on insignificant circumstances; its sensibilities can only be awakened by what is shining and illustrious. The literary toil which should be employed in narrations concerning those who have displayed valour in the field, or wisdom in the cabinet, should never be wasted in inquiries concerning men who have acted in inferior or subordinate stations. The portion of the laborious drudge, who is put in motion at the command of a master, and who neither plans nor thinks, is silence and obscurity.

As an *historian*, his reputation is founded on his *History of English Poetry*; the very name of which warms the heart of every man of taste and elegance. An history of English poetry has long been a *desideratum* in the learned world. A plan of this kind had been agitated by Pope, in which our poets were classed under their supposed respective schools. It was afterwards adopted by Gray. The substance of Gray's plan, which was that of Pope, considerably enlarged, extended, and improved, is given in his "Life." Both these plans Warton has rejected, and has chosen to conduct his work in a chronological series; for this obvious reason, that it exhibits, without transposition, the gradual improvements of our poetry, at the same time that it uniformly represents the progression of our language. Yet he has not always adhered so scrupulously to the regularity of annals, but that he has often deviated into occasional digressions. His reasons for commencing his annals with the Norman accession, rather than the Saxon government, seem conclusive; the former being the era when our national character began to dawn. His work is introduced by a *Preface*, which is at once elegant and instructive, and two dissertations, *on the Origin of Romantic Fiction*, and, *on the introduction of learning into England*; in which are discovered such exquisite and genuine elegance, such profound and extensive erudition, such acute and rational deductions, that we are at a loss to determine what is their prevailing beauty; yet the analogy between European and Arabian legends, and the probable accounts how the same spirit and genius of fiction might be transferred from Asia to these northern climes, are not, as it should seem, a probable solution, even with the assistance of the Crusades, for the nature and variety of European romances. Much, we conceive, must still be left for the native exertions and the original product of invention. The innumerable hords that migrated from the North-East, and overflowed the West, were not without their romantic fictions; of a different species, indeed, from the Arabic fabling; but the latter came quickly to incorporate with them; and the romance of the Arab seemed only as a splendid caparison to the chivalry of the Goth. To his opinion with respect to the peculiar influence of women under the

Gothic establishments, we readily subscribe; but the small degree of attention and respect with which the Greeks and Romans treated the fair sex, and that inconsiderable share which they were permitted to take in conversation, and the general commerce of life, seem carried to an extreme which the classical writers (to whom he appeals) will scarcely warrant. Had the female insignificance and seclusion, ascribed to classic times, been predicated of the women of modern Greece, the remark had been just. But fixed on the eras of Sophocles and Alcibiades, of Propertius and Tibullus Brutus and Cato, it loses all manner of propriety. In regard to the *second* dissertation, and that on the *Gesta Romanorum*, prefixed to the *third* volume, we have nothing to do but to approve and admire. The period of antiquity at which he commences his work, is by no means a field for popular recreation. Some of the flowers, indeed, which may be collected in a scene so vast and uncultivated, are neither without fragrance nor beauty; but these are not to be enjoyed by a taste formed upon modern composition. The obsolete terms, and uncouth numbers, through which the few rays of genius which appear in that remote era must appear, almost eclipse their lustre, and leave it entirely indiscernible, except to such eyes as are accustomed to derive pleasure from a long and distant retrospect. These observations will apply to the various extracts given of metrical romances, and other legendary performances, from the commencement of the history till the days of Chaucer. We do not deny but that Langland has merit; his descriptions are picturesque, his characters just and natural, and his satire poignant; but the harsh versification, and antiquated style in which he writes, must render these beauties imperceptible to the greatest number of readers; and we must still denominate the age of Chaucer not only the era of refinement in English versification, but even the dawn of poetical genius. How glorious the meridian at which it arrived, under the auspices of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, we need not attempt to describe.

The predominant features of this agreeable and instructive work, are elegant composition, acute and genuine criticism, and literary research. But it is not Warton's principal merit, that he investigates his subject with the patience of an antiquary, and the acuteness of a critic: from his accurate delineation of character, it is evident that he has inspected the manners of mankind as they occasionally pass before him, with the penetrating eye of a philosopher. This praise he has merited by his preliminary *Dissertations*, by his elaborate account of Chaucer and his poetry, and by his reflections tending to establish a full estimate of the genius of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign; which compose the concluding section of his *third* volume. The *History of English Poetry* has rare and striking merits, and may be justly considered as a valuable accession to English literature. But it is not without its defects. He has shown, it would seem, more solicitude in collecting his materials, than perspicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence it has been found so dry and oppressive, as to subdue the eagerness of the generality of readers; and hence nearly one-fourth of the *second* volume is filled with errata and amendments to the *first*; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he was not tied down to precipitate publication by a subscription; as his business was literature; as he had been long accustomed to the use of the press; and as he was equally possessed of learning and leisure.

As a Critic, his *Observations on Spenser*, an edition of *Theocritus*, and notes on Milton, entitle him to rank with Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Spence, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Hurd, and Dr. Warton, the most elegant and classical critics of our nation.

His *Observations on the Faery Queene*, have deservedly obtained the approbation of the learned world. He has been indefatigable in illustrating the obscurities, and bringing out the beauties of the great father of allegorical poetry; but his work has not obtained any very extensive popularity, and has failed to recal the attention of the public to the writings of this neglected English classic.

On the merits of his *Inquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley*, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as they have been already considered and acknowledged in the "Life of Chatterton."

His elegant and accurate edition of *Theocritus*, the great father of pastoral poetry, does honour to the literature of our country. In his *Dissertation on Bucolic* poetry, if too much is advanced upon conjecture, it must be allowed that there is considerable learning and ingenuity. Though the *Scholia* on *Theocritus* are not so numerous as those on some other Greek authors, they are not less valuable. They boast some of the most distinguished names among the school-critics and restorers. The principal observations of these scholiasts, Warton has, with great labour, collected and digested, and has at the same time enriched the common treasury with contributions of his own. The

reputation of his coadjutor Mr. Toup, as a Greek scholar, is too well established to receive any addition from the highest praise which the present writer can bestow.

For a commentator on *Milton* he was peculiarly qualified, being not only conversant with the elegant remains of Grecian and Roman learning, but intimately acquainted with those treasures of Gothic and Old English literature, with which Milton, in his younger days, appears to have been singularly delighted, and to which frequent allusions are made even in the "*Paradise Lost*." In spite of objections which may occasionally be made, his *Notes* and *Illustrations* must be allowed to contain a rich body of anecdote and criticism. They are manifestly the result of diligent reading and patient research; serving to unfold the treasures whence Milton drew most of his beautiful imagery; to explain his Gothic and classical allusions; to point out the source of many of his conceptions; and, at the same time, to demonstrate and display the strength and sublimity of his genius. These notes, which may be called *historical*, and those at the end of the larger poems, containing a kind of general critique on them, abound with valuable information, and are drawn up with much judgment and taste. Though in some instances his labour appears superfluous, we cannot but admire the extent of his reading, and the pains he has taken to collate passages, in order to show whence Milton *stole every balmy sweet*. It by no means indubitably follows, that Milton was indebted to preceding writers to the extent which his collations intimate. Critics, when employed in detecting imitations, are very apt to pursue the matter too far. Later poets are generally represented by them as imitating their predecessors, in instances where it is more reasonable to conclude them alike copied from nature. We coincide in opinion with Walfsh, when he says, in one of his letters to Pope, "In all common subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural), that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before." His observations on Milton's religious principles, are such as the text by no means justifies, and seem rather suggested by prejudices than dispassionate reason. But he does ample justice to his genius, and even directly affirms, "that what was enthusiasm in most of the puritanical writers, was poetry in Milton."

As a poet, his genius was directed by classic taste and judgment; and his fancy, however seductive, led him not to an affectation of over-laboured ornament. Simplicity and perspicuity, supported by elegance, are the distinguishing marks of his poetry. His compositions are highly finished and original, as far as perpetual classic imitations and allusions will allow; his versification is nervous and correct, his reading extensive, and his knowledge of real nature acquired from an actual survey of her works. It seems as if the most considerable of his poems had been cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor; but, according to those critics, who ascribe the invention of every species of poetry to the Greeks, even Horace himself had his archetypes. It will easily be perceived by readers of taste, that he is of the school of Spenser and Milton, rather than that of Pope. He has manifestly and confessedly imitated other poets, Gray, J. Philips, and, in his *New-market*, Pope; but in his descriptive poetry, Milton was not only his model, in respect of language and versification, but of ideas. It must, however, be allowed, that he has extended Milton's kind of imagery to more objects, and painted on a larger canvass. His imitations of Milton, like the pictures of Raphael painted by Giulio Romano, are perfectly copied; but still they are copies.

The *Pleasures of Melancholy*, one of his earliest productions, is a beautiful Miltonic poem, abounding with bold metaphors and highly-coloured pictures. The indulgence of melancholy, by attending the cathedral service during winter evenings, and the luxury of tragic tears at the theatre, are feelingly and poetically described. The *Triumph of Isis*, in fertility of invention, and felicity of expression, may challenge a comparison with Mr. Mason's admirable "*Elegy*," which occasioned it. The *Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall*, is beautifully simple and characteristic. The *Monody written at Stratford upon Avon*, is well appropriated and picturesque. The graphical painting of the river, and the fine enthusiasm that follows, are of the happiest execution. The poem on the *Death of George II.* is one of the best of his performances. It is elegant and harmonious, in the highest degree. The verses on the *Marriage of the King* have equal merit. The whole is finely imagined, and animated with a noble love of his country, its glory and its constitution. His *New-market*, a satire, has lost none of its stings by time, as the vices at which they are darted are still in full force. The lines are admirably turned, and their severity is by no means overcharged. The *Pastoral in the Manner of Spenser*, is an ingenious imitation, and the *Ode on the Approach of Summer* is

replete with true poetry; but the imagery is Miltonic, and perpetually reminds us of the source whence it was drawn. The use of old words in a poem not called an imitation of some old bard, seems a studied imperfection; such are the words *aye*, *eld*, *murky*, *watchet*. The frequent mixture of regular *trochaics* of seven syllables, and *iambics* of eight, seems a defect. If authority will justify this metrical irregularity, he has Milton in his "Allegro" and "Penseroso" on his side, and Gray in his "Descent of Odin," "Triumphs of Owen," and "Death of Hoel;" but convenience or inadvertence seem to have occasioned these deviations from regularity, rather than choice or system. The *Hamlet* is a delightful picture of rural life, or rather of the life of the husbandman. *Felix si sua bona norit*. But to enjoy what the poet describes, he must possess the poet's enthusiasm. The *Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire*, is another very agreeable specimen of his talent for descriptive poetry. The *Suicide* is characterized by bold personification, picturesque description, and pathetic sentiment. The *Ode written at Vale-Royal Abbey*, is much in the style and manner of Gray's "Church-Yard Elegy," and appears to be modelled upon it; yet it wants the simplicity of the latter; but that possibly the magnificence of the subject would not easily allow. He seems also to have had Gray in view in his *Crusade* and the *Grave of King Arthur*; for they share much in the wild strains of his Cambrian lyre. They are not inferior to Gray's "Triumphs of Owen" and "Death of Hoel;" at the same time, they have more perspicuity. In the *Ode for Music*, are spirit, force, and fancy, which will give pleasure to an Englishman, as long as the present language remains intelligible.

Among the pieces of pleasantry and humour, *The Progress of Discontent* is one of the most agreeable. *The Castle Barber's Soliloquy*, and the *Oxford Newsmen's Verses*, are Hudibrastic compositions; of which much of the merit consists in the rhymes. The *Prologue on the old Winchester Play-House, over the Butcher's Shambles*, is full of wit and humour. The *Phaeton*, and the *One-Horse Chair*, is a manifest imitation of Smart's fable of "The Bag-Wig and Tobacco-Pipe." The *Grizzle*, and the *Epistle to Thomas Hearn*, are locally humorous. The *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, is so close an imitation of J. Philip's "Splendid Shilling," that many of the ideas and epithets are the same. Much humour and pleasantry, however, are displayed in this burlesque poem.

In the construction of *Sonnets* in the Italian measures, he seems more ingenious and happy than most of those who have attempted that difficult species of composition; but we perceive a stiffness and constraint even in those of Warton, which show them to be aliens, and heterogeneous to our language. The *Sonnets, written at Winslade*, and to the *River Ludon*, are eminently beautiful.

It has been observed, that he is particularly happy in descriptive poetry; and he has, in his *New-Year* and *Birth-Day Odes*, rendered it necessary to extend this praise to his felicity in Gothic painting, for which he probably qualified himself, by his study of Chaucer, Spenser, and other old authors, who have described the feats of "knights and barons bold;" who

In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung.

The *Odes* for 1787 and 1788, while he had no splendid foreign or domestic events to celebrate, nor any calamities to deplore, abound with Gothic pictures and embellishments, which give that kind of mellowness to these poems, that time confers on medals and productions of the pencil. *Birth-day Odes* have so long been treated with obloquy and contempt, that however well they may be written, they are not only read with unwillingness, but with determined severity; and yet we find in those of Warton a Pindaric boldness and fire, which scholars of taste and candour must perceive, however they may withhold their praise. Others, who are not qualified to relish the sublime beauties, and animated graces of the higher poetry, will find ample scope for ridicule in the Gothic pomp and garniture of his verse;

His Norman minstrelsy, and ivied towers,
Knight-errant tales, and Spenser's fancy bowers.

Among the modern Latin poets, there are few who do not yield to Warton. His *Latin Poems* are valuable, as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression. They discover true classical feeling, and abound with ideas and expressions which have been conceived in the same language in which they are written. The poem on the rebuilding the Chapel of Trinity College, 1748, is not only the most considerable in length, but seems to contain a greater proportion of beautiful lines than any of his other pieces; all of which have, however, their several merits, and are such as would not disgrace a Roman in the days of Augustus.

THE WORKS OF WARTON.

P O E M S.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY ISIS, AN ELEGY.
WRITTEN IN 1749.

" Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Ty-
" bride, Romam
" Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
" Hanc urbem infans nullus qui Marte petivit,
" Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
" Destituunt——"
CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear muse afflicted freedom calls:
When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause;
Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your songs of gratulation pay,
To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;

What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let —— boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once hear'd sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted
reeds,

With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis our's, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal
spring,

Though persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
" These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain:

When yon proud * dome, fair learning's amplest
 shrine,
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
 Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
 What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!
 O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beanfort and an Harley mine:
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine.
 Then music left her silver sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
 In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.
 But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
 And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
 Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
 From me, as from my country, claims applause,
 And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.
 While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
 While mine is truth's impenetrable shield;
 Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
 This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?
 Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
 The deep foundations of the floating pile:
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
 The martial thunder's rage in vain she flood,
 With every conflict of the stormy flood;

* The Radcliffe Library.

More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than wars or waves, or Eurus' wint'ry power.
 Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time!
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence;
 Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the light,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite;
 Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
 clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
 Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
 Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
 Tuning to nightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quoir,
 And beams on all around celestial fire.
 With graceful step see Addison advance,
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
 See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
 And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
 To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
 See Locke lead reason, his majestic bride:
 See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
 And spread the treasure'd stores of truth divine.
 All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
 And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease:
 Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
 Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense im-
 prov'd;
 Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
 All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and slay the fleeting soul;
 All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.
 And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
 'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
 And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
 To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
 With mild debate each musing feature glows,
 And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
 brows.
 "Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
 A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
 These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
 Their future sons the great example taught:
 While in each youth th' hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!
 Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward. The muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
The patriot king before me seems to stand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
The muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd
land.

Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to Heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express:
Conscious he sees fair freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unfollied on his ancient diadem);
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Fierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE FREDERIC
PRINCE OF WALES.

O FOR the warblings of the Doric ote, [tide!
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic,
hung.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the founding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:
A nations' tears shall teach my song to trace
The prince that deck'd his crown with every
milder grace.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side:
To rove at large amid the landships still, [hill.
Where contemplation sat on Clifden's beech-clad

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

* Alfred.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom wak'd the muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening choir.

How to the few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate, [board,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state:
Hence fir'd, the hard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and try'd the tragic
strain.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

AON, thy rural views thy pastures wild,
hewillows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Ter boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;

Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
 Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine
 Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles enclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embowering shade,
 Here first, at fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

ON THE
 DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT *.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
 The tears that science sheds on glory's grave!
 So pure the vows which classic duty pays
 To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
 O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
 Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
 If votive verse from sacred Isis sent,
 Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
 On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
 A while with fond attention deign to view
 This ample wreath, which all th' assembled nine
 With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
 Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
 Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore:
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
 Such were the palms in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sate,
 The decent handmaid, not the slave of state;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
 For, taught like our's, she dar'd, with prudent
 pride,
 Obedience from dependence to divide:

* Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions; and were written while the author was poetry professor.

Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
 And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
 At whose firm base thy steadfast soul aspires,
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
 Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
 Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners
 sweep,

Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
 In vain corruption calls her venal tribes:
 One common cause one common end prescribes:
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesmen grace her lay.
 For 'tis not her's, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast,
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the
 prize, [wise.
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and
 Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse [ful youth
 From that calm bower*, which nurs'd thy thought—
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
 Where first the form of British liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated.

Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whisper's wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING,
TO HER MAJESTY. 1761.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joys thy breast might
beat

That Albion was ordain'd thy regal feat:
Lo! this the land, where freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest seats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall:
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here poetry, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!

Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
Where science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;
Though George and conquest guard her sea-girt
throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's
name.

ON THE
BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT
WINDSOR, IN THE SAME YEAR, 1762.

IMPERIAL dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no
more

That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train;
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripping beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressy's, and a new Poitiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursing unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.

And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vast plain when the shrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient
boast,
Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On virtues base it's rescued glory rears:
Sees civil prowess mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

VERSES

ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S PAINTED WINDOW
AT NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!

Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where superstition, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring isle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraiture of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day;
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That list'd speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again:
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
 Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
 Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
 Ye saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display:
 Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
 Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine:
 Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
 Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
 Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
 Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!

No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.
 Lo, from the canvas beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, picture's powers a new formation own!
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
 The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
 But calls the lineaments of life complete
 From genial alchymy's creative heat;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel nature lives. [height,
 Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's
 To add new lustre to religious light:
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

O D E S.

ODE I;

TO SLEEP.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
 Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

ODE II.

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whichwood Forest.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:

On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue:
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen, the screaming jay:
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
 Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.
 No riot mars the simple fare
 That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
 But when the curfew's measur'd roar
 Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine;
 Or hasten from the sultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
 To robe the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
 From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound:
 Nor fell disease, before his time,
 Hastens to consume life's golden prime:
 But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar;
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY, IN CHESHIRE*.

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd leisure
mus'd!

Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd [brow!
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
Are rest, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds it's plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mafs,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, im-
prest

With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftans slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the fable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew,
O'er the forgotten graves, and scatter'd tombs.

By the flow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds in-
spire)

When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.—

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorcerers, superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,
Proud hospitality dispens'd her store:

* Founded by King Edward the First, about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in glory's arduous way,
Here might ambition muse, a pilgrim sage:
Here raptur'd see, religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient art her dedal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy-proof.

Here learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the muse:—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by fancy's pen:
Severer reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes, new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Effays, escap'd from superstition's shrine:
While freed religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warin' divine.

ODE IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

With dalliance rude young zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleet storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:

Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled sleeps:
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupings of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pide
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow:
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe:
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

ODE V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION OF THE
FAIRIE QUEEN.

As oft reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page;
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which fancy fabled in her elfin age:

Much would I grieve, that envious time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er Fairy ground:
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell;
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by*—

At this, where'er, in distant region shewn,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow dropping long,
Her painted wings imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm, and genuine grace, resumes.

* See *Fairy Queen*, iii. 2. 5.

ODE VI.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself* holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with fable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And fought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling
flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her gaint-shape she rear'd.

"Is this, mistaken scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
"Could build the genuine rhyme?
"Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
"Had stor'd with all her ample views,
"Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of
woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

* "The Slayer of himself," is used by Dryden for a
Suicide.

Then with not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate
anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions
brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his
knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention
took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
"Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
"The wreath of glory twine:
"In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
"Gay fancy gives her vest to flow,
"Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds
"confine.

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
"Permits through life at large to rove
"The tribes of hell-born woe:
"Yet the same power that wisely sends
"Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
"Religion's golden shield to break th' embat-
"tled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
"Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
"And stay'd the rising storm:
"Had bade the sun of hope appear
"To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
"And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
"form.

"Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
"To take, what first it deign'd to give,
"Thy tributary breath:
"In awful expectation plac'd,
"Await thy doom, nor impious haste
"To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
"ments of death."

ODE VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING A FA-
VOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! no more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!

When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train;
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazle fit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The weather's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature past;
Who felt the muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountains's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glowworm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.

But fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wonderful wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold;
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

ODE VIII.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL*.

ALL pensive from her osier-woven bow'r
Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge;
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her stream-
ing hair.

Ah! why, she cried, should Isis share alone,
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
Shall every song her happier influence own,
And stamp with partial praise her favourite
name?

While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd
hues:

No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speck-
led shell.

In Isis' vase if fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring
mien.

* One of the rivers at Oxford.

Proud nymph, since late the muse thy triumphs
fung,
No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is
hung),
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay:
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers that float in many a shady
lake.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
Where art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving
mound.

Lo! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
But solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ri-
pen'd hay.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
So to new notes shall my coy echo string
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inspiring ecstasy
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

Whate'er the theme: if unrequited love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
Or fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the muses: from the busy throng
Remote, where fancy dwells, and nature prompts
the song.

ODE IX.

THE CRUSADE.

Advertisement.

KING RICHARD the first, celebrated for his achievements in the crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the provincial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany, in search of his master at length came to a castle in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer:

and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and King Richard.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
" Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
" English Richard ploughs the deep!
" Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
" From distant towers, with anxious eye,
" The radiant range of shield and lance
" Down Damascus' hills advance:
" From Sion's turrets, as afar
" Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
" Saladin, thou paynim king,
" From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
" On Acon's * spiry citadel,
" Though to the gale thy banners swell,
" Pictur'd with the silver moon;
" England shall end thy glory soon!
" In vain, to break our firm array,
" Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
" Those sounds our rising fury fan:
" English Richard in the van.
" On to victory we go,
" A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth:
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

" Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
" Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
" Object of our holy vow,
" We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
" From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
" We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
" O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
" Waves the date-empurpled palm,
" See, Lebanon's aspiring head
" Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
" Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
" Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
" Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
" Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
" Your ravish'd honours to restore,
" Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
" And thou, the sepulchre of God!
" By mocking pagans rudely trod,
" Bereft of every awful rite,
" And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
" For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
" Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
" Aloft in his heroic hand,
" Blazing, like the beacon's brand,

* A capital Christian city and fortress of Syria.

" O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 " Resistless Kaliburn he wields *.
 " Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 " The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
 " From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 " In vain, thy gloomy castles frown:
 " Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 " In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
 " And, rolling in terrific state,
 " On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 " When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
 " Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
 " Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
 " Haunt us on the tented plain:
 " We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 " Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!
 " With many a demon, pale of hue,
 " Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
 " That drops from Macon's footy tree,
 " Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 " Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 " The Christian's holy courage quell.
 " Salem, in ancient majesty
 " Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
 " Soon on thy battlements divine
 " Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 " Ye barons, to the sun unfold
 " Our cross with crimson wove and gold!"

ODE X.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

Advertisement.

KING HENRY the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: When digging near 20 feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following ode: But for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

* Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur: Which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the First; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable price, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state,
 And warlike splendour, Henry fate;
 Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
 From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-window'd hall,
 The storied tapestry was hung:
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 " High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
 " On Tintagel's * topmost tower
 " Darksome fell the sleety shower;
 " Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 " The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 " On each tall rampart's thundering side
 " The surges of the tumbling tide:
 " When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
 " On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
 " By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 " Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
 " Yet in vain a paynim foe
 " Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
 " For when he fell, an elin queen,
 " All in secret, and unseen,
 " O'er the fainting hero threw
 " Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
 " And bade her spirits bear him far,
 " In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 " To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
 " Far in the navel of the deep.
 " O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 " From flowers that in Arabia grew:
 " On a rich enchanted bed,
 " She pillow'd his majestic head;
 " O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 " Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
 " And to soft music's airy sound,
 " Her magic curtains clos'd around.
 " There, renew'd the vital spring,
 " Again he reigns a mighty king;

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

" And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 " Blooming in immortal prime,
 " By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
 " Owns the monarch's high command:
 " Thence to Britain shall return,
 " (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
 " Borne on victory's spreading plume,
 " His ancient sceptre to resume;
 " Once more, in old heroic pride,
 " His barbed courser to bestride;
 " His knightly table to restore,
 " And the brave tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
 Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
 His silver tresses, thin besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent;
 His beard, all white as spangles froze
 That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flow'd;
 With time's faint rose his features glow'd;
 His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
 And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:

" Listen, Henry, to my reed!
 " Not from fairy realms I lead
 " Bright-rob'd tradition, to relate
 " In forged colours Arthur's fate;
 " Though much of old romantic lore
 " On the high theme I keep in store:
 " But boastful fiction should be dumb,
 " Where truth the strain might best become.
 " If thine ear may still be won
 " With songs of Uther's glorious son;
 " Henry, I a tale unfold,
 " Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
 " Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
 " Which in my youth's full early flower,
 " A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 " Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
 " Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 " Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 " What time the glistening vapours fled
 " From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
 " And on its sides the torrents gray
 " Shone to the morning's orient ray.
 " When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
 " No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
 " Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 " In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
 " Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
 " Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
 " But when he fell, with winged speed,
 " His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 " From the battle's hurricane,
 " Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
 " In the fair vale of Avalon †:
 " There, with chanted orison,
 " And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 " The stoled fathers met the bier;
 " Through the dim aisles, in order dread
 " Of martial woe, the chief they led,

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

† Glasbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island or valley of Avalonia.

" And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
 " Before the altar's solemn bound.
 " Around no dusky banners wave,
 " No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
 " Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 " Each trace that time's slow touch had worn;
 " And long, o'er the neglected stone,
 " Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
 " The faded tomb, with honour due,
 " 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
 " Thither, when conquest has restor'd
 " Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
 " When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
 " Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 " There, observant of my lore,
 " The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
 " And thrice a fathom underneath
 " Dive into the vaults of death.
 " There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 " On his gigantic stature gaze;
 " There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 " All in warrior-weeds array'd;
 " Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 " And weapons huge of old renown.
 " Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
 " From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
 " So may thy ships securely stem
 " The western frith: thy diadem
 " Shine victorious in the van,
 " Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
 " Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 " Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay *:
 " And from the steeps of rough Kildare
 " Thy prancing hooft the falcon scare:
 " So may thy bow's unerring yew
 " Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew †."

Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high;
 With passions new the song impress'd
 The listening king's impatient breast:
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
 He scorns a while his bold emprise;
 Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace;
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
 Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
 Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made;
 And drag to-day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine.

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-Sager, the Fair-haired King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffud ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving
grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Can the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my muse has drawn,
Too free with fervile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

SONNET II.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the choir of naiads trim.

SONNET III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britains slain by Hengist's guile*;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic
art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landkip's vernal beauty bloom:
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

SONNET VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

* One of bardish traditions about Stonehenge.
3 Y ij

SONNET VII.

WHILE Summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom
spreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
Which late in careless indolence I past;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most my cheerless mood to
chafe,
I wish'd her green attire and wonted bloom!

SONNET VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AT
WINCHESTER.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still appears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,
And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears;
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round

Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a
rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chaunts in verse sublime
Those chiefs shall live, unconscious of decay.

SONNET IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy
ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun:
Where first my muse to lip her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so
pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime ma-
ture;
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestow'd.

MISCELLANIES.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTA
NEAR THE WATER.

THE graces sought in yonder stream,
To cool the fervid day,
When love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear:
While they asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

MOTHER of musings, contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain,
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear

With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin's seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful melancholy loves to muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing
scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of smiles and graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they
show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit at twilight hour of eve, [moon
Where through some western window the pale
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his
bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,

Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy
void

That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewild'ring fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then with the fullen shades of ev'ning close,
Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring
gleam

Thy dying embers scatter, far remote
From mirth's mad shouts, that through the illu-
min'd roof

Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blar illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb

Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votarefs; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball
Proud of her conquering charms and beauty's
blaze,

She floats amid the filken fons of drefs,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, sacred night! thou too shalt share my song!
Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecate, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the forcerefs
train,

Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron blefs;
Though murder, wan beneath thy shrouding shade,
Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound;
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews,
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the louring
south,

Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the fullen gloom; the waving elms
That hoar through time, and rang'd in thick ar-
ray,

Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the
storm,

Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces
breathe,

And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,

Weary, forlorn; than when the * fated fair,
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless
love,

Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To melody's assuasive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dullness of the tedious world,
While fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more the abstracted ear attends
The water's murmur'ing lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through the extended rows,
Of thick-rang'd trees: till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her violet-woven couch awak'd
By frolic zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glist'ring green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
And lap'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic
vaults,

In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught.
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.

* *Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.*

By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swollen eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements and ivied spires
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs,
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate
morn

Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreaths her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallowed bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked
street,

Once haunt of tradesful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring
mass.

Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother horror, ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with faintly look, and steadfast step, [yew,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
Lift'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,

Nor in my path her primrose garland cast.
 Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
 Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view ;
 Though Venns, mother of the smiles and loves,
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast ;
 What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattl'd clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;
 Yet are these joys that melancholy gives,
 Than all her witless revels happier far ;
 These deep-felt joys, by contemplation taught.

Then ever beauteous contemplation, hail !
 From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
 With thee shall end ; for thou art fairer far
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot ;
 To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
 Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
 Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,
 Once, in his ev'ning walk a Druid found,
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;
 And piteous bore with hospitable hand
 To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
 There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
 Of solemn musing in your pensive thought ;
 For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
 Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
 Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old.

A PANEGRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

———" Mea nec Falernæ
 " Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 " Pocula colles." HOR.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail juice benignant ! O'er the costly cups
 Of roit-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night ;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg
 fraught,

While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast !
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus' reign ; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethean creeps ; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
 Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
 Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing ale
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
 Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate ;
 While ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of logic ! But if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, ale, thy votaries in full resort,
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 That long has flood the rage of conquering years

Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
 Smokes rosy justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries),
 Studious of ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs ; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy :
 While haply to relieve the ling'ring hours
 In innocent delight, amusive putt
 On smooth joint stool in emblematic play
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
 Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear ;
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row.——

Hail, Ticking ! surest guardian of distress !
 Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
 The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cry'd :—though much the poet's
 friend,

Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise !

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of pot-house snug to visit, wiser he
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
 Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
 Of loth'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm ;
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ale :
 In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys ;
 Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess !

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
 All-pow'rful ale ! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
 Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
 When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
 Not unexperienced ; while the tedious toil
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
 Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :
 Be mine each morn with eager appetite
 And hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly buttry ; there on smoking crust
 And foaming ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
 Material breakfast ! Thus in ancient days
 Our ancestors robust, with liberal cups
 Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
 Of modern times : nor ever had the might
 Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
 With British ale improving British worth.

With ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
 The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
 Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
 Of landress shrill awake my startled ear ;
 Or barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
 Or tailor with obsequious bow advance ;
 Or groom invade me with defying front
 And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
 (Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
 Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
 Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
 In vain they plead or threat : All-pow'rful ale
 Excuses new supplies, and each descends
 With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks ;

E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recal?—
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd blifs;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' un pitying Burfar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.

Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness,
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of ale divine inspir'd, and love of song. [care
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

NEW-MARKET.

A SATIRE.

Πολυπρονος ἰππικία

Ὅς ἱμῶδες κίανη

Τὰ δὲ γὰ.

Sophocl. Elect. 508.

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what!—to spend.

Some 'squires to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;

Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green;
There the full stream through intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old feat, whose Gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the unopening door,
The chimneys blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r.
At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the lifted plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse*,
He pierc'd heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled
eyes,

And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
Of young adventurers on the muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had carv'd furloins in peace:
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:
Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
And, deaf to honour's or ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views. [more!
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Port-
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasure'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that "witness huge dismay;"

* *Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41.*

When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat,
 Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert!—
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?
 In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, from a lucky bet),
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern phantoms usurp the rein,
 And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
 See, side by side, his jockey and Sir John
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!—
 See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose?
 Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
 Proud on a high-bred thing to risk their necks.—
 Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
 And with paternal care unwearied watch
 O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.
 Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause:
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-Market's stand.
 Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
 On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
 Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
 Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale.
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
 Think London journeys are the worst of ills;
 Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
 Strangers to all our annalists relate,
 Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state:
 Who lost to Albion's past and present views,
 Heber*, thy chronicles alone peruse.
 Go on, brave youths, till in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
 Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a steed or state. [dain,
 How would a virtuous† Hounhym neigh dis-
 To see his brethren brook the imperious rein;

* Author of an *Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.*

† Vide *Gulliver's Travels. Voyage to the Houhnyms.*

Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd
 road;

And robb'd of * manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life. [mind,
 Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous
 To see his sons of more than human kind;
 A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo 'quire.

How are the Therons of these modern days,
 Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian
 bays;

Who fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
 Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust.
 Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
 Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.
 What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
 odds?

They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
 Thy scenes sublime, and awful visions rise,
 In ancient pride before my musing eyes.

Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated† hero's flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring:
 And lo, where wrapt in beauty's heavenly dream
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
 Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
 No more her groves by fancy's feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Grecia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear
 With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
 Alike has seen thy sons deserve the meed
 Or of the moral or the martial deed.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I who with such success—alas! till
 The war came on—have shav'd the castle;
 Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
 The boldest heroes oft have taken;
 In humble strain, am doom'd to mourn
 My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn!

* A copy in the Harleian Library, reads *Horse-hood*.
 † Leonidas.

My soap scarce ventures into froth,
 My razors rust in idle sloth!
 Wisdom *! to you my verse appeals;
 You share the griefs your barber feels:
 Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
 To stock your desolated college.
 Our trade how ill an army suits!
 This comes of picking up recruits.
 Lost is the robber's occupation,
 No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
 For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
 And e'en the hangman's self is lifted.—
 Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson!
 With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
 Warning to youth no longer teach,
 Nor live upon a dying speech.
 In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
 No more the castle-chaplain preaches.
 Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
 And every regiment disbanded!
 They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
 On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
 Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
 By me fresh shav'd, to meet their fate!

Regard, ye Justices of Peace!
 The Castle-Barber's piteous case:
 And kindly make some snug addition,
 To better his distressed condition.
 Not that I mean, by such expressions,
 To shave your worships at the sessions;
 Or would, with vain presumption big,
 Aspire to comb the judge's wig:—
 Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
 Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
 Then think not that I ask amiss;
 My small request is only this,
 That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
 May, with the castle—shave Bocardo.

Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
 Rough servitors in Wales preferr'd,
 The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
 Keep fiddles with their benefices.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the palms, my masters dear!
 That crown this memorable year!
 Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
 To Britain's heroes brisk and bold;
 While into rhyme I strive to turn all
 The fam'd events of many a journal.

France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
 'Twas hence they lost their Guardaloup:
 What though they dress so fine and ja'nty?
 They could not keep Marigalante.
 Their forts in Afric could not repel
 The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
 Brave commodore! how we adore ye
 For giving us success at Goree.
 Ticonderoga, and Niagara,
 Make each true Briton sing O rare a!
 I trust the taking of Crown-Point
 Has put French courage out of joint.

* The Governor of Oxford Castle.

Can we forget the timely check
 Wolfe gave the scoundrels at * Quebec?—
 That name has stopp'd my glad career,—
 Your faithful newsmen drops a tear!—

But other triumphs still remain,
 And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers!
 Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.
 You vainly thought to ballarag us
 With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos;
 But when Boscawen came, † La Clue
 Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
 Conflans ‡, all cowardice and puff,
 Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff;
 But soon unlook'd-for guns o'er-aw'd him,
 Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
 And now their vaunted Formidable
 Lies captive to a British cable.
 Would you demand the glorious cause
 Whence Britain every trophy draws?
 You need not puzzle long your wit;—
 Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt.

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news which Jackson's yearly bard
 Each circling Christmas brings,—“The times are
 “hard!”

There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
 Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French Moun-
 seers;

When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
 And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
 We newsmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
 While every victory procur'd—a pot.
 Abroad we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,
 At home rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
 Then ran in numbers free the newsmen's verses,
 Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
 But now no more the stream of plenty flows,
 No more new conquests warm the newsmen's nose.
 Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
 Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
 All hope is fled, our families are undone;
 Provisions all are carry'd up to London;
 Our copious granaries distillers thin,
 Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
 Th' effects of exportation still we rue;—
 I wish th' exporters were exported too!

In every pot-house is unpaid our score;
 And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!
 Yet still in store some happiness remains,
 Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
 Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
 George has declar'd—that, we again shall eat.
 Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
 Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
 She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
 For of a princess Charlotte's brought to bed:—
 Oh, cou'd I but have had one single sup,
 One single sniff at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—

* Before this place fell the brave Wolfe, yet with
 the satisfaction of first bearing that his troops were vic-
 torious.—The other places here enumerated were con-
 quests of the preceding year.

† The French Admiral.

‡ Another French Admiral.

I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear this rhyme-exhausted song
Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too
long.

Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-pie!

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the newsmen's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our copies shall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verse!
A happier subject I rehearse.
Farewel distress, and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my muse prepares.
For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
At length we change our wonted note,
And feast, all winter, on a vote.
Sure, canvassing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter*,
At this grand crisis will succeed,
We freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
To hear us talk of member-making!
Yet know, that we direct the state;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though some doctor's cast-off wig
O'er shades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay;
My beard unshav'd—on new year's day;
In me behold (the land's protector),
A freeman, newsmen, and elector!
Though cold, and all unshod, my toes:—
My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—
Though turn'd, by poverty my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.
Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our journal gives in prose:—
"Ye rural squires, so plump and sleek,
"Who study—Jackson, once a week;
"While now your hospitable board
"With cold furloin is amply stor'd,
"And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
"Send us a tankard and a slice!

* Candidates for the city of Oxford.

"Ye country parsons, stand our friends,
"While now the driving fleet descends!
"Give us your antiquated canes,
"To help us through the miry lanes;
"Or with a rusty grizzle wig
"This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
"Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
"View not our verses with a frown!
"But, in return for quick dispatches,
"Invite us to your buttery-hatches!
"Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
"For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
"Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy streets,
"You too our strain submissive greets!
"Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Har-
"per*!—
"The weather sure was never sharper:—
"Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
"Dram your poor newsmen clad in rags!
"Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
"The nation's—and the newsmen's ruin:—
"Tis your's our sorrows to remove;
"And if thus generous ye prove,
"For friends so good we're bound to pray
"Till—next returns a new-year's day!"
"Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
"The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious scenes arise!
What paragraphs of English glory
Will Master Jackson set before ye!
The governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:
Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The ins and outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last:
Gen'als, and admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, printers, men of news,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.
But stay, my muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the king!
Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer:—
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

* Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.

THE PHAETON, AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

AT Blagrove's* once upon a time,
 There stood a phaeton sublime:
 Unfollied by the dusty road,
 Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
 Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
 Its harness tight, its lining new:
 No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
 Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
 But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
 And whirl o'er Campsfield's† tempting plains.
 Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
 A one-horse chair had took its stand:
 When thus our vehicle begun
 To snear the luckless chaise and one.

"How could my master place me here
 Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
 From classic ground pray shift thy station,
 Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
 Your homely make, believe me, man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
 And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design'd:
 Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
 To drag, for benefit of air,
 The country parson's pregnant wife,
 Thou friend of dull domestic life!
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
 To carry Dicky on a stool:
 Or, happily to some christening gay,
 A brace of godmothers convey.—
 Or, when blest Saturday prepares
 For London tradesmen rest from cares,
 'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial Sunday!
 'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
 When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
 To bear some alderman serene
 To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
 Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
 Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
 Hir'd for a solitary crown,
 Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
 Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
 With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
 O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
 At humble Dorchester to dine!
 Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
 I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
 And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn at Abingdon or Henly,
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels!
 And think, obedient to the thong,
 How yon gay street we smoke along:
 While all with envious wonder view
 The corner turn'd so quick and true."
 To check an upstart's empty pride,
 Thus sage the one-horse chair reply'd.
 "Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
 What's all your spirit and parade?
 From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
 To broken bones and impositions!

* Well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763.

† In the road to Blenheim.

Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
 Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse.—
 On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
 From one-horse chairs men rise to coaches;
 If calm discretion's steadfast hand,
 With cautious skill the reins command.
 From me fair health's fresh fountain springs,
 O'er me soft snugness spreads her wings:
 And innocence reflects her ray
 To gild my calm sequester'd way:
 E'en kings might quit their state to share
 Contentment and a one-horse chair.—
 What though, o'er yonder echoing street
 Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
 Shall Isis sons thus vainly prize
 A rattle of a larger size?"

Blagrove, who during the dispute,
 Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
 Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse,
 To hear his carriages converse,
 With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
 To me disclos'd this wonderful tale:
 I strait dispatch'd it to the muse,
 Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
 And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
 Added this moral at the close.

"Things may be useful though obscure;
 "The pace that's slow is often sure:
 "When empty pageantries we prize,
 "We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
 "The golden mean can best bestow
 "Safety for unsubstantial show."

MORNING. AN ODE.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE, 1745.
Scribimus inclusi. — — — — — *Pers. Sat. I. v. 13.*

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
 The fields, as with a purple robe adorn:
 Charwell, thy sedgy banks, and glist'ring streams
 All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
 Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting
 birds,
 And through the clover'd vale the various-lowling
 herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
 Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
 The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
 And startle from her couch the early lark;
 More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
 Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory
 drest.

The pensive poet through the green-wood steals
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring
 brook;
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
 There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide be-
 low, [glow.
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair nature's face,
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,
 And grief and darkness all for light and grace);
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
 Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
 With leaden rod, stern discipline restrains;
 Stiff pedantry, of learned pride the child,
 My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
 Nor can the cloister'd muse expand her wing,
 Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols
 ring.

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF
 HIS BOB.

ALL hail, ye curls, that rang'd in reverend row,
 With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
 That fall beneath in venerable flow,
 And crown my brows above with feathery pride!
 High on your summit, wisdom's mimick'd air
 Sits thron'd, with pedantry her solemn fire,
 And in her net of awe-diffusing hair,
 Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
 Sage ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
 And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
 Unmeaning gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
 Have barbers thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?
 Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,
 By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wife*?

But thou, farewell, my bob! whose thin-wove
 thatch [wiles,
 Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton
 That love to live within the one-curl'd scratch,
 With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
 Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
 At eve my careless round in High-Street took,
 And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
 At skittles, in a grizzle, can I play?
 Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
 Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
 Ere grave preferment came my peace to rob:
 Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
 Beneath the liceat of an humble bob.

EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN, AN-
TIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE COMPANION TO THE
 OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling
 arch,

Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
 Of lonesome Osney! What malignant fiend
 Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
 Hath base seduc'd? urg'd thy apostate pen
 To trench deep wounds on antiquaries sage,
 And drag the venerable fathers forth,
 Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
 Of mitred priests, who Basket late enjoind

* Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.

To throw aside the reverend letters black,
 And print fast-prayers in modern type!—At this
 Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,
 Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they
 hop'd

To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
 The muses, at thy call, would crowding come
 To deck antiquity with flowrets gay.

But now may curses every search attend
 That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious door-ways! May revengeful moths
 Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic spouts
 Retain no cypher legible! May crypts
 Lurk undiscern'd! Nor may'st thou spell the
 names

Of saints in storied windows! Nor the dates
 Of bells discover! Nor the genuine site
 Of Abbots' pantries! And may Godstowe veil,
 Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms!

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR
SPRING IN BLENHEIM-GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true charity;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

JOB, CHAP. XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heav'nly wisdom blest thy tongue,
 When teems the mountain goat with promis'd
 young;

The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
 When feels the bounding hind a mother's pain;
 While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
 Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
 Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food?
 Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?

Say, whence the wild-ass wantons o'er the plain,
 Sports uncontroul'd, unconscious of the rein?
 'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
 The waste his house, the wilderness his home;
 He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
 Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
 At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
 His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce unicorn obey thy call,
 Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
 Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
 And through the furrow drag the tardy share?
 Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
 His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
 Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
 With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?
 Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
 And all the bright diversity of dyes?
 Whose hand the stately ostrich has supply'd
 With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
 Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way,
 Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
 Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for
 blood,

Or the rude foot may crush the future brood.
 In her no love the tender offspring share,
 No soft remembrance, no maternal care:

Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:

For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

"Why did I sell my college life

"(He cries) for benefice and wife?

"Return, ye days! when endless pleasure

"I found in reading, or in leisure!

"When calm around the common room

"I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!

"Rode for a stomach, and inspected,

"At annual bottlings, corks selected:

"And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under

"The portrait of our pious founder!

"When impositions were supply'd

"To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—

"No cares were then for forward peas

"A yearly-longing wife to please;

"My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,

"No children cry'd for butter'd toast;

"And ev'ry night I went to bed,

"Without a modus in my head!"

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!

Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;

A dupe to follies yet untry'd,

And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!

Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,

And in pursuit alone it pleases.

PROLOGUE

ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE, OVER
THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the sham-

bles!

Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!

Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!

While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!

Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.

Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!

While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox.

Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidnies and kings, mousing and marrow-bones.

Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.

With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!

Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh, Anthonio's bond must pay!

Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on furlouns, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

A PASTORAL

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

From Theocritus. Idyll. XX.

As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kiss,
She with discurtess reprov'd my will;
Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant blefs,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
Not fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lass,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdain'g ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
Like morning-rose with hoary dew besprent.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was fleck with tress'd hayre,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

My lip with vermil was embellish'd,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lilly, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My look was blythe as Marg'ret's at the mill.

But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;
Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late;
That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly god who Phæbus hight,
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.—

Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,
That all my dolour, and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade?
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss.

ODE

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
"Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis dædala tel-
"lus
"Submittit flores; tibi vident æquora ponti;
"Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum."

LUCRETIUS.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!

Haste to thy polar solitude;

Mid cataracts of ice,

Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments

From many an airy precipice,

Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,

Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;

Amid whose howling aisles and halls,

Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,

On eben throne thou lov'st to shroud

Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,

Sullen I see thy train retreat:

Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,

That on a ravenous tiger rides,

Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown

Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:

Grim Auster, drooping all with dew,

In mantle clad of watchet hue:

And cold, like Zemblan savage seen,

Still threatening with his arrows keen;

And next, in furry coat embost

With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter farewell! thy forests hoar,

Thy frozen floods delight no more;

Farewel the fields, so bare and wild!

But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,

Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,

Once more to crown the gladden'd year.

Thee April blithe, as long of yore,

Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,

With musky nectar-trickling wing,

(In the new world's first dawning spring),

To gather balm of choicest dew,

And patterns fair of various hues,

With which to paint in changeful dye,

The youthful earth's embroidery;

To cull the essence of rich smells

In which to dip his new-born bells;

Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,

He found an infant, smiling sweet;

Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd

The soft lap of the fragrant ground.

There on an amaranthine bed

Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;

Till soon beneath his forming care,

You bloom'd a goddess debonair;

And then he gave the blessed isle

Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:

There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,

With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:

And to thy care the task assign'd

With quickening hand, and nurture kind,

His roseat infant-births to rear,

Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,

With thee lead a buxom band;

Bring fantastic-footed Joy,

With Sport, that yellow-tress'd boy.

Leisure, that through the balmy sky,

Chases a crimson butterfly.

Bring Health that loves in early dawn

To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;

Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,

Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!

And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,

Light, and for ever on the wing.

Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean

On river-margins, mossy green,

But who is she, that bears thy train,

Pacing light the velvet plain?

The pale pink binds her auburn hair,

Her tresses flow with pastoral air;

'Tis May, the grace—confest she stands

By branch of hawthorn in her hands:

Lo! near her trip the lightsome dew,

Their wings all-ting'd in Iris-hues;

With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,

And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,

Has dress'd the groves in liv'ry green;

When in each fair and fertile field

Beauty begins her bow'r to build;

While evening, veil'd in shadows brown,

Puts her matron-mantle on,

And mists in spreading steams convey

More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;

Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet

Contemplation hoar to meet,

As slow he winds in museful mood,

Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;

Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,

Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,

All playful yet, in years unripe,

To frame a shrill and simple pipe.

There through the dusk but dimly seen,

Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:

His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,

Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.

The woodman, speeding home, a while

Rests him at a shady stile.

Nor wants there fragrance to dispense

Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;

Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,

Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:

Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet

To bathe in dew my roving feet:

Nor wants there note of Philomel,

Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:

Nor lowings faint of herds remote,

Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;

Rustle the breezes lightly borne

Or deep embattel'd ears of corn:

Round ancient elm, with humming noise,

Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.

Meantime, a thousand dyes invest

The ruby chambers of the West!

That all assant the village tow'r

A mild reflected radiance pour,

While, with the level-streaming rays

Far seen its arched windows blaze:

And the tall grove's green top is dight

In russet tints, and gleams of light:

So that the gay scene by degrees

Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;

And fancy to my ravish'd sight

Portrays her kindred visions bright.

At length the parting light subdues

My solien'd soul to calmer views,

And fainter shapes of pensive joy,

As twilight dawns, my mind employ,

Till from the path I fondly stray

In musings lapt, nor heed the way;

Wandering through the landscape still,

Till melancholy has her fill;

Add on each moss-wave border damp,

The glow worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth the frequent snail,
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue;
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool is the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;

VOL. XI.

Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus laureate shore—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.
Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy-summit's brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
 What fires within my bosom wake,
 How glows my mind the reed to take!
 What charms like thine the muse can call,
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
 With whom each field's a paradise,
 And all the globe a bow'r of bliss!
 With thee conversing all the day,
 I meditate my lightsome lay.
 These pedant cloisters let me leave,
 To breathe my votive song at eve.
 In valleys where mild whispers use,
 Of shade and stream, to court the muse,
 While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
 I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
 And age shall give the tresses hoar,
 I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,
 And make an humble thatch my home,
 Which sloping hills around enclose,
 Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
 Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
 Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
 By nature's beauties taught to please,
 Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
 Still grot of peace! in lowly shed
 Who loves to rest her gentle head.
 For not the scenes of Attic art
 Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
 Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
 For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
 Send me a little, and content;
 The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
 The social scene of dear delight:
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit;
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise:
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds
 And paint heroic ancient deeds:
 To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in fable mail;
 Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet poesy,
 Let me live true votary!
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride,
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever held in holy trance.

ODE FOR MUSIC,

*As performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on the
 2d of July 1751. Being the Anniversary ap-
 pointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Dur-
 ham, for the Commemoration of Benefactors to
 the University.*

" Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
 " Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
 " Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
 " Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
 " Omnibus his" — VIRG.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

WHERE shall the muse, that on the sacred shell,
 Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
 The solemn strain delights to swell;
 Oh! where shall Clio choose a race,
 Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
 Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?

CHORUS.

Daughter and mistress of the sea,
 All-honour'd Albion hail!
 Where'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
 Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
 So brave, so learned, and so free;
 All-honour'd Albion, hail!

RECITATIVE.

But in this princely land of all that's good and
 great,

Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

AIR I.

Where Isis' waters wind
 Along the sweetest shore,
 That ever felt fair culture's hands,
 Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
 Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;

CHORUS.

Virtue's awful throne!
 Wisdom's immortal source!

RECITATIVE.

Thee well her best lov'd may boasting Albion
 own,

Whence each fair purpose of ingenious praise,
 All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
 In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
 From age to age has still successive stream'd;
 Where learning and where liberty have nurs'd,
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

In ancient days, when she, the queen endu'd
 With more than female fortitude,
 Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
 Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
 Pallas descended from the realms of light,
 Imperial Britons! thy kindred aid.
 As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
 The goddess sought a cooling stream,
 By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
 Fair Isis waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the wat'ry nymph addrest:

AIR II.

"Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
"Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
"A goddess from thy mossy brink
"Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:
"Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
"Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
"Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r.
"O listen from thy pearly bow'r."

RECITATIVE.

Her accents Isis calm attention caught,
As lonesome in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
Then from her work arose the Naïs mild;

AIR III.

She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:

RECITATIVE.

She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her cask, though dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment:

AIR IV.

"For this thy flood the fairest name
"Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
"Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
"Of ev'ry tuneful breast the pride;
"For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
"Where now the cowslip paints the green
"With unregarded grace,
"Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
"As lonesome on the breezy reeds
"She bends her silent pace;
"Lo! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
"A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,

RECITATIVE.

"There all her force shall Pallas prove;
"Of classic leaf with every crown,
"Each olive, meed of old renown,
"Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
"I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound;
"And Oxford's sacred seats shall tow'r
"To thee, mild Naïs of the flood,
"The trophy of my gratitude!
"The temple of my pow'r!"

RECITATIVE.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.

Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait,

AIR V. AND CHORUS.

Alfred, majestic name,
Of all our praise the spring!
Thee all thy sons shall sing,
Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breath
To thee, great Romulus of learning's richest state.

RECITATIVE.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own:
Soon many a sage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moës of time;
Nor wants there Grecia's better part;
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent Doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;

DUET.

While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

RECITATIVE.

O Isis! ever will I chaunt thy praise:
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skilful; have their brows en-
twin'd
With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir;
And bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;

AIR VI.

But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
For freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

RECITATIVE.

But chief on this illustrious day,
The muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

AIR VII.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal Crew commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

CHORUS.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' tow'rs new beauties beam,
New praise her nursing fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Blest prelate, hail!

RECITATIVE.

E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead
To fame's high-seated fane
The shouting band!
O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choicest wreaths she fees thee spread:
Alfred! superior smiles the solemn scene to view;

AIR VIII.

And bids the goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew, thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own in social strains thy name.
[Chorus repeated.]

ODE

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1786th.

"DEAR to Jove, a genial isle,
"Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
"The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
"And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:
"There, in many a fragrant cave,
"Dwell the spirits of the brave,
"And braid with amaranth their brows sublime."
So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore;
And veil'd in fable's fancy-woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:
Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the west:
Ere yet she claim'd old ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage,
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and steepy tow'rs.
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And death's own hand the dread artillery threw;
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew:
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes!
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

Is there an ocean, that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole;
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves,
The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
In vain his adamant breast-plate wears;
To search coy nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of science bears:
And rousing far around the polar sleep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.
She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store;

* *The author being Poet Laureat.*

Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
And calls her sister-isle to share the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's social home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, order, law, protect her simplest plain;
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,
And watch around the forest cot.
With conscious certainty, the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;
And claims the reap autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
For ours the king, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;
Ours is the senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame,
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the Spring's slow-shooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.
With candid glance th' impartial muse
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks opinion's speculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!
Still, in eternal story, shine,
Of victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds, the universal mart.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1786.

WHEN freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprofited shore,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.
'Twas thus Alcens smote the manly chord,
And Pindar on the Persian lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd;
Thus to his Hiero decreed,

Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
 The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
 And gave an ampler meed
 Of Pisan palms, than in the field of fame
 Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
 And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
 Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
 From civil plans who claim'd applause,
 And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
 Theocritus forsook awhile
 The graces of his pastoral isle,
 The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
 The clusters on the sunny steep,
 And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
 The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
 The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
 And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
 And caught the bold Homeric note,
 In stately sounds exalting high
 The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
 Like the plenty teeming tide
 Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
 O'er the cheer'd nations far and wide,
 Diffusing opulence and public good:
 While in the richly-warbled lays
 Was blended Berenice's name,
 Pattern fair of female fame,
 Softening with domestic life
 Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
 The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this festal day,
 O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
 Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
 Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
 Invok'd the jealous panegyric muse;
 Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
 Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
 Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
 For peerless bards like these alone,
 The bards of Greece might best adorn,
 With seemly song, the monarch's natal morn;
 Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
 Rivals their richest regal theme;
 Who rules a people like their own,
 In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
 Who bids his Britain vie with Greece,

ODE

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1787.

In rough magnificence array'd,
 When ancient chivalry display'd
 The pomp of her heroic games;
 And crested chiefs and tissued dames,
 Assembled at the clarion's call,
 In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall
 To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
 Associate of the gorgeous festival,
 The minstrel struck his kindred string,
 And told of many a steel-clad king,
 Who to the tourney train'd his hardy knights;
 Or bore the radiant redcross shield
 Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;

Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
 The wizard foe's terrific spell;
 In rude affrays untaught to fear
 The Saracen's gigantic spear.
 The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
 With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their
 plumes sublime.

Such were the themes of regal praise
 Dear to the bard of elder days:
 The songs, to savage virtue dear,
 That won of yore the public ear!
 Ere polity, sedate and sage,
 Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.
 Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
 And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
 No more, formidable state,
 The castle shuts its thundering gate;
 New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life;
 No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
 Adventurous valour idly bleeds:
 And now the bard in alter'd tones,
 A theme of worthier triumph owns:
 By social imagery beguil'd,
 He moulds his harp to manners mild;
 Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
 Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the Go-
 thic throne.

And now he tunes his plausive lay
 To kings, who plant the civic bay;
 Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
 Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;
 Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
 And triumph in a nation's pride:
 Who seek coy science in her cloister'd nook,
 Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
 Who love to view the vale divine*,
 Where revel nature and the nine,
 And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
 To kings who rule a filial land,
 Who claim a people's vows and pray'rs,
 Should treason arm the weakest hand!
 To these, his heart-felt praise he bears,
 And with new rapture hastes to greet
 This festal morn, that songs to meet,
 With luckiest auspices, the laughing spring;
 And opes her glad career, with blessings on her
 wing!

ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1787.

The noblest bards of Albion's choir
 Have struck of old this festal lyre.
 Ere science, struggling oft in vain,
 Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,
 Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
 Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
 Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
 His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;
 In tones majestic hence he told
 The banquet of Cambuscan bold;
 And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
 Has moulder'd to the touch of time)

* Nuneham, near Oxford.

His martial master's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd:
The prince in fable steel that sternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath
renown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden sway:
O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
He chose the gorgeous allegoric muse,
And call'd to life old Uther's elin tale,
And rov'd through many a necromantic vale,
Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where virtue fate in lonely thrall,
From fabling Fancy's inmost store
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with visionary trappings hung,
And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
To light the muses' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And strength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of song,
And roll th' unwearied energy along,
Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
Does servile fear disgrace his regal bays?
I spurn his panegyric strings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
That paints th' impassion'd Persian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity su'd,
Rous'd to revenge, by love subdu'd;
And still, with transport new, the strains to trace
That chaunt the Theban pair, and Tancred's
deadly vase.

Had these blest bards been call'd to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!
Chaucer had bade his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm;
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay:
All real here the bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sin-
cere!

ODE

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1788.

Rude was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand

The giant fabric proudly plann'd
With recent victory elate,
"On this majestic steep," he cried,
"A regal fortress, threatening wide,
"Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;
"Its formidable shade shall throw
"Far o'er the broad expanse below,
"Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply
"fills
"With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
"The fairest fields that deck my new domain!
"And London's towers, that reach the watch-
"man's eye,
"Shall see, with conscious awe, my bulwark
"climb the sky."

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome on fullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd;
Though monarch's kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateways arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile
head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring
mead,
Th' indignant barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway;
And leagu'd a Briton's birth-right to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom
bore.

When lo, the king that wreath'd his shield,
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mouldering Norman
frame!—
New glory cloth'd th' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
And valour's soften'd genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And war was clad a while in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling-choir to woo the willing
nine.

To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British magnificence with Attic art;
Proud castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groups impart:
She bids th' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of peace engage
Their patron's care! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,

Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,
Vindictive dart thy quick rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold the blow!

ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1788.

WHAT native genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas liberty: she taught disdain
Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
Of forests hear, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain,
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions
shone;

Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's, balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of famine and of flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

But see, triumphant o'er the southern waves,
The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With arts and manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time;
And castle fair, that, stript of half its towers,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lours:
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime;

Each eve, the curfew's notes severe
(That now but sooths the musing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
shield.

Stoop'd then that freedom to despotic sway,
For which in many a fierce affray,
The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Lefwin led
O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt but to resist the sudden stroke:
The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot-steel,
And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still unchang'd and uncontroll'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold:
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A king new lustre lends to native laws!
The sacred sovereign of this festal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1789.

As when the demon of the Summer-storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform;
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the wat'ry welkin glide,
And streams th' aerial torrent far and wide:
If by short fits the struggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
Th' illumin'd mountain glows a while,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples th' horizon's pale expanse,
And gilds the gloom with hasty smile:
Ah, fickle smile, too swiftly past!
Again resounds the sweeping blast;
With hoarser din the demon howls,
Again the blackening concave scowls!
Sudden, the shades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light:
The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
And nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array.

Such was the changeful conflict that possess'd,
With trembling tumult every British breast,
When Albion, towering in the van sublime
Of glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound;
When, in her mid career of state,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!—
Till mercy from th' Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that in the rainbow dy'd,
With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
And bending from her sapphire cloud,
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To transport turn'd a people's fears,
And stay'd a people's tide of tears:
Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring
With hope serene, with healing in its wing;
And gave a sovereign o'er a grateful land [hand.
Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the scepter'd

O favour'd king, what rapture more refin'd,
 What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
 Than that the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
 At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
 And hails its father, friend, and lord,
 To life's career, to patroit sway restor'd;
 And bids the loud responsive voice
 Of union all around rejoice?
 For thus to thee when Britons bow,
 Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
 As late their tears, their transports start,
 And nature dictates duty's vow;
 To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
 Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
 Did crowded streets alone display
 The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
 Meek poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
 And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
 Th'exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
 One social sacrifice of reverential love.

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
 Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
 Ah! how unlike the vain the venal lore
 To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
 O'er guilty pomp, and hated power,
 When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower:
 And slaves to sovereigns unendear'd
 Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
 For are the charities that blend
 Monarch to man, to tyrants known?
 The tender ties that to the throne
 A mild domestic glory lend;
 Of wedded love the league sincere,
 The virtuous consort's faithful tear!
 Nor this the verse that flattery brings,
 Nor here I strike a syren strings; [muse,
 Here, kindling with her country's warmth, the
 Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues:
 Ev'n needless here the tribute of her lay!—
 Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
 Delights the goddess health to dwell?
 Where from the rigid roof distils
 Her richest stream in steely rills?
 What mineral gems entwine her humid locks?
 Lo, sparkling high from potent springs,
 To Britain's sons her cup she brings!
 Romantic matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
 Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
 Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite
 seat,
 And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
 Indignant Darwent's detestful tide
 His rugged channel rudely chide?
 Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with
 Danish gore!

Or does she dress her Naiad cave
 With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
 And hold short revels with the train
 Of nymphs that tread the neighb'ring main?
 And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side,
 Temper the balmy beverage pure,
 That fraught with "drops of precious cure,"
 Brings back to trembling hope the drooping
 bride;
 That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
 And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose!
 While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving
 steeps,
 And calls her votaries wan, to catch the gale
 That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
 And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn
 sweeps.

Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
 O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring?
 And speeds from its sulphureous source
 The steamy torrent's secret course;
 And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
 In deep unfathom'd beds below
 By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
 Bladud, high theme of fancy's Gothic lyre!
 Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
 In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount
 From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer
 views

Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
 Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
 And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues.

Haunts she the scene where nature lowers
 O'er Buxton's heath in lingering showers?
 Or loves she more, with sandal fleet,
 In matin dance the nymphs to meet
 That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
 Who, boastful of the stately train
 That deign'd to grace this simple plain,
 Late, with new pride, along his reedy way,
 Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
 And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new—
 Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
 Thy steps, O genial health, yet not alone
 Thy gifts the Naiad-sisters own;
 Thine too the briny flood, and ocean's hoar domain.

And lo! amid the watery roar,
 In Thetis' car she skims the shore;
 Where Portland's brows embattled high
 With rocks, in rugged majesty
 Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain
 She beckons Britain's scepter'd pair
 Her treasures of the deep to share!—
 Hail then, on this glad morn the mighty main!
 Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
 To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
 That mighty main, which on its conscious tide,
 Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
 Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
 Which wafts their pomp of war and spreads their
 thunder wide!

POEMATA.

MONS CATHARINÆ,

PROPE WINTONIAM.

AERII Catharina jugi quæ vertice summo,
Danorum veteres fossas, inimania castra,
Et circumducti servat vestigia valli;
Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.

Ergo, Cecropiæ quales æstate cohortes,
Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
Mella vagæ, luduntque favis examina missa,
Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;
Egreditur pullatum agmen; camposque patentes
Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia ardua clivi.
Nec mora; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
Ordine, et adversæ positæ stant fortibus alæ.

His datur, orbiculum metis prohibere propinquis,
Præcipitque levem per gramina mittere lapsu:
Ast aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato
Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ;
Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus ire sequaces
Ancipiti de colle, pilæque volubilis error.
Impete seu valido elatum, et sublime volantem
Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aere lapsus,
Sortiti fortunam oculis; manibusque paratis
Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.

At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
Quæ reficit salices, subductæ in margine ripæ,
Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu
Summa petunt: jamque alternis placidum ictibus
æquor

In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, prono
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice tor-
quent.

Protinus emerfis, nova gratia crinibus udis
Nascitur, atque oculis subito micat acribus ignis
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosius ardent.

Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussa,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capeffunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Insuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis,
Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessasse, locumque
Deferuisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.

Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores;
Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lactant?
Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,
Innocuasve edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
Otia agunt fusi, clivisque sub omnibus hærent.
Aut Aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros
Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum;
Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
Plausit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas;
Sive olim pastor fidos descripsit ignes,
Verbaque difficili composita reliquerit orbe,
Consultasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.

At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
Et tumulum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,
Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
Colle ex opposito, flamenti campus aristâ
Aureus, adversoque refulgent jugera sole;
At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærulea Vectæ:
Sub pedibus, perfusa uligine pascua dulci,
Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
Arboribus, saxoque rudi venerabile templum
Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis:
Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,
Ingens delubrum, centum sublime fenestris,
Erigitur, magnæque micant fastigia mole.
Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa;
Insectique Lares, lævisque palatia ducta
Auspiciis. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo,
Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.

O felix Puerorum ætas, luceque beata!
Vobis dia quies animis, et tristia vobis
Nondum sollicitæ subierunt tædia vitæ!
En! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces,
Et lacrymæ, siquando, breves; dulcesque cachinni,
Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, risus!
O fortunati nimium! Si talia consent
Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amænum,
Ah! sedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido est,
Dotalemque domum, et promissas Isidis undas?
Ipsos illa licet sæcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, et opima vireta,
Irriget, Ilisso par, aut Permessidos amni,
Et centum ostendet sinuoso in margine turre.

SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON.
INSTAURATUM,

Suppetias præsertim conferente
RAD. BATHURST, ejusdem Coll. Præf. et
Ecclesiæ Wellensis Decano.

Quo cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,

Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
Utque novam faciem, mutataque mœnia ritè
Sumpserit instaurata ædes, specieque resurgens
Cæperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
Auspice Bathursto, canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
Bathursto annueras, Latios concede lepores.

Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
Erigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,
Vitruviumque refert justissima fabrica verum;
Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuco
Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
Obscurumque adytum; dubiam cui rara fenestra
Admisit lucem, rudibus suffusa figuris;
Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
Popius, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte:
At veteres quondam quicumque insigniit aras
Tandem extinctus honos: rerum fortuna subinde
Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
Tecta ruens; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
Et pietas Bathursti æquat pulcherrima cælo.

Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia
circum

Ferre oculos. Adsis; qualisque creptus ab undis
Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem
Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo;
Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torni
Contemplator, et oppositum cælamine Septum
Raro interfusum, quali perluceat arte!
Queis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
Sculptilis, et nimium conspectu lubrica cedrus!
At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
Utrinque incubuit, penetralique ostia fecit.
Nec sua pro foribus defunt, spirantia signa,
Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum:
Nonne vides fixos in cælum tollere vultus,
Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis?
Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragrantis oderem.

Perge modò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe
Interiora inhians; quæque obvia surgere cernis
Paulisper flexo venerans altaria vultu,
Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque ora,
Nobilis expressit calamus, cælumque recludit.
In medio, domitâ jam morte et victor Iesus
Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
Insistens, repetit patrem, intermissaque sceptrâ.
Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
Vulneraque illa (nefas!) quæ ligno maxima fixus
Victima sustulerat fatali: innubilus æther
Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu
Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli:
Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes

Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
Certatim, pareterque juvant augentque triumphum.
Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quâ cœrula
clausit

Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum,
Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras
In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
Nec confusus honos operi; secretaque rite
Arcolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraque, tabellam
Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula sætu,
Cui pleno invidet subnitens Copia cornu:
Hac prociduntur flores, pulcherrima ferta,
Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
Queis vix viva magis, meliusvè effingere novit,
Dextera acu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
Omnes illa licèt, quot parturit Enna, colores
Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
At ne aciem deflece, tuendi captus amore.
Aspicias, ut diam nubes refecare columbam,
Suppositis fecitque opifex ollabier aris?
Hanc circum et Christi fatum referentia, sævæ
Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
Addidit; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
Heu! collapsa Crucem mundique piacula gessit.

At quâ marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longius abstes,
Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visus,
Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis:
Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
Exilis pereantque levis vestigia ferri
Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
Quis fabri dabit insidias, arcanaque fila,
Rimari! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
Et quales cohibent suspensa toreumata nodi!
Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
Et partita trahit pronas utrobique corallus,
Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit:
Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
Undantes hederæ, et densis coma facta corymbis,
Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubum
Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
In summo veneranda calix, incisæque messis
In spicam induitur, turgentisque uva racemos
Rasilis explicuit, sacræ libamina cœnæ.
Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephantò,
Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
Quale faber buxo, gracilique in stipite lusit.

En verò, tumultum ingentem quâ proxima clausit
Testudo, priscae effigies, et busta propinquis
Non indigna aris! Salve, sanctissime Popi!
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
Adsumus: O salve! neque enim, pater optime, credo,

Elyfias inter fedes, divosque repōstus,
 Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia Moro *,
 Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
 Alterius monumenta manūs, et non tua dona.
 Alme Parens, salveto! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
 Quod fugiam: Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
 Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
 Et finis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
 Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
 Et memor assiduas tibi rite resolvere grates,
 Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
 Confueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
 Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
 Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit
 Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga fe-
 rentem:

Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora Lauro
 Velati, donoque æternæ frondis Alumni.
 Alleni rerum referans abstrusa senectus,
 Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
 Omnia Chilvorthus †, patriosque recludere ritus
 Seldenus solers, et magnificus Sheldonus,
 Et juga Denhamius monstrans ignota camænis:
 Tuque etiam, Bathurste, potens et mente manu-
 que

Palladis exercere artes, unaquæ tueri.
 Ergo tibi quoties, Popi, solennia vota
 Rite rependamus, propriosque novemus honores,
 Tuque etiam socias, Bathurste, merebere laudes,
 Divisum decus, et lauro cingere secundâ.—
 Nec te sola Tuum, licet optima cura, facellum
 Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare
 sumptu,

Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
 Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
 Ipsi incrementa domus, reficisque penates.
 Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
 Romulus exiguum muro concluderat urbem,*
 Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
 Ipsaque stramineo constabat regia culmo;
 At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
 Continuo Parii lapidis candentia luce
 Tecta refulsere; et Capitoli immobile saxum
 Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis.

Col. Trin. Oxon. 1748.

EX EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHE,

V. 102.

Cum Paris, O Helene, te celsa in Fergama duxit,
 Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,
 Heu! non conjugii læti florentia dona,
 Quin secum Alecto, Tisiphonemque, tulit.
 Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis
 Te circum rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus!
 Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,
 Hector! Achillæis rapte, marite, rotis!
 Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,
 Servitii gravidâ nube adoptata caput.
 Ah! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ! Trojamque, to-
 rumque,
 Et sædo fufum in pulvere linquo virum!
 Quid juvat ulterius cæli convexa tueri?
 Scilicet Hermionis fordida serva feror:

* D. Thoma More, amico suo singulari.

† Chillinworth.

Et Thetidis complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis
 Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM IN UXOREM,

EX ANTHOLOGIA *.

MITTO tibi lacrymas O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
 In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
 Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
 Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
 Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
 Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—
 O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.—
 Fædavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
 Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
 Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

ANTIPATRI, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

His natam Antigenes orabat vocibus olim
 Ævi cum traheret fila suprema senex:
 "O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister
 Vitæ inopis semper sit tibi cura colus.
 Mox cum te sociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos sit,
 Te castæ mores matris habere probos."

CARYPHILLIDÆ, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

MEAM præteriens, Viator, urnam,
 Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
 Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est,
 Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
 Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos
 Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
 Ex quæis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
 Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
 Qui tandem Inferiis mihi relatis,
 Misere ambrosios patrem sopores
 Dormitum, Elyfii virente ripâ.

CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

DOCTA est dulcè loqui, puellulasque
 Inter ludere docta pervenistè;
 Te Crethi, Samiæ tuæ respiceunt;
 Cujus garrulitate mollicellâ,
 Suerant lanifici levare curas.
 At tu furda jaces; trahisque somnos
 Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!

ANTIPATRI,

EX MSS. BODLEIANIS ANTHOL. CEPHAL:

ERGO te nitidæ decus palæstræ,
 Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
 Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
 Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
 Congestisque recondit ossa saxi?
 Necdum filiola modo peremptæ
 Cessit cura recens, novique luctus
 Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
 Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
 At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes

* Utinum, pro sale et acumine, quibus lautitiis adeo
 delectari videmus recentes portas, simplex tandem lepos,
 quo solo jucundissimoque veteres utebantur condimento, res-
 titui possit et adhiberi!

Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
Hunc vobis lapidem mēmor reponit.

VOTUM PANI FACTUM.

ANTHOL. L. 7.

SUSPENSAM e Platano Telephon tibi, Capripes O
Pan,
Pellem villosæ dat pia dona, feræ.
Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite clavam,
Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est.
Concretoque aptum lacti mulctrale, et odoros
Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

IN TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

Hic est Archilochus situs. Veneno
Primus novit amara viperino
Qui contingere carmina; et cruore
Permessi liquidas notavit undas.
Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,
Suspendis laqueo truci, Lycambes.
Tu cauto pede præteri viator,
Crabones aliter ciebis, ejus
Qui busto sibi condidēre nidum.

ANTIPATRI,

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

CUR me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,
Me quam delectant roscida ruram vagam?
Me quæ nympharum sum Musa? atque æthere
fudo,
Hinc recino umbrosis saltibus, inde jugis.
En! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido
est,
Quæ late sulcos deripuerunt Satos.
Quæ vastant fruges captare et fallere fas est,
Rosida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS EPIGR.

TE verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;
Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, quatisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,
" Linque, ait, Eurotam; et si mors est dura, sub
" Orcum
" Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius."

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

LIB. 4. CAP. 33.

TE tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore, misellus, impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consueramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum, Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, et urbe Carum?
Tuæ Luscinia tamen supersunt;

Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

NYMPH. FONT.

NYMPHÆ, fonticolæ nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus
Æternum roseo tunditis ima pede:
Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu
Numinibus posuit qui simulacra tuis.

SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

Hic stans verice montium supremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

EN! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vertice rupes.
Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentium.
Sive errare velis per vassa cacumina, magni
Unde procul patuere greges, atque otia dia
Pastorum; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
Non, Philomela, facis, quoties frondentibus umbris
Abdita, vere novo, integras miserabile carmen.
Continuo properant faciles in carmina nymphæ,
Instaurantque choros; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmine lyncis:
Sub pedibusque croci crescunt, dulcesque hyacin-
thi,

Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.
Interea cecinere Deum primordia prisca:
At primum dixere, ut, Divum nuntius Hermes
Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces
Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.
Quâ nunc illi aræ, quâ stant Cylleia templa.
Illic, divino licet ingens esset honore,
Pavit oves, nam jussit amor; votisque potitus
Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.
Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis
Capripes; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita sætu
Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.
At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum
Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris
Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.
Excipiunt plausu Superi; subrisit Iacchus
Purpureo vultu, et puerum Pan nomine dixit.

EX POEMATATA DE VOLUPTATIBUS FACULTATIS IMAGINATRIGIS *.

—O PROGENIES pulcherrima cœli!
Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
Divinos ducam vultus, cœlestiaque ora?
Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colore

* *The Pleasures of Imagination*, b. i.

Purpurei possint, discrimina dædala fuci?
 Ergo age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
 I spatia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
 Quicquid habent maria, et cæli spirabile lumen,
 Delibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
 Dives opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
 Confer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
 Vin', comite Autumno, per fortunata volare
 Hesperidum nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
 Dum quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum
 Fœlicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis
 Fit nova, et auricoma fulserunt vimina fœtu:
 Quacunque incessit per ditia rura, renident
 Undique maturo subiti livore racemi;
 Apricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
 Quales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
 Sive errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
 Daphnes dilectas, Penæus gurgite leni
 Quà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
 Purpuream vitreo;—Tempe! quà, numina sylvis
 Nota olim, Fauni Nymphæque, per aurea prisca
 Sæcula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
 Frondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
 Multiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
 Horasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
 Certatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
 Depluere, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores *.

EX POEMATE DE RATIONE SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ†.

ERGO agite, O nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;
 Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,
 Naiades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,
 Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxi
 Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.
 Sanctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes
 Prospicio, quà vorticibus spumantibus amnes
 Insignes micuere, antiquo carmine clari.
 Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit
 Nilus; at iratis properat violentior undis
 Hinc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par
 Volvitur umbriferis, orientemque irrigat omnem.
 At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,
 Squallentem Tanais diffudit barbarus urnam.
 Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis
 Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
 Nobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore vo-
 luptas
 Percipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore:
 Et magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circum
 Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
 Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
 Dicite, num Lemurum regio stat finibus istis
 Abdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomæria mundi?
 Qui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ
 Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
 O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
 Porrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
 Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vi-
 reta
 Fortunatorum nemorum? per opaca locorum
 Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti:
 Munera vestra cano; nam jussit talia Pæon,
 Talia, diva Salus; et versu pandere conor,

* Lib. i. ver. 280, et seq.

† The Art of preserving Health, b. 2.

Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:
 Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.
 Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique; gemmis
 Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis
 Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;
 Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:
 Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cūique,
 Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
 Vescitur, irriguisse virescit florida campis*.

PINDARI PYTHIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICT.

TESTUDO filis apta nitentibus,
 Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
 Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
 Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
 Percussa plectro leniter aureo
 Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
 Tu sistis, Æternæque flammæ
 Præcipites moderaris ictus.
 Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
 Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
 Sopore prædulci, carentque
 Rostra minis, oculique flammis.
 Quin Mars reponens asperâ spicula,
 Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
 Oblectet, O Thæbea proles,
 Corda tuo truculenta cantu.
 At quos benigno numne Jupiter
 Non vidit, illos, carminis audiant
 Siquando divini levamen,
 Horror agit pavidusque luctus:
 Qualis Typhæus, sub barathro jacens
 Imo, supremis improba centiceps
 Quod bella Divis intulisset
 Æmonio genitus sub antro.
 Quem nunc ligatum Cuma cubat super,
 Pectusque fetis comprimit horridum
 Columna cæli, quæ perenni
 Stat glacie, nivis Ætna nutrix:
 Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,
 Fumosque, misto turbine, belluâ
 Vulcani et horrendum rubescunt
 Nocte procul jaculata saxa:
 Immane dictu prodigium! Mare
 Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos
 Ætnæ sub antris illegetur,
 Difficilique fremat cubili!
 Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,
 Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,
 Frons fertilis telluris, ingens
 Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos;
 Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet
 Certamen, acres victor agens equos,
 Quantusque succussis, rotarum
 Arbitur, insisterit quadrigis†.

IN HORTO SCRIPT.

Vos O quæ sociis plicata ramis
 Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
 Horti deliciae, decusque parvi!
 Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas

* Lib. ii. Ver. 352, et seq.

† Ad Antistr. ii.

Fragrantès medio strepit sub æstu,
 Fraternalis tueamini magistrum
 Vos sub frondibus, Attici leporis
 Auctores Latine lætificantem;
 Lustrantemve oculo licentiori
 Colles oppositos, aprica rura,
 Late undantibus obsitos aristis,
 Tectosque aeris superne fagis.

EPITAPHIUM.

CONJUX chara vale! tibi Maritus
 Hoc pono memori manu sepulchrum:
 At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
 Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,
 Quam constans, animo neque impotente,
 Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
 Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis!
 Quod si pro meritis vel ipse fierem,
 Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,
 Proles parvula, rite prosequetur,
 Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem?
 At quorsum lacrymæ? Valeto raræ
 Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM WINTONIÆ.

Si qua est gratia rivuli perennis,
 Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;
 Si quis gramineo nititur vireto,
 Rasisve in spatii quid est amœni;
 Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
 Raris fasciculis et hinc et inde
 Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,
 Possint pandere dædali coloris;
 Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,
 Quod dulcedinis est sine arte sparsis;
 Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;
 Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.
 At nec deliciæ, licet suaves,
 Tales te poterint diu tenere,
 Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
 Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,
 Antiquumque larem decus camœnis.

Hac dum prospicias, jugi sacratum
 Sub clivo ancipiti, domus superbæ
 Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque
 Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,
 Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
 Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
 Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,
 Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;
 Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
 Diti fecerit auxeritque sumptu,
 Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
 Centum surgere jusserit columnis.

AD SOMNUM*.

SOMNE veni, et quanquam certissima mortis ima-
 go es,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
 Huc ades, haud abituro cito: nam sic sine vita
 Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

QUI FIT MÆCENAS†, &c.

Cum Juvenis nostras subiit novus advenasædes,
 Continuo Popi‡ præmia magna petit:
 Deinde potens voti quiddam sublimis ambit,
 Et socii lepidum munus inire cupit:
 At socius, mavult transire ad rura sacerdos
 Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares:
 Ad sus transmissio, vitam instaurare priorem,
 Atque iterum Popi tacta subire, juvat.
 O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui fors
 Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet

* These truly beautiful lines, written in the original spirit of the Greek Epigram, were intended to have been placed under a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late learned James Harris, Esq. of Salisbury.

† "The Progress of Discontent," owed its origin to these verses, subjoined to a theme by Warton, when an under graduate; with which the President of his college was so much pleased, that he desired him to paraphrase them in English.

‡ Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College.

SONNET IN IMITATION OF SPENSER*.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where tuneful
 Gray,
 Mantled in black oblivion, calmly slept;
 O'er the damp turf in deepest horror lay
 The muse, and her immortal minion wept.

* This Sonnet was published in "The London Chronicle" and reprinted in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1777. The first line is evidently borrowed from Sir Walter Raleigh's "Vision of the Faerie Queene."

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay," &c.

In vain, from † Harewood's tangled alleys wild
 Devon's virgins breath'd the choral song;
 In vain, from † Mona's precipices wild,
 Hoar Mador's harp its thrilling echo rung—

When, sudden stealing o'er the welkin wide,
 New magic strains were heard from Isis' verge;
 The mourning maid forgot her funeral dirge,
 And smiling sweet, as erst, with conscious pride,
 Press'd from her auburn hair the nightly dew,
 And trimm'd her wreath of hyacinth anew.

† The scenes of Mr. Mason's "Elfrida" and "Charactacus."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NATHANIEL COTTON, M. D.

Containing

VISIONS,
FABLES,

||

TALES,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ye ductile youths, whose rising fun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely with the pilot's chart,
To steer through life th' unsteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a Seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

VISION V.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

Anno 1795.

THE LIFE OF COTTON.

Of the family, birth-place, and education of NATHANIEL COTTON, there are no written memorials. A collection of his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*, was printed in 1791; but, by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family connections, or even the times and places of his birth and death. For the sake of posterity, as well as the present times, it is to be wished that those who are acquainted with any particulars concerning him, would communicate them to some repository, where they might be reserved for the use of future biographers.

A few detached dates and notices, collected chiefly from his writings, form the slender memorials of his life.

He was bred to the profession of physic, in which he took the degree of Doctor; but whether he was indebted to either of the English Universities for any part of the literature he possessed, or his academical degree, is uncertain.

He settled as a physician at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and continued to reside till his death. In the latter part of his life, he kept a house for the reception of lunatics.

He very early exerted his poetical talents, as may be seen by the dates of several of his performances, the *Epitaphs on Miss Gee and Mr. Strong*, 1736, *Epitaph on Colonel Gardiner*, 1745, *Epitaph on John Duke of Bridgewater*, 1747-8, and the verses to the Rev. James Hervey, on his *Meditations*, by a Physician, 1748.

In 1749, he had the affliction to lose his wife; as appears from his letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated St. Albans, April 29. 1749, published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman among the "Letters to and from Philip Doddridge, D. D." 8vo, 1790.

"I am very much obliged to you for your late tender instances of condescension and friendship. The comfort and advice which you most kindly administer, are extremely acceptable; and I heartily pray to God to give them their due weight. For my own part, I am, and have long been abundantly persuaded, that no system, but that of Christianity, is able to sustain the soul amidst all the difficulties and distresses of life. The consolations of philosophy only are specious trifles at best; all cold and impotent applications to the bleeding heart! But the religion of Jesus, like its gracious and benevolent author, is an inexhaustible source of comfort in this world, and gives us the hopes of everlasting enjoyment in the next.

"I presume humbly to hope that the Supreme Being will support me under my affliction; and I most earnestly entreat that he will sanctify my sorrows to every gracious and good purpose.

"What the mind feels upon such a painful divorce, none can adequately know, but they who have had the bitter experience of this sad solemnity. However, delicate and worthy minds will readily paint out to themselves something unutterably soft and moving upon the separation of two hearts, whose only division was their lodgment in two breasts.

"I am extremely indebted to your lady for her kind sympathy with me in my sorrows; and the only return that I can make, either to herself or her consort, is my hearty prayer, that the dissolution of their happy union may be at a very distant period."

In 1751, he published his *Visions in Verse, for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds*, 8vo, without his name; nor is it prefixed to any of the subsequent editions, in conformity with the modest ambition he professes in the following lines of his *Epistle to the Reader*.

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown.

This publication was favourably received by the polite and religious world, and probably obtained him the friendship of Young, who resided at Welwyn, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans.

He attended Young in his last illness, April 1765. Among the *Extracts from his Letters*, is the following account of the last moments of that excellent poet, without superscription or date.

"In my last, I acquainted you that I was called to Welwyn. When I arrived there, I found Dr. Yate waiting for me. It seems he had been sent for three or four days before my assistance was desired. Dr. Young's disorder was attended with some obscurity. But on Tuesday, matters wore a very discouraging aspect; and on Wednesday, Yate and myself gave up the case as lost. From that period to the present, Dr. Young hath been dying. Whether the scene be closed this evening, I cannot take upon me to say; but this day at noon, the physicians took their leave. Dr. Young, although in his eighty-sixth year, has disputed every inch of ground with death, from the strength of his constitution, never impaired in early life by riot and debauchery. As I sat by his bed side, how earnestly did I wish the vital knot untied! I humbly pray God, that myself and all who are connected with me, either by blood or friendship, may be favoured with an *easy* transition out of this world into a better.—Your friendship will excuse the melancholy reflections, for the sake of the object which suggested them. I was very fond of Dr. Young's company, and greatly venerated his mental abilities.

"It is past all doubt with me, that Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" have advanced the interests of religion. For, whatever imperfections there may be in that performance, there are indisputably some of the most serious, most important, and most elevated sentiments (expressed in most nervous, striking, and animated language), which have ever dropped from the pen of man. It is said (and perhaps with truth), that there were oddities in Dr. Young's conduct. But these will moulder away from our remembrance faster than his ashes; while the more excellent part of his character, like the colourings of a fine picture, will brighten by time, and improve every year in their valuation. Infidels and sensualists regard the deceased as an enthusiast or melancholic. But that period is approaching, when wisdom will be justified of her children, and when intrinsic worth shall shine forth as the stars in the firmament.

"I have sometimes thought, when I have heard men of literature speak with indifference of Dr. Young's abilities, that their strictures have proceeded from a secret principle of envy. But when this generation is passed away, I dare say the Doctor's works will be universally held in great esteem.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi."

The following *Extracts* exhibit an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and an interesting picture of the infirmities of age.

"My bed is often strewed with thorns: but I must journey through life upon the same terms that many wiser and better men than myself have done; and must reflect with some degree of comfort, that I am making hasty advances to that sanctuary, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary shall be at rest." Oh! my heart strings, break not yet, out of pity to the worthier part of my family, who cannot lose me without suffering the greatest inconveniencies.

"I have passed almost three winters beyond the usual boundary appropriated to human life; and having thus transcended the longevity of a septuagenarian, I now labour under the inconveniencies and evils of advanced years. I am emaciated to a very great degree, and my trembling limbs are so weak, as to feel insufficient to support my weight. The languors likewise which I suffer are so frequent and severe, as to threaten an entire stop to the circulation, and are sometimes accompanied with that most distressful of all sensations, an anxiety *circa praeordia*. I sleep so little during the night,

that, in general, I can rise up at the voice of the bird, be that period ever so early. Nor are my mental powers less deficient than my bodily strength; for my memory is notoriously impaired; and a subject which requires a little thought, becomes a burden hardly supportable. Are not all the particulars which I have communicated, proofs of their being the concluding page of Shakspeare's "strange eventful history?" Yes, surely, my dear friend, when an inspired author announces the same truth. Nor are you and I to wonder, that in our passage through this world, the weather and the ways grow the worse, the longer we travel, and the nearer we approach to our journey's end. The sacred writer just now mentioned affirms, that when those comfortless days arrive, which are attended with satiety, disgust, and inquietude, we must expect the clouds to be often returning after the rain. Amid these melancholy scenes, it hath lately pleased Divine Providence to bereave me of one of the best of daughters, who never gave me a moment's uneasiness, but at her death, and in that illness which led to it; I mean my daughter Kitty. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis?* But no more of this awful occurrence."

He died at St. Alban's, in an advanced age, August 2. 1788.

Of his *Visions in Verse*, the seventh edition revised and enlarged, was printed in 1767. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. In 1791, his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*, many of which were never before published, were printed in 2 vols, 8vo. The first volume contains his *Visions in Verse*, *Fables*, and other poetical pieces. The second, his prose pieces, *Mirza to Selim*; *Mirza to Hebertolla*; *Musculus's Letters*; five *Sermons*; *Health, an Allegory*; *on Husbandry*; *on Zeal*; *Detraction, a Vision*; *on Marriage*; *History of an Innkeeper in Normandy*; *on the XIIIth Psalm*; *on the XLIIIrd Psalm*; *Extracts from Letters*. They are "inscribed, by permission, to the Dowager Countess Spencer," by Nathaniel Cotton, probably his son, in the following "dedication."

"The author being well known to her Ladyship for many years, this public testimony of approbation of his life and works, given by her whose high station and rank preclude her not from a laudable and pre-eminent zeal in the cause of religion and goodness, is particularly acknowledged by," &c.

The "dedication" is succeeded by the following short "preface," by the editor.

"As the *Visions in Verse*, and other pieces of the late Dr. Cotton which have made their appearance, have given general satisfaction, the editor flatters himself that the present volumes, some pieces in which have not yet been published, will be agreeable to the public.

"It may not be improper to observe, in regard to the *Sermons* here offered, that as Mr. Boyle, Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, and Mr. Addison, were firm believers in Christianity; that being laymen, and having no temporal interests relative to religion, their influence in the support of it has been extensive and effectual: So every fresh instance of firm faith in a mind far removed from all suspicion, will be acceptable to the lovers of Christianity."

His *Visions in Verse*, and other uncollected and unpublished poems, reprinted from the edition 1791, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

His moral and intellectual character appears to have been, in the highest degree, amiable and respectable. His piety is truly venerable and edifying. His writings are distinguished by the strongest marks of piety, learning, taste, and benevolence. They are the productions of an enlightened mind, fraught with the purest principles of morality and religion. They are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models.

His *Sermons*, as the compositions of a layman, merit particular attention. They are plain, rational, and instructive. His *Letters of Mirza*, and *Musculus*, *Health an Allegory*, *Detraction a Vision*, *History of an Innkeeper*, discover good sense, observation, and taste, and are very well written.

As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just, and religiously pure, and his lines are commonly smooth and easy; but the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent: the words *dawn* and *morn*, among others, disappoint the ear. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his compositions: Under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction.

Every reader will regard with veneration the writer, who condescended to lay aside the scholar and the philosopher, to compose moral apologues, and little poems of devotion, "for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds."

His *Visions*, the most popular of his productions, are not inferior to the best compositions of that kind in the English language. They are written in the measure of Gay's "Fables," and, like them, each apologue is introduced with solemn reflections which naturally lead to the story; but in forcibleness of moral and poetical spirit, they are unquestionably superior to these popular compositions. With the utility of sentiment, they combine the beauties of personification and allegory, and the elegancies of the higher poetry. The *third, seventh, eighth, and ninth* visions, have exceeding merit.

His *Fables* approach nearer to the manner of Gay; but they have less poignancy of satire. They have great merit of the moral kind, and are properly adapted, as well as the *Visions*, "for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds." The salutary consequences that result from interesting fables and stories, are universally acknowledged. It has been asserted by Horace, that

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci;

and the lapse of ages has only served to convince mankind of the truth of the assertion. Infancy is soon wearied with the task of encountering difficulties; and it is possible to sow the seeds of lasting disgust even at that tender period. Instruction, therefore, should be conveyed to "younger minds," through the medium of fables or tales, which annex improvement to pleasure, and convey morality, as it were, within the fragrant folds of the rose. No compositions are better adapted to inculcate the practice of some virtue, or to display maxims of practical wisdom, to direct us in the pursuits of life. We love to be instructed while we are amused; and exercise our critical sagacity in applying the characters of the fable to our acquaintance or ourselves, in proportion to our propensity for satire, or our desire of moral information. Rousseau, from an opinion that the former inclination predominates, in his famous critique on the "Fox and Crow," of La Fontaine, objects with his usual love of paradox, and his usual spirit, to this class of compositions; but it cannot be supposed that he expected his arguments would prevail upon mothers to withhold from their children the only writings that can induce them to read.

Of his miscellaneous poems, *The Fire Side* is the most agreeable. The subject is universally interesting, the sentiments are pleasing and pathetic, and the versification elegant and harmonious. The *Verses to Hervey*, which are generally known, as they are prefixed to his "Meditations," contain an elegant and merited compliment to that pious and amiable writer. The *verses to a Child of five years old* are exquisitely beautiful. The *Ode on the New Year* is pious, animated, and poetical. The *Sunday Hymn* has exceeding merit, and ranks with the devotional compositions of Addison and Watts. The *Night Piece* is distinguished by dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment in a superior degree. His *Epitaphs* are remarkably elegant, characteristic, and pathetic. His lighter pieces are not deficient in ease and sprightliness, and may be read with pleasure; but they require no distinct examination, or particular criticism.

THE WORKS OF COTTON.

VISIONS IN VERSE,

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HOR.

AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supply'd from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Strait you'd apply to * Warwick-Lane;
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me,—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you every thing beside.
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r,
My mansion's warm and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:

* College of Physicians.

The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd?—the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam,
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self,
By idle passions borne away
To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin flights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.

But know, my fair (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song)
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewel to virtue here below.

Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day)
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.

But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noonday thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
'The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But though to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or fight to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Though small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave,

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whose fool are you?"
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And to much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

SLANDER.

VISION I.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my visions true;
They'll form your mind to every grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men,

Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun;
Which like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander then my leading dream,
Though you're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
They silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes 'trash'—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal * Shakspeare sung.
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
"† A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
"The plumes of ravens were her bed:"
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son†;
By his own numbers half undone!

* Othello.

† Garth's Dispensary.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a

Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base *Hesperian, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus fell the kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected spright
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state:
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal.

What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave phyc, and loquacious law;

million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, perished in great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

* *Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.*

Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Gray was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of every distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray;
And shone in all the pride of day.

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

PLEASURE.

VISION. II.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring strait:
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel:
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land,
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,
(As every moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A *satirist in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth:
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow like Temple wise,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths were pleasures grow;
Where the young mind is folly's slave,
Where every virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell, how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:

Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel, more than man!
Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast;
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders through the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate fires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One Summer's evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I strait obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view,
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's nam'.

* *Persius.*

The hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose,
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.

Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.
Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Through all the garden's boasted pride.
Here jasnines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses blush, and scent the glade,
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmur'ing to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along.
Through all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen! how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childish toys and wanton page
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!

Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sore refs, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wish a slave;
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When Rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?
How great his theft, who robs himself!

Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
 How heinous then is self-deceit!
 Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
 How black his guilt, who murders time!
 Should custom plead, as custom will,
 Grand precedents to palliate ill,
 Shall modes and forms avail with me,
 When reason disavows the plea?
 Who games, is felon of his wealth,
 His time, his liberty, his health.
 Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
 And Honour scorns to stay behind.
 From man when these bright cherubs part,
 Ah! what's the poor deserted heart?
 A savage wild that shocks the sight,
 Or chaos, and impervious night!
 Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
 And demons crowd the frightful void!
 Shall Siam's elephant supply
 The baneful desolating die?
 Against the honest sylvan's will,
 You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
 Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
 Gave him that weapon for defence.
 That weapon, for his guard design'd,
 You render'd fatal to mankind.
 He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,
 You gave the venom to his tooth.
 Blush, tyrant, blush, for oh! 'tis true
 That no fell serpent bites like you.
 The guests were order'd to depart,
 Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:
 A porter show'd a different door,
 Not the fair portal known before!
 The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
 The crowds descended in a tide.
 But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprise
 Struck the advent'urers' frighted eyes!
 A barren heath before us lay,
 And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
 The darkness rose in smoky spires;
 The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
 Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
 While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
 Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
 And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
 Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
 And more than half-devour'd with spleen:
 There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
 And vipers feeding on his breast:
 Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
 With bones just starting through his skin;
 A ghastly fiend!—and close behind
 Disease, his aching head reclin'd!
 His everlasting thirst confess'd
 The fires, which rag'd within his breast:
 Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
 Smil'd unrelenting in the storm:
 When strait a doleful shriek was heard;
 I woke—The vision disappear'd.
 Let not the unexperienc'd boy
 Deny that pleasures will destroy;
 Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
 Like fairy tales, to please a child.
 Important hints the wise may reap
 From fallies of the soul in sleep.
 And, since there's meaning in my dream,
 The moral merits your esteem.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

ATTEND my visions, thoughtless youths,
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
 Prudent it were to think so now;
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
 For he, who at his early years
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
 If folly has possess'd his prime,
 Disease shall gather strength in time;
 Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,—
 Nor penitence dilute the stain:
 And when each hour shall urge his fate,
 Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
 The subject of my song is Health,
 A good superior far to wealth.
 Can the young mind distrust its worth?
 Consult the monarchs of the earth:
 Imperial czars, and sultans own
 No gem so bright that decks their throne:
 Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
 And turn a rustic or a cit.
 Mark, though the blessing's lost with ease,
 'Tis not recover'd when you please.
 Say not that gruels shall avail,
 For salutary gruels fail.
 Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
 Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.
 How fruitless the physician's skill,
 How vain the penitential pill,
 The marble monuments proclaim,
 The humbler turf confirms the same!
 Prevention is the better cure,
 So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.
 Would you extend your narrow span,
 And make the most of life you can;
 Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
 Descend with ease into the grave;
 Calmly retire, like evening light,
 And cheerful bid the world good-night?
 Let temp'rance constantly preside,
 Our best physician, friend, and guide!
 Would you to wisdom make pretence,
 Proud to be thought a man of sense?
 Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
 With steady hand direct your aim;
 Or, like an archer in the dark,
 Your random shaft will miss the mark:
 For they who flight her golden rules,
 In wisdom's volume stand for fools.
 But morals, unadorn'd by art,
 Are seldom known to reach the heart.
 I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
 With all the scenery of dream.
 Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
 Such as the infant's on the breast;
 When fancy, ever on the wing,
 And fruitful as the genial spring,
 Presented, in a blaze of light,
 A new creation to my sight.
 A rural landscape I descri'd,
 Drest in the robes of Summer pride;
 The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
 That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
 Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
 And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

* In allusion to 2 Kings xviii. 21.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw ;
Behind, a garden that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride :
Beauty prevail'd through ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.

Hail thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat !
I said, and blest'd the fair retreat :
Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure or to praise ;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As Pope describes his vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade ;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast :
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought :
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks ;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the floe ;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said, the chestnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports :
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.

Sudden I heard a shouting train,
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain :
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts I fear unknown :)
One was the nymph that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white ;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue minister of state.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of vice preferr'd to pow'r :
Vice was a perfect stranger here :
No knaves engross'd the royal ear :
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace ;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours !
And though from good to bad we range,
" No matter," says the fool, " 'tis change."

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face :
Some view the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why :
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart ;
Would not th' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,

We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
To Health, whose household were her foes :
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield ;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wondrous fav'rites with the queen :
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul ;
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of thought ;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies press,
Their van was headed by Excess :
The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride :
While Sicknefs, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty the centre gain :
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part :
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill :
Hence were discover'd through the plain,
The motions of the hostile train :
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sally'd with her trusty spies ;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when Luxury descry'd
Inferior force by art supply'd,
The Siren spake—Let Fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail ;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health, and offer peace.
Strait she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart !
Through ev'ry troop the poison ran,
All were infected to a man.

The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race ;
Lobk'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies :
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Though Passion prompts, or Vice assails ;
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
 'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know,
 The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
 So says the school-boy and the sage;
 Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
 And still exclaim against the cheat.
 But whence this inconsistent part?
 Say, moralists, who know the heart:
 If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
 I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
 A sumptuous palace rose to sight;
 The builder had, through ev'ry part,
 Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
 Raphael and Titian had display'd
 All the full force of light and shade:
 Around the livery'd servants wait;
 An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
 Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall,
 (Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
 A nun is no such useless maid),
 A graceful person came in view,
 (His form, it seems, is known to few);
 His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
 But charms! a thousand in his face.

This, sir, your property? I cry'd—
 Master and mansion coincide:
 Where all, indeed, is truly great,
 And proves that bliss may dwell with state.
 Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
 And grant the favour of your name.

"Content," the lovely form reply'd;
 But think not here that I reside:
 Here lives a courtier, base and fly;
 An open, honest rustic, I.
 Our taste and manners disagree,
 His levee boasts no charms for me:
 For titles and the smiles of kings,
 To me are cheap unheeded things.
 ('Tis virtue can alone impart
 The patent of a ducal heart:
 Unless this herald speaks him great,
 What shall avail the glare of state)?
 Those secret charms are my delight,
 Which shine remote from public sight:
 Passions subdu'd, desires at rest—
 And hence his chaplain shares my breast.

There was a time (his grace can tell)
 I knew the duke exceeding well;
 Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
 In truth, we never were apart:
 But when the court became his end,
 He turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his grace,
 Just as the duke had got a place:
 I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear),
 I shou'd be welcome to the peer,
 Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
 And so I was—for half an hour.
 But he grew weary of his guest,
 And soon discarded me his breast;
 Upbraided me with want of merit,
 But most for poverty of spirit.

You relish not the great man's lot?
 Come hasten to my humbler cot.
 Think me not partial to the great,
 I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
 No monarchs share my kind embrace,
 There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
 Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
 With modest worth in rural cells;
 There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
 Or the rude turf sustain the head;
 Though hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
 Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.

Far from the city I reside,
 And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
 True to my heart, I seldom roam,
 Because I find my joys at home.
 For foreign visits then begin,
 When the man feels a void within.

But though from towns and crowds I fly,
 No humorist nor cynic, I.
 Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
 The friendships of the good and wise.
 Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
 Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:
 Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,
 And meek and lowly, and resign'd;
 Will say, there's no distinction known
 Betwixt her household and my own.

Author.

If these the friendships you pursue,
 Your friends, I fear, are very few.
 So little company, you say,
 Yet fond of home from day to day?
 How do you shun detraction's rod?
 I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

Content.

I commune with myself at night,
 And ask my heart if all be right:
 If, "right," replies my faithful breast,
 I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

Author.

You seem regardless of the town:
 Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?

Content.

The clergy say they love me well,
 Whether they do, they best can tell:
 They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
 And always praise me to the skies;
 But if conviction's at the heart,
 Why not a correspondent part?
 For shall the learned tongue prevail,
 If actions preach a different tale?
 Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
 When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
 Who prize their duty more than gain;
 Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
 And conscious virtue is our treat:
 Our harmless breast no envy know,
 And hence we fear no secret foe;
 Our walks ambition ne'er attends,
 And hence we ask no powerful friends;
 We wish the best to church and state,
 But leave the steerage to the great;
 Careless, who rises, or who falls,
 And never dream of vacant stalls;
 Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
 Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truth's impart:
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother flight her boy;
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
The humble, and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's want suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heav'n thus comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And strait the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

Ye ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;

Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer through life th' unsteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a Seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side:
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chace was Happiness, I found,
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick seeks through Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnel * says, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought:
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene;
The dress of each was much the same,
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke,
(Her voice was music as she spoke).

Attend, O man, nor leave my side,
And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
As none but favour'd mortals know.

She said—and strait we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies:
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way,
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.

'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port;
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne,
Was Falshood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy, with jaundic'd face.

* *The Hermit.*

But where is Happiness? I cry'd.
 My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd:
 Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
 Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
 Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
 (I hardly think thee past fifteen)
 To ask if Happiness can dwell
 With every dirty imp of hell!
 Go to the school-boy, he shall preach,
 What twenty winters cannot teach;
 He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
 That thy pursuit is all a dream:
 That Bliss ambitious views disowns,
 And self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
 Prefers the shades and lowly seats,
 Whither fair Innocence retreats:
 So the coy lily of the vale,
 Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.
 I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
 To find the money-getting train;
 Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
 With busy looks, and dirty hands.
 Amidst these thoughtful crowds the old
 Plac'd all their Happiness in gold.
 And surely, if there's bliss below,
 These hoary heads the secret know.
 We journey'd with the plodding crew,
 When soon a temple rose to view:
 A Gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;
 Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
 Without a thousand mastiffs wait:
 A thousand bolts secure the gate.
 We sought admittance long in vain:
 For here all favours sell for gain:
 The greedy porter yields to gold,
 His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
 Assembled nations here we found,
 And view'd the cringing herds around,
 Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth,
 Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
 I saw no charms that could engage;
 The god appear'd like sordid age,
 With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
 But serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:
 Behind stood Fear, that restless spright,
 Which haunts the watches of the night;
 And Viper-Care, that stings so deep,
 Whose deadly venom murders sleep.
 We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs;
 Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs;
 Here Beauty every charm display'd,
 And Love inflam'd the yielding maid:
 Delicious wine our taste employs,
 His crimson bowl exalts our joys:
 I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
 The pearl was found, that long I sought.
 Determin'd here to fix my home,
 I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
 The Seraph disapprov'd my stay,
 Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
 Alas! when'er we talk of bliss,
 How prone is man to judge amiss!
 See, a long train of ills conspires
 To scourge our uncontroul'd desires.
 Like Summer swarms Diseases crowd,
 Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
 Fever! that thirsty fury, came,
 With inextinguishable flame;

Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
 Crept slowly on with panting breath;
 Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;
 And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat:
 Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
 Sat Palsy shaking in her chair!
 A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
 A melancholy scene display'd:
 His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
 Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
 He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
 He wept aloud, and thus address'd:
 Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
 Though Lewdness wear an angel's face.
 Be wise, by my experience taught,
 I die, alas! for want of thought.
 As he who travels Lybia's plains,
 Where the fierce Lion lawless reigns,
 Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
 When the grim foe obstructs his way:
 My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
 My tot'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;
 I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
 Her absence quicken'd every pain:
 At length the slighted angel heard,
 The dear refulgent form appear'd.
 Presumptuous youth! she said, and frown'd;
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound)
 Who turns to me reluctant ears,
 Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
 These rivers shall for ever last,
 There's no retracting what is past:
 Nor think avenging ills to shun;
 Play a false card, and you're undone.
 Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
 Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
 Forego this curs'd, detested place,
 Abhor the strumpet and her race:
 Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
 Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd:
 Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;
 To-morrow is too late to think.
 Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
 But mark my sacred lesson well:
 With me whoever lives at strife,
 Loses his better friend for life;
 With me who lives in friendship's ties,
 Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
 Folly exclaims, and well she may,
 Because I take her mask away;
 If once I bring her to the sun,
 The painted harlot is undone.
 But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
 And leave deception to her fools.
 Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
 Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
 An arrant juggler in disguise,
 Who holds false optics to your eyes.
 But ah! how quick the shadows pass;
 Though the bright visions through her glass
 Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
 The baseless fabrics disappear.
 Nor Riches boast intrinsic worth,
 Their charms at best, superior earth:
 These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
 And make an honest man a knave.
 "Wealth cures my wants," the Miser cries;
 Be not deceiv'd—the Miser lies:

One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants! the want of more.
Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is Happiness? you say
'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happiness below.

To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
Mine is the still and softer voice;
That whispers peace, when storms invade,
And music through the midnight shade.

Come then, be mine in ev'ry part,
Nor give me less, than all your heart;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile;
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.

And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires;
At that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
My arms sustain thy drooping head:
And when the painful struggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the World, no more;
I'll bear my fav'rite son away
To rapture, and eternal day.

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft, propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood,
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a false affected claim.
In heav'n if Love and Friendship dwell,
Can they associate e'er with hell!

Though art the same through change of times,
Through frozen zones, and burning climes:
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel through the whole.
And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
Not soft Nepenthe* half so sure!
And when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eye-lids stole to rest;
When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
(Thousands embark'd alike with me)
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.

* *Nepenthe is an herb, which being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 215. & 25. 2.*

The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar,
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new discover'd world divide.
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd.

Few storms molest the natives here;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.
Though thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves the inclement sky.
Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place;
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band;
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!
There Justice lifts her golden scale!
Two hardy chiefs! who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe;
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the Virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A virtue with a softer air,
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind:
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.

But Virtues of inferior name,
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.

Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And Humble* plants, by trav'lers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes, the eye descri'd
A pow'rful realm extended wide,
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with the imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride,
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Carefs'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shows his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman Pride.
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than duchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted every native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd.
While they who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And every tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.

* The Humble plant bends down before the touch,
(as the Sensitive plant shrinks from the touch), and is
said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

But oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief cou'd hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains,
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns,
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood.
Her current strong, and deep and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near:
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulf explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
And Vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the Empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant stript the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And mounting next the suff'rers throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

Ah! injur'd maid, aloud I cry'd,
Ah! injur'd maid, the rocks reply'd:
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle.

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.
Justice to Powis-House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence* Vernon's little fleet succeeds,
And hence the gen'rous† Cornwall bleeds!
Hence‡ Greenville glorious!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.

* At Porto Bello.

† Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

‡ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Though in high life such virtues dwell,
 They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
 Say, that the mighty and the great
 Blaze like meridian suns of state;
 Effulgent excellence display,
 Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
 Like the mild crescent of the night.
 Though pale our beams, and small our sphere,
 Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
 To martial souls the civic crown:
 What then? is merit theirs alone?
 Have we no worth to call our own?
 Shall we not vindicate our part,
 In the firm breast, and upright heart?
 Reader, these virtues may be thine,
 Though in superior light they shine.
 I can't discharge great Hardwick's trust—
 True—but my soul may still be just.
 And though I can't the state defend,
 I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden Virtues are behind,
 Of equal import to the mind;
 Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
 Or to reclaim us when we stray;
 Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
 When Vice and Folly throw the dart;
 Each Virtue, let the world agree,
 Daily resides with you and me.
 And when our souls in friendship join,
 We'll deem the social bond divine;
 Through ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
 Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
 That breast where Honour builds his throne,
 That breast which Virtue calls her own,
 Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appalls,
 When danger frowns, or lucre calls.
 No! the true friend collected stands,
 Fearless his heart, and pure his hands.
 Let int'rest plead, let storms arise,
 He dares be honest, though he dies.

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

*Inscribed to Miss ****.*

FAIREST, this vision is thy due,
 I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
 Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
 Your welfare actuates every page;
 But ponder well my sacred theme,
 And tremble, while you read my dream.
 Those awful words, "Till death do part,"
 May well alarm the youthful heart:
 No after-thought when once a wife;
 The die is cast, and cast for life;
 Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
 As some base passion leads the way.
 Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
 Though hardly enter'd on her teens;
 Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
 The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
 Impatient of a parent's rule,
 She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
 Want enters at the guardless door,
 And love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of fordid mould,
 Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
 Careless with what, or whom they mate,
 Their ruling passion's all for state.
 But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
 Abhors the mercenary mind:
 Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
 For Hymen's a vindictive god;
 Be joyless ev'ry night, he said,
 And barren be their nuptial bed.

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
 A better fate shall crown thy choice.
 A married life, to speak the best,
 Is all a lottery contest:
 Yet if my fair one will be wise,
 I will insure my girl a prize;
 Though not a prize to match thy worth,
 Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.

'Tis an important point to know,
 There's no perfection here below.
 Man's an odd compound, after all,
 And ever has been since the fall.
 Say, that he loves you from his soul,
 Still man is proud, nor brooks controul.
 And though a slave in Love's soft school,
 In wedlock claims his right to rule.
 The best, in short, has faults about him,
 If few those faults, you must not flout him.
 With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
 As want of temper, and of sense.
 For when the sun deserts the skies,
 And the dull evening winters rise,
 Then for a husband's social pow'r,
 To form the calm, converseive hour;
 The treasures of thy breast explore,
 From that rich mine to draw the oar;
 Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
 And give thy native gold to shine;
 Show thee, as really thou art,
 Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
 As soon they must, thou charming maid;
 When in thy cheeks the roses die,
 And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
 Say, when or age or pains invade,
 And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
 If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
 Shall not his transient passion cool?
 And when thy health and beauty end,
 Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
 But to a man of sense, my dear,
 Ev'n then thou lovely shalt appear;
 He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
 And weeping claim the larger part;
 Though age impairs that beauteous face,
 He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.
 In wedlock when the sexes meet,
 Friendship is only then complete.
 "Blest state! where souls each other draw,
 "Where love is liberty and law!"
 The choicest blessing found below,
 That man can wish, or Heaven bestow!
 Trust me, these raptures are divine,
 For lovely Chloe once was mine!
 Nor fear the varnish of my style,
 Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
 Ah me! my faithful lips impart
 The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple 'rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If nature's purposes you trace;
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance:
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh! what thousands were undone!
'The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him, to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And every wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train:
Love with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour, and in place:
Then came the god with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily-smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen or more,
('Tis said his coat had seen a score;)
Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alope can paint the maid:
'Trust me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;

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And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she vary'd ev'ry hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart);
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart:
'Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side:
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For Age is Money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.—

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed style Love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And Love might be delicious fare,
Cou'd we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on Love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His gray admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;

When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
Disclos'd the Cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, though grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind.

For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the Miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties strait agree.
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thousand more.
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's cou't we strait apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

LIFE.

VISION VIII.

LET not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels, are undone.
Your poet sung of Love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.

But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, though much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise;
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

"But, Poet, whence such wide extremes?"

"Well may you style your labours Dreams.

"A son of sorrow thou, I ween,

"Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.

"Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—

"Speak then the passions' use or aim;

"Why rage desires without controul,

"And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul;

"Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,

"And laughs, and riots in the breast?

"Think not, my weaker brain turns round,

"Think not, I tread on fairy ground.

"Think not, your pulse alone beats true—

"Mine makes as healthful music too.

"Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,

"Put forth their early buds apace.

"See the bloom loads the tender shoot,

"The bloom conceals the future fruit.

"Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun

"Shall ripen what in spring begun.

"Thus infant roses, ere they blow,

"In germinating clusters grow;

"And only wait the summer's ray,

"To burst and blossom to the day."

What said the gay unthinking boy?—

Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!

Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,

Or what those mighty joys you prize.

You'll find (and trust superior years)

The vale of life a vale of tears.

Could Wisdom teach, where joys abound,

Or riches purchase them, when found,

Would scepter'd Solomon complain,

That all was fleeting, false, and vain?

Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,

Returning clouds obscur'd his day.

Those maxims, which the preacher drew,

The royal sage experienc'd true.

He knew the various ills that wait

Our infant and meridian state;

That toys our earliest thoughts engage,

And diff'rent toys maturer age;

That grief at ev'ry stage appears,

But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;

That vanity is seen, in part,

Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;

In the child's breast the spark began,

Grows with his growth, and glares in man.

But when in life we journey late,

If follies die, do griefs abate?

Ah! what is Life at fourscore years?— [tears!]

One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and

Perhaps you'll think I act the same,

As a fly sharper plays his game:

You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,

He's sure to triumph at the last;

Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sum you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For Life is all a deal at best;
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game;
(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,
An hour before that winner dy'd).
Not that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand,
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you!
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure, physicians have no merit,
Who kill, through lenity of spirit.

That Life's a game, divines confess,
'This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be center'd here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark, as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r,
(For know, that Fancy like a spright,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
'They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will shew,
The wiser artist paints too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape;
Here Av'rice gripes with harpies' claws;
There Malice grins with tygers' jaws;
While sons of mischief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

Ev'n Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousands breathe their last:
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.

Oh! what a wretch is man, I cry'd,
Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
And sure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When strait the miser plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye and gild the shade.
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of Virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,
The genius suddenly withdrew.

DEATH.

VISION IX.

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave*;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if Int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire;
Then had my paltry Visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise,
Let no unmanly fears arise.

* See the *Monthly Review of New Books*, for February 1751.

I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or herse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse:
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed!
There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind;
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place,
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey,
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a pow'ful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear,
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage fights are new—
No keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene,
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
"An everlasting farewell too!
"Farewel to ev'ry joy around!
"Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!"
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root.

What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil:
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded traveller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.

"Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
"Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
"To die! and what exalts the gloom,
"I'm told that man survives the tomb!
"O! can the learned prelate find
"What future scenes await the mind?
"Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
"Some courteous angel point the way!
"That unknown somewhere in the skies!
"Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
"And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
"That pains and sorrows are no more.
"For doubtless dying is a curse,
"If present ills be chang'd for worse."

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere-while I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, though serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill.
The poison spreads through all the frame.
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And Reason tumbled from his throne.—

But while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow;
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before.
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when strait arose to fight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terrors drest the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Strait to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at Death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;

But, when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.
Carus, with pains and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn;
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years gray Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring fate.
So hirelings wish their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief,
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief,
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
All seem'd averse! All unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian angel, kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar.
He lays his iron hand on all——
Yes, kings, and sons of kings must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre *!——

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
Would Herring†, Butler‡, Secker§ die?

Why this address to peerage all—
Untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart;
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away;

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness
Frederic Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

§ Bishop of Oxford.

While thus he walks with jealous strife
Through goodness, as he walks through life,
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise, muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heav'nly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Not Beauty's pow'ful pleas restrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life our fav'rite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

And shall a man arraign the skies,
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient reptile! Reason cry'd;
Arraign thy passion and thy pride.
Retire, and commune with thy heart,
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art.
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy station too, why here assign'd.
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To study nations, modes, and times;
A science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part,
Study the science of your heart.
This home philosophy, you know,
Was priz'd some thousand years ago*.
Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
Till Doddsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
Are worth that single volume, Self.
For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines;
Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Though deeply read in Plato's school;
With all his knowledge is a fool.

Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began;
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.

But whence the soul? From heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine;

* *KNOW THYSELF*—a celebrated saying
of *Ghilo*, one of the seven wise men of *Greece*.

He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast),
That social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy.
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.

What! must the soul her pow'rs dispend
To raise and swell the joys of sense?—
Know too, the joys of sense controul,
And clog the motions of the soul;
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And sure as Sense (that tyrant)! reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains,
Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And justly claims a large estate;
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side).
Who listens to my wiser voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
Secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sovereign Pow'r obtains.

With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave!
Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—
Come then, is happiness thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the chase.
Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.
And when disease assaults the heart,
When Sicknefs triumphs over art,
Reflections on a life well past,
Shall prove a cordial to the last;
This medicine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or suspend her pain;

Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour,
Blest rules of cool prudential age !
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo ! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth !
(Religion was her name on earth)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace !
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain ;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the sky ;
Here Hope, that smiling angel stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands :
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light !

The seraph spake—'tis Reason's part,
To govern and to guard the heart ;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life :
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale ?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill ! that transcends his scanty line.

That hoary sage has counsell'd right—
Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou'rt near ally'd
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds ;
When the partition walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.

Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heav'nly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place.
(The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good),
Who shall assume this guardian care ?
Who shall secure their birthright there ?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native heav'n.

Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me ;
Who wisely, when temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits ;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
(Though fools deride my sacred laws) ;
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though persecution lifts her thong ;
Though all the sons of hell conspire
To raise the stake, and light the fire ;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day ;
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools) !
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul !

But where's the passage to the skies ?—
The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod ;
And who'd decline the road to God ?
Oh ! 'tis a glorious boon to die !

This favour can't be priz'd too high,
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast :
My soul a fix'd attention gave ;
When the stern monarch of the grave
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;
Then hasted with expanded wing
To meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise ?
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair,
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh ! I panted for the skies ;
Thank'd Heav'n that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

FABLES.

*The Advantages of Application and Diligence in
our earlier Years, and the destructive Conse-
quences of Pride and Cruelty.*

FABLE I.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold,

But now it seems the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a sparrow, ant, and bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant,
That Phe's the wise industrious ant.
And all with half an eye may see,
That Kitty is the busy bee.

Here then are two—But where's the third?
Go search your school, you'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair,
I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.

Now to my tale.—One Summer's morn
A bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband every hour,
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artists builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in every way,
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal ant was near,
Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care:
A great economist was she,
Nor less industrious than the bee:
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends,
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence every day the ant is found
With anxious step to tread the ground:
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active bee with pleasure saw
The ant fulfil her parents law.
Ah! sister-labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who taught in infancy to know,
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun with constant pace
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars which shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton sparrow long'd to hear
This sage discourse, and strait drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing
Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:

Such talk was hateful to her breast,
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd;
She view'd the ant with savage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.
The bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill;
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated ants as foes?

The sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran:

Whene'er I am dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food.
And oft in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day:
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie, the honest bee reply'd,
I fear you make base man your guide.
Of every creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite from the eagle to the wren!
Oh! do not mens example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with every virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd,
But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name.
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags;
At best 'tis only worth in rags.

Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I've copied man from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule:
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes.
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton sparrow dy'd.

That true Virtue consists in Action, and not in Speculation.

FABLE II.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CAT.

LABOUR entitles man to eat,
The idle have no claim to meat.
This rule must every station fit,
Because 'tis drawn from sacred writ.
And yet to feed on such condition,
Almost amounts to prohibition.
Rome's priesthood would be doom'd, I fear,
To eat soup maigre all the year.
And would not Oxford's cloister'd son
By this hard statute be undone?
In truth, your poet, were he fed
No oft'ner than he earns his bread,
The vengeance of this law would feel,
And often go without a meal.
It seem'd a scholar and his cat
Together join'd in social chat.
When thus the letter'd sage began—
Of what vast consequence is man!
Lords of this nether globe we shine,
Our tenure's held by right divine.
Here independence waves its plea,
All creatures bow the vassal knee.
Nor earth alone can bound our reign,
Ours is the empire of the main.
True—man's a sovereign prince—but say,
What art sustains the monarch's sway.
Say from what source we fetch supplies,
'Tis here the grand inquiry lies.
Strength is not man's—for strength must suit
Best with the structure of a brute.
Nor craft nor cunning can suffice,
A fox might then dispute the prize.
To godlike reason 'tis we owe
Our ball and sceptre here below.
Now your associate next explains
To whom precedence appertains.
And sure 'tis easy to divine
The leaders of this royal line.
Note that all tradesmen I attest
But petty princes at the best.
Superior excellence you'll find
In those who cultivate the mind.
Hence heads of colleges, you'll own,
Transcends th' assessors of a throne.
Say, Evans, have you any doubt?
You can't offend by speaking out.
With visage placid and sedate,
Puffs thus address'd her learned mate:
We're told that none in nature's plan
Disputes preeminence with man.
But this is still a dubious case
To me, and all our purring race.
We grant indeed to partial eyes
Men may appear supremely wise.
But our sagacious rabbies hold,
That all which glitters is not gold.
Pray, if your haughty claims be true,
Why are our manners ap'd by you?
Whene'er you think, all cats agree,
You shut your optics just as we.

Pray, why like cats so rapt in thought,
If you by cats were never taught?
But know our tabby schools maintain
Worth is not center'd in the brain.
Nor that our sages thought despise—
No—but in action virtue lies.
We find it by experience fact,
That thought must ripen into act;
Or cat no real fame acquires,
But virtue in the bud expires.
This point your orchard can decide—
Observe its gay autumnal pride.
For trees are held in high repute,
Not for their blossoms, but their fruit.
If so, then Millar's page decrees
Mere scholars to be barren trees.
But if these various reasons fail,
Let my example once prevail.
When to your chamber you repair,
Your property employs my care.
And while you sink in sweet repose,
My faithful eyelids never close.
When hunger prompts the mouse to steal,
Then I display my honest zeal;
True to my charge, these talons seize
The wretch, who dares purloin your cheese.
Or should the thief assault your bread,
I strike the audacious felon dead.
Nor say I spring at smaller game—
My prowess slaughter'd rats proclaim.
I'm told your generals often fly,
When danger, and when death is nigh.
Nay, when nor death nor danger's near,
As your court-martials make appear.
When in your service we engage,
We brave the pilfering villain's rage;
Ne'er take advantage of the night,
To meditate inglorious flight;
But stand resolv'd, when foes defy,
To conquer, or to bravely die.
Hence, bookworm, learn our duty here
Is active life in every sphere.
Know too, there's scarce a brute but can
Instruct vain supercilious man.

That our Fortitude and Perseverance should be proportionate to the Degree and Duration of our sufferings.

FABLE III.

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

WHEN fore calamities we feel,
And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel,
Our courage and our strength, we say,
Are insufficient for the day.
Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
Who fain would run away from self.
Yet turn to Germany, you'll find
An Atlas of a human mind!
But here I deviate from my plan,
For Prussia's king is more than man!
Inferior beings suit my rhyme,
My scheme, my genius, and my time;
Men, birds, and beasts, with now and then
A pagan god to grace my pen.

A vessel bound for India's coast,
The merchants confidence and boast,
Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
Bespeaks its boisterous god asleep.
Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
A halcyon sky prevails a while,
The tritons and the nereids smile.
These omens fairest hopes impress,
And half ensure the George success.

What casual ills these hopes destroy!
To change how subject every joy!
When dangers most remote appear,
Experience proves those dangers near.
Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next neighbour to disease.
'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.

For lo! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable legions spread the skies.
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The sailors play their various parts;
They ply the pumps, they furl the sails,
Yet nought their diligence avails.
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.

The sailors now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to every fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair.
All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign;
And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.

Strait enter'd with majestic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—

How dare you deem your labours vain?
Shall man exert himself the less,
Because superior dangers press?
How can I think your hearts sincere,
Unless you bravely persevere?
Know, mortals, that when perils rise,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who deserts himself, shall be
Deserted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your best,
My trident shall do all the rest.

The mariners their task renew,
All to their destin'd province flew.
The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
The gallant George in safety rides.

The Folly of passing a hasty and derogatory Judgment upon the noxious Animals of the Creation.

FABLE IV.

THE BEAU AND THE VIPER.

ALL wise philosophers maintain
Nature created nought in vain,

Yet some with supercilious brow,
Deny the truth asserted now.
What if I show that only man,
Appears defective in the plan!
Say, will the sceptic lay aside

His sneers, his arrogance, and pride?
A beau imported fresh from France,
Whose study was to dress and dance;
Who had betimes, in Gallia's school,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a wood one Summer's day,
To screen him from the scorching ray.
And as he travers'd through the grove,
Scheming of gallantry and love,
A viper's spiry folds were seen,
Sparkling with azure, gold and green;
The beau indignant, weak, and proud,
With transport thus exclaim'd aloud—

Avaunt, detested fiend of night!
Thou torture to the human sight!
To every reptile a disgrace,
And fatal to our godlike race.
Why were such creatures form'd as you;
Unless to prove my doctrine true;
That when we view this nether sphere,
Nor wisdom nor design appear?

The serpent rais'd his angry crest,
An honest zeal inflam'd his breast.
His hissings struck the fopling's ear,
And shook his very soul with fear.
Inglorious wretch! the viper cries,
How dare you broach infernal lies?
Is there, in all creation's chain,
A link so worthless and so vain?
Grant that your dress were truly thine,
How can your gold compare with mine?
Your vestments are of garter hue,
Mine boast a far superior blue.

You style me reptile in contempt,
You are that very reptile meant;
A two-legg'd thing which crawls on earth,
Void of utility and worth.

You call me fatal to your race—
Was ever charge so false and base?
You can't in all your annals find,
That unprovok'd we hurt mankind.
Uninjur'd men in mischief deal,
We only bite the hostile heel.

Do we not yield our lives to feed,
And save your vile distemper'd breed?
When leprosy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the loathsome stains?
When riot and excess prevail,
And health, and strength, and spirits fail;
Doctors from us their aid derive,
Hence penitential rakes revive.
We bleed to make the caitiffs dine*,
Or drown to medicate their wine.

You ask, my poison to what end?
Minute philosopher, attend.
Nature, munificent and wise,
To all our wants adapts supplies.
Our frames are fitted to our need,
Hence greyhounds are endu'd with speed.

* Upon some occasion vipers are dressed, and served to table as eels.

Lions by force their prey subdue,
By force maintain their empire too:
But power, although the lion's fame,
Was never known the viper's claim.
Observe, when I unroll my length—
Say, is my structure form'd for strength?
Doth not celerity imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
My jaws are constituted weak,
Hence poison lurks behind my cheek.
As lightning quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey.
The venom thus ensures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.
But why this deadly juice, you cry,
To make the wretched captive die?
Why not possess'd of stronger jaws,
Or arm'd like savage brutes with claws?

Can such weak arguments persuade?
Ask rather, why were vipers made?
To me my poison's more than wealth,
And to ungrateful mortals health.
In this benevolent design
My various organs all combine.
Strike out the poison from my frame,
My system were no more the same.
I then should want my comforts due,
Nay, lose my very being too.
And you'd, as doctors all agree,
A sovereign medicine lose in me.

Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man,
To censure what he cannot scan.
Nor dare to charge God's works with ill,
Since vipers kind designs fulfil:
But give injurious scruples o'er,
Be still, be humble, and adore.

*That Happiness is much more equally distributed,
than the generality of Mankind are apprised of.*

FABLE V.

THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

WHEN sons of fortune ride on high,
How do we point the admiring eye!
With foolish face of wonder gaze,
And often covet what we praise.
How do we partial nature chide,
As deaf to every son beside!
Or censure the mistaken dame,
As if her optics were to blame!
Thus we deem nature most unkind,
Or what's as bad, we deem her blind.

But when inferior ranks we see,
Who move in humbler spheres than we;
Men by comparisons are taught,
Nature is not so much in fault.
Yet mark my tale—the poet's pen
Shall vindicate her ways to men.

Within a garden, far from town,
There dwelt a snail of high renown;
Who by tradition, as appears,
Had been a tenant several years.
She spent her youth in wisdom's page—
Hence honour'd and rever'd in age.
Do snails at any time contend,
Insult a neighbour or a friend;

Dispute their property, and share,
Or in a cherry or a pear?
No lord chief justice, all agree,
So able, and so just as she!
Whichever way their causes went,
All parties came away content.
At length she found herself decay,
Death lent mementos every day.
Her drooping strength sustains no more
The shell, which on her back she bore.
The eye had lost its visual art,
The heavy ear refus'd its part;
The teeth perform'd their office ill,
And every member fail'd her will.
But no defects in mind appear,
Her intellects are strong and clear.
Thus when his glorious course is run,
How brightly shines the setting sun!

The news through all the garden spread,
The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
Cheerful she rais'd her voice aloud,
And thus address'd the weeping crowd:
My friends, I'm hast'ning to the grave,
And know, nor plum, nor peach can save.
Yes, to those mansions go I must,
Where our good fathers sleep in dust.
Nor am I backward to explore
That gloomy vale they trod before.
'Gainst fate's decree what can I say?
Like other snails I've had my day.
Full many Summer sun's I've seen,
And now die grateful and serene.

If men the higher pow'rs arraign,
Shall we adopt the plaintive strain?
Nature, profuse to us and ours,
Hath kindly built these stately tow'rs;
Where, when the skies in night are dress'd,
Secure from ev'ry ill we rest,
Survey our curious structure well—
How firm, and yet how light our shell!
Our refuge, when cold storms invade,
And in the dog-days heat our shade.

Thus when we see a fleetier race,
We'll not lament our languid pace.
Do dangers rise, or foes withstand?
Are not our castles close at hand?
For let a snail at distance roam,
The happy snail is still at home.

Survey our gardens blest retreats—
Oh! what a paradise of sweets!
With what variety is't stor'd!
Unnumber'd dainties spread our board.
The plums assume their glossy blue,
And cheeks of nectarines glow for you;
Peaches their lovely blush betray,
And apricots their gold display;
While for your beverage, when you dine,
There streams the nectar of the vine.

Be not my dying words forgot,
Depart, contented with your lot;
Repress complaints when they begin,
Ingratitude's a crying sin.
And hold it for a truth, that we
Are quite as blest as snails should be.

The gardener hears with great surprise
This sage discourse, and thus he cries—
Oh! what a thankless wretch am I,
Who pass ten thousand favours by!

I blame, when'er the linnet sings,
My want of song, or want of wings.
The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
Reminds me of deficient fight.
And when the generous steed I view,
Is not his strength my envy too?
I thus at birds and beasts repine,
And with their various talents mine.
Fool as I am, who cannot see
Reason is more than all to me.

My landlord boasts a large estate,
Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
What! shall these lures bewitch my eye?
Shall they extort the murmuring sigh?
Say, he enjoys superior wealth—
Is not my better portion, health?
Before the sun has gilt the skies,
Returning labour bids me rise;
Obedient to the hunter's horn,
He quits his couch at early morn.
By want compell'd, I dig the soil,
His is a voluntary toil.
For truth it is, since Adam's fall,
His sons must labour one and all.
No man's exempted by his purse,
Kings are included in the curse.
Would monarchs relish what they eat?
'Tis toil that makes the manchet sweet;
Nature enacts, before they're fed,
That prince and peasant earn their bread.

Hence wisdom and experience show,
That bliss in equal currents flow;
That happiness is still the same,
How'er ingredients change their name.
Nor doth this theme our search defy,
'Tis level to the human eye.
Distinctions introduc'd by men,
Bewilder and obscure our ken.
I'll store these lessons in my heart,
And cheerful act my proper part.
If sorrows rise, as sorrows will,
I'll stand resign'd to every ill;
Convinc'd, that wisely every pack
Is suited to the bearer's back.

*That the Complaints of Mankind, against their
several Stations and Provinces in Life, are of-
ten frivolous, and always unwarrantable.*

FABLE VI.

THE FARMER AND THE HORSE.

" 'Tis a vain world, and all things show it,
" I thought so once, but now I know it *."
Ah! Gay! is thy poetic page
The child of disappointed age?
Talk not of threescore years and ten,
For what avails our knowledge then?
But grant, that this experienc'd truth
Were ascertain'd in early youth;
Reader, what benefit would flow?
I vow, I'm at a loss to know.
The world alarms the human breast,
Because in savage colours drest.

* *Gay's Epitaph.*

'Tis treated with invective style,
And stands impeach'd of fraud and guile.
All in this heavy charge agree—
But who's in fault—the world or we?
The question's serious, short, and clear,
The answer claims our patient ear.
Yet if this office you decline—
With all my heart—the task be mine.
I'm certain if I do my best,
Your candour will excuse the rest.

A farmer, with a pensive brow,
One morn accompany'd his plough.
The larks their cheerful matins sung,
The woods with answering music rung;
The sun display'd his golden ray,
And nature hail'd the rising day.
But still the peasant all the while
Refus'd to join the general smile.
He, like his fathers long before,
Resembled much the Jews of yore;
Whose murmurs impious, weak, and vain,
Nor quails nor manna could restrain.

Did accidental dearth prevail?
How prone to tell his piteous tale!
Pregnant with joys did plenty rise?
How prone to blame indulgent skies!
Thus ever ready to complain,
For plenty sinks the price of grain.

At length he spake:—Ye powers divine,
Was ever lot so hard as mine?
From infant life an arrant slave,
Close to the confines of the grave.
Have not I follow'd my employ
Near threescore winters, man and boy!
But since I call'd this farm my own,
What scenes of sorrow have I known!
Alas! if all the truth were told,
Hath not the rot impair'd my fold?
Hath not the measles seiz'd my swine?
Hath not the murrain slain my kine?
Or say that horses be my theme,
Hath not the staggers thinn'd my team?
Have not a thousand ills beside
Depriv'd my stable of its pride?

When I survey my lands around,
What thorns and thistles spread my ground!
Doth not the grain my hopes beguile,
And mildews mock the thresher's toil?
However poor the harvests past!
What so deficient as the last!
But though nor blasts, nor mildews rise,
My turnips are destroy'd by flies;
My sheep are pin'd to such degree,
That not a butcher comes to me.

Seasons are chang'd from what they were,
And hence too foul, or hence too fair.
Now scorching heat and drought annoy,
And now returning showers destroy.
Thus have I pass'd my better years
'Midst disappointments, cares, and tears.
And now, when I compute my gains,
What have I reap'd for all my pains?

Oh! had I known in manhood's prime
These slow convictions wrought by time;
Would I have brav'd the various woes
Of Summer suns, and Winter snows?
Would I have tempted every sky,
So wet, so windy, or so dry?

With all the elements at strife?
 Ah! no—I then had plann'd a life,
 Where wealth attends the middle stage,
 And rest and comfort wait on age.
 Where rot and murrain ne'er commence,
 Nor pastures burn at my expence;
 Nor injur'd cows their wants bewail,
 Nor dairies mourn the milkless pail;
 Nor barns lament the blasted grain,
 Nor cattle curse the barren plain.

Dun hobbled by his master's side,
 And thus the sober brute reply'd:

Look through your team, and where's the steed
 Who dares dispute with me his breed?
 Few horses trace their lineage higher,
 Godolphin's Arab was my sire;
 My dam was sprung from Panton's stud,
 My grandam boasted Childers' blood.
 But ah! it now avails me not
 By what illustrious chief begot!
 Spavins pay no regard to birth,
 And failing vision sinks my worth.
 The 'squire, when he disgusted grew,
 Transferr'd his property to you.
 And since poor Dun "became your own,
 "What scenes of sorrow have I known!"
 Hath it not been my constant toil
 To drag the plough and turn the soil?
 Are not my bleeding shoulders wrung
 By large and weighty loads of dung?
 When the shorn meadows claim your care,
 And fragrant cocks perfume the air;
 When Ceres' ripen'd fruits abound,
 And plenty waves her sheaves around;
 True to my collar, home I bear
 The treasures of the fruitful year.
 And though this drudgery be mine,
 You never heard me once repine.

Yet what rewards have crown'd my days?
 I'm grudg'd the poor reward of praise.
 For oats small gratitude I owe,
 Beans were untasted joys, you know.
 And now I'm hast'ning to my end,
 Past services can find no friend.
 Infirmities, disease, and age,
 Provoke my surly driver's rage.
 Look to my wounded flanks, you'll see
 No horse was ever us'd like me.

But now I eat my meals with pain,
 Averse to masticate the grain.
 Hence you direct, at night and morn,
 That chaff accompany my corn;
 For husks, although my teeth be few,
 Force my reluctant jaws to chew.
 What then? of life shall I complain,
 And call it fleeting, false, and vain?
 Against the world shall I inveigh,
 Because my grinders now decay?

You think it were the wiser plan,
 Had I consorted ne'er with man;
 Had I my liberty maintain'd,
 Or liberty by flight regain'd,
 And rang'd o'er distant hills and dales
 With the wild foresters of Wales.

Grant I succeeded to my mind—
 Is happiness to hills confin'd?
 Don't famine oft erect her throne
 Upon the rugged mountain's stone?

And don't the lower pastures fail,
 When snows descending choke the vale!
 Or who so hardy to declare
 Disease and death ne'er enter there?

Do pains or sickness here invade?
 Man tenders me his cheerful aid.
 For who beholds his hungry beast,
 But grants him some supply at least?
 Int'rest shall prompt him to pursue
 What inclination would not do.

Say, had I been the desert's foal,
 Through life estrang'd to man's controul;
 What service had I done on earth,
 Or who could profit by my birth?
 My back had ne'er sustain'd thy weight,
 My chest ne'er known thy waggon's freight
 But now my several powers combine
 To answer nature's ends and thine.
 I'm useful thus in every view—
 Oh! could I say the same of you!

Superior evils had ensu'd,
 With prescience had I been endu'd.
 Ills, though at distance seen, destroy,
 Or sicken every present joy.
 We relish every new delight,
 When future griefs elude our sight.
 To blindness then what thanks are due!
 It makes each single comfort too.
 The colt, unknown to pain and toil,
 Anticipates to-morrow's smile.
 Yon lamb enjoys the present hour,
 As stranger to the butcher's power.

Your's is a wild Utopian scheme,
 A boy would blush to own your dream.
 Be your profession what it will,
 No province is exempt from ill.
 Quite from the cottage to the throne,
 Stations have sorrows of their own.
 Why should a peasant then explore
 What longer heads ne'er found before?
 Go, preach my doctrine to your son,
 By your's, the lad would be undone.
 But whether he regards or not,
 Your lecture would be soon forgot.
 The hopes which gull'd the parent's breast,
 Ere long will make his son their jest.
 Though now these cowed cheats you spurn,
 Yet every man's a dupe in turn.
 And wisely so ordain'd, indeed,
 (Whate'er philosophers may plead.)
 Else life would stagnate at its source,
 And Man and Horse decline the course.

Then bid young Ralpho never mind it,
 But take the world as he shall find it.

FABLE VII.

It seems, an Owl, in days of yore,
 Had turn'd a thousand volumes o'er.
 His fame for literature extends,
 And strikes the ears of partial friends.
 They weigh'd the learning of the fowl,
 And thought him a prodigious Owl!
 From such applause what could betide?
 It only cocker'd him in pride.

Extoll'd for sciences and arts,
 His bosom burn'd to show his parts;
 (No wonder that an Owl of spirit,
 Mistook his vanity for merit).

He shows insatiate thirst of praise,
Ambitious of the poet's bays.
Perch'd on Parnassus all night long,
He hoots a sonnet or a song;
And while the village hear his note,
They curse the screaming whore-son's throat.

Amidst the darkness of the night,
Our feather'd poet wings his flight,
And, as capricious fate ordains,
A chimney's treach'rous summit gains;
Which much impair'd by wind and weather,
Down fall the bricks and bird together.

The Owl expands his azure eyes,
And fees a Non-con's study rise;
The walls were deck'd with hallow'd bands
Of worthies, by th' engraver's hands;
All champions for the good old cause!
Whose conscience interfer'd with laws;
But yet no foes to king or people,
Though mortal foes to church and steeple.
Baxter, with apostolic grace,
Display'd his metzotinto face;
While here and there some luckier saint
Attain'd to dignity of paint.

Rang'd in proportion to their size,
The books by due gradations rise.
Here the good Fathers lodg'd their trust;
There zealous Calvin slept in dust.
Here Pool his learned treasures keeps;
There Fox o'er dying martyrs weeps;
While reams on reams insatiate drink
Whole deluges of Henry's ink.

Columns of sermons pil'd on high,
Attract the bird's admiring eye.
Those works a good old age acquir'd,
Which had in manuscript expir'd;
For manuscripts, of fleeting date,
Seldom survive their infant state.
The healthiest live not half their days,
But die a thousand various ways;
Sometimes ingloriously apply'd
To purposes the Muse shall hide.
Or, should they meet no fate below,
How oft tobacco proves their foe!
Or else some cook purloins a leaf
To finge her fowl, or save her beef;
But sermons 'scape both fate and fire,
By congregational desire.

Display'd at large upon the table
Was Bunyan's much-admir'd fable;
And as his Pilgrim sprawling lay,
It chanc'd the Owl advanc'd that way.

The bird explores the pious dream,
And plays a visionary scheme;
Determin'd, as he read the sage,
To copy from the tinker's page.

The thief now quits his learn'd abode,
And scales aloft the sooty road;
Flies to Parnassus' top once more,
Resolv'd to dream as well as snore;
And what he dreamt by day, the wight
In writing o'er, consumes the night.

Plum'd with conceit, he calls aloud,
And thus bespeaks the purblind crowd:
Say not, that man alone's a poet,
Poets are Owls—my verse shall show it.
And while he read his labour'd lays,
His blue-ey'd brothers hooted praise.
But now his female mate by turns
With pity and with choler burns;

When thus her comfort she address'd,
And all her various thoughts express'd:

Why, prithee, husband, rant no more,
'Tis time to give these follies o'er.

Be wise, and follow my advice—

Go—catch your family some mice.

'Twere better to resume your trade,

And spend your nights in ambuscade.

What! if you fatten by your schemes,

And fare luxuriously in dreams!

While you ideal mice are carving,

I and my family are starving.

Reflect upon our nuptial hours,

Where will you find a brood like ours?

Our offspring might become a queen,

For finer Owlets ne'er were seen!

'Ods—blue! the surly hob reply'd,

I'll amply for my heirs provide.

Why, Madge! when Colley Cibber dies,

Thou'lt see thy mate a Laur'ate rise;

For never poets held this place,

Except descendants of our race.

But soft—the female sage rejoind—

Say you abjur'd the purring kind;

And nobly left inglorious rats

To vulgar owls, or sordid cats.

Say, you the healing art essay'd,

And piddled in the doctor's trade;

At least you'd earn us good provisions,

And better this than scribbling visions.

A due regard to me, or self,

Wou'd always make you dream of pelf;

And when you dreamt your nights away,

You'd realize your dreams by day.

Hence far superior gains wou'd rise,

And I be fat, and you be wife.

But, Madge, though I applaud your scheme,

You'd wish my patients still to dream!

Waking, they'd laugh at my vocation,

Or disapprove my education;

And they detest your solemn hob,

Or take me for professor L——.

Equipt with powder and with pill,

He takes his licence out to kill.

Practis'd in all a doctor's airs,

To Batson's senate he repairs,

Dress'd in his flowing wig of knowledge,

To greet his brethren of the college;

Takes up the papers of the day,

Perhaps for want of what to say;

Through ev'ry column he pursues,

Alike advertisements and news;

O'er lists of cures with rapture runs,

Wrought by Apollo's natural sons;

Admires the rich Hibernian stock

Of doctors, Henry, Ward, and Rock.

He dwells on each illustrious name,

And sighs at once for fees and fame.

Now, like the doctors of to-day,

Retains his puffers too in pay.

Around his reputation flew,

His practice with his credit grew.

At length the court receives the sage,

And lordlings in his cause engage.

He dupes, beside plebeian fowls,

The whole Nobility of Owls.

Thus ev'ry where he gains renown,

And fills his purse, and thins the town.

T A L E S.

THE LAMB AND THE PIG.

CONSULT the moralist, you'll find
That education forms the mind.
But education ne'er supply'd
What ruling nature hath deny'd.
If you'll the following page pursue,
My tale shall prove this doctrine true.

Since to the muse all brutes belong,
The Lamb shall usher in my song;
Whose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin,
Emblem of native white within.
Meekness and love possess'd her soul,
And innocence had crown'd the whole.

It chanc'd, in some unguarded hour,
(Ah! purity, precarious flower!
Let maidens of the present age
Tremble, when they peruse my page.)
It chanc'd upon a luckless day,
The little wanton, full of play,
Rejoic'd a thymy bank to gain,
But short the triumphs of her reign!
The treacherous slopes her fate foretel,
And soon the pretty trisler fell.
Beneath, a dirty ditch impress'd
Its mire upon her spotless vest.
What greater ill cou'd lamb betide,
The butcher's barbarous knife beside?

The shepherd, wounded with her cries,
Strait to the bleating sufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And bore her to a neighbouring brook.
The silver streams her wool refin'd,
Her fleece in virgin whiteness shin'd.

Cleans'd from pollution's every stain,
She join'd her fellows on the plain;
And saw afar the stinking shore,
But ne'er approach'd those dangers more.
The shepherd bless'd the kind event,
And view'd his flock with sweet content.

To market next he shap'd his way,
And bought provisions for the day.
But made, for winter's rich supply,
A purchase from a farmer's sty.
The children round their parent crowd,
And testify their mirth aloud.

They saw the stranger with surprise,
And all admir'd his little eyes.
Familiar grown, he shar'd their joys,
Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.
The females o'er his dress preside,
They wash his face, and scour his hide.
But daily more a Swine he grew,
For all these housewives e'er could do.

Hence let my youthful reader know,
That once a hog, and always so.

DEATH AND THE RAKE.

A DUTCH TALE.

WHEN pleasures court the human heart,
Oh! 'tis reluctant work to part.
Are we with griefs and pains oppress'd?
Woe says that Death's a welcome guest?
Though sure to cure our evils all,
He's the last doctor we wou'd call.
We think, if he arrives at morn,
'Tis hard to die, as soon as born.

Or if the conqueror invade,
When life projects the evening shade,
Do we not meditate delay,
And still request a longer stay?
We shift our homes, we change the air,
And double, like the hunted hare.
Thus be it morn, or night, or noon,
Come when he will, he comes too soon!

You wish my subject I wou'd wave,
The preface is so very grave.
Come then, my friend, I'll change my style,
And couch instruction with a smile.
But promise, ere I tell my tale,
The serious moral shall prevail.

Vanbruin dy'd—his son, we're told,
Succeeded to his father's gold.
Flush'd with his wealth, the thoughtless blade,
Despis'd frugality and trade;
Left Amsterdam with eager haste,
Dress and the Hague engross'd his taste.

Ere long his passion chang'd its shape,
He grew enamour'd with the grape.
Frequented much a house of cheer,
Just like our fools of fortune here;
With sots and harlots fond to join,
And revel o'er his midnight wine.

Once on a time the bowls had flow'd,
Quite till the morning cock had crow'd.
When Death, at every hour awake,
Enter'd the room, and claim'd the rake.
The youth's complexion spoke his fears,
Soft stole adown his cheek the tears.
At length the anguish of his breast
With fault'ring tongue he thus express'd:

Thou king of terrors, hear my prayer,
And condescend for once to spare.
Let me thy clemency engage,
New to the world, and green in age.
When life no pleasures can dispense,
Or pleasures pall upon the sense;
When the eye feels departing sight,
And rolls its orb in vain for light;
When music's joys no longer cheer
The sick'ning heart, or heavy ear;

Or when my aching limbs forbear,
In sprightly balls to join the fair;
I'll not repeat my suit to Death,
But cheerfully resign my breath.

Done, says the monarch—be it so;
Observe—you promise then to go!
What favour such protracted date
From the stern minister of fate!
Your wonder will be greater soon,
To hear the wretch perverts the boon.
Who, during years beyond a score,
Ne'er thought upon his promise more!

But were these terms by Death forgot?
Ah! no—again he seeks the sot.
The wretch was in the tavern found,
With a few gouty friends around.
Dropfy had seiz'd his legs and thighs,
Palsy his hands, and rheum his eyes.
When thus the king—Intemperate elf,
Thus, by debauch, to dupe yourself.
What! are my terrors spurn'd by thee!
Thou fool! to trifle thus with me!
You ask'd before for length of days,
Only to riot various ways.

What were thy pleas but then a sneer?
I'll now retort with jest severe.

Read this small print, the monarch cries—

You mock me, sir, the man replies.
I scarce could read when in my prime,
And now my sight's impair'd by time.
Sure you consider not my age—
I can't discern a single page.

And when my friends the bottle pass,
I scarce can see to fill my glass.

Here, take this nut, observe it well—
'Tis my command you crack the shell.
How can such orders be obey'd?

My grinders, sir, are quite decay'd.
My teeth can scarce divide my bread,
And not a sound one in my head!

But Death, who more sarcastic grew,
Disclos'd a violin to view;
Then loud he call'd, Old Boy, advance,
Stretch out your legs, and lead the dance.

The man rejoin'd—When age surrounds,
How can the ear distinguish sounds?
Are not my limbs unwieldy grown?
Are not my feet as cold as stone?
Dear sir, take pity on my state—
My legs can scarce support my weight!

Death drops the quaint, insulting joke,
And meditates the fatal stroke.
Assuming all his terrors now,
He speaks with anger on his brow.

Is thus my lenity abus'd,
And dare you hope to stand excus'd?
You've spent your time, that pearl of price!
To the detested ends of vice.

Purchas'd your short-liv'd pleasures dear,
And seal'd your own destruction here.
Inflam'd your reckoning too above,
By midnight bowls, and lawless love.
Warning, you know, I gave betimes—
Now go, and answer for your crimes.

Oh! my good lord, represents the blow—
I am not yet prepar'd to go.
And let it, sir, be further told,
That not a neighbour thinks me old.

My hairs are now but turning gray,
I am not sixty, sir, till May.
Grant me the common date of men,
I ask but threescore years and ten.

Dar'st thou, prevaricating knave,
Insult the monarch of the grave?
I claim thy solemn contract past—
Wherefore this moment is thy last.
Thus having said, he speeds his dart,
And cleaves the hoary dotard's heart.

THE SECOND ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

INSCRIBED TO T. V. ESQ.

DEAR youth, to hoarded wealth a foe,
Riches with faded lustre glow;
Yes, dim the treasures of the mine,
Unless with temperate use they shine.
This stamps a value on the gold,
So Procleius thought of old.

Soon as this generous Roman saw
His father's sons proscrib'd by law,
The knight discharg'd a parent's part,
They shar'd his fortune and his heart.
Hence stands consign'd a brother's name,
To immortality and fame.

Wou'd you true empire ascertain?
Curb all immoderate lust of gain.
This is the best ambition known,
A greater conquest than a throne.
For know, should avarice controul,
Farewel the triumphs of the soul.

This is a dropfy of the mind,
Resembling the corporeal kind;
For who with this disease are curst,
The more they drink, the more they thirst.
Indulgence feeds their bloated veins,
And pale-ey'd, sighing languor reigns.

Virtue, who differs from the crowd,
Rejects the covetous and proud;
Disdains the wild ambitious breast,
And scorns to call a monarch blest;
Labours to rescue truth and sense
From specious sounds, and vain pretence.

Virtue to that distinguish'd few,
Gives royalty and conquest too;
That wise minority, who own,
And pay their tribute to her throne;
Who view with undesiring eyes,
And spurn that wealth which misers prize.

THE TENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Wou'd you, my friend, true bliss obtain?
Nor press the coast, nor tempt the main.
In open seas loud tempests roar,
And treacherous rocks begirt the shore.

Hatred to all extremes is seen,
In those who love the golden mean.
They nor in palaces rejoice,
Nor is the sordid cot their choice.

The middle state of life is best,
Exalted stations find no rest;
Storms shake th' aspiring pine and tower,
And mountains feel the thunder's power.

The mind prepar'd for each event,
In every state maintains content.
She hopes the best, when storms prevail,
Nor trusts too far the prosp'rous gale.

Shou'd time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to spring.

Shou'd darkness shroud the present skies,
Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

When Pæan shoots his fiery darts,
Disease and death transfix our hearts;
But oft the god withholds his bow,
In pity to the race below.

When clouds the angry heavens deform,
Be strong and brave the swelling storm;
Amidst prosperity's full gales
Be humble, and contract your sails.

EPITAPHS.

READER, approach my urn—thou need'st not fear
Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear,
To mourn thy unknown friend—From me thou'lt
learn

More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
Of mortals!—Wrapt in pensive thought, survey
This little freehold of unthinking clay,
And know thy end!

Though young, though gay, this scene of death
explore,
Alas! the young, the gay is now no more!

ON ROBERT CLAVERING, M. B.

Oh! come, who know the childless parent's sigh,
The bleeding bosom, and the streaming eye;
Who feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
When the last pang divides two social hearts.
This weeping marble claims the generous tear,
Here lies the friend, the son, and all that's dear.

He fell full-blossom'd in the pride of youth,
The nobler pride of science, worth, and truth.
Calm and serene he view'd his mouldering clay,
Nor fear'd to go, nor fondly wish'd to stay.
And when the king of terrors he descry'd,
Kiss'd the stern mandate, bow'd his head, and dy'd.

ON COLONEL GARDINER.

Who was slain in the Battle at Prestonpans, 1745.

While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
Our faithful line shall Gardiner's worth rehearse.
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd saint,
Transcends the poet's pen, the herald's paint.
His the best path to fame that e'er was trod,
And surely his a glorious road to God.

ON MR. SIBLEY, OF STUDHAM.

Here lies an honest man! without pretence
To more than prudence, and to common sense;
Who knew no vanity, disguise, nor art,
Who scorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffusive as the light his bounty spread,
Cloth'd were the naked, and the hungry fed.
"These be his honours!" honours that disclaim
The blazon'd scutcheon, and the herald's fame!

VOL. XI.

Honours! which boast defiance to the grave,
Where, spite of Anstis, rots the garter'd knave.

ON A LADY,

WHO HAD LABOURED UNDER A CANCER.

STRANGER, these dear remains contain'd a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.
Ripening for heav'n, by pains and sufferings try'd,
To pain superior, and unknown to pride.
Calm and serene beneath affliction's rod,
Because she gave her willing heart to God.
Because she trusted in her Saviour's pow'r,
Hence firm and fearless in the dying hour!

No venal muse this faithful picture draws,
Blest saint! desert like yours extorts applause.
Oh! let a weeping friend discharge his due,
His debt to worth, to excellence, and you!

ON MISS GEE,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 25. 1736. ÆTAT. 28.

BEAUTEOUS, nor known to pride, to friends sincere,
Mild to thy neighbour, to thyself severe;
Unstain'd thy honour—and thy wit was such,
Knew no extremes, nor little, nor too much.
Few were thy years, and painful through the whole,
Yet calm thy passage, and serene thy soul.

Reader, amidst these sacred crowds that sleep*,
View this once lovely form, nor grudge to weep.—
O death, all terrible! how sure thy hour!
How wide thy conquests! and how fell thy power!
When youth, wit, virtue, plead for longer reign,
When youth, when wit, when virtue plead in vain;
Stranger, then weep afresh—for know this clay
Was once the good, the wise, the beautiful, the gay.

ON MR. THOMAS STRONG.

WHO DIED DECEMBER 26. 1736.

In action prudent, and in word sincere,
In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;

* The author is supposed to be inscribing the
character of the deceased upon her tomb, and
therefore "crowds that sleep," mean the dead.

Through life's vain scenes the same in every part,
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.

When ask'd to whom these lovely truths belong,
Thy friends shall answer, weeping, "Here lies
"STRONG."

ON JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGWATER,
WHO DIED IN THE 21ST. YEAR OF HIS AGE,
1747-8.

INTENT to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;

Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight-music of the honest heart!
Those silent joys th' illustrious youth possess'd,
Those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast
From pride of peerage, and from folly free,
Life's early morn, fair virtue! gave to thee;
Forbade the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,
Bade anxious poverty forget to sigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And went smiling from his gates away.
The rest were honours borrow'd from the
throne;
These honours, EGERTON, were all thy own!

MISCELLANIES.

AN INVOCATION OF HAPPINESS,

AFTER THE ORIENTAL MANNER OF SPEECH.

1. TELL me, O thou fairest among virgins, where
dost thou lay thy meek contented head?
2. Dost thou dwell upon the mountains; dost
thou make thy couch in the vallies?
3. In the still watches of the night have I thought
upon my fair one; yea, in the visions of the
night have I pursued thee.
4. When I awoke, my meditation was upon thee,
and the day was spent in search after thy
embraces.
5. Why dost thou flee from me, as the tender
hind, or the young roe upon the hills?
6. Without thy presence, in vain blushes the rose,
in vain glows the ruby, the cinnamon breatheth
its fragrance in vain.
7. Shall I make thee a house of the rich cedars of
Lebanon? Shall I perfume it with all the
spices of Arabia? Wilt thou be tempted
with Sabeian odours, with myrrh, frankin-
cense, and aloes?
8. Doth my fair one delight in palaces—doth she
gladden the hearts of kings? The palaces
are not a meet residence for my beloved—
The princes of the earth are not favoured
with the smiles of her countenance.
9. My fair one is meek and humble, she dwelleth
among the cottages, she tendeth the sheep
upon the mountains, and lieth down amidst
the flocks. The lilies of the field are her
couch, and the heavens her canopy.
10. Her words are smoother than oil, more power-
ful than wine; her voice is as the voice of the
turtle-dove.
11. Thou crownest the innocence of the husband-
man, and the reward of virtue is with thee.

"Time and Chance happeneth to them all."

Ecclesiast. ch. ix. ver. II.

READER, if fond of wonder and surprise,
Behold in me ten thousand wonders rise.

Should I appear quite partial to my cause,
Shout my own praise, and vindicate applause;
Do not arraign my modesty or sense,
Nor deem my character a vain pretence.
Know then I boast an origin and date
Coeval with the sun—without a mate
An offspring I beget in number more
Than all the crowded sands which form the shore.
That instant they are born, my precious breed
Ah me! expire—yet my departed seed
Enter like spectres, with commission'd power,
The secret chamber at the midnight hour;
Pervade alike the palace and the shed,
The statesman's closet, and the rustic's bed;
Serene and sweet, like envoys from the skies,
To all the good, the virtuous, and the wise;
But to the vicious breast remorse they bring,
And bite like serpents, or like scorpions sting.
Being and birth to sciences I give,
By me they rise through infancy and live:
By me meridian excellence display,
And, like autumnal fruits, by me decay.
When poets, and when painters are no more,
And all the feuds of rival wits are o'er;
'Tis mine to fix their merit and their claim,
I judge their works to darkness or to fame.
I am a monarch, whose victorious hands
No craft eludes, no regal power withstands.
My annals prove such mighty conquests won,
As shame the puny feats of Philip's son.
But though a king, I seldom sway alone,
The goddess Fortune often shares my throne.
The human eye detects our blended rule,
Here we exalt a knave, and there a fool.
Ask you what powers our sovereign laws obey?
Creation is our empire—we convey
Sceptres and crowns at will—as we ordain,
Kings abdicate their thrones, and peasants reign.
Lovers to us address the fervent prayer;
'Tis ours to soften or subdue the fair:
We now like angels smile, and now destroy,
Now bring, or blast, the long-expected joy.
At our fair shrine ambitious churchmen bow;
And crave the mitre to adorn the brow.

Go to the inns of court—the learned drudge
 Implores our friendship to commence a judge.
 Go, and consult the sons of Warwick Lane;
 They own our favours, and adore our reign.
 Theirs is the gold, 'tis true—but all men see
 Our claim is better founded to the fee.

Reader, thus sublunary worlds we guide,
 Thus o'er your natal planets we preside.
 Kingdoms and kings are ours—to us they fall,
 We carve their fortunes and dispose of all.
 Nor think that kings alone engross our choice,
 The cobbler sits attentive to our voice.

But since my colleague is a fickle she,
 Abjure my colleague, and depend on me.
 Either she sees not, or with partial eyes,
 Either she grants amiss, or she denies.
 But I, who pity those that wear her chain,
 Scorn the capricious measures of her reign;
 In every gift, and every grace excel,
 And seldom fail their hopes, who use me well.
 Yet though in me unnumber'd treasures shine,
 Superior to the rich Peruvian mine!
 Though men to my indulgence hourly owe
 The choicest of their comforts here below:
 (For mens best tenure, as the world agree,
 Is all a perquisite deriv'd from me)
 Still man's my foe! ungrateful man, I say,
 Who meditates my murder every day.
 What various scenes of death do men prepare!
 And what assassinations plot the fair!
 But know assuredly, who treat me ill,
 Who mean to rob me, or who mean to kill;
 Who view me with a cold regardless eye,
 And let my favours pass unheeded by;
 They shall lament their folly when too late;
 So mourns the prodigal his lost estate!
 While they who with superior forethought blest,
 Store all my lessons in their faithful breast;
 (For where's the prelate, who can preach like me,
 With equal reasoning, and persuasive plea),
 Who know that I am always on my wings,
 And never stay in compliment to kings;
 Who therefore watch me with an eagle's sight,
 Arrest my pinions, or attend my flight;
 Or if perchance they loiter'd in the race,
 Chide their slow footsteps, and improve their pace;
 Yes, these are wisdom's sons, and when they die,
 Their virtues shall exalt them to the sky.

AN ENIGMA, INSCRIBED TO MISS P.

CLOE, I boast celestial date,
 Ere time began to roll;
 So wide my power, my sceptre spurns
 The limits of the pole.

When from the mystic womb of night,
 The Almighty call'd the earth;
 I smil'd upon the infant world,
 And grac'd the wondrous birth.

Through the vast realms of boundless space,
 I traverse uncontroll'd;
 And starry orbs of proudest blaze
 Inscribe my name in gold.

There's not a monarch in the north
 But bends the suppliant knee;
 The haughty sultan waves his power,
 And owns superior me.

Both by the savage and the saint
 My empire stands confest;
 I thaw the ice on Greenland's coast,
 And fire the Scythian's breast.

To me the gay ærial tribes
 Their glittering plumage owe;
 With all the variegated pride
 That decks the feather'd beau.

The meanest reptiles of the land
 My bounty too partake;
 I paint the insect's trembling wing,
 And gild the crested snake.

Survey the nations of the deep,
 You'll there my power behold;
 My pencil drew the pearly scale,
 And fin bedropt with gold.

I give the virgin's lip to glow,
 I claim the crimson dye;
 Mine is the rose which spreads the cheek,
 And mine the brilliant eye.

Then speak, my fair; for surely thou
 My name canst best descry;
 Who gave to thee with lavish hands
 What thousands I deny.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.
 If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam;
 The world hath nothing to bestow,
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark;
 Giving her vain excursions o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
 If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
 We'll form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
'This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO SOME CHILDREN LISTENING TO A LARK.

SEE the Lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to heaven, and soars, and sings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And as he sings he sinks to rest.

Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part.
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To Him your grateful tribute pay
Through every period of the day.
To Him your evening songs direct;
His eye shall watch, his arm protect.
Though darkness reigns, He's with you still,
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we see;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling*
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses—
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens! which ne'er decay.

ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDEN.

It puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some say it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he hath prov'd, beyond dispute,
That Paradise is Stow.

TO-MORROW.

"Pereunt et imputantur."

To-morrow, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

* Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;

For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path trackless

As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winkt justice, who shall tell thy audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

INSCRIBED TO H. W. ESQ.

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
"Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
"Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
"Sidera nautis," &c.

SAY, heavenly Quiet, propitious nymph of light,
Why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
Tir'd of life's follies, fain I'd gain thy arms,
Oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
Sooth my wild soul, in thy soft fetters caught,
And calm the surges of tumultuous thought.

Thee, goddess, thee all states of life implore,
The merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
Through frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
And tempts the various horrors of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles controul
That thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change—impending storms affright,
Array'd in all the majesty of night—
The raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
Roar the dire signal to th' insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
And the pale fiend presents at every stroke.
To thee the unhappy wretch in pale despair
Bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in prayer;
Views the sad cheat, and swears he'll ne'er again
Range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
Or own so mean a thought, that thou art brib'd
by gain.

To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
And braves the thousand avenues of death;
Now red with fury seeks th' embattled plain,
Wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
Now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
And tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.
Mistaken man! the nymph of peace disdains
The roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains:
With milder incense let thy altars blaze,
And in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
Abject in wealth, and impotent in state!

A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
And idly strive to tempt her from the sky:
But here the rich magnificence of kings
Are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
The gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms;
The gold here, conscious of its abject birth,
Only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem its sparkling tribute pays,
And meanly tremulates in borrow'd rays.
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks
down,

Nor e'er elects the favourite of a crown.
Supremely great, she views us from afar,
Nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
How would I pant and labour to be great?
To court I'd hasten with impetuous speed;
But to be great's to be a wretch indeed.

I speak of sacred truths; believe me, Hugh,
The real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold—a generous heart
Would blush to own a bliss, that these impart.
'Tis he alone the muse dares happy call,
Who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,
Soft are the motions of the virtuous soul.
The night in silken slumbers glides away,
And a sweet calm leads in the smiling day.

What antic notions form the human mind!
Perverfely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in its large extent is scarce a span,
Yet, wondrous frenzy! great designs we plan,
And shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man.

Man, that vain creature's but a wretched elf,
And lives at constant enmity with self;
Swears to a southern climate he'll repair,
But who can change the mind by changing air?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
And with a nobler purple paint the flood;
But can soft zephyrs aid th' ill-shapen thigh,
Or form to beauty the distorted eye?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay?
Then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the muse?—'tis all a dream, my
friend,

All a wild thought—for Care, that ghastly fiend,
That mighty prince of the infernal powers,
Haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like pois'nous asps to fury wrought,
And wakes the mind to all the pains of thought.
Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
Not the young roe that bounds along the plain,
Are swift as Care—that monster leaves behind
The aerial courser and the fleeter wind;
Through every clime performs a constant part,
And sheathes its painful daggers in the heart.

Ah! why should man an idle game pursue,
To future May-be's stretch the distant view?
May more exalted thoughts our hours employ,
And wisely strive to taste the present joy.
Life's an inconstant sea—the prudent ply
With every oar to improve th' auspicious sky:
But if black clouds the angry heav'ns deform,
A cheerful mind will sweeten every storm.

Though fools expect their joys to flow sincere,
Yet none can boast eternal sunshine here.

The youthful chief, that like a summer flower
Shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
Impatient of restraint demands the fight,
While painted triumphs swim before his sight.
Forbear, brave youth, thy bold designs give o'er,
Ere the next morn shall dawn, thou'lt be no more;
Invidious death shall blast thy opening bloom,
Scarce blown, thou fad'st, scarce born, thou meet'st
a tomb.

What though, my friend, the young are swept
away,

Untimely cropt in the proud blaze of day;
Yet when life's spring on purple wings is flown,
And the brisk flood a noisome puddle grown;
When the dark eye shall roll its orb for light,
And the roll'd orb confess impervious night;
When once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
The silver cords unbrace the sounding shell;
Thy sick'ning soul no more a joy shall find,
Music no more shall stay thy lab'ring mind.
The breathing canvas glows in vain for thee,
In vain it blooms a gay eternity.
With thee the statue's boasts of life are o'er,
And Cæsar animates the brass no more.
The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
The sprightly ball, the mimic masquerade
Now charm in vain—in vain the jovial god
With blushing goblets plies the dormant clod.

Then why thus fond to draw superfluous breath,
When every gasp protracts a painful death?
Age is a ghastly scene, cares, doubts and fears,
One dull rough road of sighs, groans, pains and
tears.

Let not ambitious views usurp thy soul,
Ambition, friend, ambition grasps the pole.
The lustful eye on wealth's bright strand you fix,
And sigh for grandeur and a coach and six;
With golden stars you long to blend your fate,
And with the garter'd lordling slide in state.
An humbler theme my pensive hours employs,
(Hear ye sweet heavens, and speed the distant joys!
Of these possess'd I'd scorn to court renown,
Or bless the happy coxcombs of the town.)
To me, ye gods, these only gifts impart,
An easy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
A little muse, and innocently gay,
In sportive song to trifle cares away.
Two wishes gain'd, love forms the last and best,
And heaven's bright master-piece shall crown the
rest.

REBUS.

THAT awful name which oft inspires
Impatient hopes, and fond desires,
Can to another pain impart,
And thrill with fear the shudd'ring heart.
This mystic word is often read
O'er the still chambers of the dead.
Say, what contains the breathless clay;
When the fleet soul is wing'd away?—
Those marble monuments proclaim
My little wily wanton's name.

TOMBS.

ANOTHER.

THE golden stem, with generous aid,
Supports and feeds the fruitful blade.
The queen, who rul'd a thankless isle,
And gladden'd thousands with her smile
(When the well-manag'd pound of gold
Did more, than now the sum twice told);
This stem of Ceres, and the fair
Of Stuart's house, a name declare,
Where goodness is with beauty join'd,
Where queen and goddess both combin'd
To form an emblem of the mind.

ANOTHER.

THE light-footed female that bounds o'er the hills,
That feeds among lilies, and drinks of the rills,
And is fam'd for being tender and true;
Which Solomon deemed a simile rare,
To liken the two pretty breasts of his fair,
Is the name of the nymph I pursue.

ROE.

ANOTHER.

TELL me the fair, if such a fair there be,
Said Venus to her son, that rivals me.
Mark the tall tree, cried Cupid to the Dame,
That from its silver bark derives its name;
The studious insect, that, with wondrous pow'rs,
Extracts mysterious sweets from fragrant flow'rs;
Proclaim the nymph to whom all hearts submit,
Whose sweetness softens majesty and wit.

ASHBY.

ANOTHER.

THE name of the monarch that abandon'd his
throne,
Is the name of the fair, I prefer to his crown.

JAMES.

SOME HASTY RHYMES ON SLEEP.

MYSTERIOUS deity, impart
From whence thou com'st, and what thou art.
I feel thy pow'r, thy reign I bless,
But what I feel, I can't express.
Thou bind'st my limbs, but canstn't restrain
The busy workings of the brain.
All nations of the air and land
Ask the soft blessing at thy hand.
The reptiles of the frozen zone
Are close attendants on thy throne;
Where painted basilisks enfold
Their azure scales in rolls of gold.
The slave, that's destin'd to the oar,
In one kind vision swims to shore;
The lover meets the willing fair,
And fondly grasps impassive air.
Last night the happy miser told
Twice twenty thousand pounds in gold.
The purple tenant of the crown
Implores thy aid on beds of down:
While Lubbin, and his healthy bride,
Obtain what monarchs are denied.
The garter'd statesman thou wouldst own,
But rebel conscience spurns thy throne;

Braves all the poppies of the fields,
And the fam'd gum * that Turkey yields.
While the good man, oppress'd with pain,
Shall court thy smiles, nor sue in vain.
Propitious thou'lt his prayer attend,
And prove his guardian and his friend.
Thy faithful hands shall make his bed,
And thy soft arm support his head.

A SONG.

TELL me, my Cælia, why so coy,
Of men so much afraid;
Cælia, 'tis better for to die
A mother than a maid.

The rose, when past its damask hue,
Is always out of favour;
And when the plum hath lost its blue,
It loses too its flavour.

To vernal flow'rs the rolling years
Returning beauty bring;
But faded once, thou'lt bloom no more,
Nor know a second spring.

A SUNDAY HYMN,

IN IMITATION OF DR. WATT'S.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heav'n arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendors of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his favourite race,
As father and as friend.

Oh! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

AN ODE ON THE MESSIAH.

WHEN man had disobey'd his Lord,
Vindictive Justice drew the sword;
"The rebel and his race shall die."
He spake, and thunders burst the sky.

Lo! Jesus pard'ning grace displays;
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze.
Jesus, the Saviour stands confest,
In rays of mildest glories drest.

As round Him press th' angelic crowd,
Mercy and truth he calls aloud;

* Or rather inspissated juice, Opium.

The smiling cherubs wing'd to view,
Their pinions sounded as they flew.

"Ye favourites of the throne, arise,
Bear the strange tidings through the skies;
Say, man, th' apostate rebel, lives;
Say, Jesus bleeds, and Heav'n forgives."

In pity to the fallen race,
I'll take their nature and their place;
I'll bleed, their pardon to procure,
I'll die, to make that pardon sure.

Now Jesus leaves his blest abode,
A virgin's womb receives the God.
When the tenth moon had wan'd on earth,
A virgin's womb disclos'd the birth.

New praise employs th' etherial throng,
Their golden harps repeat the song;
And angels waft th' immortal strains
To humble Beth'lem's happy plains.

While there the guardians of the sheep
By night their faithful vigils keep,
Celestial notes their ears delight,
And floods of glory drown their sight.

When Gabriel thus, "Exult, ye swains,
Jesus, your own Messiah, reigns.
Arise, the Royal Babe behold,
Jesus, by ancient bards foretold.

"To David's town direct your way,
And shout, Salvation's born to-day;
There, in a manger's mean disguise,
You'll find the Sovereign of the skies."

What joy Salvation's sound imparts,
You best can tell, ye guileless hearts;
Whom no vain science led astray,
Nor taught to scorn Salvation's way.

Though regal purple spurns these truths,
Maintain your ground ye chosen youths;
Brave the stern tyrant's lifted rod,
Nor blush to own a dying God.

What! though the sages of the earth
Proudly dispute this wondrous birth;
Though learning mocks Salvation's voice,
Know, Heav'n applauds your wiser choice.

Oh! be this wiser choice my own!
Bear me, some seraph to his throne,
Where the rapt soul dissolves away
In visions of eternal day.

AN ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

LORD of my life, inspire my song,
To thee my noblest powers belong;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
My knowledge too, superior wealth!
Lord of my life, to thee I owe;
Teach me to practise what I know.

Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue;

A Cij

Mercy sits smiling on the wings,
Of every moment as it springs.

But oh! with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise;
When unimprov'd the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more!

Thousands this period hop'd to see;
Deny'd to thousands, granted me;
Thousands! that weep, and wish, and pray
For those rich hours I throw away.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor *all* I have to give;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The bleeding traitor from my breast.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Whose favourite Bird was almost killed by a fall
from her Finger.*

As Tiney, in a wanton mood,
Upon his Lucy's finger stood,
Ambitious to be free;
With breast elate, he eager tries,
By flight to reach the distant skies,
And gain his liberty.

Ah! luckless bird, what though carefs'd,
And fondled in the fair one's breast,
Taught e'en by her to sing;
Know that to check thy temper wild,
And make thy manners soft and mild,
Thy mistress cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe, who cleave the air,
Their weights by equal plumage bear,
And quick escape our pow'r;
Not so with Tiney, dear delight,
His shorten'd wing repress'd his flight,
And threw him on the floor.

Stunn'd with the fall, he seem'd to die,
For quickly clos'd his sparkling eye,
Scarce heav'd his pretty breast;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy assumes a pensive air,
And is at heart distress'd.

The stoic soul, in gravest strain,
May call these feelings light and vain,
Which thus from fondness flow:
Yet, if the bard arightly deems,
'Tis nature's fount which feeds the streams
That purest joys bestow.

So, shou'd it be fair Lucy's fate,
Whene'er she wills a change of state,
To boast a mother's name;
These feelings then, thou charming maid,
In brightest lines shall be display'd,
And praise uncensur'd claim.

RIDDLE.

From the dark caverns of the earth
Our family derive their birth;
By nature we appear to view
A rugged and a stubborn crew.

But Vulcan's brawny sons, by art,
Soften the hardness of our heart;
Give to a slender shape its grace,
And a bright polish to our face.
Thus education makes us mild,
Pliant and ductile as a child.

Survey the attire of man, you'll trace
Our friendship for the human race.
We love mankind, indeed we do,
Our actions prove our speeches true.
But what is wondrous strange to name,
The aged female is our flame.
When strength decays, and optics fail,
And cold and penury prevail,
Our labours spare the matron's sight,
We ask but faint supplies of light.
Kindly our ancient girls regale,
With food, with fuel, and with ale.
We, as associates to mankind,
All act our various parts assign'd.
No useless hands obstruct our schemes,
We suit our numbers to our themes;
Hence only two of us apply,
To form a bandage for the thigh;
But when the gray industrious Peg
Demands a vestment for the leg,
'Tis then in little crowds we join,
To aid the matron's wise design.
Thus four or five of us you'll see,
And each as busy as a bee;
Besides a kind assistant near,
Which Peg had stuck athwart her ear.

Now ladies, if our name you'll tell,
And vow you'll always use us well,
We'll grant your wish to change your life,
And make each fair a happy wife.

KNITTING NEEDLE.

ANOTHER.

To you, fair maidens, I address,
Sent to adorn your life;
And she who first my name can guess,
Shall first be made a wife.

From the dark womb of mother earth,
To mortals' aid I come;
But ere I can receive my birth,
I many shapes assume.

Passive by nature, yet I'm made
As active as the roe;
And oftentimes, with equal speed,
Through flowery lawns I go.

When wicked men their wealth consume,
And leave their children poor,
To me their daughters often come,
And I increase their store.

The women of the wiser kind,
Did never once refuse me;
But yet I never once could find
That maids of honour use me.

The lily hand and brilliant eye,
May charm without my aid;
Beauty may strike the lover's eye
And love inspire the maid.

But let the enchanting nymph be told,
Unless I grace her life,
She must have wondrous store of gold,
Or make a wretched wife.

Although I never hope to rest,
With Christians I go forth;
And while they worship to the east,
I prostrate to the north.

If you suspect hypocrisy,
Or think me insincere,
Produce the zealot, who, like me,
Can tremble and adhere.

NEEDLE.

ANOTHER.

I AM by nature soft as silk,
By nature too as white as milk;
I am a constant friend to man,
And serve him every way I can.
When dipt in wax, or plung'd in oil,
I make his winter evenings smile:
By India taught I spread his bed,
Or deck his favourite Celia's head;
Her gayest garbs I oft compose,
And ah! sometimes, I wipe her nose.

COTTON.

ANOTHER.

I AM a small volume, and frequently bound
In silk, satin, silver, or gold;
My worth and my praises the females resound,
By females my science is told.

My leaves are all scarlet, my letters are steel,
Each letter contains a great treasure;
To the poor they spell lodging, fuel, and meal,
To the rich entertainment and pleasure.

The sempstress explores me by day and by night,
Not a page but she turns o'er and o'er;
Though sometimes I injure the milliner's sight,
Still I add to her credit and store.

'Tis true I am seldom regarded by men,
Yet what would the males do without me?
Let them boast of their head, or boast of their pen,
Still vain is their boast, if they flout me.

NEEDLE BOOK.

PSALM XIII.

OFFENDED Majesty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black despondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning spirit, Lord,
Dispel the shades of night;
Smile on my poor deserted soul,
My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,

Deem my religion insincere,
Or call it useless zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know thee, Lord, a pow'ful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt thy goodness wou'd be base
Ingratitude in me;
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong;
For oh! thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling stream;
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervors, Lord,
I thirst to see thy face;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy house,
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts,
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to every joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

THE NIGHT PIECE.

HARK! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The faltering tongue, the broken sigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears?

When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind,
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus, to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious Sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to knaves and fools the rest.
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd:
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

"Had I a firm and lasting faith,"
To credit what the Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;

Though death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

TO THE REV. JAMES HERVEY,

ON HIS MEDITATIONS.

To form the taste, and raise the nobler part,
To mend the morals, and to warn the heart;
To trace the genial source we nature call,
And prove the God of nature, friend of all;
Hervey for this his mental landscape drew,
And sketch'd the whole creation out to view.

Th' enamell'd bloom, and variegated flow'r,
Whose crimson changes with the changing hour;
The humble shrub, whose fragrance scents the
morn,

With buds disclosing to the early dawn;
The oaks that grace Britannia's mountains' side,
And spicy Lebanon's superior * pride;
All loudly sov'reign excellence proclaim,
And animated worlds confess the same.

The azure fields that form th' extended sky,
The planetary globes that roll on high,
And solar orbs, of proudest blaze, combine
To act subservient to the great design.
Men, angels, seraphs, join the gen'ral voice,
And in the Lord of nature all rejoice.

His the gray winter's venerable guise,
Its shrouded glories, and instructive skies †; [blade;
His the snow's plumes, that brood the sick'ning
His the bright pendant that imparts the glade;
The waving forest, or the whisp'ring brake;
The surging billow, or the sleeping lake.
The same who pours the beauties of the spring,
Or mounts the whirlwind's desolating wing;
The same who smiles in Nature's peaceful form,
Frowns in the tempest, and directs the storm.

'Tis thine, bright teacher, to improve the age;
'Tis thine, whose life's a comment on thy page;
Thy happy page! whose periods sweetly flow,
Whose figures charm us, and whose colours glow:

* The Cedar.

† Referring to the Winter-Piece.

Where artless piety pervades the whole,
 Refines the genius, and exalts the soul.
 For let the witling argue all he can,
 It is religion still that makes the man.
 'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning
 bright;
 'Tis this that gilds the horrors of the night.
 When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are
 few;
 When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
 'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
 Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
 Within the breast bids purest rapture rise;
 Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.
 When the storm thickens, and the thunder rolls,
 When the earth trembles to the affrighted poles,
 The virtuous mind nor doubts nor fears assail;
 For storms are zephyrs, or a gentler gale.
 And when disease obstructs the lab'ring breath;
 When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death;
 E'en then religion shall sustain the just,
 Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust.

Aug. 5. 1748.

LINES

UNDER A SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT
 THORNEY.

MARK well my shade, and seriously attend
 The silent lesson of a common friend—
 Since time and life speed hastily away,
 And neither can recal the former day,
 Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
 And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

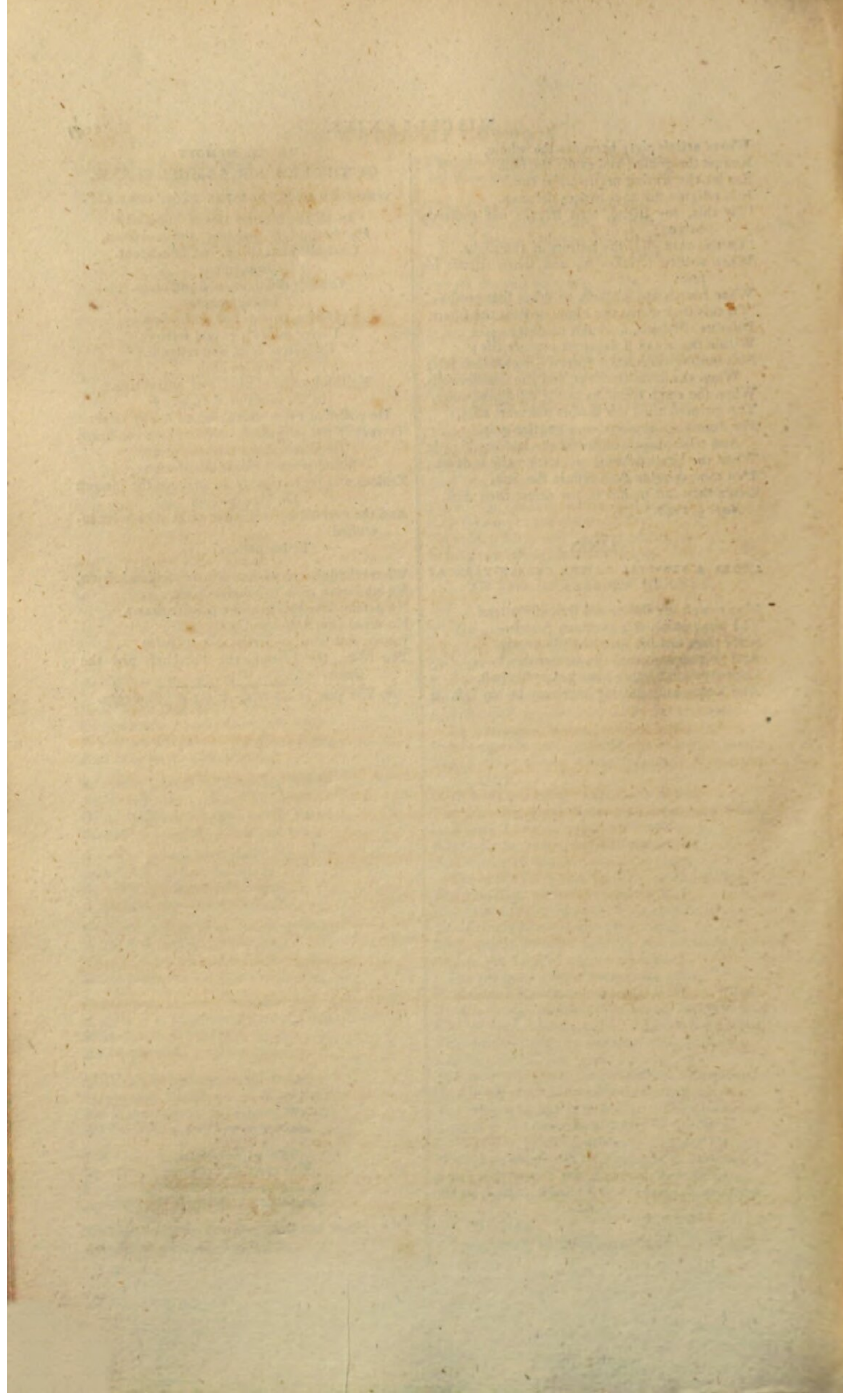
TO THE MEMORY

OF THE REV. MR. SAMUEL CLARK,
 WHO DIED DECEMBER THE 26TH, AGED 42*.

In all the intercourses of humanity
 He was upright, prudent, and courteous,
 Compassionate, kind, and beneficent.
 In opinion
 Candid, diffident, and judicious.
 In argument
 Calm, strong, and persuasive.
 Under difficulties and sorrows
 Collected, firm, and resign'd.
 In friendship
 Faithful, entertaining, and instructive.
 In his ministerial capacity
 He possessed every valuable and happy talent
 To rectify the judgment, and improve the heart.
 He was learned without pride,
 And pious without ostentation;
 Zealous and indefatigable to advance the interest
 Of true religion,
 And the everlasting welfare of those who were in-
 trusted
 To his pastoral care.

What! though such various worth is seldom known,
 No adulation rears this sacred stone,
 No partial love this genuine picture draws,
 No venal pencil prostitutes applause:
 Justice and truth in artless colours paint
 The Man, the Friend, the Preacher, and the
 Saint.

* The year is wanting in the original copy.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

Containing

THE GRAHAM,
PANEGYRIC ON BRITAIN,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

HYMNS,
SONGS,
EPITAPHS,
PROLOGUES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
And darkness round him reigns:
The muse with pity view'd his doom,
And darting through th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bade him with music's voice inspire
The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,
And tune th' impassion'd lay.

ODE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, BOUND FOR GUINEA.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1795.

THE

POLITICAL WORKS

THOMAS BLAKELOCK, D.D.

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY
H. MILLER, ESQ.

EDINBURGH

AND
LONDON

THE LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

THE Life of BLACKLOCK has a claim to notice beyond that of most of the poets of our nation, with whom he is now associated. He who reads his poems with that interest which their intrinsic merit deserves, will feel that interest very much increased, when he shall be told the various difficulties which their author overcame in their production, the obstacles which nature and fortune had placed in his way, to the possession of those ideas which his mind acquired, to the communication of those which his poetry unfolds.

A short "Account of the Life and Writings" of this extraordinary man, was prefixed to the second edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh, in 1754, by his friend Mr. Gilbert Gordon of Dumfries, author of "Taste, an Epistle to a Lady," in Donaldson's "Collection of Poems," 1760. A more elaborate "Account of his Life, Character, and Poems," was given to the world by Mr. Spence, the amiable and elegant author of the "Essay on Pope's Odyssey," "Polymetis," &c. in an 8vo pamphlet, published at London in the same year, and afterwards prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, which came out by subscription at London in 1756. These accounts having been written at a period so early as to include only the opening events of his life, a more full, accurate and interesting "Account of his Life and Writings," was prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh in 1793, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of "The Prince of Tunis," "The Man of Feeling," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Mackenzie's narrative, which is written with such copiousness of intelligence, as leaves little to be supplied, and such felicity of performance, as precludes the most distant hope of improvement. Among the few additional particulars detailed here, the present writer has endeavoured to give a complete account of his writings, the want of which is the principal defect in Mr. Mackenzie's narrative.

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Nov. 10. 1721. His parents were natives of the county of Cumberland. His father was by trade a bricklayer, his mother the daughter of a considerable dealer in cattle; both respectable in their characters, and it would appear possessed of considerable knowledge and urbanity, which, in a country where education was cheap, and property a good deal subdivided, was often the case with persons of their station.

Before he was six months old, he was totally deprived of his eye-sight by the small-pox, and reduced to that forlorn situation so feelingly described by himself in his *Soliloquy*. This rendered him incapable of any of those mechanical trades to which his father might naturally have been inclined to breed him, and his circumstances prevented his aspiring to the higher professions. The good man, therefore, kept his son in his house, and, with the assistance of some of his friends, fostered that inclination which he early showed for books, by reading, to amuse him; first the simple sort of publications which are commonly put into the hands of children, and then several passages out of some of our poets. His companions, whom his early gentleness, and kindness of disposition, as well as their compassion for his misfortune, strongly attached to him, were very assiduous in their good offices, in reading, to instruct and amuse him. By their assistance, he acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue; but he never was at a grammar school till at a more advanced period of life. Poetry was even then his favourite reading, and he found an enthusiastic delight in the works of Milton, Spenser, Prior, Pope and Addison, and in those of his countryman, Ramsay.

From loving and admiring them so much, he soon was led to endeavour to imitate them; and when scarce twelve years of age, he began to write verses. Among these early essays of his genius, there was one addressed *To a little girl whom he had offended, written at twelve years of age*, which is preserved in his works, and is not perhaps inferior to any of the premature compositions of boys, assisted by the best education, which are only recalled into notice by the future fame of their authors.

He had attained the age of nineteen, when his father was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln belonging to his son-in-law. This loss, heavy to any one at that early age, would have been, however, to a young man possessing the ordinary advantages of education comparatively light; but to him, thus suddenly deprived of that support on which his youth had leaned, destitute almost of any resource which industry affords to those who have the blessings of sight, with a body feeble and delicate from nature, and a mind congenially susceptible, it was not surprising that this blow was doubly severe, and threw on his spirits that despondent gloom to which he then gave way, and which sometimes overclouded them in the subsequent period of his life.

Though dependent, however, he was not destitute of friends, and heaven rewarded the pious confidence which he expressed in its care, by providing for him protectors and patrons, by whose assistance he obtained advantages, which, had his father lived, might perhaps never have opened to him.

He lived with his mother about a year after his father's death, and began to be distinguished as a young man of uncommon parts and genius. These were at that time unassisted by learning; the circumstances of his family affording him no better education than the smattering of Latin which his companions had taught him, and the perusal and recollection of the few English authors, which they, or his father, in the intervals of his professional labours, had read to him.

Poetry, however, though it attains its highest perfection in a cultivated soil, grows perhaps as luxuriantly in a wild one. To poetry he was devoted from his earliest days, and about this time several of his poetical productions began to be handed about, which considerably enlarged the circle of his friends and acquaintance.

Some of his compositions being shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, who was accidentally at Dumfries, on a professional visit, he formed the benevolent design of carrying him to the metropolis, and giving to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education.

He came to Edinburgh in 1741, and "was enrolled," says Mr. Mackenzie, "a student of divinity in the university there, though at that time without any particular view of entering into the church." But this account may be reasonably doubted: for, in the university of Edinburgh, no student is admitted into the theological class, till he has completed a course of languages and philosophy. Besides, it appears by the following letter from the Rev. Richard Batty of Kirk Andrews, whose wife was Blacklock's cousin, to Sir James Johnston, Bart. of Westerhall, dated January 21. 1744-5, printed in the "*Scottish Register*" 1794, that he continued at the grammar school in Edinburgh, till the beginning of 1745.

"I had a letter sometime ago from Mr. Hoggan at Comlongan, signifying that Lady Annandale had spoke to you about a bursary for one Thomas Blacklock, a blind boy, who is now at the grammar school in Edinburgh. He is endued with the most surprising genius, and has been the author of a great many excellent poems. He has been hitherto supported by the bounty of Dr. Stevenson, a gentleman in Edinburgh. I understand that there will be a bursary vacant against Candlemas; if, therefore, you would please to favour him with your interest, it will be a great charity done to a poor lad, who may do a great deal of good in his generation."

The effect of this application is not known; but he seems to have continued his studies under the patronage of Dr. Stevenson till the year 1745. Of the kindness of Dr. Stevenson, he always spoke with the greatest warmth of gratitude and affection, and addressed to him his *imitation of the first Ode of Horace*.

After he had followed his studies at Edinburgh, for four years, on the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745, he returned to Dumfries, where he resided with Mr. M'Murdo, his brother-in-law, in

whose house he was treated with kindness and affection, and had an opportunity from the society which it afforded, of considerably increasing the store of his ideas.

In 1746, he published a small collection of his *Poems*, in octavo, at Glasgow.

After the close of the Rebellion, and complete restoration of the peace of the country, he returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies there for six years longer.

In 1754, he published at Edinburgh a second edition of his *Poems*, very much improved and enlarged, in octavo, to which was prefixed, "An Account of his Life," in a "letter to the publisher," from Mr. Gordon of Dumfries. On the title page he is designed *Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh*; so that he was not then, as Mr. Mackenzie supposes, "enrolled a student of divinity."

This publication attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, the patron of Doddsley, Duck, and Richardson, and other persons of indigent and uncultivated genius, who conceived a great regard for Blacklock, and formed the benevolent design of recommending him to the patronage of persons "in affluence or power," by writing a very elaborate and ingenious "Account of his Life, Character, and Poems," which he published at London, in 8vo, 1754.

During his last residence in Edinburgh, among other literary acquaintance, he obtained that of the celebrated David Hume, who, with that humanity and benevolence for which he was distinguished, attached himself warmly to Blacklock's interests. He wrote a "letter to Doddsley," March 12. 1754, containing a very favourable representation of the "goodness of his disposition, and the beauty of his genius," which contributed to promote the subscription for an edition of his *Poems* in 4to, which was published at London in 1756, under the superintendence of Mr. Spence, with his "Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock," which had been printed separately in 1754. He testified his obligations to Mr. Spence, to whom he was personally unknown, in an *Epistle, written at Dumfries*, 1759.

In the course of his education at Edinburgh, he acquired a proficiency in the learned languages, and became more a master of the French tongue than was common there, from the social intercourse to which he had the good fortune to be admitted in the house of Provost Alexander, who had married a native of France.

At the university, he obtained a knowledge of the various branches of philosophy and theology, to which his course of study naturally led, and acquired at the same time a considerable fund of learning and information in those departments of Science and *Belles Lettres*, from which his want of sight did not absolutely preclude him.

In 1756, he published at Edinburgh, *An Essay towards Universal Etymology*, or the Analysis of a Sentence, 8vo. In this pamphlet, the general principles of grammar, and the definitions of the several parts of speech are given in verse; and illustrations, in the form of notes, constituting the greatest part of it, are added in prose. The notes and illustrations are concise, but judicious; the verses are not remarkable for learning or poetical embellishment, the subject did not allow it; the concluding lines, however, on the *Advantages of Grammar*, are in a style more worthy of Blacklock.

In 1757, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures on Oratory, to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit. On this occasion, he wrote to Mr. Hume, informed him of his plan, and requested his assistance in the prosecution of it. But Mr. Hume doubting the probability of its success, he abandoned the project, and then adopted the decided intention of going into the church.

After applying closely for a considerable time to the study of theology, he passed the usual trials in the presbytery of Dumfries, and was by that presbytery licenced a Preacher of the Gospel in 1759.

As a preacher, he obtained high reputation, and was fond of composing sermons. In 1760, when the nation was alarmed by a threatened invasion from the French, he published "*The Right Improvement of Time, a Sermon*," 8vo. He seems to have imbibed pretty deeply the apprehensions of his

countrymen. The sentiments it contains are just and solid, and the advices are calculated to be useful at all times, particularly in the prospect of national danger or distress.

The same year he contributed several poetical pieces to the first volume of Donaldson's "Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen," 12mo. Mrs. Blacklock ascribes the "Epistle on Taste," printed in this volume, as Mr. Gordon's, to Blacklock, excepting the lines relating to himself.

In 1761, he published, "*Faith, Hope, and Charity, compared, a Sermon* 8vo. Though this cannot be called a first rate performance, it abounds with just and elegant remarks, and his favourite topic of charity is agreeably and forcibly illustrated.

In 1762, he married Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries, a man of eminence in his profession, and of a character highly respected; a connexion which formed the great solace and blessing of his future life, and gave him with all the tenderness of a wife, all the zealous care of a guide and a friend. This event took place a few days before his being ordained minister of Kirkcudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the Crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk, a benevolent nobleman, whom Blacklock's situation and genius had interested in his behalf. But the inhabitants of the parish, whether from an aversion to *patronage*, so prevalent among the lower ranks in North Britain, from some political disputes which at that time subsisted between them and Lord Selkirk, or from those prejudices which some of them might naturally entertain against a person deprived of sight, or perhaps from all those causes united, were so extremely disinclined to receive him as their minister, that, after a legal dispute of nearly two years, it was thought expedient by his friends, as it had always been wished by himself, to compromise the matter, by resigning his right to the living, and accepting a moderate annuity in its stead.

The following anecdote of Blacklock, mentioned in Dr. Cleghorn's Thesis, *De Somno*, happened, at the inn in Kirkcudbright, on the day of his ordination, and is authenticated by the testimony of Mrs. Blacklock, who was present, with Mr. Gordon and a numerous company of his friends who dined with him on the occasion. It merits notice both as a curious fact, relative to the state of the mind in sleep, and on account of the just and elegant compliment with which it concludes.

"Dr. Blacklock, one day, harassed by the censures of the populace, whereby not only his reputation, but his very subsistence was endangered, and fatigued with mental exertion, fell asleep after dinner. Some hours after, he was called upon by a friend, answered his salutation, rose and went with him into the dining room, where some of his companions were met. He joined with two of them in a concert, singing as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note, or forgetting a word; he then went to supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be a little absent and inattentive; by and by he began to speak to himself, but in so slow and confused a manner, as to be unintelligible. At last being pretty forcibly roused, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, as till then he had continued fast asleep." Dr. Cleghorn adds, with great truth, after relating this fact. "No one will suspect either the judgment or the veracity of Dr. Blacklock. All who knew him bear testimony to his judgment; his fame rests on a better foundation than fictitious narratives; no man delights in, or more strictly adheres, on all points, to the truth."

With this slender provision, he removed, in 1764, to Edinburgh; and to make up by his industry, a more comfortable and decent subsistence, he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen as boarders, into his house, whose studies in languages and philosophy, he might, if necessary, assist. In this situation he continued till 1787, when he found his time of life and state of health required a degree of repose, which induced him to discontinue the receiving of boarders.

In the occupation which he thus exercised for so many years of his life, no teacher were, perhaps, ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others, which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young gentlemen committed to his charge; while the society which esteem and respect for his character and his genius, often assembled at his house, afforded them an

advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. In the circle of his friends, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which at other times it might produce. He entered, with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humourous jest that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of his house, were students of physic, from England, Ireland, and America, who retained in future life, all the warmth of that impression, which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world, he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, nor distance of place, had ever estranged him. Among his favourite correspondents may be reckoned Dr. Tucker, author of "The Bermudian," a poem, and "The Anchorer," and Dr. Downman, author of "Infancy," a poem, and other ingenious performances.

In 1766, upon the unsolicited recommendation of his friend Dr. Beattie, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen.

In 1767, he published *Paraclesis, or, Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion; in two Dissertations. The first supposed to have been composed by Cicero, now rendered into English; the last originally written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D.* 8vo. His motive, he tells, in a letter to a friend, prefixed to this work, for translating the first, and writing the last treatise on *Consolation*, was to alleviate the pressure of repeated disappointments, to sooth his anguish for the loss of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies, and to support his own mind, which, for a number of years, besides its literary difficulties, and its natural disadvantages, had maintained an incessant struggle with fortune. Of the *Dissertation* ascribed to Cicero, he endeavours to prove the authenticity; but his arguments are by no means satisfactory. The generality of critics have questioned its authenticity. Dr. Middleton, in his "Life of Cicero," says, it is "undoubtedly spurious." The translation is well executed; it is both faithful and elegant. The *second Dissertation* is mostly taken up with a clear and succinct view of the evidences of Christianity, the professed subject of it; the consolation derived from revealed religion, is touched upon towards the conclusion, though at no great length.

In 1768, he published, without his name, *Two Discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity. The former preached at the Hague the 8th of September 1762, the latter delivered in the French Church at Hanau, on the occasion of the late Peace, to a Congregation composed of Catholics and Protestants, translated from the original French of the Rev. Mr. James Armand, Minister of the Walloon Church in Hanau, and dedicated by the translator the Rev. Moderator of the General Assembly, 8vo.* The dedication, which is a long one, is chiefly intended for the perusal of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, but deserves the attentive consideration of all who are intended for, or engaged in, the work of the ministry. The observations it contains are judicious and pertinent; the style is sprightly and animated; and the spirit it breathes, though sometimes remote from that charity, which on other occasions he so eloquently enforced, and so generally practised, is the spirit of benevolence and love to mankind. The *Discourses* themselves are lively and animated; and the style of the translations clear, nervous, and spirited.

In 1773, he published, at Edinburgh, a poem, intituled, *A Panegyric on Great Britain*, 8vo; this poem, which is a kind of satire on the age, exhibits shrewdness of observation, and a sarcastic vein, which might have fitted him for satirical composition, had he chosen to employ his pen more frequently on that branch of poetry.

In music, both as a judge and a performer, his skill was considerable; nor was he unacquainted with its principles as a science. Whether he composed much is uncertain, but there is published in "The Edinburgh Magazine and Review" for 1774, *Absence, a Pastoral, set to Music, by Dr. Blacklock*; and those who have heard him sing, will, upon perusal of this little piece, have the idea of his manner and taste strikingly recalled to their recollection.

The same year he published the *Graham, an Heroic Ballad, in Four Cantos*, 4to. "It was begun," he tells us, in the advertisement prefixed to it, "and pursued by its author to divert wakeful and melancholy hours, which the recollection of past misfortunes, and the sense of present inconveniences, would otherwise have severely embittered." The professed intention of his *Graham*, is to cherish and encourage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of South and North Britain. To this end he has exhibited, in strong colours, some parts of those miseries which their ancient animosities had occasioned. His *Graham* is an affecting story, in which love and jealousy have a principal share. The narration is animated and agreeable; the fable is beautifully fancied, and sufficiently perspicuous; the characters are boldly marked; the manners he paints suit the times to which he refers, and the moral is momentous; and we perceive scattered through the whole piece, those secret graces, and those bewitching beauties which the critic would in vain attempt to describe. But it is perhaps too far spun out, and the stanza in which it is written is not the best chosen, nor the most agreeable to the ear.

This was the last publication which he gave to the world with his name. From this time, the state of his health, which had always been infirm and delicate, began visibly to decline. He frequently complained of a lowness of spirits, and was occasionally subject to deafness, which, though he seldom felt in any great degree, was sufficient in his situation, to whom the sense of hearing was almost the only channel of communication with the external world, to cause very lively uneasiness. Amidst these indispositions of body, however, and disquietudes of mind, the gentleness of his temper never forsook him, and he felt all that resignation and confidence in the Supreme Being, which his earliest and latest life equally acknowledged. In Summer 1791, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which at first seemed of a slight, and never rose to a very violent kind; but a frame so little robust as his was not able to resist; and after about a week's illness, it carried him off, on the 7th of July 1791, in the 70th year of his age. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Chapel of Ease, in the parish of St. Cuthbert's, where, on a tomb-stone erected to his memory by his wife, is the following inscription, written by Dr. Beattie:

VIRO. REVERENDO.
THOMAE. BLACKLOCK. D. D.
PROBO. PIO. BENEVOLO.
OMNIGENA. DOCTRINA. ERVDITO.
POETAE. SVELIMI.—
AB. INCVNABVLIS. VSQVE.
OCVLIS. CAPTO.
AT. HILARI. FACETO.
AMICISQVE. SEMPER. CARISSIMO.
QVI. NATVS. XXI. NOVEMB. MDCCXXI.
OBIIIT. VII. IVLII. MDCCXCI.
MONVMENTVM. HOCCE.
VIDVA. EJVS. SARA. JOHNSTON.
MOERENS. P.

Τὸν πρὶν μῦθ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν τε, κακὸν τε,
Ὅφθαλμῶν μὲν ἔμισε, δίδου δ' ἠδὲ καὶ αἰδοῖται.

In 1793, a new edition of his *Poems*, reprinted from the 4to edition 1756, with several additional pieces never before printed, together with an *Essay on the Education of the Blind*, translated from the French of M. Haüy, and "A New Account of the Life and Writings of the Author," written by Mr. Mackenzie, was published at Edinburgh in one volume 4to. In this edition, the following acknowledged poetical productions of Blacklock are not inserted; *Prologue to Sir Harry Galloway*; *Absence, a Pastoral*; *Panegyric on Great Britain*; and *The Graham*, published separately; and *An Epistle to Two Sisters on their Wedding day*; *Estimate of Human Greatness*; *to the Dutches of Hamilton, on her recovery from Child-bed, after the birth of the Marquis of Clydesdale*; *Ode on a favourite Lap-dog*; *Ode to a Successful Rival*; *Cato Uticensis to his Wife at Rome*; *The Chronicle of a Heart*; *Song Inscribed to a Friend, in imitation of Shenstone*, originally printed in the first volume of Donaldson's "Collection of Poems, by the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, and other Scotch Gentlemen," 12mo, 1760. It may be observed, that the verses "To a Lady, with Hammond's Elegics," inserted in this edition,

are not printed as Blacklock's, in Donaldson's "Collection." The present writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Mrs. Blacklock, to deprive Mr. Gordon of the "Epistle on Taste," to which he has put his name. His *Poems*, reprinted from the edition 1793, together with the several pieces omitted in that edition, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

Besides these publications, which are known to be Blacklock's, and to some of which he put his name, he was the author of several pieces, not so generally known to have come from him. Among these, there are some articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1783. The interesting article of *Blind* (first published in the "Edinburgh Magazine and Review" for 1774), is mentioned with just approbation by Mr. Mackenzie. The article of *Poetry* in the "Encyclopædia," as well as some others on various subjects of the Belles Lettres, were likewise, it is believed, the productions of Blacklock; and it is said that he had drawn up for the same work an *Essay on Predestination*, though it is not known whether the manuscript be preserved. He is known also to have written a *Tragedy*; the manuscript of which was put into the hands of the late Andrew Crossie, Esq. an eminent advocate at the Scottish bar, but has not been recovered. Some *Memoirs of his Life*, written by himself, are now in the possession of Dr. Beattie. He has left some volumes of *Sermons* in manuscript, as also a *Treatise on Morals*, both of which it is in contemplation with his friends to publish. It is probable that the most important of his other pieces may be collected and republished on that occasion.

His character, private habits, domestic manners, and most observable peculiarities, have been delineated with so much accuracy of discrimination, and strength of colouring, by the happy pencil of Mr. Mackenzie, as to render any additional strokes from a casual hand unnecessary.

"The tenor of his occupations," says Mr. Mackenzie, "as well as the bent of his mind, during the early period of his life, will appear in the following plain and unstudied account, contained in a letter from his most intimate and constant companion, the Rev. Mr. Jameson, formerly minister of the Episcopal Chapel at Dumfries, afterwards of the English Congregation at Dantzic, and who now resides at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"His manner of life was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on such occasions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, he always kept his temper. "Semper paratus et refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia." He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill usage, and equally so whether it regarded himself or his friends. But his resentment was always confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after. The late Mr. Spence frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and assured him that he had interest enough with Mr. Garrick to get it acted. Various subjects were proposed to him, several of which he approved of, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind. It may seem remarkable, but as far as I know, it was invariably the case, that he never could think or write on any subject proposed to him by another. I have frequently admired with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopt altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardour."

"This account," Mr. Mackenzie observes, "sufficiently marks that eager sensibility, chastened at the same time with uncommon gentleness of temper, which characterized Blacklock, and which indeed it was impossible to be at all in his company without perceiving. In the science of mind, this is that division of it which perhaps one would peculiarly appropriate to poetry, at least to all those lighter species which rather depend on quickness of feeling, and the ready conception of

pleasing images, than on the happy arrangement of parts, or the skilful construction of a whole, which are essential to the higher departments of the poetical art. The first kind of talent is like those warm and light soils which produce their annual crops in such abundance; the last, like that deeper and firmer mould on which the roots of eternal forests are fixed. Of the first we have seen many happy instances in that sex which is supposed less capable of study or thought; from the last is drawn that masculine sublimity of genius which could build an *Iliad* or a *Paradise Lost*.

"All those who ever acted as his amanuenses, agree in this rapidity and ardour of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of his mind. This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety. This is the appearance which he describes in the ludicrous picture he has drawn of himself (in the *Author's Picture*.) Of this portrait the outlines are true, though the general effect is overcharged. His features were hurt by the disease which deprived him of sight; yet even with those disadvantages, there was a certain placid expression in his physiognomy which marked the benevolence of his mind, and was extremely calculated to procure him attachment and regard.

"Music, which to the feeling and to the pensive, in whatever situation, is a source of extreme delight, but which to the blind must be creative, as it were, of idea and of sentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himself a tolerable performer on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a small flageolet, on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them; a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society.

"Of the happiness of others, however, we are incompetent judges. Companionship and sympathy bring forth those gay colours of mirth, and cheerfulness which they put on for a while, to cover perhaps that sadness which we have no opportunity of witnessing. Of a blind man's condition we are particularly liable to form a mistaken estimate; we give him credit for all those gleams of delight which society affords him, without placing to their full account those dreary moments of darkness and solitude to which the suspension of that society condemns him. Blacklock had from nature a constitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almost always the case, was in a great degree subject to the indisposition of his body. He frequently complained of a lowness and depression of spirits, which neither the attentions of his friends, nor the unceasing care of a most affectionate wife, were able entirely to remove. The imagination we are so apt to envy and admire serves but to irritate this disorder of the mind; and that fancy in whose creation we so much delight, can draw, from sources unknown to common men, subjects of disgust, disquietude, and affliction. Some of his later poems, now first published, express a chagrin, though not of an ungente sort, at the supposed failure of his imaginative powers, or at the fastidiousness of modern times, which he despaired to please.

Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
He rov'd, while favour imp'd his timid wing;
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes, and faded fires;
The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom, and winter premature.

Epistle to Dr. Ogilvie.

"These lines are, however, no proof of "exhausted genius," or "faded fires." "Abortive hopes," indeed, must be the lot of all who reach that period of life at which they were written. In early

youth the heart of every one is a poet; it creates a scene of imagined happiness and delusive hopes; it clothes the world in the bright colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarse, it exalts what is mean; it sees nothing but disinterestedness in friendship, it promises eternal fidelity in love. Even on the distresses of its situation it can throw a certain romantic shade of melancholy, that leaves a man sad, but does not make him unhappy. But at a more advanced age, "the fairy visions fade," and he suffers most deeply who has indulged them the most."

As an author, under disadvantages which seem unsurmountable to nature, Blacklock has eminently distinguished himself. Though blind from his infancy, the impulse of curiosity, and the vigorous exertion of his talents, conducted him to uncommon knowledge. He acquired tongues and arts by the ear, in many of which he excelled. There is no science with which he was not acquainted; he was familiar with the learned languages, and he knew with accuracy those of modern Europe that are the most cultivated. Among philosophers, he has obtained a conspicuous rank by his *Paralefis*. His little treatise *on the Education of the Blind*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is valuable, not only on account of its peculiarity, as being the production of a blind man, but of its intrinsic merit. It contains chiefly reflections on the distresses and disadvantages of blindness, and the best means of alleviating them; directions for the education of the blind, and a description of various inventions for enabling them to attain to, and to practise several arts and sciences. The sympathy and active benevolence of Blacklock, prompted him to this composition, as well as to the translation of *M. Haüy's* account of the charitable institution for the blind at Paris, which is annexed to the last edition of his poems.

As a poet, though not of the highest class, he is entitled to a rank not inferior to Addison, Parnell, and Shenstone, with respect to proper imagery, correct style, or creative genius. His compositions exhibit ample proofs of ready invention, lively fancy, ardent feeling, correct taste, and a copious command of poetical language. They are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire or poetical enthusiasm; but they are more recommended by simplicity, tenderness, animation, and harmony, than by sublimity, variety, comprehension, or originality; they bear evident marks of poetical genius and classical taste, though we do not find in them the traces of that patient industry which fixes the stamp of faultless accuracy upon every line. Pope seems to have been his model for versification, and it must be allowed that he has copied his pauses, cadence, and cast of diction, with considerable success; many passages are written with an elegance, correctness, spirit and harmony, which rival the best productions of that celebrated poet; but he does not uniformly maintain his easy elegance, nor breathe his free and unwearied spirit.

His *Elegies*, *Hymns*, *Odes* and *Epistles*, are chiefly distinguished by seriousness of subject, sublimity of thought, opulence of imagery, tenderness of sentiment, and strength and elegance of composition. Of his *Pastorals*, the principal merit consists in the harmony of the versification. The images are seldom new, and the sentiments and descriptions are generally trite and common. His *Songs* are commonly tender, delicate and sprightly. The *Eræus of Ballendyne* ranks with the most popular compositions of the kind in the English language. His *Occasional Poems*, and pieces of humour and pleasantry, have their brighter passages, and may be read with pleasure; but they require no distinct examination or particular criticism.

Mr Spence's estimate of his poetical character is candid and judicious, and does equal honour to the taste and benevolence of that amiable and elegant critic.

"There is a great perspicuity, neatness, and even elegance of style, to be observed in several of his pieces; particularly, in his *Wish* (which has so many other beauties), in his *Imitation of one of the Psalms* (139th); his *Loem on the Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy* (in which he owns he had plunged too deep, formerly, himself), in his new dressing the *Old Scotch Song*, and his *Ode to a Coquet*. The last mentioned of these is written with something of a gayer air, than is usual in his poems; though he is far from wanting a talent for vivacity and satire, if he would give himself leave to indulge it; but he is so good-natured, that he has scarce given us any direct specimen of it against any one, except himself. This is in the piece called the *Author's Picture*; from which, and his earliest piece of all (that has some glances of the same kind), it may fairly enough be conjectured,

that he had a natural bent this way; and it might probably have appeared much more frequently, and more strongly in his writings, had it not been for his superior goodness of heart, and his being struck (as soon as he came to a reasoning age) so much more strongly, with the charms of morality and philosophy. His *Pastoral Song*, and his *Ode to a Friend that was going Abroad*, are very well written, each in their way; and have beside, several good pathetic strokes in them. His *Pastoral, inscribed to Euanthé*, is poetical as well pathetic, to a great degree; and his *Soliloquy* is both, in a very high one. His *Elegy on Constantia* flows on, all in one stream of distress and passion; and rises about the middle of the piece, to very high poetry. This, with the soliloquy just mentioned, and two of his hymns, *one to the Supreme Being*, and the other *to Fortitude*, are the parts of his poems which would be the most proper of any to prove that he is not incapable of himself to rise to a true sublimity, both of thinking and writing. His *Hymn to Benevolence* is an amiable piece, for its enlarged notions; and both that and his *Ode to a Lady, on the loss of her Child*, abound as much in good morals, as they do in good sense and poetry. His translation of *Buchanan's Desiderium Lutetiae*, and his own *Plaintive Shepherd*, give the best proofs of his ease and fluency in the pastoral sort of versification; and in the latter of these, there is a strong instance of his varying his notes according to the occasion. I mean, where he speaks of his own distress in slow solemn numbers; and of his rival's happiness in a more enlivened and joyous run of verse. Much the same thing may be observed in his two *odes*, printed together; one writ in the time of *sickness*, and the other in *health*. These sorts of miscellaneous poems have not generally much of planning in them. The best planned among Mr. Blacklock's seems to be his *Wish Satisfied*, and the *Monody*; the latter of which, beside this merit, is very pathetic, and very poetical. The most distinguishing character of poetry, is to be descriptive; and it is this which gives the very near relation that there is between poetry and painting. Mr. Blacklock is very descriptive in many parts of his poems; but it is very easy to be observed, that where his descriptions are of any length, they are generally not descriptions of things, but of passions. To which one may add, that they turn much more on the melancholy passions, than the joyous or pleasing ones. Both of which are perhaps to be accounted for, from his unfortunate loss of sight in his infancy.

"The Gentleman, who has given the account of our author prefixed to his works, says, that it has been observed by others, "That it must be matter of amusement to the curious reader, to remark how well the poet describes objects which he never saw, and expresses so as to be understood by others, those ideas which he himself could never conceive." It is remarkable enough, that some of the greatest poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and it is very probable, that the loss of their sight may have added to the force of their imagination, as far as it went; in the same manner, and for the same reasons, that we think the more intensely of any one thing, when we shut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born blind, or (which is much the same thing) one who has been blind from his early infancy, is still a novelty, and a thing much to be wondered at. Our great Milton did not lose his sight till he was about fifty years old; and Homer, for ought we know, might have enjoyed his till after he had finished his two most celebrated poems. Our author lost his sight entirely, before he was a year old; and consequently whatever ideas he may have in relation to visible objects, must have been acquired only from the characters he has learnt of them from books and conversation; and some supposed analogies between those characters, and any of the ideas in the stock he has laid in, either from his other senses, or his own reflections upon them. Notwithstanding which, he speaks very frequently of the objects and ideas belonging to sight, with great familiarity and boldness, and generally without impropriety. After putting many passages together relating to visible objects, from our author's works, I am less surprised than I was in the first reading of them, at his speaking so frequently, as if he actually enjoyed his eye-sight. The stock of ideas which he has stored up in his mind, and substituted in the room of our ideas of things visible, and with like names affixed to them, are so familiar to him, and are used by him in so uncommon and unaccountable a manner, that they seem to serve him as a subsidiary sort of sight, and put one in mind of his own expressions of intellectual rays, internal day, and the mental eye; as well as of that passage cited from the Psalmist, in the title page,

Κυριος σουφοι τυφλους, or as our translators (by joining the sense of the original, to their own) might have rendered it, "The Lord giveth [internal] sight to the blind."

Mr. Mackenzie's observations on his poetical writings and character are no less just than elegant. The theory of his imaginative and descriptive powers is ingenious, and, though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"In this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance, and often force in the language, which characterize the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, which the good will value, belongs to those poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

"The additional poems, now first published in this volume, will, I think be found to possess equal merit with those which their author formerly gave to the world. There is perhaps a certain degree of languor diffused over some of them, written during the latter period of his life, for which the circumstances I have mentioned above may account; but the delicacy and the feeling remain undiminished: One of those later poems, the *Ode to Aurora, on Melissa's Birth-Day*, is a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not any where seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.

"His peculiar situation I do not mean to plead as an apology for defects in his compositions. I am sufficiently aware of a truth which authors or their apologists are apt to forget, that the public expects entertainment, and listens but ill to excuses for the want of it. But the circumstance of the writer's blindness will certainly create an interest in his productions beyond what those of one possessed of sight could have excited, especially in such passages of his works as are descriptive of visible objects. Mr. Spence has treated this descriptive power, which the poetry of Blacklock seemed to evince in its author, as a sort of problem which he has illustrated by a very great number of quotations from the poems themselves, by hypothetical conjectures of his own, drawn from those passages, and from the nature of a blind man's sensations and ideas.

"Without detracting from the ingenuity of Mr. Spence's deductions, I am apt, in the case of Blacklock, to ascribe much to the effect of a retentive and ready memory of that poetical language in which, from his earliest infancy, he delighted; and that apt appropriation of it which an habitual acquaintance with the best poets had taught him.

"This I am sensible by no means affords a complete solution of the difficulty; for though it may account for the use which he makes of poetical language, it throws no light on his early passion for reading poetry, and poetry of a kind, too, which lies very much within the province of sight; nor does it clearly trace the source of that pleasure which such reading evidently conveyed to his mind.

"It is observed, and I think very justly, by Dr. Reid, that there is very little of the knowledge acquired by those who see, that may not be communicated to a man born blind; and he illustrates his remark by the example of the celebrated Sanderson. Another writer (Mr. Burke), seems disposed to extend a similar observation to some of those *pleasures* of which the sense of sight is commonly understood to be the only channel; and he appeals, in proof of his doctrine, to the poetry of Blacklock: "Here (says he) is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm, by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound." The same author mentions, as a confirmation of his doctrine, the scientific acquirements of Sanderson, which he seems to think explicable on the same principles with Blacklock's poetry.

"But, in truth, there appears to be very little analogy between the two cases; nor does the genius of Sanderson furnish by any means so curious a subject of philosophical disquisition as that of Blacklock. The ideas of extension and figure, about which the speculations of the geometer are employed, may be conveyed to the mind by the sense of touch as well as by that of sight: and (if we except the phenomena of colour) the case is the same with all the subjects of our reasoning in

natural philosophy. But of the pleasures which poetry excites, so great a proportion arises from allusions to visible objects, and from descriptions of the beauty and sublimity of nature; so much truth is there in the maxim, "*ut pictura poesis*," that the word *imagination*, which in its primary sense has a direct reference to the eye, is employed to express that power of the mind, which is considered as peculiarly characteristic of poetical genius; and therefore, whatever be the degree of pleasure which the blind poet receives from the exercise of his art, the pleasure must, in general, be perfectly different in kind from that which he imparts to his readers.

"Sanderfon, we are told, though blind, could lecture on the *prismatic spectrum*, and on the theory of the rainbow; but to his mind the names of the different colours were merely significant of the relative arrangement of the spaces which they occupied, and produced as little effect on his imagination as the letters of the alphabet, which he employed in his geometrical diagrams. By means of a retentive memory, it might have been possible for him to acquire a knowledge of the common poetical epithets, appropriated to the different colours: it is even conceivable, that by long habits of poetical reading, he might have become capable of producing such a description of their order in the *spectrum*, as is contained in the following lines of Thomson:

First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawney orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green:
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Etherial play'd; and then of sadder hue
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

"But supposing all this possible, how different must have been the effect of the description on his mind from what it produced on that of Thomson? or what idea could he form of the rapture which the poet felt in recalling to his imagination the innumerable appearances in the earth and heavens, of which the philosophic principles he referred to afford the explanation?

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves, by the hoarse brook;
Or prophet to whose rapture heav'n descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare,
How just, how beauteous, the refractive law!

"Yet, though it be evidently impossible that a description of this sort, relating entirely to the peculiar perceptions of sight, should convey to a blind man the same kind of pleasure which we receive from it, it may be easily imagined, that the same words, which in their ordinary acceptation, express visible objects, may, by means of early associations, become to such a person the vehicle of many other agreeable or disagreeable emotions. These associations will probably vary greatly in the case of different individuals, according to the circumstances of their education, and the peculiar bent of their genius. Blacklock's associations in regard to colours, were (according to his own account) chiefly of the moral kind—But into this inquiry, which opens a wide field of speculation to the metaphysician, I do not mean to enter. I shall content myself with remarking, that in other arts, as well as those which address themselves to sight, the same distinction is to be found. What may be termed the arithmetic and mathematics of music and of the scale, depend not on a musical ear, any more than the theory of vision depends on sight. In both cases, pleasure and feeling are easily distinguishable from knowledge and science; the first require, and cannot exist without an eye for colour, and an ear for sound; the last are independent of either.

"It is indeed the boast of genius to do much on scanty materials, to create and "body forth the forms of things," to give character to what it has not known, and picture to what it has not seen. The genius of Shakspeare has entered into the cabinets of statesmen, and the palaces of kings, and made them speak like statesmen and like kings. It has given manners as well as language to imaginary

beings, which, though we cannot criticise like the other, every one intuitively owns true. It has kindled the wizards fire, and trimmed "the fairy's glow-worm lamp;" has moulded a Caliban's savage form, and spun the light down of an Ariel's wing. But this imaginative power, how extensive and wonderful soever its range, had still some elements from which it could raise this world of fancy, some analogies from which its ideas could be drawn. To the blind no degree of genius can supply the want of these with regard to visible objects, nor teach them that entirely distinct species of perception which belongs to sight. "Objects of sight and touch (says Berkeley very justly) constitute two worlds, which, though nearly connected, bear no resemblance to one another."

"If we do not assign to Blacklock any extraordinary, or what might be termed preternatural conception of visible objects, yet we may fairly claim for him a singular felicity of combination in his use of the expressions by which those objects are distinguished.

"Whatever idea or impression those objects of sight produced in his mind, how imperfect soever that idea, or how different soever from the true, still the impression would be felt by a mind susceptible and warm like Blacklock's, that could not have been so felt by one of a coarser and more sluggish mold. Even the memory that could treasure up the poetical attributes and expressions of such objects, must have been assisted and prompted by poetical feeling; and the very catalogue of words which was thus ready at command, was an indication of that ardour of soul, which, from his infancy, led him

Where the muses haunt
Smit with the love of sacred song;

as the unmeaning syllables which compose a name give to the lover or the friend, emotions which others in it were impossible they should excite."

The following unbiassed decision of an ingenious foreigner in his favour, on considering his poems, relatively to his situation, merits particular attention, as it is not liable to the suspicion of partiality.

"Blacklock," says Professor Denina, in his "Essay on the Revolutions of Literature," to posterity will seem a fable, as to the present age he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, that a man blind from his infancy, besides having acquired a surprising knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, should, at the same time, be a great poet; and, without having almost ever seen the light, should, notwithstanding, be singularly happy in his descriptions."

THE WORKS OF BLACKLOCK.

P O E M S.

HORACE, ODE I. IMITATED.

INSCRIBED TO
DR. JOHN STEVENSON, PHYSICIAN IN
EDINBURGH.

O THOU, whose goodness unconfin'd
Extends its wish to human kind;
By whose indulgence I aspire
To strike the sweet Horatian lyre:

There are who, on th' Olympic plain,
Delight the chariot's speed to rein;
Involv'd in glorious dust to roll;
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;
Who by repeated trophies rise,
And share with gods their pomp and skies.
This man, if changeful crowds admire,
Permented ev'n to mad desire,
Their fool or villain to elate
To all the honours of the state;
That, if his granary secures
Whate'er th' autumnal sun matures,
Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,
Remote from each ambitious view;
Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,
To launch the bark, and cut the main.

The merchant, while the western breeze
Ferments to rage th' Icarian seas,
Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,
Extols to heav'n his country-seat:
Its sweet retirement, fearless ease,
The fields, the air, the streams, the trees;
Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,
Resolv'd to brave the tumid main,
Resolv'd all hazards to endure,
Nor shun a plague, but to be poor.

One with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul:
Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid
Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade;
Now where some sacred fountain flows,
Whose cadence soft invites repose;
While half the sultry summer's day
On silent pinions steals away,

Some bosoms boast a nobler flame,
In fields of death to toil for fame,
In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
Curst war! which brides and mothers hate;
As in each kindling hero's fight
Already glows the promis'd fight;
Their hearts with more than transport bound,
While drums and trumpets mix their sound.

Unmindful of his tender wife,
And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life,
The huntsman in th' unshelter'd plains,
Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains;
Now scales the steepy mountain's side,
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;
Whether his faithful hounds in view,
With speed some timid prey pursue!
Or some fell monster of the wood
At once his hopes and snares elude.

Good to bestow, like Heav'n, is thine,
Concurring in one great design;
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age;
To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,
In rosy lustre smile around.

My humbler function shall I name;
My sole delight, my highest aim?
Inspir'd through breezy shades to stray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play;
Above th' unthinking herd to soar,
Who sink forgot, and are no more;
To snatch from fate an honest fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim.
If to my vows Euterpe deign
The Doric reed's mellifluous strain,
Nor Polyhymnia, darling muse!
To tune the Lesbian harp refuse.
But, if you rank me with the choir,
Who touch, with happy hand, the lyre;
Exulting to the starry frame,
Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,
With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,
Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd no more;
While envy, vainly merit's foe,
With sable wings shall flag below;

And, doom'd to breathe a grosser air,
To reach my glorious height, despair.

PSALM I. IMITATED.

How blest the man, how more than blest !
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ ;
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And smiling conscience whispers peace and joy.

Fair rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue ;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While, with unmeaning laughter gay,
Scorn on her throne erected high,
Emits a false delusive ray,
To catch th' astonish'd gaze of folly's eye ;

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,
Unmov'd, beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all-perfect beauty fir'd,
Nature, and nature's God, intent surveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native seat,
Eternal wisdom's self inspires ;
While he, with purpose fix'd as fate,
Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In sunshine mild, and temp'rate air,
Where some refreshing fountain flows,
So nurs'd by nature's tend'rest care,
A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows.

Around its boughs the summer gale
With pleasure waves the genial wing ;
There no unfriendly colds prevail,
To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade
Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay ;
Nor shall its honours ever fade,
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
Thus virtue soon or late shall rise ;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share immortal triumph in the skies,

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To every roaring storm an easy prey.

Thus when the warring winds arise,
With all their lawless fury driv'n,
Light chaff or dust incessant flies,
Whirl'd in swift eddies through the vault of heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
Descending from the op'ning sky,
With full omnipotence display'd,
Her God shall call on nature to reply :

Then vice, with shame and grief depress'd,
Tranfix'd with horror and despair,
Shall feel hell kindling in her breast,
Nor to her judge prefer her trembling pray'r :

For with a father's fond regard,
To bliss he views fair virtue tend ;
While vice obtains her just reward,
And all her paths in deep perdition end.

AN HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

IN IMITATION OF THE CIV. PSALM.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus ? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis ? HOR.

ARISE, my soul, on wings seraphic rise,
And praise th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies ;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day ;
First, fairest offspring of the omniscient word !
Which, like a garment, cloth'd its sovereign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies ;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky ;
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep the aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest forever strong ;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in
vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves ;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe ;
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n ;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way ;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble
mead.

Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside ;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage ; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's
pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Softens the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding
air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their
rising care.
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase
their frightened prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And percussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail! sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind!
"On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
"How various all, how variously endow'd,
"How great their number, and each part how
"good!
"How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
"Who, with one act of energy divine,
"Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Wher-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts
pursue,

Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
And circles Nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show;
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle; and in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious
pride,

The volley'd light'ning, and the surging tide;
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foment with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies;
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their maker's praise.

When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust;
For ever young thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Through air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.

When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice shall take its flight
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

PSALM CXXXIX. IMITATED.

ME, O my God! thy piercing eye,
 In motion, or at rest, surveys;
 If to the lonely couch I fly,
 Or travel through frequented ways;
 Where'er I move, thy boundless reign,
 Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.
 Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
 Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
 The latent, kindling, young desire,
 The word, ere from my lips it part,
 To thee their various forms display,
 And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.
 Behind me if I turn my eyes,
 Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,
 Whatever objects round me rise
 Through the wide fields of air and light;
 With thee impress'd, each various frame
 The forming, moving, present God proclaim.
 Father of all, omniscient mind,
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend?
 That wisdom, which, ere things began,
 Saw full express'd th' all-comprehending plan!
 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
 What dark recess, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy distant view?
 Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
 Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky?
 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
 Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
 In splendour there, severely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise:
 There, beaming from their source divine,
 In full meridian, light and beauty shine.
 Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
 If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
 I call on night's impervious shade
 To spread essential blackness round;
 Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
 Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.
 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
 Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:
 Alike illum'd by native light,
 Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.
 If through the fields of ether borne,
 The living winds my flight sustain;
 If on the rosy wings of morn,
 I seek the distant western main;
 There, O my God! thou still art found,
 Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
 It glows in ev'ry conscious part;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart:
 Unfelt along my veins it glides,
 And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While in the silent womb enclos'd,
 A growing embryo yet I lay,
 Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
 Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;
 Till, finish'd by thy wond'rous plan,
 I rose the dread, majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
 Replete with all my wond'rous theme,
 To thee my votive strains shall flow:
 Great Archetype! who first design'd,
 Expressive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the stars of heav'n explore,
 The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
 Th' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
 The drops that swell the spacious main?
 Let him thy wonders publish round,
 Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,
 From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,
 The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
 Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies:
 In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
 Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
 Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire;
 At whose approach my kindling soul
 Awakes to unextinguish'd ire:
 Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
 You, who in scorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The wretch who dares thy pow'r defy,
 And on thy vengeance loudly call,
 On him not pity's melting eye,
 Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall:
 Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
 Unpity'd torture, and unmix'd despair.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
 And to thy strict regard disclose
 Whate'er was acted by my hand,
 Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose:
 If Vice indulg'd their candour stain,
 Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
 To strong temptations oft give way;
 If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
 O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray;
 Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
 But guide thy creature with a father's love.

AN HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

No more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
 With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
 At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,
 And willing muse, their first devotion paid.
 Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:

Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more
high.

O love! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and pow'ful nod
Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before;
But in the plan of the eternal mind,
When God design'd the work, and lov'd the
work design'd.

Thou fill'dst the waste of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds descends thy generous care,
To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,
To blest, and to be blest'd, their noblest end;
To which, with speedy course, they all unerring
tend.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being rose,
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,
And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native sky,
On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath
retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming love!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling
strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the
sound.

It comes! It comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Through all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,
Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalt-
ed strain.

AN HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

HAIL! source of transport ever new;
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains;
Vol. XI.

By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sunbeam flies,
Through peopled earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod:
We see thy energy prevail
Through being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning smart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish, wish controul,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,
My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful silence wraps her reign;
Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
Condense to solid gloom the skies.

Portentous, through the foggy air,
To wake the dæmon of despair,
The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems howl.

Intent, with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.

And, shield me Heav'n! what hollow sound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their pow'r.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror through my breast:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What spectres swim before my sight!

My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
 And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
 My icy blood forgets to roll,
 And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
 What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
 Shall bid my soul herself assert;
 Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
 And teach her whence her being came?
 O Fortitude! divinely bright,
 O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
 Descend, an amicable guest,
 And with thy firmness steel my breast:
 Descend propitious to my lays,
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

When raving in eternal pains,
 And loaded with ten thousand chains.
 Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
 Nor with her visage blasted day;
 No fear to guiltless man was known,
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
 But, when from native flames and night,
 The cursed monster wing'd her flight,
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
 Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

When from the imperial seats on high,
 The Lord of nature turn'd his eye
 To view the state of things below;
 Still blest to make his creatures so:
 From earth he saw Astræa fly,
 And seek her mansions in the sky;
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne.
 And white rob'd Innocence was gone:
 While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
 Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;
 And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
 And fled for refuge to his arms,
 Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
 Whom thus th' essential Good address'd:

"Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
 Effulgent sharer of my throne,
 Fair empress of eternity!
 Who uncreated reign'st like me;
 Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
 With pleasure infinite obey:
 To yon diurnal scenes below,
 Who feel their folly in their woe,
 Again propitious turn thy flight,
 Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
 To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
 Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
 Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
 Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.
 But since all crimes their hell contain,
 Since all must feel who merit pain,
 Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
 And be, like thee, to man a friend;
 To urge him on the arduous road,
 That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
 To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
 And be to all a near relief."

He said; and she, with smiles divine,
 Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,

To earth return'd with all her train,
 And brought the golden age again.
 Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
 The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
 She, guardian of their joys no more,
 Could only leave them, and deplore:
 They, now the easy prey of pain,
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;
 Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
 Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
 And fled, like birds obscene, from light,
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.
 Thou, goddess! since, with sacred aid,
 Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted ev'ry smart,
 And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of pain!
 At thy great nod the * Alps subside,
 Reluctant rivers turns their tide;
 With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
 His hand against oppression arm'd:
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young;
 And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
 His vigour, with his foes, increas'd.
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
 Ambition's havock to withstand,
 † Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
 A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not Greece alone, but heav'n admir'd.
 But in these dregs of human kind,
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
 How rare such views the heart elate!
 To brave the last extremes of fate;
 Like Heav'n's almighty pow'r serene,
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,
 When nature quakes beneath the storm,
 And horror wears its direst form.
 Though future worlds are now descry'd,
 Though Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
 Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
 And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;
 Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
 How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!
 For him the day-light shines in vain,
 For him the fields no joys contain;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their music boast;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 No more the gales their rich perfume:
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terror to elude,
 By day he mingles with the crowd;
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crowds, and open day.

* Alluding to the History of Hannibal.

† Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of Corinth, at last restored the liberty of the people, by slaying him.—Vide PLUT.

If night his lonely walk surprisè,
 What horrid visions round him rise!
 That blasted oak, which meets his way,
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
 Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruin'd tow'er resound;
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:
 He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
 Till all his soul, by fancy'd sway'd,
 Sees lurid phantoms crowd the shade;
 While shrouded manes palely stare,
 And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:
 Thus real woes from false he bears,
 And feels the death, the hell, he fears.
 O thou! whose spirit warms my song,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
 And let him know the sweets of rest;
 Till ev'ry human pain and care,
 All that may be, and all that are,
 But false imagin'd ills appear
 Beneath our hope, or grief, or fear.
 And, if I right invoke thy aid,
 By thee be all my woes allay'd;
 With scorn instruct me to defy
 Imposing fear, and lawless joy;
 To struggle through this scene of strife,
 The pains of death, the pangs of life,
 With constant brow to meet my fate,
 And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.
 And, when some swain her charms shall claim,
 Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
 Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
 On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles;
 For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
 On whom her treasur'd soul bestows;
 When perfect mutual joy they share,
 Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair!
 Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
 And blest, still rise to higher bliss:
 Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,
 And teach me being to endure;
 Lest reason from the helm should start,
 And lawless fury rule my heart;
 Lest madness all my soul subdue,
 To ask her Maker, what dost thou?
 Yet, could'st thou in that dreadful hour,
 On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
 Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas;
 Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
 I still am man, and still must feel.

THE WISH SATISFIED.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Too long, my soul! thou'rt tost below,
 From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
 How great, how lasting ev'ry woe!
 Each joy how short, how insincere!

Turn around thy searching eyes
 Through all the bright varieties;
 And, with exactest care,

Select from all the shining crowd,
 Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good,
 And fix thy wishes there.

With toil amass a mighty store
 Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;
 Plant the fields with golden grain,
 Crowd with lowing herds the plain,
 Bid the marble domes ascend,
 Bid the pleasant view extend,
 Streams and groves, and woods appear,
 And spring and autumn fill the year:
 Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;
 Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

On roses now reclin'd,
 I languish into rest;
 No vacuum in my mind,
 No craving wish unblest:
 But ah! in vain,
 Some absent joy still gives me pain,
 By toys elated, or by toys deprest.

What melting joy can sooth my grief?
 What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?
 'Tis found; the bliss already warms,
 Sunk in love's persuasive arms,
 Enjoying and enjoy'd:
 To taste variety of charms
 Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

As the speedy moments roll,
 Let some new joy conspire;
 Hebe, fill the rosy bowl;
 Orpheus, tune the lyre;
 To new-born rapture wake the soul,
 And kindle young desire:
 While, a beauteous choir around,
 Tuneful virgins join the sound,
 Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
 Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs:
 Through melting error let their voices rove,
 And trace the enchanting maze of harmony and
 love.

Still, still insatiate of delight
 My wishes open, as my joys increase:
 What now shall stop their restless flight,
 And yield them kind redress?
 For something still unknown I sigh,
 Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
 Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
 The phantom, that eludes my view,
 And cheats my fond embrace.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,
 By sense and passion blindly led,
 I chas'd the Syren through the flow'ry maze,
 And courted death ten thousand ways:
 Kind Heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
 My restless toil, my fruitless sighs;
 And, from the realms of endless day,
 A bright immortal wing'd his way;
 Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
 And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

"Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitless search for-
 "bear;
 "Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
 "A certain happiness to find,
 "Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind:

" In God, in perfect good alone,
 " The anxious soul can find repose;
 " Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,
 " One hour of full enjoyment owes:
 " He, only he, can fill each wide desire,
 " Who to each wish its being gave;
 " Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
 " Not all which angels in the skies admire,
 " But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to
 " crave.
 " Him then pursue, without delay;
 " He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way."
 Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,
 And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than
 lightning fled..

TO HAPPINESS.

AN ODE.

THE morning dawns, the ev'ning shades
 Fair nature's various face disguise;
 No scene to rest my heart persuades,
 No moment frees from tears my eyes:
 Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
 Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
 Each former object of delight,
 Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
 And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
 Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
 Where does thy subtle essence dwell?
 Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
 Companion in the lonely cell?
 Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
 Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
 Or, scornful of each low retreat,
 On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
 And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
 Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell!

Ah me! the hermit's cell explore;
 Thy absence he, like me, complains;
 While murmur'ing streams along the shore,
 Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:
 Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
 Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
 Though there the loves and graces play,
 Though wine and music court thy stay;
 'Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
 Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
 Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
 Rapine and blood * mankind pursue,
 As God had form'd them to destroy.
 Discord, at whose tremendous view
 Hell quakes with horror ever new,
 No more by endless night deprest,
 Fours all her venom through each breast;
 And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
 Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
 To my dejected soul I said;
 See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
 Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
 Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
 Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;

* This Ode was written in the year 1745.

There shall no wants thy steps pursue,
 No wakeful care contract thy brow;
 Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,
 Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

Exulting in the charming thought,
 Thither with hasty steps I press;
 And while th' enchanting maid I sought,
 Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:
 Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
 And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
 Grant this sole boon, O fate! I cry'd;
 Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
 In this shall all my wishes be supply'd;
 And sure a love like mine deserves no less.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r;
 Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
 Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
 And left my soul to grief resign'd:
 As far from all my hopes she flies,
 As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
 Yet, still, on fancy deep impress,
 The sad, the dear ideas rest;
 Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
 Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind:
 Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
 Who with thy shadow madly stray,
 At length from Heav'n, thy sacred throne,
 Dart through my soul one cheerful ray:
 Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
 Allay the anguish of my heart;
 Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
 Life's various stores of grief and pain;
 Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
 Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

ON EUANTHE'S ABSCENCE.

AN ODE.

BLEST Heav'n! and thou fair world below!
 Is there no cure to sooth my smart?
 No balm to heal a lover's woe,
 That bids his eyes for ever flow,
 Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?
 And will no friendly arm above
 Relieve my tortur'd soul from love?

As swift descending show'rs of rain,
 Deform with mud the clearest streams;
 As rising mists heav'n's azure stain,
 Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;
 As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:
 On life thus tender sorrows prey,
 And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

Ye plains, where dear Euanthe strays,
 Ye various objects of her view,
 Bedeck'd in beauty's brightest blaze;
 Let all its forms, and all its rays,
 Where-e'er she turns, her eyes pursue:
 All fair as she let nature shine:
 Ah! then how lovely! how divine!

Where-e'er the thymy vales descend,
 And breathe ambrosial fragrance round,
 Proportion just, thy line extend,
 And teach the prospect where to end;
 While woods or mountains mark the bound:

That each fair scene which strikes her eye,
May charm with sweet variety.

Ye streams that in perpetual flow,
Still warble on your mazy way,
Murmur Euanthe, as you go;
Murmur a love-sick poet's woe:

Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;
Sing how I suffer, how complain;
Yet name not him who feels the pain.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r!
If spotless virtue claims thy care,
Around unheard-of blessings show'r;
Let some new pleasure crown each hour,
And make her blest, as good and fair:
Of all thy works, to mortals known,
The best and fairest she alone.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN BOUND FOR GUINEA.

AN ODE.

ATTEND the muse, whose numbers flow
Faithful to sacred friendship's woe;
And let the Scotian lyre
Obtain thy pity and thy care:
While thy lov'd walks and native air
The solemn sounds inspire.

That native air, these walks no more
Blest with their fav'rite, now deplore,
And join the plaintive strain:
While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,
Where unknown stars, through unknown skies,
Their trackless course maintain.

Yet think: by ev'ry keener smart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart;
By all the griefs that rise,
And with dumb anguish heave thy breast,
When absence robs thy soul of rest,
And swells with tears the eyes:

By all our sorrows ever new,
Think whom you fly, and what pursue;
And judge by your's our pain:
From friendship's dear tenacious arms,
You fly perhaps to war's alarms,
To angry skies and main.

The smiling plain, the solemn shade,
With all the various charms display'd,
That summer's face adorn;
Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,
With transport longs thy sense to meet,
And courts thy dear return.

The gentle sun, the fanning gale,
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
Thy presence all implore:
Can then a waste of sea and sky,
That knows no limits, charm thine eye,
Thine ear the tempest's roar?

But why such weak attractions name,
While ev'ry warmer social claim
Demands the mournful lay?
Ah! hear a brother's moving sighs,
Through tears, behold a sister's eyes
Emit a faded ray.

Thy young allies, by nature taught
To feel the tender pang of thought,
Which friends in absence claim;
To thee, with sorrow all-sincere,
Oft pay the tributary tear,
Oft list with joy thy name.

Nor these thy absence mourn alone,
O dearly lov'd! though faintly known;
One yet unsung remains:
Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
And darkness round him reigns.

The muse with pity view'd his doom;
And darting through th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bade him with music's voice inspire
The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,
And tune th' impassion'd lay.

Thus, though despairing of relief,
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,
Thy absence we complain:
While now perhaps th' auspicious gale
Invites to spread the flying sail,
And all our tears are vain.

Protect him Heav'n: but hence each fear;
Since endless goodness, endless care
This mighty fabric guides;
Commands the tempest where to stray,
Directs the lightning's slanting way,
And rules the reflux tides.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,
With pleas'd survey, Omniscience deign
Thy wondrous worth to view:
See, from the realms of endless day,
Immortal guardians wing their way,
And all thy steps pursue.

If sable clouds, whose wombs contain
The murm'ring bolt, or dashing rain,
The blue serene deform;
Myriads from heav'n's ethereal height,
Shall clear the gloom, restore the light,
And chase th' impending storm.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

SENT TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE-DAY.

WITH all your wings ye moments fly,
And drive the tardy sun along;
Till that glad morn shall paint the sky,
Which wakes the muse, and claims the rap-
tur'd song.

See nature with our wishes join,
To aid the dear, the blest design;
See time precipitate his way,
To bring th' expected happy day;
See, the wish'd-for dawn appears,
A more than wonted glow she wears:
Hark! hymeneals sound;
Each muse awakes her softest lyre;
Each airy warbler swells the choir;
'Tis music all around.

Awake ye nymphs the blushing bride,
T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride;

While virgin shame retards her way,
And Love, half-angry, chides her stay;
While hopes and fears alternate reign,
Intermingling bliss and pain;
O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,
Pant in her shiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

At length consent, reluctant fair,
To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes!
Too long his sighs are lost in air,
At length resign the bliss for which he dies:
The muses, prescient of your future joys,
Dilate my soul, and prompt the cheerful lay;
While they, through coming times, with glad
surprise,

The long successive brightning scenes survey.

Lo! to your sight a blooming offspring rise,
And add new ardour to the nuptial ties;
While in each form you both united shine;
Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn:
For you glad Ceres fills the flowing horn,
And Heav'n and fate to bless your days combine.

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,
Till death, with gentle hand, shall shut the plea-
sing scene:
Safe fable guide to that celestial shore,
Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd
no more!

TO A COQUETTE.

AN ODE.

At length vain, airy flutt'ring fly;
Nor vex the public ear and eye
With all this noise and glare:
Thy wiser kindred gnats behold,
All shrouded in their parent mould,
Forfake the chilling air.

Of conquest there they safely dream;
Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,
Allures them forth to play:
But thou, alike in frost and flame,
Insatiate of the cruel game,
Still on mankind would'st prey.

Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,
Those adventitious beams that round thee shine
Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:
Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes
Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,
And set the rivers free;
O'er fields immers'd in frost and snow,
Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow;
Then hope to soften me.

No, Heav'n and freedom witness bear,
This heart no second frown shall fear,
No second yoke sustain:
Enough of female scorn I know;
Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,
Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,
Ye echoes, oft invoc'd in vain,
Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!

Your paint that idle hearts controuls;
Your fairy nets for feeble souls,
By partial fancy wrought;
Your Syren voice, your tempting air,
Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,
With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,
Let each ensnaring art conspire;
Not all can hurt my rest:
Touch'd by * Ithuriel's potent spear,
At once unmask'd the fiends appear,
In native blackness drest.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast,
The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;
False joys, which ruin all who taste,
How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,
Which emulates the blaze of day,
Diffusing far its light?
Though it from blasts shall stand secure,
Time urges on the destin'd hour,
And lo! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date,
Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,
A while to catch our view:
Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,
Then sudden from our gaze retires,
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs.
Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends;
And soon as fate the stroke prepares,
The flash in dust and nauseous vapours ends.

ON THE REFINEMENTS IN METAPHY- SICAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN ODE.

FALSE wisdom, fly with all thy † owls;
The dust and cobwebs of the schools
For me have charms no more;
The gross Minerva of our days,
In mighty bulk my learn'd ‡ essays
Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

Led by her hand a length of time,
Through sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,
I beat my painful way;
Long, long revolv'd the mystic page
Of many a Dutch and German sage,
And hop'd at last for day.

But as the mole, hid under ground,
Still works more dark, as more profound,
So all my toils were vain:
For truth and sense indignant fly,
As far as ocean from the sky,
From all the formal train.

* See *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. verse 810.

† Formerly the bird of Minerva, but by the moderns ascribed to Dullness.

‡ The author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonstrate matters of fact a priori.

The * Stagyrite, whose fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it still,
Sustain'd by form and phrase
Of dire portent and solemn sound,
Where meaning seldom can be found,
From me shall gain no praise.

But you who would be truly wise,
To nature's light unveil your eyes,
Her gentle call obey:
She leads by no false wand'ring glare,
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
To bid you vainly stray.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,
For noble deeds or gen'rous views,
She bids us watch the night;
Fair virtue shines, to all display'd.
Nor asks the tardy schoolman's aid,
To teach us what is right.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,
And which to shun, and which pursue,
Instructs her pupil's heart:
Then letter'd pride, say what they gain,
To mask with so much fruitless pain,
Thy ignorance with art?

Thy stiff grimace, and awful tone,
An idiot's wonder move alone;
And, spite of all thy rules,
The wise in ev'ry age conclude
Thy fairest prospects, rightly view'd,
The paradise of fools.

The gamester's hope, when doom'd to lose,
The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,
The faithless calm at sea,
The courtier's word, the crowd's applause,
The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,
Are not more false than thee.

Blest he! who sees, without surprise,
The various systems fall and rise,
As shifts the fickle gale;
While all their utmost force exert,
To wound the foe's unguarded part,
And all alike prevail.

Thus (sacred † bards of yore have sung),
High Heav'n with martial clamours rung,
And deeds of mortal wrath;
When cranes and pigmies glory fought,
And in the fields of ether fought,
With mutual wounds and death.

Let Logic's sons mechanic throng,
Their syllogistic war prolong,
And reason's empire boast:
Enshrin'd in deep congenial gloom,
Eternal wrangling be their doom,
To truth and nature lost!

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,
Let ‡ Malebranche still for truth inquire,
And rack his aching sight:

* Aristotle, inventor of syllogisms, as such only mentioned here.

† See Homer.

‡ He thought the medium by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.

While the coy goddess wings her way,
To scenes of uncreated day,
Aborb'd in dazzling light.

With firmer step and graver guise,
Whilst * Locke in conscious triumph tries
Her dwelling to explore;
Swift she eludes his ardent chase,
A shadow courts his fond embrace,
Which † Hobbes carefs'd before.

Let ‡ Dodwell with the fathers join,
To strip of energy divine
The heav'n-descended soul;
The test of sense let || Berkley scorn,
And both on borrow'd pinions borne,
Annihilate the whole.

In academic vales retir'd,
With Plato's love and beauty fir'd,
My steps let candour guide;
By tenets vain unpreposited,
Those lawless tyrants of the breast,
Offspring of zeal and pride!

Or while through nature's walks I stray,
Would truth's bright source emit one ray,
And all my soul inflame;
Creation and her bounteous laws,
Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,
Should be my fav'rite theme.

TO MRS. R——.

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING INFANT.

AN ODE.

WHILE, touch'd with all thy tender pain,
The muses breathe a mournful strain,
O! lift thy languid eye!
O! deign a calm auspicious ear;
The muse shall yield thee tear for tear,
And mingle sigh with sigh.

Not for the Thracian bard, whose lyre
Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,
By jealous fury slain,
While murmur'd on his trembling tongue,
Eurydice imperfect hung,
The nine could more complain.

Ah! say harmonious sisters, say:
When swift to pierce the lovely prey,
Fate took its cruel aim;
When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,
Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,
And pangs convuls'd his frame:

Say, could no song of melting woe,
Revoke the keen determin'd blow,
That clos'd his sparkling eye?

* His account of virtue differs not much from that of the Leviathan.

† The author of the last mentioned piece; who denies the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.

‡ He attempted to prove the natural mortality of the soul, and quoted the fathers in favour of his opinion.

|| Author of dialogues on the non-existence of matter.

Thus roses oft, by early doom,
Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,
Grow pale, recline, and die.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!
Nor salient pulse, nor vital flame,
A mother's hopes restore:
In vain keen anguish tears her breast,
By ev'ry tender mark exprest,
He lives, he smiles no more!

Such is the fate of human kind;
The fairest form, the brightest mind,
Can no exemption know:
The mighty mandate of the sky,
"That man when born begins to die,"
Extends to all below.

In vain a mother's pray'rs ascend,
Should nature to her sorrows lend
The native voice of smart;
In vain would plaints their force essay
To hold precarious life one day,
Or fate's dread hand avert.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,
Fix'd as the poles that all sustain,
Its purpose stands secure:
The humble hynd who toils for bread,
The scepter'd hand, the laurel'd head,
Alike confess its pow'r.

Since time began, the stream of woes
Along its rapid current flows;
Still swells the groan profound:
While age, re-echoing still to age,
Transmits the annals of its rage,
And points the recent wound.

When human hopes sublimest tow'r,
Then, wanton in th' excess of pow'r,
The tyrant throws them down;
The orphan early robb'd of aid,
The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,
His sable triumph crown.

At length to life and joy return;
Man was not destin'd still to mourn,
A prey to endless pain:
Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,
With bliss and anguish, calm and storm,
Diversifies the scene:

But hides with care from human eyes,
What bliss beyond this prospect lies;
Lest we, with life oppress'd,
Should grieve its burden to endure,
And, with excursion premature,
Pursue eternal rest.

From disappointment, grief, and care,
From every pang of sharp despair,
Thy charmer wings his way;
And, while new scenes his bosom fire,
He learns to strike the golden lyre,
And Heav'n resounds his lay.

Lo! where his sacred relics lie,
Immortal guardians from the sky
Their silver wings display;
Till, bright emerging from the tomb,
They rise to heav'n, their destin'd home,
And hail eternal day,

AN ODE.

WRITTEN WHEN SICK.

O PRIME of life! O taste of joy!
Whither so early do you fly?
Scarce half your transient sweetness known,
Why are you vanish'd ere full-blown?

The beauteous progeny of spring,
That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,
Each tender bloom, each short-liv'd flow'r,
Still flourish till their destin'd hour.
Your winter too, too soon will come,
And chill in death your vernal bloom.

On my wan cheek the colour dies,
Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;
Cold horrors thrill each sick'ning vein;
Deep broken sighs my bosom strain;
The salient pulse of health gives o'er,
And life and pleasure are no more.

TO HEALTH.

AN ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,
Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
In whose train, for ever gay,
Smiling loves and graces play:
If complaints thy soul can move,
Or music charm the voice of love!
Hither, goddess, ere too late,
Turn, and stop impending fate.

Over earth, and sea, and sky,
Bid thy airy heralds fly;
With each balm which nature yields,
From the gardens, groves, and fields,
From each flow'r of varied hue,
From each herb that sips the dew,
From each tree of fragrant bloom,
Bid the gales their wings perfume;
And around fair Celia's head,
All the mingled incense shed:
Till each living sweetness rise,
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,
Yet awful as the blaze of day.

Celia if the fates restore,
Love and beauty weep no more:
But if they snatch the lovely prize,
All that's fair in Celia dies.

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHOM I HAD
OFFENDED.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

How long shall I attempt in vain
Thy smiles, my angel, to regain?
I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?

"That goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gaily looks, and sweetly sings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, shall be thine."

When next mamma shall prove severe,
I'll interpose, and save my dear.
Softens, my fair, those angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs:
Think, while that tender breast they strain,
For thee what anguish I sustain.

Should but thy fair companions view,
How ill that frown becomes thy brow;
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
Each would to each, astonish'd, cry,
Heav'n's! where is all her sweetness flown!
How strange a figure now she's grown!
Run, Nancy, let us run, lest we
Grow pettish, awkward things, as she.

'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub smiles,
My griefs suspend, my fears beguile:
How the quick pleasure heaves my breast!
Ah! still be kind, and I'll be blest!

TO LESBIA.

TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS.

THOUGH four, loquacious age reprove,
Let us, my Lesbia, live for love:
For, when the short-liv'd suns decline,
They but retire more bright to shine:
But we, when fleeting life is o'er,
And light and love can bless no more;
Are ravish'd from each dear delight,
To sleep one long eternal night.
Give me of kisses balmy store,
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more;
Still add ten thousand, doubly sweet;
The dear, dear number still repeat:
And, when the sum so high shall swell,
Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;
Let us on kisses crowd,
Till number sink in multitude;
Lest our full bliss should limits know,
And others, numb'ring envious grow.

A TRANSLATION OF AN OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
Ye smiling native scenes, adieu!
With each delightful object there.
Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray:
Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,
And pleas'd my ruin to pursue;
I sung my dear, my cruel maid:
Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!
Ye dear associates of my breast,
Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell;
And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,
Dear author of my life, farewell!
For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blast thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
From dear relations torn away,
Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,
To hopeless love a destin'd pray:

While she, as angry heav'n and main
Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,
Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,
And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise!
What horrors life's fair prospect stain!
Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,
And brothers bleed, by brothers slain.

From cursed gold I trace my woe;
Could I this splendid mischief boast,
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,
Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,
Had early fate surpris'd me there,
And wrapt me in eternal rest:

Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,
And tremble with unpitied pain;
Nor had a maid's relentless hate,
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft in the pleasing toils of love,
With ev'ry winning art I try'd
To catch the coyly flatt'ring dove,
With killing eyes and plummy pride:

But, far on nimble pinions borne
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
She fought the northern climes of scorn,
Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah me! had heav'n and she prov'd kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How blest had I my life resign'd,
Where first I breath'd this vital air!

But since no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot pursue:
Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes,
To all, but grief and love, adieu!

SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF THE BRAES OF BALLANDYNE.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain:
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow: [plain;
Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him com-
Yet Cloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view:
These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
survey; [they:
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than
New scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue;
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew:
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:

But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
No winter can cool it, no summer inasflame.

But see! the pale moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,
Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens de-
spair?

THE RAVISH'D SHEPHERD.

A SONG.

AZURE dawn, whose cheerful ray
Bids all nature's beauties rise,
Were thy glories doubly gay,
What art thou to Chloe's eyes?
Boast no more thy rosy light,
If Chloe smile thee into night.

Gentle spring, whose kind return
Spreads diffusive pleasure round,
Bids each breast enamour'd burn,
And each flame with bliss be crown'd;
Should my Chloe leave the plain,
Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.

Ev'ry charm, whose high delight
Sense enjoys, or soul admires;
All that ardour can excite,
All excited love requires,
All that heav'n or earth call fair,
View Chloe's face, and read it there.

A PASTORAL SONG.

SANDY, the gay, the blooming swain,
Had lang frae love been free;
Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain
Dance quick with harmless glee.

As blythsome lambs that scour the green,
His mind was unconstrain'd;
Nae face could ever fix his een,
Nae sang his ear detain'd.

Ah! luckless youth! a short-liv'd joy
Thy cruel fates decree;
Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,
And love mair fell on thee.

'Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,
Ae morn of cheerful May,
Forth Girzy walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
A flow'r mair sweet than they!

Like sunbeams shewn her waving locks;
Her een like stars were bright;
The rose lent blushes to her cheek;
The lily purest white.

Jim was her waist, like some tall pine
That keeps the woods in awe;
Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,
Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loosely thrown,
Gave to the shepherd's een
What fearless innocence would show;
The rest was all unseen.

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,
His colour went and came;
Dark grew his een, his ears resound,
His breast was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his sang,
He jokes and smiles nae mair;
Unplaited now his cravat hung,
Undrest his chestnut hair.

To him how lang the shortest night!
How dark the brightest day!
Till, with the slow consuming fire,
His life was worn away.

Far, far frae shepherds and their flocks,
Opprest with care, he lean'd;
And, in a mirky, beachen shade,
To hills and dales thus plean'd:

"At length, my wayward heart, return,
Too far, alas! astray:
Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,
Which works me such decay.

Ay me! 'twas Love, 'twas Girzy's charms,
That first began my woes;
Could he sae fast, or she sae fair,
Prove such relentless foes?

Fierce winter nips the sweetest flower;
Keen lightning rives the tree;
Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop,
And love has blasted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chase;
The tender lambkins they;
Lambs follow close their mother ewes,
And ewes the blooms of May.

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,
Some dear delight pursue;
Cease, ruthless maid! to scorn the heart
That only pants for you.

Alas! for griefs, to her unken'd,
What pity can I gain?
And should she ken, yet love refuse,
Could that redress my pain?

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,
Ah! close those wearied eyes:
But death the happy still pursues,
Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail; what wealth is mine
Her high-born mind to bend?
Her's are those wide delightful plains,
And her's the flocks I tend.

What though, whene'er I tun'd my pipe,
Glad fairies heard the sound,
And, clad in freshest April green,
Aft tript the circle round:

Break, landward clown, thy din some reed,
And brag thy skill nae mair:
Can aught that gies na Girzy joy,
Be worth thy lightest care?

Adieu! ye harmless, sportive flocks!
Who now your lives shall guard?
Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft
The pleasing vigil shar'd:

Adieu! ye plains, and light, and sweet,
 Now painful to my view:
 Adieu to life; and thou, mair dear,
 Who caus'd my death; adieu!"

ON THE DEATH OF STELLA:

A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO HER SISTER.

"See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
 "Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death;
 "Cold is that breast which warm'd the world
 "before;
 "And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more."

POPE.

Now purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,
 And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain;
 Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,
 'To speak his grief, a pensive swain was laid:
 Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound;
 The laughing landscape sadden'd all around:
 For Stella's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

"O thou! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,
 Who dy'd to pleasure, when *a sister dy'd;
 Thou living image of those charms we lost,
 Charms which exulting nature once might boast!
 Indulge the plaintive muse, whose simple strain
 Repeats the herat-felt anguish of the swain:
 For Stella's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan,
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Are happiness and joy for ever fled,
 Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor sunny glade?
 Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye;
 With Stella born, with Stella too they die:
 Die, or with me your brightest image moan;
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Sweet to the thirsty tongue the crystal stream,
 To nightly wand'ers sweet the morning beam;
 Sweet to the wither'd grass the gentle show'r;
 To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;
 Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,
 And lovely Stella once was heav'n to me:
 That heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Ah! where is now that form which charm'd my
 sight?
 Ah! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright?
 Ah! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,
 When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing?
 Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan;
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Ah me! though winter desolate the field,
 Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield;
 Again shall birds the vernal season hail,
 And beauty paint, and music charm the vale:
 But she no more to bless me shall appear;
 No more her angel voice enchant my ear;
 No more her angel smile relieve my moan;
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

* Mrs. M'Gulloch, a Lady distinguished for every
 personal grace and qualification of mind, which could
 adorn her sex and nature.

He ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice suppress'd,
 Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast;
 From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;
 The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes:
 Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain!
 If, with returning sense, returns thy pain.
 Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's
 moan;
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO EUANTHE.

WHITST I rehearse unhappy Damon's lays,
 At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
 With drooping heads and griev'd attention, flood,
 Nor frisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring
 flood;

Effential sweetness! deign with me to stray,
 Where yon close shades exclude the heat of day;
 Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,
 Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song;
 There hear the sad relation of his fate,
 And pity all the pains thy charms create.

Close in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,
 I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue:

"Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
 Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;
 Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,
 And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know;
 With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,
 And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.

Awake, my muse, the soft Sicilian strain;
 Sicilian numbers may delude my pain:
 The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,
 Is ne'er supply'd, though heav'n descend in show'rs:
 From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plies her wing,
 Of sweets insatiate, though she drain the spring:
 Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store,
 And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
 Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain?
 Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,
 But groans are music to the tyrant love.
 O love! thy genius and thy force I know,
 Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow:
 From some fermented tempest of the main,
 At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
 Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood,
 Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood:
 Relentless mischief! at whose dire command,
 A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:
 Curst boy! curst mother! which most impious, say,
 She who could wound, or he who could betray!

Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
 From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.
 Why did I first Euanthe's charms admire,
 Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?
 Why, happy still my danger to conceal,
 Could I no ruin, fear, till sure to feel?
 So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,
 Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray;
 Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,
 He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream:
 Away with scorn the laughing demon flies,
 While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.

Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain
 Ah! can no last, no darling hope remain,

Round which my soul with all her strength may
twine,

And, though but flatter'd, call the treasure mine?
Wretch! to the charmer's sphere canst thou ascend,
Or dar'st thou fancy lie to thee will bend?

Say, shall the chirping grasshopper assume
The varied accent, and the soaring plume;
Or shall that oak the tallest of his race,
Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace?

Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
Those pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain?
Well I remember, O my soul! too well,
When in the snare of fate I thoughtless fell:
Languid and sick, she sought the distant shade,
Where, led by love or destiny, I stray'd:

There, from the nymphs retir'd depress'd she
lay,

To unremitting pain a smiling prey:
Ev'n then I saw her, as an angel, bright:
I saw, I lov'd, I perish'd at the sight;
I sigh'd, I blush'd, I gaz'd with fix'd surprise,
And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes.

Forbear, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Which heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain:
What though the heav'n-born muse my temples
shade

With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?
What though the Sylvan pow'rs, while I com-
plain,

Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain?
On me my stars, nor gifts, but ills bestow,
And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

But see yon rock projected o'er the main,
Whose giddy prospect turns the gazer's brain:
Object is lost beneath its vast profound,
And deep and hoarse below the surges sound:
Oft, while th' unthinking world is lost in sleep,
My fable genius tempts me to the steep;

In fancy's view bids endless horrors move,
A barren fortune, and a hopeless love,
Life has no charms for me; why longer stay?
I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.

What! fall the victim of a mean despair,
And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?
No, let me once some conscious merit show,
And tell the world, I can survive my woe.

Forbear my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy
brain?

See, chok'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs re-
cline,

Thy sheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine.
At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,
Or weave the basket, or the fold secure.

What though her cheeks a living blush display,
Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day;
Though love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings,
And all the muses warble, when she sings?
Forbear, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Some nymph, as fair, a sprightlier note may
gain:

There are who know to prize more genuine charms,
Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms:
Forbear, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Some nymph, as fair, may smile, though she dis-
dain.

THE PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

"Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? floribus austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apror.

VIRG.

COLIN, whose lays the shepherds all admire,
For Phoebe long consum'd with hopeless fire;
Nor durst his tongue the hidden smart convey,
Nor tears the torment of his soul betray:
But to the wildness of the woods he flies,
And vents his grief in unregarded sighs:
Ye conscious woods, who still the sound retain,
Repeat the tuneful sorrows of the swain.

"And must I perish then, ah cruel maid!
To early fate, by love of thee betray'd?
And can no tender art thy soul subdue,
Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view?
The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and sweet perfume;
The tender lamb that prematurely pines,
And life's untasted joys at once resigns;
For these thy tears in copious tributes flow,
For these thy bosom heaves with tender woe?
And can'st thou then with tears their fate survey,
While, blasted by thy coldness, I decay?

"And now the swains each to their cots are fled,
And not a warble echoes through the mead;
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,
Scorch'd with the summer noon's relentless heat:
From summer's heat the shades a refuge prove;
But what can shield my heart from fiercer love?
All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,
For all our other ills a balm to yield;
But love, the sharpest pang the soul sustains,
Still cruel love incurable remains.

"Yet, dear destroyer! yet my suff'rings hear:
By love's kind look, and pity's sacred tear,
By the strong griefs that in my bosom roll,
By all the native goodness of thy soul,
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,
And, like eternal Mercy, smile and save.

"What though no sounding names my race adorn;
Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born;
With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread,
While endless tempests beat the mountain's head.
What though by fate no riches are my share;
Riches are parents of eternal care;
While, in the lowly hut and silent grove,
Content plays smiling with her sister Love.
What though no native charms my person grace,
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;
The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,
While sloes and brambles yield a safe repast."

Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain;
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.
Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep,
Or lull the impetuous hurricane asleep?
Thy numbers then her steadfast soul may move,
And change the purpose of determin'd love.

Die, Colin, die, nor groan with grief oppress'd;
Another image triumphs in her breast;
Another soon shall call the fair his own,
And heav'n and fate seem pleas'd their vows to
crown.

Arise, Menalcas, with the dawn arise;
For thee thy Phoebe looks with longing eyes;
For thee the shepherds, a delighted throng,
Wake the soft reed, and hymeneal song;
For thee the hasty virgins rob the spring,
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.
Arise, Menalcas, with the dawn arise;
Ev'n time for thee with double swiftneſs flies:
Hours urging hours, with all their ſpeed retire,
To give thy ſoul whate'er it can deſire.

Yet, when the prieſt prepares the rites divine,
And when her trembling hand is clasp'd in thine,
Let not thy heart too ſoon indulge its joys;
But think on him whom thy delight deſtroys!
Thee too he lov'd; to thee his ſimple heart,
With eaſy faith and fondneſs breath'd its ſmart:
So fools their flocks to ſanguine wolves reſign,
So truſt the cunning fox to prune the vine.
Think thou behold'ſt him from ſome gaping wound
Effuſe his ſoul, and ſtain with blood the ground:
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,
His friends with ſhrieking ſorrow pierce thine ear:
Or, to ſome torrent's headlong rage a prey,
Think thou behold'ſt him floating to the ſea.

But now the ſun declines his radiant head,
And riſing hills project a length'ning ſhade:
Again to browse the green the flocks return,
Again the ſwains to ſport, and I to mourn:
I homeward too muſt bend my painful way,
Leſt old Damocles ſternly chide my ſtay.

DESIDERIUM LUTETIÆ;

FROM BUCHANAN, AN ALLEGORICAL PASTORAL,
IN WHICH HE REGRETS HIS ABSENCE FROM
PARIS, IMITATED.

WHILE far remote, thy ſwain, dear Chloe! ſighs,
Depriv'd the vital ſunſhine of thine eyes;
Seven ſummer heats already warm the plains;
In ſtorms and ſnow the ſev'nth bleak winter
reigns:

Yet not ſeven years revolving ſad and ſlow,
Nor ſummer's heats, nor winter's ſtorms and ſnow,
Can to my ſoul the ſmalleſt eaſe procure,
Or free from love and care one tedious hour.

Thee, when from heav'n deſcend the dews of
morn,

To crop the verdant mead when flocks return;
Thee, when the ſun has compaſs'd half his way,
And darts around unſufferable day;
Thee, when the ev'ning o'er the world diſplay'd,
From riſing hills projects a length'ning ſhade;
Thee ſtill I ſing, unweary'd of my theme,
Source of my ſong, and object of my flame!
Ev'n night, in whoſe dark boſom nature laid,
Appears one blank, one undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade,
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors tries
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes.

When ſhort-liv'd ſlumbers, long invok'd, de-
ſcend,

To ſooth each care, and ev'ry ſenſe ſuſpend,
Full to my ſight once more thy charms appear;
Once more my ardent vows ſalute thine ear;
Once more my anxious ſoul, awake to bliſs,
Feels, hears, detains thee in her cloſe embrace:

In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing tranſport toſt,
Till ſenſe itſelf in keen delight is loſt.

From ſleep I wake; but, oh! how chang'd the
ſcene!

The charms illuſive, and the pleaſure vain!
The day returns; but ah! returning day,
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,
On theſe ſad eyes its glory darts in vain;
Its light reſtor'd, reſtores my ſoul to pain.

The houſe I fly, impell'd by wild deſpair,
As if my griefs could only find me there.
Loſt to the world, through lonely fields I rove;
Vain wiſh! to fly from deſtiny and love!
By wayward frenzy's reſtleſs impuſe led,
Through devious wilds, with heedleſs courſe, I
tread:

The cave remote, the duſky wood explore,
Where human ſtep was ne'er impreſt before:
And, with the native accents of deſpair,
Fatigue the conſcious rocks, and deſert air.
Kind echo, faithful to my plaints alone,
Sigh all my ſighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
The ſtreams, familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful ſound remurmur as they flow.

Oft on ſome rock diſtracted I complain,
Which hangs projected o'er the ruſh'd main:
Oft view the azure ſurges as they roll,
And to deaf ſtorms effuſe my frantic ſoul.

"Attend my ſorrows, O cerulean tide!

"Ye blue-ey'd nymphs that through the billows
glide,

"Oh! waſt me gently o'er your rough domain;

"Let me at length my darling coaſt attain:

"Or, if my wiſhes thus too much implore,

"Shipwreck'd and gasping let me reach the ſhore.

"While waſh'd along the floods I hold my way,

"To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey,

"Dear hope and love ſhall bear my ſtruggling
frame,

"And unextinguish'd keep the vital flame."

Oft to the hait'ning zephyrs have I ſaid:

"You, happy gales! ſhall fan my lovely maid.

"So may no pointed rocks your wings deform;

"So may your ſpeedy journey meet no ſtorm.

"As oft you whisper round my heav'nly fair;

"Play on her breaſt, or wanton with her hair;

"Faithful to love, the tender meſſage bear,

"And breathe my endleſs ſorrows in her ear."

How oft rough Eurus have I aſk'd in vain!

As with ſwift wings he brush'd the foamy main:

"Bleſt wind! who late my diſtant charmes
view'd,

"Say, has her ſoul no other wiſh purſu'd!

"With mutual fire, ſay, does her boſom glow;

"Feels ſhe my wound, and pities ſhe my woe?"

Heedleſs of all my tears, and all I ſay,

The winds, with bluſt'ring fury, wing their way.

A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,

Shoots through my heart, and ſtagnates ev'ry vein.

No rural pleaſures yield my ſoul relief;

No melting ſhepherd's pipe conſoles my grief;

The choral nymphs, that dancing cheer the plain,

And ſauns, though ſweet their ſong, yet ſing in
vain.

Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind

Can only room for love and anguiſh find:

By these my soul and all its wishes caught,
Can to no other object yield a thought.

Lycisca, skilful with her lyre to move
Each tender wish, and melt the soul to love :
Melænis too, with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,
By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound :
With emulation both my love pursue,
And both, with winning arts, my passion woo.
The freshest bloom of youth their cheeks display ;
Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keenest ray ;
Av'rice itself might count their fleecy store,
(A prize beyond its wish) ! and pant no more.

Me oft their dow'rs each gen'rous fire has
told,

An hundred playful younglings from the fold,
Each with his dam ; their mothers promise more,
And oft, and long, with secret gifts, implore.
Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,
Each with its dam ; nor wealth can bribe my
love ;

Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers show ;
Nor all the secret gifts they would bestow ;
Nor all the tender things the nymphs can say ;
Nor all the soft desires the nymphs betray.

As winter to the spring in beauty yields,
Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields ;
As the fair virgin's cheek, with rosy dye
Blushing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,
Beyond her mother's faded form appears,
Mark'd with the wrinkles and the snow of years ;
As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing
Thames

Flow each the envy of their country's streams :
So, loveliest of her sex, my heav'nly maid
Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.

Melænis, whom love's soft enchantments arm,
Replete with charms, and conscious of each charm,
Oft on the glassy stream, with raptured eyes,
Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise ;
Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
Adjusts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace :
Oft thus she tries, with all her tuneful art,
To reach the soft access of my heart.

" Unhappy swain, whose wishes fondly stray,
" To slow-consuming fruitless fires a prey !
" Say, will those sighs and tears forever flow
" In hopeless torment, and determin'd woe ?
" Our fields, by nature's bounty blest, as thine,
" The mellow apple yield, and purple vine ;
" Those too thou lov'st ; their free enjoyment
" share,

" Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap despair."

Me oft Lycisca, in the festive train,
Views as she lightly bounds along the plain :
Straight, with dissembled scorn, away she flies :
Yet still on me obliquely turns her eyes :
While, to the music of her trembling strings,
Amidst the dance sweet warbling, thus she sings :
" No tears the just revenge of Heav'n can move ;
" Heav'n's just revenge will punish slighted love.
" I've seen a huntsman, active as the morn,
" Salute her earliest blush with sounding horn ;
" Pursue the bounding stag with op'ning cries,
" And flight the timid hare, his easy prize ;
" Then, with the setting sun, his hounds restrain ;
" Nor bounding stag, nor timid hare obtain.

" I've seen the sportsman latent nets display,
" To catch the feather'd warblers of the spray ;
" Despise the finch that flutter'd round in air,
" And court the sweeter linnet to his snare :
" Yet weary, cold, successless, leave the plain ;
" Nor painted finch, nor sweeter linnet, gain.
" I've seen a youth the polish'd pipe admire,
" And scorn the simple reed the swains inspire :
" The simple reed yet cheers each tuneful swain ;
" While still unblest the scorner pines in vain.
" Thus righteous Heav'n chastises wanton pride,
" And bids intemperate insolence subside,"
Thus breathe the am'rous nymphs their fruitless
pain,

In ears impervious to the softest strain,
But first with trembling lambs the wolf shall graze ;
First hawks with linnets join in social lays ;
First shall the tiger's sanguine thirst expire,
And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire ;
Ere, with her lute Lycisca taught to charm,
This destin'd heart ere soft Melænis warm.
First shall the finny nation leave the flood,
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood ;
The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to
flow ;

Ere my desires another object know.
This infant bosom, yet in love untaught :
From Chloe first the pleasing ardour caught :
Chloe shall still its faithful empire claim,
Its first ambition, and its latest aim !
Till ev'ry wish and ev'ry hope be o'er,
And life and love inspire my frame no more.

PHILANTHES :

A MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS D——Y H——Y.

*Occasioned by a series of interesting events which
happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12. 1752.
particularly that of her father's death.*

" Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
" Tam chari capitis ? Præcipe lugubres
" Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
" Vocem cum cithara dedit." HOR.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Address to Miss H——y.
—General reflections inspired by the subject,
and previous to it.—The scene opens with a
prospect of Mrs. M——n's funeral solemnity :
and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful
youth, son to Mr. J——s H——ll, whose early
genius, quick progress in learning, and gentle
dispositions, inspired his friends with the high-
est expectations of his riper attainments.—
Transition to the death of Dr. J——s H——y
physician : his character as such : the general
sorrow occasioned by his fate : his character as
a friend, as particularly qualified to soothe dis-
tress ; as a gentleman ; as a husband ; as a fa-
ther : his loss considered in all these relations,
particularly as sustained by Miss H——y : her
tender care of him during his sickness describ-
ed.—The piece concludes with an apotheosis,
in imitation of Virgil's Daphnis.

A SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful nine inflame,
As to his western goal the sun declin'd,
Sung to the list'ning shades no common theme;
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep resounding surge in concert join'd.
Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
While all the solemn scene in mute attention
hung.

Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
Though still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,
Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;
'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,
And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.
Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:

O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and sorrow reign:
For * Pan indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every sense they fright,
Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with
fun'ral fires.

What though the radiant sun and clement sky
Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;
Though spring presages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
For us in vain her choicest blessings flow:
To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain
Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the gold-
en grain.

What summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
What sun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? [heave
Ah wretched man: whose breast scarce learns to
With kindling life: when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are
gone.

Thou all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
Whose sacred beams illumine each wand'ring sphere,
That through high heav'n reflects thy trembling
light,

Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou pursu'st thy way,
Let this revolving day,
Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll flow along:
In sable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuse her shade,
Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chant the vocal
throng.

Scarce, from the ardour of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool respir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,
Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene
invade.

* *God of Arcadia, who peculiarly presides over
rural life.*

Sophronia, long for ev'ry virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
Ah me! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd
With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in
vain.

For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd;
For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
An husband late with all her virtues bless'd,
And weeping race in sad ideas rise:

For her depress'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces, veil.
Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye virtues all deplore

Your image, now no more,
And * Hymen quench thy torch in tears and end-
less night.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,
When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,
And louder accents pierce each frightened ear,
Accents of grief embitter'd by surprise!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
To snatch Adonis wash'd along the stream,
And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:
They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O Heav'n!
they could no more.

Ye † Naiads, guardians of the fatal flood,
Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care?
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.

Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;
While, in his closing eyes,
No more the heav'n-illum'd lustre shines;
His cheek, once nature's pride,
With blooming roses dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

Dear hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?
Such anguish when the soul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade,
Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid?
Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,
Nor from th' insatiate waves redeem their love-
ly prey?

Did I for this my tend'rest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Exinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear rip'ning sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond ma-
ternal eyes.

Fortune and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!

* *God of marriage.*

† *River Goddesses.*

Like tender fruit, they perish premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm.

For thee a fate more kind,
Thy mother's hopes assign'd,
Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'st my sight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd?

Severe these ills; yet heavier still impend,
That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:
As, ere the long-collected storm descend,
Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;
Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the subject field the trembling hind
Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deep'ning groan
In fainter cadence died away in air,
When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:
As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,
Swift from th' adjacent field Menalcas flies,
While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew his eyes.

Weep on, he cry'd, let tears no measure know;
Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:

Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with summer's pride, ye meads be gay.
Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,
Should summer smile around?

Philanthes now is number'd with the dead:
Young health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleness wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

Him bright * Hygeia, in life's early dawn,
Through nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,

Through woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There summer's treasures to his view display'd,
What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

The paralytic nerve his art confess'd,
Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale:
Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at last to fail,
Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,
Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour?

Your griefs, O love and friendship, how severe!
When high to heav'n his soul pursu'd her flight;
Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,
Still the sad vision swims before my sight.
O'er all the mournful scene,
Inconsolatable pain,

* Daughter of Esculapius, and goddess of health.

In ev'ry various form, appear'd express:
The tear-distilling eye,
The long, deep, broken sigh,
Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in ev'ry breast.

Such were their woes, and oh! how just, how due!
What tears could equal such immense distress?
Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,
And years the sense of what we lose increase.
From whom shall now the wretched hope redress?
Religion where a nobler subject find,
So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind?

Fair friendship, smiling on his natal hour,
The babe selected in her sacred train;
She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,
And in his bosom fix'd her fav'rite fane,
In glory thence how long, yet how serene,
Her vital influence spreads its cheering rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,
Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, descending rain,
That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:

So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction disappear'd;
Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;
Grief with its sweetness sooth'd,
Each cloudy feature smooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

Such elegance of taste, such graceful ease,
Infus'd by Heav'n, through all his manners shone;
In him it seem'd to join what'er could please,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other swains had known,
Gentle as those of old by * Phœbus taught,
When polish'd with his lute, like him they spoke and thought.

Thus form'd alike to bless, and to be bless'd,
Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,
With equal worth and equal candour crown'd:
Long may she search creation's ample round,
The joys of such a friendship to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

As nature to her works supremely kind,
His tender soul with all the parent glow'd,
On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,
One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius rose,
New prospects to disclose,
To form the mind, and raise its gen'rous aim;
His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
At once inspir'd and charm'd;
His looks, his words, his smiles transfus'd the sacred flame.

Say ye, whose minds for long revolving years
The joys of sweet society have known,
Whose mutual fondness ev'ry hour endears,
Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls
are one;

* He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of Admetus.

O! say, for you can judge, and you alone,
What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,
When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to
part.

His children to the scene of death repair,
While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes;
His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:
But young Dorinda, with distinguish'd sighs,
Effusing all her soul in soft regret,
Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a
father's fate.

Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid;
To soften ev'ry pain,
The meaning look explain,
And scan the forming wish ere yet express'd:
The dying father smil'd
With fondness on his child,
And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her
goodness bless'd.

At length, fair mourner! cease thy rising woe:
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
And ampler scenes with height'ning charms sur-
prise:
There perfect life thy much lov'd fire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where, in immortal breasts, immortal trans-
ports reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours cheer,
And banish far each shock of adverse fate;
Mild suns and gentle show'rs on spring shall wait,
His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds
weep no more.

Henceforth his pow'r shall with your * Lares join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays resume,
And spring her annual bloom,
Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn;
To him, each rising day,
Devout libations pay:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, no more ye shep-
herds mourn.

THE WISH.

AN ELEGY.

To Urania.

" Felices ter, et amplius,
" Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
" Divulsus querimoniis
" Suprema citius solvet amor die."

HOR.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;

* *Domestic gods.*

Vol. XI.

Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow;
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heav'n! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
For you my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But O! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on godlike worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

4 F

How sweet with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd;
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heav'n sublime,
View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of Heav'n would be no joys to me.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

AN ELEGY.

"Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
"Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue;
"Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
"Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays."

POPE'S UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHILE yet I scarce awake from dumb surprise,
And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes;
While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,
And all my being sinks oppress'd with pain;
Deign you whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know

The nice poetic sense of bliss and woe;
To these sad accents deign a pitying ear;
Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.

O Pope, what tears thy obsequies attend!
Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend;
For thee, their darling, weep th' Aonian choir,
Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,
And virgin sorrows bathe thy sacred urn:
One veil of grief o'er Heav'n and earth be thrown,
And vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone.
Erewhile depress'd in abject dust they lay,
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd light,
Plac'd truth and virtue cloth'd with heav'nly light:

Now pleas'd, to open sunshine they return,
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.

Ah me! far other thoughts my soul inspire;
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
Thee, though the muses bless'd with all their art,
And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart;
Though thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,
Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain?
Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;
Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins:
"Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world
"before,

"And that Heav'n-prompted tongue shall charm
"no more." [choofe;

Whom next shall Heav'n to share thy honours
Whom consecrate to virtue and the muse?
The muse, by fate's eternal plan design'd
To light exalt and humanize the mind;
To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;
To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,
And touch the finest springs that move the heart.

*Curst he! who, without ecstacy sincere,
The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear:
His aid in vain shall indigence require;
Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire:
Nature and nature's God that wretch detest;
Unsought his friendship, and his days unblest:
Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,
And all her gloom hangs heavy on his soul.

As when the sun begins his eastern way,
To bless the nations with returning day,
Crown'd with unfading splendour, on he flies;
Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies:
The prostrate east the radiant god adore;
So, Pope, we view'd thee, but must view no more.
Thee angels late beheld, with mute surprise,
Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise;
They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,
To trace the mazes of th' eternal scheme:
But Heav'n those scenes to human view denies,
Those scenes impervious to celestial eyes:
Whoe'er attempts the path, shall lose his way,
And, wrapt in night, through endless error stray.

In thee what talent shall we most admire;
The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire?
Alike in both to glory is thy claim;
Thine Aristotle's taste, and Homer's flame.

Arm'd with impartial satire, when thy muse
Triumphant vice with all her rage pursues;
To hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,
Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day:
There, curst and cursing, rack'd with raging woe,
Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.
But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise;
Her steps the earth scarce bound, her head the skies;
Till his red terrors Jove again display,
Assert his laws, and vindicate his sway.

*What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickness of moral feeling: He therefore who cannot feel poetry, must either have his affections and internal senses depraved by vice, or be naturally insensible of the pleasures resulting from the exercise of them. But this natural insensibility is almost never so great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impression of well-painted passion, or natural images connected with it.

When Ovid's song bewails the Lesbian fair,
Her slighted passion, and intense despair;
By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,
Not Ovid's wit, but Sappho's sorrows shine.
When Eloisa mourns her hapless fate,
What heart can cease with all her pangs to beat!
While pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast;
The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,
Shall dread the satire of thy ravish'd hair.

Not the * Sicilian breath'd a sweeter song,
While Arethusa, charm'd and list'ning, hung;
For whom each muse, from her dear seat retir'd,
His flocks protected, and himself inspir'd:
Nor he † who sung, while sorrow fill'd the plain,
How Cytherea mourn'd Adonis slain;
Nor ‡ Tityrus, who, in immortal lays,
Taught Mantua's echoes Galatea's praise.
No more let Mantua boast unrivall'd fame;
Thy Windsor now shall equal honours claim:
Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

Ye tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair Ladona's banks, and Windsor's shades,
Whose souls in transport melted at his song,
Soft as your sighs, and as your wishes strong;
O come! your copious annual tributes bring,
The full luxuriance of the rifled spring;
Strip various nature of each fairest flow'r,
And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r.
Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,
The violets languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.

Who shall succeed thy worth, O darling swain!
Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy strain?
Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:
Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
And solemn moans responsive rocks return;
Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,
And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.
When first Calliope thy fall survey'd,
Immortal tears her eyes profusely shed;
Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd;
The conscious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring,
join'd;

Her voice in trembling cadence died away,
And, lost in anguish, all the goddess lay.
Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,
The fates, in Homer, ravish'd her delight:
To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,
And in thy bosom kindled all his fire:
Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours dress'd,
Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breast.

When horrid war informs the sacred page,
And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,
The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound,
And groans and clamours shake the mountains round;
The nations rock, earth's solid bases groan,
And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

When Eolus dilates the lawless wind,
O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd,
Bend heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,

Tear up the forest, and enrage the main;
In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,
Ferment and roar, and aestuate in each line.

When Sisyphus, with many a weary groan,
Rolls up the hill the still revolving stone;
The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil, [toil:
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full
But, when resulting rapid from its height,
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight.

As when creative energy, employ'd,
With various beings fill'd the boundless void;
With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd
The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good;
He view'd, exulting with immense delight,
The lovely transcript, as th' idea, bright:
So swell'd the * bard with ecstasy divine,
When full and finish'd rose his bright design;
So, from the Elysian bow'rs, he joy'd to see
All his immortal self reviv'd in thee.
While fame enjoys thy consecrated fane,
First of th' inspir'd, with him for ever reign;
With his each distant age shall rank thy name,
And ev'n reluctant envy hiss acclaim.

But ah! blind fate will no distinction know;
Swift down the torrent all alike must flow:
Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
All, all must tread th' irremeable way.

No more fond wishes in my breast shall roll,
Distend my heart, and kindle all my soul,
To breathe my honest raptures in thy ear,
And feel thy kindness in returns sincere;
Thy art, I hop'd, should teach the muse to sing,
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing;
Now muse be dumb; or let thy song deplore
Thy pleasures blasted, and thy hopes no more.

Tremendous pow'rs! who rule th' eternal state,
Whose voice is thunder, and whose nod is fate;
Did I for empire, second to your own,
Cling round the shrine, and importune the throne?
Pray'd I, that fame should bear my name on high,
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving sky?
Woo'd I for me the sun to toil and shine,
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?
Though deep involv'd in adamant night,
Ask'd I again to view heav'n's cheerful light?
Pope's love I sought; that only boon deny'd,
O life! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?
Thus mourns a tim'rous muse, unknown to fame,

Thus sheds her sweetest incense on thy name;
Whilst on her lips imperfect accents die,
Tear following tear, and sigh succeeding sigh:
She mourns, nor she alone, with fond regret,
A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate.
Where polish'd arts and sacred science reign,
Where'er the Nine their tuneful presence deign;
There shall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,
Command immortal monuments of praise:
From clime to clime the circling sun shall view
Its rival splendour still his own pursue.

* Theocritus. † Bion. ‡ Virgil.

* Homer.

While the swift torrent from its source descends;
While round this globe Heav'n's ample concave
bends;

Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train;
So long shall men thy heav'nly song admire,
And nature's charms and thine at once expire.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF CONSTANTIA *.

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
"Munere."——

VIRGIL.

By the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,
Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of Philomel, when through the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wand'ring senses recognize
The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul
Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.

Tell me, thou heav'nly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didst thou feel
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
The soft serenity of life, how led
An unsuspecting victim! Ev'ry blast
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
Unshelter'd and alone; while to thy groans
No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd
Thy drooping sweetness, uninjur'd to pain.
That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,
To Heav'n and earth extended, vainly now
Implores the consolation once it gave,
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,
Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear
A willing tribute paid, now fruitless weeps,
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.

Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How, in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illusion, and at once

* An accomplished, but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having, without the consent of her father, married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies, she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.

Forsook thee plung'd in exquisite despair!
Thy friends; the insects of a summer-gale
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardour suck
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine,
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his soul extinct,
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head
Each various torment, that embitters life,
Exhausted all their force: and, to ensure
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair truth,
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cause of innocence; the blush
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.

Meanwhile from these retreats with hapless
speed,

By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what cursed arms
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
O earth! O righteous Heaven! could'st thou be-
hold;
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou
see

The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd?

But thou, perfidious! tremble.—If on high
The hand of justice with impartial scale
Each word, each action poises, and exacts
Severe atonement from th' offending heart;
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless
pangs,

What deep damnation must thy soul endure?
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd:
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.
Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues,
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
Glow with the rapture of tumultuous joy,
The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight
Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.

In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the fated vulture, when disease
And disappointment quaff Lethean draughts
Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unblest,
Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
Th' infernal gulf shall open, and disclose
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,
Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely perish; or survive
To feel their father's infamy, and curse
The tainted origin from which they sprung.
For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the graces liv'd,
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast,
The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,
Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfading rose,
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice,
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

From foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home
Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love and friendship due,
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in
death

Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herse
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone
Protects or flatters its detested fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When these
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear;
And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth
Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.

But where, Oh! where shall art or nature find,
For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
Some blest restorative; whose pow'rful charm
May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast
Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,
By sad reflection prompted, cease to fall!
These, still as moments, days and years revolve,
A consecrated off'ring, shall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:

Till the pale night of destiny obscure
Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense
Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no
more.

A SOLILOQUY:

*Occasioned by the Author's escape from falling into a
deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost,
if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet
upon the board with which the well was covered,
warned him of his danger.*

" Quid quisque viret, nunquam homini satis
" Cautum est in horas." —————

HORAT.

WHERE am I!—O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear,
Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as Heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril and in night!

Erect with horror stands my bristling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,
Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I stand; and one progressive step
Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,
To gulfs impervious to the cheerful sun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhorr'd abode,
Where silence and oblivion, sisters drear!
With cruel death confed'rate empire hold,
In desolation and primæval gloom. [horror,

Ha! what unmans me thus? what, more than
Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmost soul?—Be still, my heart!
Nor flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Resume your functions, limbs! restrain those knees
From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul!
Assert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.
Reason, that beam of uncreated day,
That ray of Deity, by God's own breath
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
Those fancy'd terrors: reason will instruct thee,
That death is heav'n's kind interposing hand,
To snatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated misery, whose pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.

For Oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and
streams;

Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,
Profuse of life and joy; summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and
earth;

Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame;

Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold;
Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain pursue,
Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,
Unites th' immense stupenduous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and, through the frame,
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and
streams,

One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.

O beauty, harmony! ye sister train
Of graces; you, who, in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd
On nature's form, your heav'nly features shone:
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless, waste expanse
Of undistinguish'd horror covers all?
Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
Her inauspicious vapour; in whose shade,
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,
In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.

Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the supercilious eye
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,
On my obscurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own superior lot:
Inhuman triumph! hence the piercing taunt
Of titled insolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm blush that paints ingenious shame,
By conscious want inspir'd; th' unpitied pang
Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compassion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,
And rouses all its tenderness in vain.
All these, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.

Nor end my sorrows here. The sacred fane
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
With heart-consuming anguish I behold;
Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns
With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
Nourish this wretched being, and supply
Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know.

Where * now, ah! where is that supporting
arm

Which to my weak, unequal infant steps
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,
That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging Heav'n,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle
voice

* The character here drawn is that of the author's
father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened.

Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the storms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n
Its top majestic rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace;
Who on his look impress his message bears,
And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill,
Alas! no wise thy parting kisses shar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
Thy last, dear blessing and thy last advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
For ev'ry storm, whose lawless fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.

Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the storms of heav'n,
Friendless and guideless to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor, unshelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.

Me miserable! wherefore, O my soul!
Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd?
One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me safe in thy profound recess,
Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward soul! didst thou recoil?
Why saun the final exit of thy woe?
Why shiver at approaching dissolution?

Say why, by nature's unresisted force,
Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,
And dread destruction as the worst of ills;
Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why
risk

Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is, at best, protracted pain?
Say, by what mystic charms, can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in th' extensive scale of nature, want
Those blessings heav'n accumulates on me?
Blessings superior; though the blaze of day
Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,
To me extinct in everlasting shades:
Yet heav'n-taught music, at whose powerful voice,
Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,
Forsoke the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er soothes their pangs. To their insensate view
Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.
To them the noblest gift of bounteous heav'n,
Sweet conversation, whose enliv'ning force
Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,
Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.
The sacred sympathy of social hearts:
Benevolence, supreme delight of heav'n;
Th' extensive wish, which in one wide embrace,
All beings circles, when the swelling soul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their
breasts,

As yet my soul ne'er felt the oppressive weight
Of indigence unaided; swift redress,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.
Though, o'er the future series of my fate,
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the sun
Darts boundless glory through th' expanse of
heav'n,

A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws
A keener splendour. So, perhaps, that care,
Through all creation felt, but most by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope! perhaps my soul
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguish'd ardour in the stream:
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.

What then! because th' indulgent fire of all
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state, by Heav'n's paternal care, design'd
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,
These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heav'n,
In blank annihilation fade away?
For scenes, where, finish'd by the almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the sight
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun?
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
To each constituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper powers, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakness, whence results
Concord ineffable; shall he reverse,
Or disconcert the universal scheme,
The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride
And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice
From non-existence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who, conscious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.

Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares sup-
press

This timid pride and impotence of soul:
Learn now, why all those multitudes which crowd
This spacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,
Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger; know this sacred truth;
All perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame,
And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."
Then, with becoming reverence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;

That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conquest, basely to desert
The part assign'd me, and with dastard fear,
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
How then is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart
Each blessing it communicates enjoys?
How then shall I obey the first great law
Of nature's Legislator, deep imprest
With double sanction, restless fear of death,
And fondness still to breathe this vital air?
Nor is th' injunction hard; who would not sink
A while in tears and sorrow, then emerge
With tenfold lustre, triumph o'er his pain;
And with unfading glory shine in heav'n?

Come then, my little guardian genius! cloth'd
In that familiar form, my Phylax, come!
Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
Had not thy interposing fondness staid
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,
Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful
bound,

Which life from death divides, divides this scene
From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,
Elude our keenest search.—But still I err.
Howe'er thy grateful undesigning heart,
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely distant couldst thou view.
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,
Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk:
Nor couldst thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its wat'ry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill,
Thy deepest penetration here had stopt
Short of its aim; and in the strong embrace
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
No—Heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first
To check my heedless course, and hence I live.

Eternal Providence! whose equal sway
Weighs each event, whose ever-wakeful care,
Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wond'rous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conspire:
Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
Unweary'd tends; and finds in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repose.
By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Through ev'ry period of my infant state,
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.
O! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
Of angels; thence, O! could my pray'r obtain
One beam of inspiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers; heav'n's full choir,
In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing;

Yet not more ardent, more sincere than mine.
But though my voice, beneath the seraph's note,
Must check its feeble accents, low deprest
By dull mortality; to thee great Soul
Of heav'n and earth! to thee my hallow'd strain
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

MISS ***** TO THE AUTHOR.

WHILE friendship's gentle pow'rs my bosom fire,
Damon, accept the lays which you inspire:
My long-neglected muse thy worth revives,
And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives,
Domestic troubles long my mind oppress'd,
And made the muse a stranger to my breast;
Not friendship's softest charms could raise my
song,

Till wak'd to life by thy persuasive tongue.
O Damon, could I boast thy wond'rous skill,
Were but my genius equal to my will,
Thy praises I unweary'd would proclaim;
And place thee with the brightest sons of fame.
Sure, Damon, 'tis some god thy breast inspires,
And fills thy soul with those celestial fires:
Thy thoughts so just, so noble, so refin'd,
That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,
May justly claim the praise of all mankind.

Why am I call'd to leave my native plains,
To range on barren hills with rustic swains?
Far from my fellow nymphs, a sprightly throng,
And far, too far from thy harmonious tongue!
Yet still thy praise shall be my fav'rite theme:
Each echo shall resound with Damon's fame,
And ev'ry tree shall bear his much-lov'd name.

O could I bear thee to Acasto's seat,
To Phœbus and his sons a known retreat;
Acasto, whose great mind and honest soul
No hopes can bias, and no fears controul.
He virtue's patron long has firmly stood,
And, in a vicious age, been greatly good.
Oft has Acasto in some fragrant bow'r
Invok'd Urania, and confess'd her pow'r;
As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,
And blest'd his song with well-deserved praise.
Were Damon there, to join the tuneful choir,
With all the beauties of his verse and lyre,
His wit would civilize our savage plains,
Polish our country nymphs and rural swains.
But though hard fate deny my fond request,
It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breast;
No—while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,
For thee a lasting friendship I'll maintain:
And when this busy scene of life is o'er,
Nor earth retards the soul's excursions more,
I'll joy to meet thee in those happier scenes,
Where unallay'd, immortal pleasure reigns.
There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us stray
Through the bright regions of eternal day;
There, of essential happiness secur'd,
With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd.

Some pow'r conduct us through the glorious
road,
And lead us safe to that divine abode,
Where bliss eternal waits the virtuous soul,
And joys on joys in endless circles roll.

1740.

CLIO.

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

WHEN Clio seem'd forgetful of my pain,
A soft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow;
But when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
Just, as your taste, and as your heart, sincere;
My soul re-cho'd, while the melting strain
Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

Ah! teach my verse, like yours, to be refin'd;
Your force of language, and your strength of mind;
Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,
Which ravishes the soul, and charms the heart,
Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ
To paint your merit, and express my joy.
Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd,
With which great Orpheus polish'd human kind;
Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,
And teach a world the sweets of social love.

When great * Acasto's virtues grac'd your lays,
My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze;
Whose love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,
Supplies the indigent, the weak defends;
Pursues the good of all with steady aim;
One bright, unweary'd, unextinguish'd flame.
What transport felt my soul, what keen delight,
When its full blaze of glory met my sight!
But soon, too soon, the happy gleam was o'er;
What joy can reign where Clio is no more?

Ah! hapless me! must yet more woes inspire
The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre?
The last and greatest of the fable train?
Her Clio's absence must the muse complain?
From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,
And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

Yet, while absorb'd in thought alone I stray,
On ev'ry sense while silent sorrows prey,
Or from some arbour, conscious of my pain,
While to the sighing breeze I sigh in vain:
May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
Crown your bright day, and bless your silent night:
May heightning raptures ev'ry sense surprise,
Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:
May all on earth, and all in heav'n conspire
To make your pleasures lasting and entire.
'Tis thine alone can sooth my anxious breast
Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.

EPISTLE I.

TO THE SAME.

From Edinburgh.

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen
skies,
And lov'd Edina's lofty turrets rise,
Sing heav'nly muse! to thy lov'd Clio sing;
Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping
wing.

Could I, like Uriel, on some pointed ray,
To your fair distant Eden wing my way,

* A gentleman who then resided in Galloway, distinguished for hospitality, for his inviolable attachment to the interests of his country; and, in short, for all those virtues which adorned his ancestors, and dignify human nature.

Outstrip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,
 And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind;
 So strong, so swift, I'd fly the port to gain;
 The speed of angels should pursue in vain.
 Ah! whither, whither would my fancy stray?
 Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way:
 No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,
 Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe:
 Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,
 And, with increasing hours increase the stream.
 Yet, Clio, hear, in pity to my smart,
 If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:
 Let but one line suspend my constant care,
 Too faint for hope, too lively for despair:
 Thee let me still with wonted rapture find
 The muses patroness, and poet's friend.

EPISTLE II.

TO DORINDA.

With Venice Preserv'd.

If friendship gains not pardon for the muse,
 Immortal Otway, sure, will plead excuse:
 For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
 Which feel the poet, and which weep his praise.
 Whether great Jaffier tender griefs inspires,
 Struggling with cruel fate, and high desires;
 Or Belvidera's gentler accents flow,
 When all her soul she breathes in love and woe:
 Drawn from the heart the various passions shine,
 And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
 As when some turtle spies her lovely mate
 Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net,
 Her little heart just bursting with despair,
 She droops her wings, and breathes her soul in
 air.

EPISTLE III.

TO MISS ANNIE RAE,

With the Manual of Epictetus, and Tablature of Cebes.

Go, happy leaves! to Anna's view disclose
 What solid joy from real virtue flows;
 When, like the world, self-pois'd, th' exalted soul,
 Unshaken, scorns the storms that round her roll;
 And, in herself collected, joys to find
 Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind.
 To bid mankind their end supreme pursue,
 On God and nature fix their wand'ring view;
 To teach reluctant passion to obey,
 Check'd, or impell'd by reason's awful sway;
 From films of error purge the mental eye,
 Till undissembled good in prospect lie;
 The soul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame:
 Such was the Stoic's and Socratic's aim.

O! could they view from yon immortal scene,
 Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,
 Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd
 page,
 Imbibe their truth, and in their task engage;
 With rapture would they hail so fair a sight,
 And seal new bliss in heav'n's supreme delight.

* TO MISS D. H.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER SHE WROTE THE
AUTHOR FROM DUMFRIES.

MAY Heaven's blest blessings on thy head descend,
 Whose goodness recollects an absent friend;
 Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,
 Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy soul;
 With length'ning life still happier be thy state,
 As by thy worth, distinguish'd by thy fate.
 Oh! if my ardent vows successful prove;
 If merit charms, if God himself be love;
 Of all the lots his bounty e'er assign'd
 To bless the best, the noblest of mankind;
 For none shall happier constellations shine,
 None boast a sphere of ampler bliss than thine.
 Few of thy sex, alas! how wond'rous few,
 Bestow those kind regards to virtue due:
 A humble name, of wealth too small a share,
 A form unseemly, or a clownish air;
 These casual faults the squeamish fair disgust,
 Who to be thought refin'd, become unjust.
 Not such Dorinda's more intense survey,
 It looks for charms unconscious of decay;
 Surface and form pervades with nobler taste,
 And views God's image on the heart impress.
 O may I ever share thy kind esteem,
 In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream;
 If future hours be ting'd with colours gay,
 There let thy friendship mix its heav'nly ray;
 O'er all my fate if adverse planets reign,
 O let thy gentle pity sooth my pain:
 With this one precious good securely blest,
 Let chance or fortune regulate the rest.
 Since still to me extend thy gen'rous cares,
 My study, health, employment, and affairs;
 These ever in the same dull channel flow,
 A lazy current, uniformly slow.
 Thus still from hour to hour, from day to day,
 Life's glimmering taper languishes away;
 A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,
 That wastes and sickens into endless night.
 The modes of dress, the sophist's keen debate,
 The various politics of church and state,
 A soul like thine will think but trivial news,
 Beneath the care of friendship and the muse.
 In vain I urge dull thought from line to line,
 Fancy grows restive to the fond design:
 Here let the muse her weary pinions rest,
 Be ever kind, and oh! be ever blest.

TO MISS A. H.

ON HER MARRIAGE.

I HATE the stiff address, the studied phrase
 Of formal compliment, and empty praise,
 Where fancy labours to express the heart,
 With all the paint and impotence of art:
 But when with merit friendship's charms conspire
 To bid my hand resume the votive lyre,
 Once more my veins their former raptures know,
 And all the muses in my bosom glow.

* The young lady to whom the Monody is inscribed.

O thou, whose soul with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,
Diffuses light, and life, and pleasure round;
Whose heart, with ev'ry tender sense endow'd,
Glow, like creative love, serenely good;
Whose easy manners at one view display
Fancy's quick flash, and reason's steady ray;
While each internal charm, with sweet surprise,
Beams through thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes:

Bless'd with those joys, may all thy moments flow,
Which conscious virtue only can bestow:
That soft eternal sunshine of the mind,
Sweet as thy charms, and as thy soul refin'd.
May Heav'n protect thee with a father's care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.
O may the man now sacred to thy choice,
With all his soul the real blessing prize:
One common end o'er all your views preside,
One wish impel you, and one purpose guide;
Be all your days auspicious, calm, and bright,
One scene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,
Till time and fate exhaust their endless store,
And heav'n alone can make your pleasure more.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMESON.

Why mourns my friend, what cause shall I assign?
Why smarts that tender honest soul of thine?
What star, a foe to all that's good and great,
Dares, with malignant influence, dash thy fate?
Why shrinks my heart with fears not understood?
What strange portentous sadness chills my blood?
O! breathe thy latent sorrows in mine ear,
And prompt the starting sympathetic tear.
As tender mothers with assiduous view,
Their infant offspring's wand'ring steps pursue,
As wing'd from heav'n, celestial guardians wait,
To snatch their fav'rite charge from instant fate:
Friendship thy close attendant shall remain,
Prepar'd to soften, or partake thy pain:
Whether thy form, to pale disease a prey,
Beneath its pressure pants the tedious day;
Or if some tender grief dissolves thy mind,
Each wish extinguish'd, and each hope resign'd:
For thee my spirits shall more languid flow;
For thee the flame of life suspend its glow;
For thee this heart, with sorrows new shall groan,
And add thy part of anguish to its own.
Whatever scenes thy pensive walk invite,
Thither thy friend shall bend his speedy flight.
Say, shall our social steps together stray
Through groves that glimmer with a twilight ray?
Or through some boundless solitary plain,
Where melancholy holds her pensive reign?
Say, through embow'ring myrtles shall we rove
Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeless love?
Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,
In uncomplaining agony expir'd?
There in the silent cypress shade reclin'd,
Let each in each a faithful suff'rer find;
There let our mingling plaints to heav'n ascend;
There let our eyes their ceaseless currents blend:
Our mingling plaints shall stop the passing gale,
And each enamour'd echo sigh the tale.
For whilst I speak, ev'n in this mortal hour,
Perhaps relentless death exerts his pow'r,

Perhaps the shaft already wings its way,
Too surely aim'd, and * Barnet falls its prey.
Him, nature, with no common care design'd,
His form embellish'd, and his soul refin'd;
Oh! with what ardour did his piercing view,
Through ev'ry maze of nature, truth pursue!
Sacred to virtue, and the muse, his breast
With Heav'n's own loveliest image was impress.
Like Heav'n's eternal goodness, unconfin'd
His soul, with one fond wish, embrac'd mankind:
For them his time, his cares were all employ'd;
Their griefs he felt, their happiness enjoy'd;
His parents now, in bitterness of pain,
Shall ask from heav'n and earth their son in vain:
In vain his friends with pious gifts shall tell
How gay he blossom'd, and how early fell.
Through all his frame a fever's fury reigns,
Consumes his vitals, and inflames his veins,
In tears the salutary arts retreat,
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.

Here pause, my friend, and with due candour
own

Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone;
Others, like thee, its dire contents must drain,
And share their full inheritance of pain.
But, O! may brighter hours thy life attend;
Such as from heav'n on happy love descend;
Such gleams, as still on conscious virtue shine,
By God and man approv'd, be ever thine.
May reason, arm'd with each persuasive art,
Inspire thy precept, as she guides thy hearts:
Nor let thy soul the smallest portion know
Of all my past distress or present woe.

AN EPITAPH ON HIS FATHER.

HERE drop, benevolence, thy sacred tear,
A friend of human kind reposes here;
A man content himself and God to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
Beneath each pressure uniformly great;
In life untainted, unsurpris'd by fate:
Such, though obscur'd by various ills he shone;
Consol'd his neighbours woes, and bore his own:
Heav'n saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its
prey,
To share the triumphs of eternal day.

TO MRS. ANNE BLACKLOCK,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

With a Copy of the Scotch Edition of his Poems.

O THOU! who gav'st me first this world to explore,
Whose frame for me a mother's anguish bore;

* Mr. Barnet, an Englishman, a dear and intimate friend of the poet. He was a student of physic in the University of Edinburgh; and at the time the above epistle was written, lay dangerously ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after, in the bloom of youth, much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by Blacklock, who scarce ever mentions his name without a tear.

For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,
Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd:
What though thy son, dependent, weak, and blind,
Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Though want impending cloud each cheerless day,
And death with life seem struggling for their
prey?

Let this console, if not reward thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

PROLOGUE TO OTHELLO.

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE,

At the Opening of the Playhouse in Dumfries.

Ye souls! by soft humanity inspir'd,
For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;
Where taste and commerce amicably join'd,
Embellish life, and cultivate the mind:
Without a blush, you may support our stage;
No tainted joys shall here your view engage.
To tickle fools with prostituted art,
Debauch the fancy and corrupt the heart,
Let others stoop, such meanness we despise,
And please with virtuous objects virtuous eyes.

The tender soul what dire convulsions tear,
When whisp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;
How heav'nly mild, yet how intensely bright,
Fair innocence, though clouded, strikes the sight;
What endless plagues from jealous fondness flow,
This night our faithful scenes attempt to show:
No new-born whim, no hasty flash of wit;
But nature's dictates, by great Shakspeare writ.

Immortal bard! who with a master hand,
Could all the movements of the soul command;
With pity sooth, with terror shake her frame;
In love dissolve her, or to rage inflame.

To taste and virtue, heav'n-descended pair!
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care;
To crown our ardour, let your fav'ring smile
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil:
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,
But when they share some Desdemona's woe.

PROLOGUE TO HAMLET.

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE, AT DUMFRIES.

INSPIR'D with pleasing hope to entertain,
Once more we offer Shakspeare's heav'nly strain;
While hov'ring round, his laurell'd shade surveys
What eyes shall pour their tribute to his praise;
What hearts with tender pity shall regret
The bitter grief that clouds Ophelia's fate.

Once fair she flourish'd, nature's joy and pride,
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.
Severe extremes of tenderness and woe,
When love and virtue mourn one common blow;
When griefs alternate o'er the bosom reign,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry thought is pain!
Here nature triumph'd, on her throne sublime,
And mock'd each pigmy muse of later time;
Till Shakspeare touch'd the soul with all her
smart,
And stamp'd her living image on the heart.

From his instructive song we deeply feel,
How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal,
Though night and silence with the fraud conspire,
To bid the crime from human search retire;
Though yet the traitor seem from harm secure,
And fate a while suspend th' avenging hour;
Though fortune nurse him with a mother's care,
And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare:
In vain he struggles to disguise his smart,
A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart;
While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,
And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him rise.

Such salutary truths their light diffuse,
Where honours due attend the tragic muse;
Deep by her sacred signature impress'd,
They mingle with the soul and warm the breast.
Hence taught of old, the pious and the sage,
With veneration patronis'd the stage.

But, soft! methinks you cry with some surprise,
"How long intend you thus to moralise?"
Our prologue deviates from establish'd rules,
Nor shocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,
'Tis true; but dully fond of common sense,
We still think spleen to wit has no pretence;
Think impudence is far remote from spirit,
And modesty, though awkward, has some merit.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

An Epigram.

DEAR Fabius! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

ON PUNCH.

AN EPIGRAM.

HENCE! restless care and low design,
Hence! foreign compliments and wine;
Let gen'rous Britons brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet.
A while with joy the scene is crown'd;
A while the catch and toast go round:
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

ON MARRIAGE.

AN EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Celia, now a blooming bride,
Sat from her friends apart and cry'd;
Her faithful Chloe view'd her care,
And thus consol'd the weeping fair:

Good heav'n! in tears! for shame! look gay;
Nor cloud with grief your nuptial day.
If brides in tears receive their spouses,
What must the hapless wretch who loses?
Besides, my dear, you know 'tis reason,
That all things have a proper season:
Now 'tis in marriage a plain case,
That crying holds the second place.
Let vulgar souls in sorrow sink,
Who always act and never think;
But to reflecting minds like you,
Marriage can sure have nothing new.

ON THE SAME.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHOEVER seals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed make one of two;
But who can tell, save G--d alone,
What numbers may make two of one.

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so!

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To sooth the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
"See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her fable beau;
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
Yet, though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;

In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forc'd to love?
Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm blest'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expence.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a gen'rous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, "save us, heav'n! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow*!

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

A SATIRE.

Inscribed to Miss ———

"Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
"Would I much rather than Cornelia wed."
DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

"Credo pudicitiam, Saturno rege, moratam
"In terris, visamque diu." ——— JUV.

"In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
"There was a thing call'd Chastity on earth."
DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

WHETHER the author's designs were benevolent or ill-natured, in the writing or publication of this piece to the world, it is unnecessary for him

* The manner in which our author has conducted this piece is very remarkable. None but one possessed of Blacklock's happy temper of mind, would have been so pleasant at his own expence. However, lest the ladies of future ages should think this humorous description real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful painter, the picture would by no means have been so ludicrous. R. H.

to discover; for even though he should, with all imaginable candour, express the motives which influenced him, every one will presume upon the same right of judging as if no such discovery had been made. Permit him, therefore, only to say, that this satire is neither absolutely personal, nor comprehensive of all. To attack any particular character, is no less detraction in verse than in prose; or suppose the intention more good-natured, it is confining those moral lessons to one, which may be applicable to a thousand. To attack any sex or species for qualities inseparable from it, is really to write a satire against nature. So that the business of one who would assume a character so delicate and unwelcome, is neither to confine himself to individuals, nor attempt to include the whole.

The author thought it proper to convey his sentiments in an epistolary way, that the eye might still be directed to one principal figure. Such characters and passions as could not thus properly be introduced, are brought in by frequent digressions, with as much ease as possible. For this I need only instance the characters of Flavia and Timandra.

The most effectual way either to gain or preserve the attention of readers in satire, is by a delicate and well preserved irony. This the author has as seldom violated as the subjects he treated, and his own warmth of temper would permit. And thus, under pretence of advising, he exposes to his pupil most of the vices and foibles of the sex; first, in their earliest appearances in the world, then in marriage, as mistresses of a family, as mothers, and the different rules too often observed in dress abroad and at home. This account of our author's plan was thought requisite, lest the reader, when glancing over the poem, might lose himself in it. A. G.

O THOU, whom still in vain I must adore,
To beauty much in debt, to fortune more;
With wit and taste enough thy faults to hide,
To gild thy folly, and to plume thy pride;
Soon shall my heart, a rebel to thy chain,
Assert its freedom, and thy pow'r disdain.
Yet ere kind fate my liberty restore, [more],
(When twice five hundred pounds can charm no
For thee the muse shall tune th' instructive lay,
And through the maze of life direct thy way:
The muse, long study'd in her sex's art,
The head designing, and corrupted heart,
For thee shall sing, nor thou too rashly blame
The last faint struggles of a dying flame.

The maid whom nature with maternal care
Has form'd to scatter ruin ev'ry where,
When first on life her radiant eyes she throws,
Dress, flatt'ry, pleasure, billet-deaux, and beaux;
Then, conscious of her weakness, let her fly
The tender lip, the love-illumin'd eye;
Let her alike distrust her strength and art,
And cautious to some maiden aunt impart [heart].
The important charge, her honour and her }
But soon the first emotions of desire
Shall with simplicity and truth retire;
The conscious tongue inspir'd by distant views,
Its first alliance with the soul shall lose;

The blood, by candour taught before to glow,
From other motives to the cheek shall flow;
No more shall looks her sentiments explain,
But ev'ry flexible feature learn to feign.
Then let her issue forth to open light,
In all the blaze of native beauty bright;
Insatiate, conquest let her still pursue,
Secure from harm, and destin'd to undo.
Yet while the first of public toasts she reigns,
While half the nation struggles in her chains,
If not like thee, with fortune's bounty blest,
Let her at last resign the world to rest,
Ere time his empire o'er her charms assume,
And tinge with fainter hue her native bloom.

In vernal youth, and beauty's gayest pride,
The charming Flavia thus becomes a bride.
For what blest'd youth, O Muse, with truth de-
clare,

Could Fate reserve the conquest of the fair?
To what resistless art, what charms divine,
What soft address, could she her heart resign?
Did youth, good-nature, sense, inflict the wound?
"No—peevish seventy with five thousand pound."
Hail holy ties! by wond'rous charms endear'd,
The paralytic nerve, and hoary beard.
What mighty joys must bless such equal love,
When hand in hand gay Spring and Winter move?
Beneath the specious semblance of a wife
She flaunts a licens'd prostitute for life.
Why all this hurry? Flavia was afraid
Her fame should wither, or her beauty fade.

Favour'd of Heav'n, far happier stars are thine;
Long as thy wish shall thy meridian shine,
In youth or age still certain to command,
And see thy bloom coeval with thy land.

There is a time to all the sex well known,
When 'tis a wretched thing to be alone;
When pregnant Night with ghosts and spectres
teems,

And sportive fairies prompt tumultuous dreams;
Then, though no lower wish thy breast inflame,
Though spotless be thy fancy as thy name,
In solitary fears no longer pine,
But to protecting man thy charms resign.

And now, before the raptur'd swain should
cloy

With known embraces, and repeated joy;
Now is the time thy wit, thy pow'rs to strain,
And tease him still some fav'rite boon to gain.
Now with eternal tempest stun his ears,
Now vary all the scene with fits and tears;
Now (pleas'd to view vicissitudes of pain,
To view thy tyranny new force obtain)
To all his tender arts and soft pursuit
Still be thy tongue inexorably mute.

Nor yet thy plagues to one alone confine,
Portending public ruin comets shine;
Angle for hearts, and when you catch the prey,
Long on the line your foolish captive play.

But should thy fond, officious fool be near,
With jealous looks, and with attentive ear;
Should he on ev'ry private hour intrude,
And watch those pleasures he was meant to shroud;
With all thy skill his jealous rage ferment,
The look inviting, and the soft complaint;
With equal favour ev'ry lover bless,
The gentle whisper, and the fond caress;

Till the weak dupe, in every tender sense,
 Feels, more than hell, the torture of suspense.
 Then if he dares to murmur at his fate,
 Tell him with smiles, repentance is too late.
 But if, with haughty tone, and lordly pride,
 He dictates serious rules thy life to guide;
 With weeping eyes, and melting sounds, regret
 The destin'd sorrows which on woman wait;
 To tyrant man subjected during life,
 A wretched daughter, and more wretched wife;
 Alike unblest'd, whate'er her form inspire,
 Licentious ridicule, or low desire;
 She pines away a life to bliss unknown;
 A slave to ev'ry humour but her own;
 While with despotic nod, and watchful gaze,
 Her jealous master all her steps surveys:
 With strick reserve each lover if she treat,
 Then all her portion is contempt or hate;
 But if more free she spend the cheerful day
 Among the witty, innocent, and gay,
 From all her hopes domestic pleasure flies,
 Suspicion breathes, and lo! her honour dies,
 Such cruel stars on woman still attend,
 And couldst thou hope their fury to suspend?

Perhaps some lover may the soul inflame,
 For nature in each bosom is the same;
 Then, but by slow degrees, his fate decide,
 And gratify at once thy love and pride.
 For love and pride, beneath each dark disguise,
 Heave in your breast, and sparkle in your eyes:
 Howe'er your sex in chastity pretend
 To hate the lover, but admire the friend,
 Desires more warm their natal throne maintain,
 Platonic passions only reach the brain.

Though in the cloister's secret cell immur'd
 By bolts, by ev'ry name in heav'n secur'd;
 Though in the close seraglio's walls confin'd;
 Ev'n there your fancy riots on mankind:
 Your persons may be fix'd, your forms recluse,
 While minds are faithless, and while thoughts are
 loose.

Should Love at last (whom has not Love sub-
 du'd?)

Full on thy sense some killing form obtrude;
 O! then beware, nor with a lavish hand
 Too promptly offer, ere thy swain demand.
 Our mothers, great in virtues as in crimes,
 Disdain'd the venal spirit of our times:
 Vice, oft repell'd, their stubborn hearts essay'd;
 But if at last their yielding soul she sway'd,
 Nor hopes, nor fears, nor int'rest could restrain,
 Heav'n charm'd, hell threaten'd, av'rice brib'd in
 vain.

Fools they, and folly's common lot they shar'd,
 Instinct their guide, and pleasure their reward:
 Their wiser race pursue a happier scheme,
 Pleasure their instrument, and wealth their aim;
 Nor maid, nor wife, unbrib'd her heart bestows,
 Each dart is tipp'd with gold which Cupid throws.

Thus should the dice invite thy vent'rous hand,
 Or debts of honour fresh supplies demand;
 Should china, monkeys, gems thy heart engage,
 The gilded coach, or liv'ry'd equipage;
 Half meet; half shun his wish; nor free, nor
 nice;

Delay the pleasure, to enhance the price.

While night o'er heav'n and earth extends her
 shade,

And darker female cunning lends its aid,
 Then, but with art, thy schemes of pleasure lay,
 Lest Argus with his hundred eyes survey:
 For gales officious ev'ry whisper bear,
 Each room has echoes, and each wall an ear.
 Yet Jealousy, oft fann'd with opiate airs,
 Her charge abandons, and forgets her cares;
 While Love awake exerts his happy pow'r,
 And consecrates to joy the fated hour.

That well-concerted plans command success,
 Learn from Timandra's fortune, and confess.
 The clock strikes ten, in vain Timandra mourns,
 Supper is serv'd, no husband yet returns.
Not yet return'd! Good heav'n avert my fear;
 What unforeseen mischance detains my dear?
 Perhaps in some dark alley, by surprise,
 Beneath a villain's arm he murder'd lies;
 Or by some apoplectic fit deprest,
 Perhaps, alas! he seeks eternal rest,
 Whilst I an early widow mourn in vain:
 Haste! fly, ye slaves, restore my lord again!
 She spoke, she shriek'd aloud, she rung the bell,
 Then senseless, lifeless, on the couch she fell.
*Say, Muse; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy
 view,*

Nor hell's deep track; say, what could then ensue?

Lorenzo, touch'd with sympathy divine,
 Heard the shrill sound, and recognis'd the sign;
 He came, he spoke, and if report say true,
 Her life rekindled, and her fears withdrew.
 The lover vanish'd, and the tumult past,
 The unsuspecting husband came at last;
 The spouse with equal joy his transports crown'd,
 Nor on her lips were Cassio's * kisses found.

Let Scandal next no slight attention share,
 Scandal, the fav'rite science of the fair,
 O'er which her fancy broods the summer-day,
 And scheming wastes the midnight-taper's ray;
 The laugh significant, the biting jest,
 The whisper loud, the sentence half suppress'd,
 The seeming pity for another's fame,
 To praise with coldness, or with caution blame;
 Still shall thy malice by those arts succeed,
 And ev'ry hour a reputation bleed.
 Thus shall thy words, thy looks, thy silence wound,
 And plagues be wasted in each whisper round.
 Nor on these topics long let fancy dwell;
 In one unite the pedant and the belle:
 With learned jargon, ever misapply'd,
 Harangue, illustrate, criticise, decide.
 For in our days, to gain a sage's name,
 We need not plod for sense, but banish shame:
 'Tis this which opens every fair-one's eyes,
 Religion, sense, and reason to despise;
 'Tis thus their thoughts affected freedom boast,
 And laugh at God, yet tremble at a ghost.
 Truth is the object of each common view,
 The gazing crowd her naked beauties woo;
 The fair such manners scorn, but, brave and free,
 Are damn'd for sacred singularity.

Thee with a mother's name should fortune grace,
 And propagate thy vices in thy race,

* See *Othello*.

Let whim, not reason, all thy conduct guide,
And not the parent, but the rod preside:
In all thy steps each wide extreme unite,
Capricious tenderness, or groundless spite.
Hence future ages shall with triumph see
Bridewell and Tyburn both enrich'd by thee.
To this our lives their hapless tenor owe, [flow.
Ting'd with the poison'd source from whence they
Ah! me, had gracious Heav'n alone consign'd
A prey to burning wrath your worthless kind;
Or had the first fair she, to hell ally'd,
Creation's sole reproach, curs'd Heav'n and dy'd;
Nor introduc'd in nature's faultless frame
The wretched heritage of guilt and shame,
Such the maternal pledges you bestow,
Expressive earnest of eternal woe.

Still as a constant curse regard thy home,
Thy pleasure's penance, and thy beauty's tomb;
Now mad with rage, now languishing with spleen,
There still in wretched dishabille be seen:
Long let thy nail its polish'd jet extend,
Around thy neck the greasy locks descend;
And round thee, mingling in one spicy gale,
Kitchen and nurs'ry all their sweets exhale.

But if in more extensive spheres you move,
With all the glare of dress your form improve;
To aid its pomp let either India join,
Nor once reflect at whose expence you shine;
New airs, new fashions, new complexions try,
While paint and affectation can supply,
For Heav'n and Nature, uniform, and old,
One settled course in each production hold;
But belles, by native genius taught to please,
Correct their Maker's want of taste with ease.

But why this hasty rage, this sudden fright?
I meant to counsel, and you say I bite.
Ah! no; Heav'n knows 'twas far from my intent;
The world's too much a sinner to repent:
By its example taught, I change my view.
And swear the fair are right whate'er they do.

HORACE, ODE XIII. BOOK I.

IMITATED.

"Cum tu Lydia, Telephi," &c.

WHEN Cælia dwells on Damon's name,
Insatiate of the pleasing theme,
Or in detail admires his charms,
His rosy neck, and waxen arms;
O! then, with fury scarce suppress'd,
My big heart labours in my breast;
From thought to thought across my soul
Incessant tides of passion roll;
My blood alternate chills and glows,
My wav'ring colour comes and goes;
While down my cheek the silent tear
Too plainly bids my grief appear;
Too plainly shows the latent flame
Whose slow consumption melts my frame.
I burn, when conscious of his sway,
The youth elated I survey,
Presume, with insolence of air
To frown, or dictate to my fair;
Or in the madness of delight,
When to thy arms he wings his flight,
And having snatch'd a rude embrace,
Profanes the softness of that face;

That face which heav'n itself imbues
With brightest charms and purest hues.
Oh! if my counsels touch thine ear,
(Love's counsels always are sincere),
From his ungovern'd transports fly,
Howe'er his form may please thine eye;
For conflagrations, fierce and strong,
Are fatal still, but never long:
And he who roughly treats the shrine,
Where modest worth and beauty shine,
Forgetful of his former fire,
Will soon no more these charms admire.

How bless'd, how more than bless'd are they
Whom love retains with equal sway;
Whose flame inviolably bright,
Still burns in its meridian height;
Nor jealous fears, nor cold disdain,
Disturb their peace, nor break their chain:
But, when the hours of life ebb fast,
For each in sighs they breathe their last!

TO A LADY.

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

An Elegy.

O FORM'D at once to feel and to inspire
The noblest passions of the human breast,
Attend the accent of love's fav'rite lyre,
And let thy soul its moving force attest.

Expressive passion, in each sound convey'd,
Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart;
Reason to modest tenderness persuade, [heart.
Smooth ev'ry thought, and tranquillize the
False is that wisdom, impotent and vain, [sign'd,
Which scorns the sphere by Heav'n to men as-
Which treats love's purest fires with mock disdain,
And, human, soars above the human kind.

Silent the muse of elegy remain'd,
Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
Whilst sportive art delusive sorrows feign'd,
With how much ease distinguish'd from the true!

Ev'n polish'd Waller mourns the constant scorn
Of Saccharissa, and his fate in vain:
With love his fancy, not his heart is torn;
We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

Such force has nature, so supremely fair,
With charms maternal her productions shine;
The vivid grace and unaffected air,
Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

Should youthful merit in such strains implore,
Let beauty still vouchsafe a gentle tear.
What can the soul, with passion thrill'd, do more?
The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

Cold cunning ne'er, with animated strain,
To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart:
We see her labour with industrious pain,
And mock the turgid impotence of art.

ODE TO AMYNTA.

By folly led from snare to snare,
Of bitter grief, suspense, and care,
A voluntary prey:

With ev'ry flatt'ring good resign'd,
Once more myself and peace to find,
From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant step and slow,
From all that's dear while thus I go,
Some pity let me claim!
Less smart th' expiring martyr's feels,
While racks distend, or torturing wheels
Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
From sordid views or weak revenge,
My resolutions flow:

'Tis God's, 'tis nature's great behest,
On every living soul impress'd,
To seek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore, with curious bent,
What, known, would but thy soul torment,
And all its hopes betray:
When painful truths invade the mind,
Ev'n wisdom wishes to be blind,
And hates th' officious ray.

Ye powers, who cordial and serene,
Protect the dear domestic scene,
To your retreats I fly;
At length by yours and reason's aid,
I may to rest this heart persuade,
And wipe the tearful eye.

There nature, o'er the heart supreme,
Shall every tender wish reclaim,
Where'er they fondly stray;
There friendship's arms my fall sustain,
When, languid with excess of pain,
My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence soft the flowing stream,
The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
Shall join their various power,
To bid each passion's rising tide
In philosophic ease subside,
And sooth my pensive hour.

AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO C — — — S — — —, ESQ.

O FRIEND, by ev'ry sympathy endear'd,
Which soul with soul in sacred ties unite;
The hour arrives, so long, so justly fear'd,
Brings all its pangs, and sinks each joy in night.

For now from Heav'n my unavailing pray'r
Toss'd devious, mingles with the sportive gale;
No tender arts can move my cruel fair,
Nor all love's silent eloquence prevail.

Though from my lips no sound unmeaning flows,
Though in each action fondness is express'd,
No kind return shall terminate my woes,
Nor heave th' eternal pressure from my breast.

Too well the weakness of my heart I knew;
Too well love's pow'r my soul had felt before:
Why did I then the pleasing ill pursue,
And tempt the malice of my fate once more?

Conscious how few among the fair succeed,
Who boast no merit but a tender heart,
Why was my soul again to chains decreed,
To unrewarded tears and endless smart?

The firen hope, my tardy pace to cheer,
In gay presage the short'ning prospect dress'd,
With art fallacious brought the object near,
And lull'd each rising doubt in fatal rest.

I saw success, or thought at least I saw,
Beck'ning with smiles to animate my speed,
Reason was mute, impress'd with trembling awe,
And mem'ry not one precedent could plead.

How curs'd is he who never learnt to fear
The keenest plagues his cruel stars portend!
Till o'er his head the black'ning clouds appear,
And Heav'n's collected storms at once descend!

What further change of fortune can I wait?
What consummation to the last despair?
She flies, yet shows no pity for my fate;
She sees, yet deigns not in my griefs to share.

Yet the kind heart, where tender passions reign,
Will catch the softness when it first appears;
Explore each symptom of the sufferer's pain,
Sigh all his sighs, and number all his tears.

This tribute from humanity is due, [bestow?
What then, just Heav'n's! what would not love
Yet though the fair insensible I view,
For others bliss I would not change my woe.

O blind to truth, and to reflection blind,
At length to wisdom and thyself return!
See science wait thee with demeanour kind,
Whose frown or absence no fond lovers mourn.

Bounteous and free to all who ask her aid,
Her sacred light anticipates their call,
Points out the precipice on which they stray'd,
And with maternal care prevents their fall.

Daughter of God! whose features all express
Th' eternal beauty whence thy being sprung;
I to thy sacred shrine my steps address, [tongue,
And catch each sound from thy heav'n-prompted

O! take me wholly to thy fond embrace,
Through all my soul thy radiant beams infuse;
Thence every cloud of pleasing error chase;
Adjust her organs, and enlarge her views.

Hence, ever fixt on virtue and on thee,
No lower wish shall her attention claim,
Till, like her sacred parent, pure and free, [came.
She gain the native Heav'n from whence she

TO JOHN M'LAURIN, ESQ*.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O THOU! in whom maturely bright appears
The flame of genius in the dawn of years;
Whom sacred wisdom's awful voice inspires;
Whom heav'n-born virtue's spotless beauty fires:
Still let these glorious aims engage thy view;
With straining nerves the arduous path pursue;

* Now Lord Dregburn, one of the Senators of the
College of Justice

For this revolve the sacred, ancient page,
 The raptur'd poet, and instructive sage:
 Nor scorn the efforts of a modern muse,
 Proud to reflect the glories they diffuse.
 Then, while with conscious joy exults thy fire*,
 Viewing his son to equal fame aspire,
 When the last echoes of my mortal lay,
 Shall feebly mix with air, and die away;
 Still shall my life beyond the grave extend,
 And ages know me for M'Laurin's friend.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

SPOKEN AT THE DESIRE OF A GENTLEMAN.

THOU, genius of connubial love, attend;
 Let silent wonder all thy powers suspend;
 Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
 And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.
 In lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
 That marriage oft is mixt with Heav'n and hell,
 That conjugal delight is sour'd with spleen,
 And peace and war compose the varied scene;
 My muse a truth sublimer can assert,
 And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
 Thrice happy they, who, through life's varied tide,
 With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
 Whom, though the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
 One reason governs, and one wish impels;
 Whose emulation is to love the best;
 Who feel no bliss, but in each other blest;
 Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
 Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live:
 If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
 Then let th' eternal page record them mine.

TO THE REV. MR. SPENCE.

LATE PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.

Written at Dumfries in the year 1759.

To tombs of dull theology confin'd,
 (Eternal opiates of the active mind)
 Long lay my spirits, lull'd in deep repose,
 Incapable alike of verse or prose.
 Unmark'd by thought or action, every day
 Appear'd, and pass'd in apathy away.
 Our friend, the Doctor†, view'd with deep
 regret,
 My sad catastrophe, my lifeless state;
 Explor'd each ancient sage, whose labours tell
 The force of powerful herb, or magic spell.
 Physic in vain its boasted influence try'd;
 My stupor incantation's voice defy'd:
 No charm could light my fancy's languid flame,
 No charm but friendship's voice and Spence's name.
 So from the cold embraces of the tomb,
 Involv'd in deep impenetrable gloom, [arise,
 Should Heav'n's great mandate bid some wretch
 How would he view the sun with ravish'd eyes;
 Admire each part of nature's beauteous scene,
 And welcome life and happiness again!
 Amaz'd the doctor stood, and lost in thought,
 Nor could believe the wonder he had wrought;
 Till, fir'd at last with sacerdotal pride,
 " 'Tis mine;—the work is all my own," he cried.

* The late celebrated Mr. Colin M'Laurin.

† Rev. Mr. Jameson.

"Henceforth some nobler task my might shall
 prove,

"I mean some lofty mountain to remove,
 "With woods and fountains bid it wing its way
 "Through yielding air, and settle in the sea."
 But recollecting, whence the virtue flow'd
 To which returning life and sense I ow'd,
 He snatch'd his pen, and with majestic tone,
 "Hence Indolence and Sloth," he cry'd, "be gone;
 "Me, Friendship's spirit, Spence's name inspire,
 "My heart is pregnant, and my soul on fire;
 "Thought crowds on thought, my brisk ideas flow,
 "And much I long to tell, and much to know."
 Thus exercis'd, to Lethe's dismal shore
 Fled Indolence, and sought her haunts of yore,
 With all her train forsook the poet's breast,
 And left the man completely dispossest.
 If to your very name, by bounteous Heav'n,
 Such blest, restoring influence has been giv'n,
 How must your sweet approach, your aspect kind,
 Your soul-reviving converse, warm the mind!

TO DR. BEATTIE.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O, WARM'D by inspiration's brightest fire,
 For whom the muses string their fav'rite lyre,
 Though with superior genius blest, yet deign
 A kind reception to my humbler strain.
 When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smil'd,
 The vocal art my languid hours beguil'd;
 Severer studies now my life engage;
 Researches dull, that quench poetic rage;
 From morn to ev'ning destin'd to explore
 Th' verbal critic and the scholiast's lore;
 Alas! what beam of heav'nly ardour shines
 In musty lexicons and school divines?
 Yet, to the darling object of my heart,
 A short, but pleasing retrospect I dart;
 Revolve the labours of the tuneful quoir,
 And what I cannot imitate, admire.
 O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow;
 As thine harmonious, could my accents flow;
 Then, with approving ear, might'st thou attend,
 Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.

TO THE REV. DR. OGILVIE.

"I decus, i, nostrum, melioribus utere satis."
 VIRGIL.

DEAR to the muses and their tuneful train,
 Whom, long pursu'd, I scarce at last regain;
 Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
 His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
 Hap'ly, when youth elate with native force,
 Or emulation fires the generous horse,
 He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains;
 And if not victor, some distinction gains;
 But should the careless master of the steed,
 Cherish no more his mettle or his speed,
 Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
 And wastes in indolent regret his life.
 Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
 Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard!

Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
 He rov'd, whilst favour imp'd his timid wing:
 Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
 But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
 The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples
 grac'd,
 Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
 Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
 In cheerless gloom and winter premature.
 But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
 Bold to achieve, and mighty to succeed,
 For whom fresh laurels, in eternal bloom,
 Impregnate Heav'n and earth with rich perfume;
 Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame;
 Ev'n Providence shall vindicate thy claim:
 Ev'n nature's wreck, resounding through thy lays,
 Shall in its final crash proclaim thy praise.

TO A FRIEND,

OF WHOSE HEALTH AND SUCCESS THE AUTHOR
 HAD HEARD, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

THOU dearest of friends to my heart ever known,
 Whose enjoyments and sufferings have still been
 my own,

Since early we met in susceptible youth,
 When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
 To God one petition, with steady regard,
 With ardour incessant, my spirit prefer'd,
 Thy life to protract, and thy blessings augment,
 Now my wish is obtain'd, and my bosom content.

You ask, by what means I my livelihood gain,
 And how my long conflict with fortune maintain?
 The question is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
 'Tis hard for a spirit like mine to reply.

If a friend with a friend must be free and sincere,
 My vesture is simple, and sober my cheer;
 But though few my resources, and vacant my purse,
 One comfort is left me, things cannot be worse.

'Tis vain to repine, as philosophers say,
 So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
 To my wants, still returning, adapt my supplies,
 And find in my hope what my fortune denies.

To the powerful and great had I keenly apply'd,
 Had I toil'd for their pleasures, or flatter'd their
 pride,

In splendour and wealth I perhaps might have
 flam'd,

For learning, for virtue, for ev'ry thing fam'd.
 The gamester, th' informer, the quack, and the
 smuggler,

The bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
 The dispenser of libels, the teller of fortunes,
 And others of equal respect and importance,
 Find high reputation and ample subsistence,
 Whilst craving necessity stands at a distance.

But who could determine, in soundness of brain,
 By priesthood or poetry, life to sustain?

Our Maker to serve, or our souls to improve,
 Are tasks self-rewarded, and labours of love.

Such with hunger and thirst are deservedly paid,

'Tis glorious to starve by so noble a trade:

'Tis guilt and ambition for priests to pretend

Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend;

Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,

Are such trifles esteem'd as no mortal should mind.

Nor less by the world is the heav'n-gifted bard,

In his visions abandon'd to find his reward.

Can sensations of wretchedness ever invade
 That breast which Apollo his temple has made?
 On the top of Parnassus his hermitage lies;
 And who can repine, when so near to the skies?
 For him sweet ambrosia spontaneously grows;
 For him Aganippe spontaneously flows.
 Though the bev'rage be cool, and ethereal the
 diet,

Fine souls, thus regal'd, should be happy and quiet.
 But I, who substantial nutrition require,
 Would rather the muses should feed than inspire.
 And whilst lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
 To earth the wild fugitive hunger restores.

Yet lest what I mean be obscurely express'd,
 No call is unanswer'd, no wish unredress'd:
 But other resources supplied what was wanting,
 Less barren employments than preaching or chant-
 ing.

For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
 May stars more propitious thy labours attend;
 On earth be thy prospect still smiling and bright,
 And thy portion hereafter immortal delight.

THE GENEALOGY OF NONSENSE.

WITH long and careful scrutiny in vain,
 I search'd th' obscure recesses of my brain;
 The muses oft with mournful voice I woo'd,
 To find a plea for silence if they could.

But through my search not one excuse appear'd,
 And not a muse would answer if she heard.

Thus I remain'd in anxious, sad suspense,
 Despairing aid from reason or from sense,
 Till from a pow'r, of late well known to fame,
 Though not invoc'd, the wish'd solution came.

Now night incumbent shaded half the ball,
 Silence assum'd her empire over all,
 While on my eyes imperfect slumbers spread
 Their downy wings, and hover'd round my head;
 But still internal sense awake remain'd,
 And still its first solicitude retain'd;

When lo! with slow descent, obscurely bright,
 Yet cloth'd in darkness visible, not light,
 A form, high tow'ring to the distant skies,
 In mimic grandeur, stood before my eyes:
 As after storms waves faintly lash the shore,
 As hollow winds in rocky caverns roar, [ear,
 Such were the sounds which pierc'd my trembling
 And chill'd my soul with more than common fear.

Thus spoke the pow'r:—"From yon extended
 "void,

"Where Jove's creating hand was ne'er employ'd,

"Where soft with hard, and heavy mix'd with
 "light,

"And heat with cold, maintain eternal fight;

"Where end the realms of order, form, and day;

"Where night and chaos hold primæval sway;

"Their first, their ever-darling offspring view,

"Who comes thy wonted calmness to renew.

"Ere yet the mountains rear'd their heads on
 "high,

"Ere yet the radiant sun illum'd the sky,

"Ere swelling hills, or humble vales were seen,

"Or woods the prospect cheer'd with waving
 "green;

"Ere nature was, my wond'rous birth I date,

"More old than Chance, Necessity, or Fate;

"Ere yet the muses touch'd the vocal lyre,

"My reverend mother and tumultuous sire

" Beheld my wond'rous birth with vast amaze,
 " And Discord's boundless empire roar'd my praise.
 " In me, whate'er by nature is disjoin'd,
 " All opposite extremes involv'd you find:
 " Born to retain, by fate's eternal doom,
 " My fire's confusion, and my mother's gloom.
 " Where'er extend the realms of letter'd pride,
 " With uncontroll'd dominion I preside;
 " Through its deep gloom I dart the doubtful ray,
 " And teach the learned idiots where to stray:
 " The labouring chemist, and profound divine,
 " Err, not seduc'd by reason's light, but mine.
 " From me alone these boast the wond'rous skill
 " To make a myst'ry more mysterious still;
 " While those pursue by science not their own,
 " The universal cure, and philosophic stone.
 " Thus, when the leaden pedant courts my aid,
 " To cover ignorance with learning's shade,
 " To swell the folio to a proper size,
 " And throw the clouds of art o'er nature's eyes,
 " My soporific pow'r the sages own;
 " Hence by the sacred name of Dulness known:
 " But if mercurial scribblers pant for fame,
 " Those I inspire, and Nonsense is my name.
 " Sustain'd by me, thy muse first took her flight,
 " I circumscrib'd its limits and its height;
 " By me she sinks, by me she soars along;
 " I rule her silence, and I prompt her song."
 My doubts resolv'd, the goddess wing'd her flight,
 Dissolv'd in air, and mix'd with formless night.
 Much more the muse, reluctant, must suppress,
 For all the pow'r of time and fate confess;
 Too soft her accents, and too weak her pray'r,
 For time or fate, or cruel posts to hear.

ODE ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ye nymphs and swains, whom love inspires
 With all his pure and faithful fires,
 Hither with joyful steps repair;
 You who his tenderest transports share!
 For lo! in beauty's gayest pride,
 Summer expands her bosom wide;
 The sun no more in clouds enshrin'd,
 Darts all his glories unconfin'd;
 The feather'd choir from every spray
 Salute Melissa's natal day.

Hither ye nymphs and shepherds haste,
 Each with a flow'ry chaplet grac'd,
 With transport while the shades resound,
 And nature spreads her charms around;
 While ev'ry breeze exhales perfumes,
 And Bion his mute pipe resumes;
 With Bion long diffus'd to play,
 Salute Melissa's natal day.

For Bion long deplor'd his pain
 Through woods and devious wilds in vain;
 At last impell'd by deep despair,
 The swain preferr'd his ardent pray'r;
 His ardent pray'r Melissa heard,
 And every latent sorrow cheer'd,
 His days with social rapture blest,
 And sooth'd each anxious care to rest.
 Tune, shepherds, tune the festive lay,
 And hail Melissa's natal day.

With nature's incense to the skies
 Let all your fervid wishes rise,

That Heav'n and earth may join to shed
 Their choicest blessings on her head;
 That years protracted, as they flow,
 May pleasures more sublime bestow;
 While by succeeding years surpass'd,
 The happiest still may be the last;
 And thus each circling sun display,
 A more auspicious natal day.

ODE TO AURORA.

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
 Emerge thou rosy-finger'd morn,
 Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
 And chace from Heav'n night's envious shade,
 That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
 And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
 Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn:
 In order at the eastern gate
 The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
 Whilst zephyr, on his balmy wings,
 Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
 With odours sweet to strew thy way,
 And grace the bland, revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
 That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
 And as his stronger glories rise,
 Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,
 Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
 All Heav'n's vast concave flames with light;
 So, when, through life's protracted day,
 Melissa still pursues her way,
 Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
 Increasing to the mental eye:
 Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
 Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
 So shall his heart no more repine.
 Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine,

TO DR. EVANS.

DEAR Doctor, as it is most fit,
 Your accusation I admit
 In all its force, nor rack my brain,
 By quirks and subterfuges vain,
 To throw my conduct into shade,
 And thus your just rebuke evade.
 But, since convicted now I stand,
 And wait correction from your hand,
 Be merciful as thou art strong,
 And recognize the power of song.
 For, while in accents deep and hoarse,
 She breathes contrition and remorse,
 The muse's penitential strain,
 For pardon cannot sue in vain.
 But, let me, with profound respect,
 A sad mistake of your's correct.
 When once th' Aonian maids discover
 Some favour for a youthful lover,
 You think their passion still as keen
 For him at sixty as sixteen.
 Alas the sex you little know,
 Their ruling passion is a beau.

The wrinkl'd brow, th' extinguisht eye,
 From female hearts ne'er gain a sigh.
 The brilliant glance, the cheek vermilion,
 Th' elastic nerve, th' enchanting smile,
 These, only these, can hearts confine
 Of ladies human or divine.
 No mind, immortal though it be,
 From life's vicissitudes is free,
 The man who labours to acquit
 Of imperfection human wit,
 Will find he undertakes a task
 That proves what his opponents ask;
 And feel, to his eternal cost,
 His own attempts refute his boast.
 Forc'd, by experience and sensation,
 I make this humble declaration:
 For, should my pride my words restrain,
 These lays would show the fact too plain.
 Cloth'd in a lion's skin, the ass
 At first might for a lion pass;
 But when the stupid creature bray'd,
 His real self he soon betray'd,
 And every stick and every stone
 Were us'd, to show him he was known.
 Thus, batter'd by sarcastic sneers,
 I shut my mouth and hide my ears;
 Bless'd, if unhurt I may elude
 The observation of the crowd.
 Yet, spite of all the ills that prey
 On ebbing life from day to day,
 It warm'd my veins with youthful fire,
 And rais'd my heart a cubit higher,
 To hear your own kind words express
 Your competition and success.
 So, when portentous symptoms threat
 Your patients with impending fate,
 At your approach may they recede,
 And sickness lift its drooping head;
 While health and joy your nod obey,
 And fly where'er you point their way.
 One great achievement still remains,
 One triumph, worthy of your pains;
 Could you the thefts of time restore,
 And make me what I was of yore,
 In spite of fortune's utmost spleen,
 Which bards oft feel to intervene,
 I might, perhaps, as friend with friend,
 At Shrewsbury some evenings spend;
 There, in abuse that meant no harm,
 Assert the soul of humour warm;
 And laugh at those whose lives provoke
 The satire we effuse in joke.
 And now, perhaps, you wish to know,
 With your old friends, how matters go;
 What state of health they still enjoy,
 And how their various hours employ?
 But this detail more glibly flows
 In easy style and humble prose;
 And, with more patience, will be heard.
 To my Melissa when transferr'd.
 If faults acknowledg'd be forgiven,
 And all our former odds made even,
 Pray write me soon, to let me see
 How much superior you can be
 To doctors in divinity.
 Meanwhile, believe me still sincere,
 Whatever guise my conduct wear,
 And still with friendship, no less fervent,
 Your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. DALZEL,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH.

Ye fairy fields, where youthful fancy stray'd,
 Ye landscapes vested in eternal green,
 Cease my reluctant absence to upbraid;
 Each joy I lose, when you no more are seen.
 The raptur'd heart, th' enthusiastic eye, ^{(mind,}
 The bright conception darting through the
 From my remotest hopes how far they fly,
 And leave a gloomy solitude behind?
 Ethereal people of each glowing scene,
 Which meditation pictur'd in my sight,
 Of ever beauteous and celestial mien:
 Why sink you thus amid the shades of night?
 No more the harp shall Polyhymnia tune,
 No warbling flute Euterpe's breath inspire,
 Ah! why for ever silent, why so soon
 Should every muse forbear to strike the lyre?
 To me a faded form e'en nature wears;
 Its vivid colours every flow'r resigns,
 The blasted lawns no tint of verdure cheers,
 Shorn of his beams the sun more faintly shines.
 Age, hood-wink'd age, exterminates the whole,
 She o'er the prospect night and horror spreads;
 Her endless winter intercepts the soul,
 From limpid fountains and enchanted meads.
 O come, Dalzel *, whose comprehensive view,
 Whate'er the muse exhibits, can survey,
 The flying phantom teach me to pursue,
 Direct my course, and animate my lay.
 Yet from th' ungrateful bosom of the tomb
 Should Jason's magic wife emerge once more,
 Nor thou, nor she, my genius could relume;
 Nor thou, nor she, the flame of youth restore.

TO DR. DOWNMAN, IN LONDON.

To the fond muse, who sings of rural joys,
 Involv'd in politics, and smoke and noise,
 Her Scotian sister gratulation sends,
 Pleas'd that her taste, not on her place depends.
 For oft contagions in the city breeze,
 Hovering unseen, unfelt, the fancy seize:
 Surrounding objects catch the roving eye,
 And tastes with situations oft comply.
 There party-passion wears the form of truth,
 Pleasure in virtue's mask seduces youth,
 Still handing round the sweet Circean bowl,
 To warp the judgment, and pervert the soul.
 Ye early plans and wishes then adieu,
 We seek not what is fair, but what is new;
 Each former prepossession leaves the heart,
 And nature yields to meretricious art.
 Oh! if in heav'n some chosen curse remain,
 Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings flash in vain,
 Curs'd be the wretch who cities first design'd,
 To blast each native worth of human kind.
 When first Astrea saw their structures rise,
 Fir'd with indignant rage, she fought the skies.

* This gentleman delivered a course of critical lectures
 on poetry, which did honour to the seminary in which he
 is engaged, and to the country where he lives.

Th' ingenious wish, that in one wide embrace
Clasp'd nature's frame, and glow'd for all her race,
Fair hospitality, in blessing blest,
Primeval candour, of translucent breast,
With horror shuddering at the baneful sight,
Retir'd, the vow'd companions of her flight:
Then from her bosom hell disgorg'd her train,
The lust of pleasure, and the thirst of gain,
Then pride luxurious rear'd her crest on high,
Deceit then forg'd the name, and clogg'd the die,
Then lawless tyrants from the throne decreed
Virtue to toil, and innocence to bleed.
In heart a tyger, though in looks a child,
Assassination stabb'd his friend, and smil'd;
While perjury, with unaverted eye,
Invok'd the God of truth to seal a lie.

O conscious peace! to few indulg'd by fate,
When shall I find once more thy dear retreat?
When shall my steps the guiltless scenes explore,
Where virtue's smiles the age of gold restore,
Where charity to all her arms extends,
And as she numbers faces, numbers friends?
Where unaffected sympathy appears
In cordial smiles, or undissembled tears?
Where innocence and mirth, the farmer's wealth,
Walk hand in hand with exercise and health?
Nor when the setting sun withdraws his ray,
And labour closes with the closing day,
Would I, with haughty insolence, avoid
The scenes where simple nature is enjoy'd;
But pleas'd, in frolic, or discourse engage
With sportive youth, or hospitable age,
Exert my talents to amuse the throng
In wond'rous legend, or in rural song.

Thus, by no wish for alteration seiz'd,
My neighbours pleasing, with my neighbours pleas'd,

Exempt from each excess of bliss or woe,
My setting hours should uniformly flow,
Till nature to the dust these limbs consign'd,
Leaving a short, but well-earn'd fame behind.

For thee, whom nature and the muse inspire
With taste refin'd, and elegant desire,
'Tis thine, where'er thou mov'st, thy bliss to find,
Drawn from the native treasures of thy mind;
To brighten life with love or friendship's ray,
Or through the muse's land in rapture's stray.
Oh! may thy soul her fav'rite objects gain,
And not a wish aspire to heav'n in vain!
Full on thy latest hours may genius shine,
And each domestic happiness be thine!

TO THE SAME.

Yes, 'tis resolv'd, in nature's spite,
Nay more, resolv'd in rhyme to write:
Though to my chamber's walls confin'd
By beating rains, and roaring wind,
Though lowring, as the wint'ry sky,
Involv'd in spleen my spirits lie,
Though cold, as hyperborean snows,
No feeble ray of genius glows,
To friendship tribute let me pay,
And gratitude's behests obey.

Whilst man in this precarious station
Of struggle and of fluctuation,
Protracts his being, is it strange
That humour, genius, wit, should change?

The mind which most of force inherits,
Must feel vicissitude of spirits:
And happiest they, who least deprest,
Of life's bad bargain make the best.
Thus, though my song he can't commend,
Th' attempt will please my gentle friend;
For he of life's uncertain round
The cloudy and serene hath found.

Cheering, as summer's balmy showers,
To thirsty herbs and languid flowers,
Your late epistle reach'd my ear,
And fill'd my heart with joy sincere.
Before my eyes in prospect plain
Appear'd the consecrated fane.
Where friendship's holy presence shines,
And grief disarms, and bliss refines.
Long may the beauteous fabric rise,
Unite all hearts and charm all eyes,
Above all contingency and time,
Stable as earth, as heav'n sublime!
And while its more than solar light
Through nature's frame flows piercing bright,
May we through life's ambiguous maze
Imbibe its most auspicious rays;
View unimpair'd its sweet existence,
By length of years, or local distance;
And while our hearts revolve the past,
Still feel its warmest moments last!
With each kind wish which friendship knows,
For you Melissa's bosom glows.
Her heart capacious and sincere,
Where those once priz'd must still be dear,
Though long of silence she complains,
For Thespia all her love retains.

Now, whether prose your fancy please,
The style of elegance and ease,
Or whether strains so debonair,
As might from anguish charm despair,
To us at least a pittance deal,
Who long to see your hand and seal.

TO MELISSA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.

DEAR, welcome sharer of my breast,
Of friends the kindest and the best,
What numbers shall the muse employ,
To speak my gratitude and joy?
'Twice ten times has the circling year,
And oftener, finish'd its career,
Since first in Hymen's sacred bands,
With mingl'd hearts we join'd our hands.

Auspicious hour! from whence I date
The brightest colours of my fate;
From whence felicity alone,
To my dejected heart was known.
For then, my days from woe to screen,
Thy watchful tenderness was seen;
Nor did its kind attentions miss
To heighten and improve my bliss.

Oft have I felt its pleasing power
Delude the solitary hour;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel smart,
When pain and anguish rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain,
Be free from bitterness and pain!
So limpid streams still purer grow,
For ever bright'ning as they flow.

When death must come, for come it will,
And I heav'n's purposes fulfil,
When heart with heart, and soul with soul
Blending, I reach life's utmost goal,
When nature's debt this frame shall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay;
Not unconcern'd shalt thou behold
My ashes mingling with the mold;
But drop a tear, and heave a sigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the sky;
When, life's continual suff'rings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

TO TWO SISTERS,
ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

An Epistle.

DEAR ladies, whilst the nuptial hour at hand
Must all your time, and all your thoughts demand.
Though all the Nine my tuneful strain inspir'd,
My heart though all the force of friendship fir'd,
Though warm'd with transport for my lovely theme,
I wou'd not long your kind attention claim:
Yet let me join the gratulating throng,
And breathe to Heav'n one ardent wish in song.
That all your future days, serene and bright,
May flow distinguish'd by sincere delight;
That full success your wishes may attend,
And Heav'n's best blessings on your heads descend;
That love and joy may on each period wait,
While hoary Time unrolls the page of fate;
Till all who hear your destiny admire,
Nor more from Heav'n to make them blest'd require;
Till tender mothers, who your lot survey,
Thus in the fondness of their souls shall pray:
" May my fair daughter, or my fav'rite son,
" Be blest'd, and live and love as these have
" done."

ESTIMATE OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

IN IMITATION OF A FRENCH EPIGRAM.

ONE night I dream'd, and dreams may oft prove true,
That to this foolish world I bade adieu.
With solemn rites, and decent grief deplor'd,
My friends to mother earth her gift restor'd,
But O! eternal insult to my shade,
Close by a vile plebeian corse was laid!
Enrag'd, confin'd, I try'd to shift my ground;
But all attempts were unsuccessful found.
Be gone, gross lump, I cry'd in high disdain,
No slave of abject birth shall here remain.
Be distant far—to nobler names give way,
And mix with vulgar dust thy sordid clay.
Thou fool! thou wretch! a hollow voice reply'd,
Now learn the impotence of wealth and pride;
Hereditary names and honours, here,
With all their farce and tinsel disappear.
In these dark realms, Death's reptile heralds trace
From one sole origin all human race;

On all the line one equal lot attends;
From dust it rises and to dust descends.
Here pale ambition, quitting pomp and form,
Admits her last—best counsellor, a worm.
Here nature's charter stands confirm'd alone;
The grave is less precarious than the throne.
Then seek not here pre-eminence and state,
But own and blest th' impartial will of fate;
With life, its errors and its whims resign,
Nor think a beggar's title worse than thine.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF
HAMILTON,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM CHILD-BED,

After the Birth of the Marquis of Clydesdale.

HAIL! nature's loveliest work and darling care,
Whose worth and beauty equal praises claim,
Form'd Heav'n's supreme beneficence to share,
A nation's wonder, and a mother's name.

No venal muse with mercenary praise,
Insults thy taste, or wounds thy modest ear;
When Heav'n, or heav'nly beauty prompts her lays,
As high the theme, the tribute flows sincere.

Blest'd be the hours, which, with auspicious flight,
Restore thy former health and native bloom;
To bid the wishing world its eyes delight,
And fame, with all her mouths, thy praise resume.

O may the infant product of thy pain,
Beyond a mother's wish to greatness rise;
The cloudless glories of his race sustain,
On earth belov'd, and honour'd in the skies.

Fraught with the richest, noblest gifts of fate,
Serenely gay may all thy moments roll;
To crown thy days let ev'ry pleasure wait,
Bright as thy charms, and spotless as thy soul.

ODE

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

To Miss G—— J——.

PRETTY, sportive, happy creature,
Full of life, and full of play,
Taught to live by faithful nature,
Never canst thou miss thy way.

By her dictates kind instructed,
Thou avoid'st each real smart;
We, by other rules conducted,
Lose our joy to show our art.

Undisguis'd, each reigning passion
When thou mov'st or look'st we see;
Were the same with us the fashion,
Happy mortals would we be!

May her favour still pursue thee,
Who propos'd thee for my theme;
Till superior charms subdue thee,
And inspire a nobler flame.

In each other blest'd and blessing,
Years of pleasure let them live;

Each all active worth possessing,
Earth admires or heav'n can give,

TO A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL,

WHO SAID IRONICALLY, HE PITIED THE AUTHOR.

An Ode.

Thou pity! fond unthinking boy,
Falsely elate with distant joy,
Did e'er thy heart the kind emotion know,
Th' endearing pangs of sympathetic woe!

Yes; as on Nile's prolific shore,
The monsters, cloy'd with recent gore,
Sad o'er the reeking carcase howling lie,
Such tears, sincere as thine, o'erflow the mur-
d'rer's eye.

O lost to virtue! lost to shame!
Beneath fair friendship's holy name,
Impious to tempt, and subtle to betray,
While heav'n and earth the daring crime survey.

What devil arm'd thy front with steel,
To feign a grief thou ne'er couldst feel;
Without a blush, the faithless sigh to heave,
And mourn the mortal stab thy own curs'd dag-
ger gave?

But if to heav'n's impartial throne,
The piercing sigh and bitter groan,
For just redress, on angel wings arise,
Then dread the blasting vengeance of the skies.

Ah, where will rage my soul impel?
How high the tide of fury swell?
Fool! thus to curse the man whose ev'ry smart
Must pierce thy inmost soul, must wound Clarin-
da's heart.

CATO UTICENSIS TO HIS WIFE AT ROME.

In distant regions, freedom's last retreat,
Where Rome and she their final crisis wait,
Cato reflects how much he once was blest,
And greets with health the fav'rite of his breast.

Oh! when my soul with retrospective eyes
Beholds each scene of past enjoyment rise,
Ere vice and Heav'n's irrevocable doom
Shook the firm basis of imperial Rome,
What horrors must this patriot heart congeal!
What must a father and an husband feel!
Ye moments, destin'd to eternal flight,
Who shone on each domestic blessing bright,
Who saw me with earth's legislators join'd,
Balance the sacred rights of human kind,
No more my soul your blest'd return must know,
Consign'd to fetters, infamy, and woe;
Expell'd from Rome, and all that's dear, we fly
Through fruitless deserts, and a flaming sky,
Where thunders roar incessant, lightnings glare,
And plagues unnumber'd taint the boundless air;
Where serpents, children of eternal night,
Ensure perdition with their mortal bite;
Where burning sands to heav'n in surges roll,
And scorching heats evaporate the soul,

Yet pleas'd these harsh extremes of fate we bear;
For liberty, heav'n's noblest gift, is here.
Unaw'd by pow'r, from venal shackles free,
Our hands accomplish what our hearts decree.
Yet here, where anguish, want, and horror reign,
The heav'nly power explores a seat in vain.
Ambitious blood-hounds hold her close in view,
Faithful to scent, and active to pursue.
See o'er the spacious globe their course they bend,
See conquest and success their steps attend.
Oceans in vain to stop their passage flow,
And mountains rise in everlasting snow.
Obsequious billows own tyrannic sway,
And storms have learn'd to flatter and obey.
Eternal Pow'rs! whose will is nature's guide,
Who o'er high heav'n and earth and hell preside,
Must then that plan of liberty expire,
Which patriot bosoms more than life desire?
Is public happiness for ever fled,
For which the sage explor'd and hero bled?
Shall Pompey's blood the coast of Egypt stain?
Shall civil slaughter load Pharsalia's plain?
With reeking gore shall plunder'd temples flow?
Is Jove or Cæsar god of all below?
Be curs'd the time when pleasure and her train,
O'er Rome extended first their fatal reign;
For O! 'twas then, in that detested hour,
That first the lust of treasure and of power
From public welfare could our views divert,
And quench each virtue in the human heart,

THE CHRONICLE OF A HEART,

IN IMITATION OF COWLEY.

How often my heart has by love been o'erthrown,
What grand revolutions its empire has known,
You ask me, dear friend, then attend the sad strain;
Since you bid me renew such ineffable pain.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

For who that has got e'er an eye in his pate,
So dismal a tale without tears can relate;
Or who such dire annals recal to his mind,
Without bursting in sighs both before and behind?

This kingdom, as authors impartial have told,
At first was elective, but afterwards sold;
For experience will show whoe'er pleases to try,
That kingdoms are venal when subjects can buy.

Lovely Peggy, the first in succession and name,
Was early invested with honour supreme;
But a bold son of Mars, who grew fond of her
form, [storm.
Swore himself into grace, and surpris'd her by

Maria succeeded in honour and place,
By laughing and squeezing, and song and grimace,
But her favours, alas, like her carriage was free,
Bestow'd on the whole male creation but me.

Next Marg'ret the second attempted the chase;
Though the small-pox and age had enamell'd her
face,

She sustain'd her pretence *sans merite et sans loix*,
And carried her point by a *Je ne sçais quoi*.

The heart which so tamely acknowledg'd her sway,
Still suffer'd in silence, and kept her at bay,

Till old time had at last so much mellow'd her charms,

That she dropt with a breeze in a liv'ryman's arms.

The next easy conquest, Belinda, was thine,

Obtain'd by the musical tinkle of coin:

But she, more enamour'd of sport than of prey,
Had a fish in her hook which she wanted to play.

High hopes were her baits; but if truth were confess'd,

A good still in prospect is not good possess'd;
For the fool found too late he had taken a tartar,
Retreated with wounds, and begg'd stoutly for quarter.

Urania came next, and with subtle address,
Discover'd no open attempts to possess:
But when fairly admitted, of conquest secure,
She acknowledg'd no law but her will and her pow'r.

For seven tedious years, to get rid of her chain,
All force prov'd abortive, all stratagem vain,
Till a youth with much fatness and gravity blest,
Her person detain'd by a lawful arrest.

To a reign so despotic, though guiltless of blood,
No wonder a long interregnum ensu'd; [plain,
For an ass, though the patientest brute of the
Once-jaded and gall'd, will beware of the rein.

Now the kingdom stands doubtful itself to surrender,

To Chloe the sprightly, or Celia the slender:
But if once it were out of this pitiful case,
No law but the salique henceforth shall take place*.

SONG,

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

In imitation of Shenstone.

CEASE, cease, my dear friend, to explore,
From whence, and how piercing my smart:
Let the charms of the nymph I adore,
Excuse, and interpret my heart:
Then how much I admire, you shall prove,
When like me you are taught to admire;
And imagine how boundless my love,
When you number the charms that inspire.

Thou sunshine more dear to my sight,
To my life more essential than air,
To my soul she is perfect delight,
To my sense all that's pleasing and fair.
The swains who her beauty behold,
With transport applaud ev'ry charm,
And swear that the breast must be cold,
Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Ah! say, will she slightly forego
A conquest, though humble, yet sure?
Will she leave a poor shepherd to woe,
Who for her ev'ry bliss would procure?
Alas! too presaging my fears,
Too jealous my soul of its bliss;
Methinks she already appears,
To foresee, and elude my address.

* Most of the characters here described are real,
but the passions fictitious.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid?

Is my fondness loquacious and free?

Are my visits too frequently paid;

Or my converse unworthy of thee?

Yet when grief was too big for my breast,

And labour'd in sighs to complain,

Its struggles I oft have suppress'd,

And silence impos'd on my pain.

And oft, while, by tenderness caught,

To my charmer's retirement I flew,

I reproach'd the fond absence of thought,

And in blushing confusion withdrew.

My speech, though too little refin'd,

Though simple and awkward my mien;

Yet still, should thou deign to be kind,

What a wonderful change might be seen.

Ah, Strephon! how vain thy desire,

Thy numbers and music how vain,

While merit and fortune conspire

The smiles of the nymph to obtain?

Yet cease to upbraid the lost choice,

Though it ne'er should determine for thee,

If thy heart in her joy may rejoice,

Unhappy thou never canst be.

ABSENCE,

A SONG,

In the Manner of Shenstone.

YE rivers so limpid and clear,
Who reflect as in cadence you flow,
All the beauties that vary the year,
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!
How blest on your banks could I dwell,
Were Melissa the pleasure to share,
And teach your sweet echoes to tell
With what fondness I doat on the fair!
Ye harvests that wave on the breeze
As far as the view can extend!
Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend!
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire!
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire!
In pensive regret, whilst I rove,
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
Or watch from the pasture and grove,
Each music that floats on the gale.
Alas! the delusion how vain!
Nor odours nor harmony please
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.
If anxious to flatter my woes,
Or the langour of absence to cheer,
Her breath I would catch in the rose,
Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
To cheat my despair of its prey,
What object her charms can assume?
How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
How insipid the rose's perfume?
Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye sun-beams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
Does she number the hours of my stay?
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,

Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.
 When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes,
 When, with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

PROLOGUE TO SIR HARRY GAYLOVE *.

MAY one in conscience credit what you say?
 A Scotch production! Heaven and earth! a play!
 What mortal prov'd so hardy to achieve it.
 Repeat your tale to such as will believe it.
 Yet this can, sure, be no insidious art,
 No bite, the modern way of being smart:
 You tell me every actor has his part.
 This night, you say, the critics may abuse
 A female comedy, a virgin muse.
 Luxurious scandal! let me join the fray,
 In its damnation hiss my breath away;
 Teach native taste and genius to subside,
 And yield the palm to literary pride.
 With easy, flowing, unaffected wit,
 This muse, it seems, aspires to charm the pit;
 On truth and nature for success depends,
 And takes the friends of virtue for her friends.
 Truth, nature, virtue; insolent pretence!
 Deep shall she feel, and curse her weak defence;
 By sad, yet sure experience taught ere long,
 How soon a catcal dissipates the throng.
 As ghosts recede before the morning ray;
 As falling snows in summer melt away,
 So swift these thin chimeras wing their flight
 From braying dulness, and from hissing spite.
 Yet some, perhaps, by prepossession led,
 In Aristotle and Longinus read,
 May hear her voice with rapture and surprise,
 And swear she is Thalia in disguise.
 Others whom patriot views with zeal inspire,
 May wish with praise to fan her native fire,
 Till wide diffus'd the heav'nly splendor rise,
 Immense as ocean, lofty as the skies.
 But you, for nobler enterprises born,
 Who virtue, taste, and nature hold in scorn,
 With loud incessant hiss exert your rage,
 Till vice and dulness triumph on the stage.

A PANEGRIC ON GREAT BRITAIN.

SHOULD all the angry fates decree
 To damn their wretched progeny,
 And for that purpose give them birth
 In the most cursed spot of earth,
 Where, in heav'n's eyes, even Sodom might
 Appear, as virtue, pure and bright;
 They could not choose a place more fit than
 The self-devoted isle of Britain.
 So sung a bard devour'd with spleen;
 But prejudic'd his song I ween,
 And slander all from top to toe
 As by induction we shall show.

* Written by Miss Marshall, author of "Clairinda Cathcart," "Alicia Montague," &c. and published at Edinburgh by subscription in 4to, 1772. The Epilogue was given by Dr. Downman.

Come, then, ye souls who love to dwell
 With Meditation in her cell;
 Or you, through virtue's walks who range
 With more delight than through th' Exchanges
 With me this tablatore survey,
 This art's and nature's *coup d'essai*.
 Then say, kind reader, on thy soul,
 From th' Arctic to th' Antarctic pole,
 From clime to clime, from zone to zone,
 Can such a heav'n on earth be shown,
 Where tempests never lift their voices,
 But every thing that lives rejoices?
 Nor can they doubt, that they exist
 Who feel themselves supremely blest:
 So free from error, pain, or vice,
 Is this terrestrial paradise.

Perhaps, indeed, the curious eye
 May vestiges of want descry;
 But men, who would be good and wise
 Too dearly cannot freedom prize;
 And what our share of liberty,
 Unless to starve, we may be free?

Compassion has been much address'd
 For indigence by wealth oppress'd;
 But hungry maws and empty purses
 By fools alone are reckon'd curses:
 Wouldst thou for ever be secure
 From luxury?—continue poor.
 To those whom various wants depress,
 In vain temptation courts access;
 In rags and leanness safe they lie,
 Nor brothels haunt, nor boroughs buy;
 Nor rashly at 'Change Alley play
 Their credit, cash, and souls away.

Detraction basely may complain
 Of vice's triumph, virtue's bane;
 Genius and learning paint disgrac'd,
 And mourn the sad decline of taste:
 But wisdom takes a different tone,
 And asks, "how virtue may be known;"
 Untry'd, alike all men appear
 Endu'd with rectitude sincere;
 And to distinguish what is best
 Probation is the only test.
 Hence, if the charmer we exclude
 To meagre meals and solitude,
 Her importunities refuse,
 And for her sake her friends abuse
 Heaven knows, 'tis with reluctant heart
 We give her infamy or smart;
 Conscious her lustre must increase,
 Proportion'd to her deep distress.

Was ever learning, even of yore,
 Rever'd or cultivated more?
 Did she more wonders e'er display,
 Or e'er diffuse a brighter day?
 Each ancient sage a system form'd,
 Which with success his followers storm'd,
 Display'd its folly in one word,
 To rear another as absurd.
 But we, by stronger wings sustain'd,
 Have nature's penetralia gain'd;
 And from our deep research agree
 That all is blank nonentity.

To observation we appeal
 If taste could ever more prevail:
 What two legg'd thing can strike your sight
 But arrogates a critic's right?

How harsh this period runs, he cries,
With foaming mouth and glaring eyes?
This epithet is without grace;
That simile quite out of place;
These verses walk not, but are driven;
This quantity is false, by heaven;
This sentence is involv'd and dark;
These portraitures no colours mark;
These sentiments absurd and dull;
Confound the author's leaden skull.

Hither Aonian maids repair;
No theme can more deserve your care;
Intoxicate your vot'ry's brain
With liberal draughts from Hippocrene;
Tune every lyre, expand each wing;
A nobler game you cannot spring;
Ransack your magazine of rant,
For British commerce next we chant.

See how she mounts her paper pinions,
And soars through nature's wide dominions!
Keen to import from every where
Whate'er is beautiful, rich, or rare.
Hark! she commands, and to the skies
A thousand magic structures rise;
But if her fiat she reverse,
At once the mighty domes disperse,
Their evanescent forms impair,
And lose themselves in gloomy air:
So boys, amus'd with empty show,
Of soap and water bubbles blow;
At first a while, when upward sent,
They grace the fluid element;
But quickly bursting in the wind
A dirty moisture leave behind.

Metal with heads of kings impress'd
Much hocus pocus once possess'd;
Could merit, soul, and conscience buy,
Could purchase all beneath the sky.
The potent queen beheld its force
Establish'd firm as nature's course;
Nor long indifferent could survey;
Resolv'd her puissance to essay,
With forc'ries that might puzzle hell,
To paper she transferr'd the spell.
Swift as Cumæan Sibyl's lay
Th' emphatic billets wing'd their way;
Each man indulg'd the fond opinion,
That he alone was fortune's minion;
Till from experience sad and late,
He felt, and curs'd his alter'd state:
Thus, if Dan Gay has told us true,
The wight who kept the ghost in view*,
Of treasure dream'd, but waking found
What, smell'd, the nicer sense would wound.

Of credit crack'd and failing trade
A mighty pother has been made:
The whining crowd insult their betters,
And bankrupts call insolvent debtors.
But say, what mortal could refuse
His all in such a way to lose?
In thin attire and simple fare
You bid adieu to anxious care;
Wealth, only wealth, in terror pines;
Broods o'er her coffers and her mines;

* See the visible tale from which this allusion is drawn,
in Gay's poems, vol. i. p. 55.

The beggar, from such panic free,
Is blest in hopeless poverty.

Hail, Anglia! thrice and four times hail!
Calm be thy seas and fair thy gale,
That wafts, replete with various store,
Thy floating domes from shore to shore,
Till they, for trifles well resign'd*,
Fraught with the spoils of human kind,
At length their native coast regain,
And mock the tumults of the main;
The main by nature form'd like thee
To bellow Wilkes and liberty?

But who in numbers most sublime
Thy glory's arduous height can climb?
What fire, what energy of speech
Thy flaming patriot zeal can reach?
The patriot sons of Greece and Rome
Shall in oblivion's deepest gloom
Henceforth retire, with grief and shame,
Eclips'd by thy superior fame.
Who can thy glorious Wilkes describe,
Who never gave nor took a bribe,
For thee is cruel, false, and lewd,
And damns his soul for public good!
Or who thy sapient Junius paint,
From heav'n to teach our rulers sent!
Thy Junius, whose prolific pate
Teems with philosophy of state.

Through all his road the circling sun,
Though posting since the world begun,
Could ne'er behold so blest a realm,
Such skilful pilots at its helm;
Premiers whose only private good
Is public interest well pursu'd;
Courtiers to each parole so just,
Such objects of implicit trust;
Voters, whose honour is so nice,
Not worlds of gems could pay their price;
And representatives so choice,
Heav'n's bliss can ne'er suborn their voice.

Thy gen'rous spirit still disdains
Illiberal prepossession's chains,
Uncircumscrib'd by times or places.
The spacious universe embraces:
This let thy sister realm declare,
Inur'd thy love, thy praise, to share;
With local jealousy untaught,
How are her wants by thee prevented!
Her sons, as of one common nation,
Admitted to participation
Of all emoluments and honours;
Yet how ungrateful to their donors!

Let those in equal strains, who can,
Delineate thy domestic plan:
What scorn of all dishonest gains,
Even in thy meanest peasant reigns?
With what desire, what taste refin'd
Each yeoman cultivates his mind?
When to thy hospitable dome,
As to their known, their native home,
Thy neighbours and thy friends repair,
Festivity and mirth to share;
Reason sedate, experience hoar,
And peace protect the sacred door;

* The contemptible trinkets, exchanged in trade with
barbarous nations, for substantial and valuable commodi-
ties, are too well known to be here recapitulated.

While abstinence with mild control
Supplies thy board and fills thy bowl.
From aqueous draughts and sober cheer
Eternal smiles thy features wear:
Rich wines and sapid viands feed
The leper and the suicide.

Far distant from thy tranquil shore
Thou hear'st the hydra faction roar,
While firm accord within thy states
Each council forms and regulates.

If, life's dull uniform to shun,
Thy youths a course more vary'd run;
In hopes to thrive by art's alchymic,
Thy brave disorders too we mimic;
With willing heart, though awkward grace,
Thy maxims and thy modes embrace.
We call for bills we cannot pay;
Lose wealth we ne'er possess'd at play;
As peacock's proud, as church-rats poor,
Yet bucks and bloods in miniature:
Thus, in his car, the pageant god *
Along the brazen convex rode,
Cut in mock thunder many a caper,
And brandish'd high the flaming taper;
Till crush'd by real bolts he fell,
The hiss and ridicule of hell.

Let pedagogues assert, that knowledge
Frequents alone the dusty college,
As if recluse, the heav'nly fair,
In cobwebs, dirt, and putrid air,
Were pleas'd to glean, from musty pages,
The refuse of pedantic ages,
Collecting with incessant pains
The feculence of stupid brains.
In its pretended seminary
We scorn to hunt the noble quarry,
And nature's theatre explore,
The only source of genuine lore.
The dull results of time and thought
May puzzle idiots, as they ought;
From active life experience flows,
And with experience wisdom grows;
Her we pursue, with sails unfurl'd,
Through her academy, the world.

Our laws so strict, so multifarious,
Justice can never be precarious;
Besides, should former statutes fail,
We still enact, and ne'er repeal †.
That these administer'd may be
With most religious equity,
Deceit and rapine to withstand,
The sons of Themis swarm the land.
It has indeed been urg'd by spite,
When two heroic mastiffs fight,
To both the combatants unknown,
A third may come and snatch the bone;

* This mythological catastrophe is elegantly described
in Virgil's *Aeneid*, book vi. ver. 585.

† At an early period of the Roman empire, multiplicity
of laws was complained of as an intolerable grievance.
The laws of every free state must certainly be the voice
of its representatives; but if these are not from time to
time abridged, they must swell to an extent so enormous,
that the study will become incomprehensible even to law-
yers themselves; statutes contradictory to each other may
be enacted; and the lieges can seldom or never act with
security, lest ignorantly they should incur their penalties.

When affluence property confounds,
And men forget its proper bounds,
Redundancies with skill resign'd
Secure the fortunes left behind.

How much her power is here confess'd,
Let modest excellence attest,
When from the nameless crowd selected
She shines admir'd, caress'd, respected;
While fools and knaves, depriv'd of fame,
Though wealth and int'rest urge their claim,
No more for eminence contend,
But to their native rank descend.

Sweet Heav'n! what kind attachments here
Neighbours, relations, friends, endear!
What tender intercourse they hold!
With love that never waxes cold!
So blest, so perfect is their unity,
(Since none from pain can boast immunity)
That if one heart or head but ache,
The rest in sympathy partake;
Nor on his woe themselves obtrude,
But mourn the sad vicissitude;
Or that against such misadventure
Their other friends may caveats enter,
In Christian charity they tell
By what misconduct it befel;
Yet, though by manners interdicted,
They cease to visit th' afflicted,
Still each request they freely grant,
Except the boon their suppliants want;
For such demands should they provide,
Patience in life could ne'er be try'd.

Our maids and matrons, chaste and pure,
Not ev'n the shade of man endure,
But think the highest heav'n's unclean,
If stain'd with creatures masculine:
Their grossest thoughts, were they express'd all,
Might well become a dying vestal.
Their very names a charm might be
To cure the rage of jealousy.
Behold with wonder and surprise,
How quick through virtue's scale they rise,
Nor with a slow progressive motion,
By all the ardour of devotion!
Yet, ostentation to avoid,
What blest expedients are employ'd!
No worth in native guise display'd,
But exercis'd in masquerade;
Not the monastic veil so pious,
Through which ev'n envy cannot spy us;
And whilst at large our virtues play,
Behind the shade our persons stay.

Say, conscience! if not quite extinct,
While reason, sense, and int'rest wink'd;
Say, conscience! for thou truly know'st,
How much religion we can boast:
Enough to point the Deist's jeers;
Enough to set us by the ears;
Enough a decent cloak to fashion
For fraud or feuds to put fresh on;
Enough to manage guileless hearts
By priestcraft's prostituted arts;
Enough the mobile to enrage
Against the sin of patronage;
Enough for fools or knaves to swear by,
And give its sanction to a mere lie.
To crowd a potentate's levee
With endless importunity,

Is deem'd impertinent and rude :
 Why then on Heav'n's repose intrude ?
 For this we seldom go to prayers,
 But leave to gods their own affairs ;
 At church improvement ne'er pursue ;
 The pulpit yields us nothing new ;
 And institutions, well we know,
 By frequent use insipid grow.
 To us the tavern or the stews
 Afford more edifying views ;
 For there, without, and eke within,
 Appears the turpitude of sin.
 Thus, lavish in my country's praise,
 The pleasing task itself repays.
 Whate'er for preference appeals,
Natale Solum still prevails ;
 Still to my heart my country whispers,
 (Not like our modern female lispers,
 But with a voice more sweet than song)
 " O ! love me much, and love me long ;"
 Deep mingling with the purple tide,
 Through all my veins her accents glide.
 For this polarity of mind,
 Would she be grateful, just, or kind,
 From Church or State no perquisite
 I ask my wishes to complete.
 Let pensions, posts, douceurs accrue
 To those whose service makes them due :
 I only from her bounty crave
 A decent fate, and peaceful grave.

THE GRAHAM :

AN HEROIC BALLAD,

In Four Cantos.

CANTO I.

In former days, when Scotia hurl'd
 Against her sister realm the spear,
 When on her frontiers war unfurl'd
 His bloody flag from year to year ;
 When wonder fill'd th' attentive world
 Her glorious conflicts charm'd to hear,
 By native virtue sav'd from thrall,
 Whilst wealth and power conspir'd her fall.

Of noble soul and lineage high,
 Amongst her chiefs was Graham rever'd :
 But wan his cheek, and dim his eye ;
 Keen smart he prov'd, yet keener fear'd :
 No Howard echoed sigh for sigh,
 No plighted maid his bosom cheer'd :
 His love, his confidence abus'd
 He deem'd, and thus his soul effus'd.

" Rise, winds of heav'n, to tempest rise ;
 Flames flash, and cataracts descend !—
 No storms convulsing earth and skies,
 Like those which now my bosom rend :
 Should chaos order's reign surprise,
 And heaven, and earth, and ocean blend,
 No anarchy could vex the void,
 Like sacred peace of mind destroy'd.

Sweet peace of mind ! seraphic guest !
 How long thy absence shall I mourn ?
 From yon bright mansions of the blest
 With all thy placid train return :

For hell is center'd in my breast,
 There still its hottest fervours burn.
 No more, ye tortur'd ghosts, repine,
 Since less acute your pains than mine.

Of all the ills that rage so rise,
 (And ha ! from ills what state is free ?)
 Of all the plagues that prey on life,
 God's heaviest curse is jealousy ;
 Of love and hate eternal strife :
 When shall it cease to torture me ?
 Oh ! when shall streams of blood atone
 For Scotia's wrongs and for my own ?

Just God ! that he, to whom my heart,
 Accessible as light and air,
 Was fond its wishes to impart,
 With whom its inmost thoughts to share,
 These confines falsely should desert,
 Though prescient of his friend's despair ;
 Unseen desert, and basely steal
 What, lost to madness I must feel !"

Thus Graham, inexorably bent
 His rival or himself to slay,
 Then shap'd his course with fell intent
 To where Northumbria's warriors lay ;
 Nor night his journey could prevent,
 Nor danger intercept his way ;
 He reck'd not how he sped, nor where :
 They dread no ruin who despair.

Singly (for such was his command)
 He meant to meet his gallant foe ;
 But chosen men, a worthy band,
 Who vow'd to share his weal or woe,
 When he his hardy purpose plann'd
 Th' important secret chanc'd to know ;
 Remotely these his steps pursue,
 Unseen, yet keep him still in view.

Determin'd on revenge or death,
 And guided by a dubious ray,
 Through many a rough and winding path
 Th' intrepid hero held his way ;
 Upbraiding much his easy faith,
 Which arts so flimsy could betray ;
 At length he reach'd the wide campaign
 Where fix'd Northumbria's tents remain.

And now the genial hours prepare
 To yoke Aurora's rosy teem ;
 Her blushes ting'd through humid air
 The rising hill and crystal stream ;
 While with increasing light more fair,
 More sweet the opening prospect seem ;
 But souls involv'd in sorrow's gloom
 No landscapes charm, no rays illumine.

When now the hostile camp he spy'd,
 In silence solemn and profound ;
 " Here, here the miscreant rests (he cry'd)
 Who gave my peace its mortal wound :
 A while the wretch who heav'n defy'd,
 May with success in guilt be crown'd ;
 Yet crimes like these though long secure,
 At last for vengeance prove mature."

No emblematic signs pourtray'd
 Within its orb his buckler bore ;

Nor then the variegated plaid
Around his manly chest he wore ;
His name, his form, no mark betray'd,
Which jealous caution might explore:
Thus through the strong and watchful guard
He pass'd unquestion'd, undebarr'd.

" By all the glories of my race
'Tis Graham himself! (young Howard said) ;
He comes to brave me face to face,
He comes to claim the rescu'd maid ;
So may my soul in heaven find grace
When most she needs her powerful aid,
As I his challenge shall receive,
Since one or both must feast the grave.

And thou by early fate remov'd
From all that renders being dear,
Oh still remember'd, still belov'd,
My vow, fraternal spirit, hear !
That vengeance, which so tardy prov'd,
Scotia at last shall learn to fear,
Shall expiate from unnumber'd veins
A brother's blood, a captive's chains."

He snatch'd his sword, he pois'd his shield,
He issu'd to confront the foe,
As bickering flames involve a field
Where arid heath and stubble grow :
His breast, with native courage steel'd,
On fear could ne'er one thought bestow :
Yet e'er his steps could far proceed,
The Scot advanc'd and check'd his speed.

" Blush, traitor, blush (enrag'd he said),
If still susceptible of shame,
If benefits with wrongs repaid
From heav'n and earth just vengeance claim :
But fools and cowards may upbraid,
In speeches fierce, in action tame ;
The righteous Pow'r that rules on high
And arms alone our cause can try."

He ceas'd ; and Howard thus reply'd :
" Impetuous boy, thy rage restrain !
Ere now thy force I had defy'd,
But other talks my arm detain :
For know, to mortify thy pride,
Thou ow'st thy life to my disdain ;
Thy country first I meant to quell,
Then destin'd thee for death and hell.

How well it suits the heart of Graham
To doubt his friend, though known sincere !
That heart which base designs inflame,
Such base designs may justly fear :
From all the various mouths of fame
Thy vile suspicions reach my ear.
Now if uncourg'd thy crime remains,
No more eternal justice reigns.

Traitor, my soul retorts with scorn
On thy opprobrious clans and thee.
The nymph thou seek'st I found forlorn,
From base attempts I set her free ;
When hence by brutal ruffians borne,
For aid she call'd on Heav'n and me.
Where then was that vindictive arm
Portending now such mortal harm ?

In vain that rage which bends thy brow,
Thy boasts, thy menaces are vain ;
By Heav'n's omnipotence I vow,
Nor perjury my soul shall stain ;
Not all thy country's force, nor thou,
The beauteous capture shall regain :
Mine now she is, and mine shall be,
Indignant Scot, in spite of thee.

But whilst in Heav'n's unerring scale
Our quivering destinies appear,
And which shall fall, and which prevail,
By no decision yet seems clear ;
I could unfold a wond'rous tale,
Whose lightest word demands thy ear :—
But haste we hence where friends nor foes
Can in our quarrel interpose."

" Damn'd subterfuge to make me swerve !
(Thus Graham resum'd with fervid ire) :
These arts for weaker dupes reserve,
They raise my indignation higher :
When wretches, who in dungeons starve,
Nor light, nor air, nor food desire,
Then may my heart its wrath suspend
Till thy insidious tale shall end."

" Me brandst thou with evasive fright,
(Cry'd Howard with protended steel) ;
Who for thy fury or thy might
Supreme contempt alone can feel !
Which heart shall now decline the fight,
Which beats with fears it would conceal,
Th' impending instant shall display ;
Hark ! hov'ring ravens croak for prey."

Now front to front the champions stood,
And hew'd and lash'd, and thunder'd blows ;
Whilst through th' adjacent hills and wood,
The propagated clangour rose :
Anna, with eyes in tears bedew'd,
Had heard them talk, and seen them close ;
With pallid cheek, and trembling frame,
Between the combatants she came.

" For Heav'n's sweet sake, ere you engage,
Attend to love's, to friendship's call !
If blood alone can quench your rage,
Mine, mine I offer, take it all.
Could I have form'd the sad presage,
That one of two so dear should fall,
Ere I this cursed hour survey'd,
To fate that tribute I had paid.

Oh Graham ! in whom for ever dwells
Concenter'd all my soul's delight,
What frenzy now thy mind impels
To urge this inauspicious fight ?
That fury which thy bosom swells,
May in his blood its conquest write ;
But say, is this his noblest meed
Who rescued me, by Graham to bleed ?

While full of thee I lonely stray'd,
With tears and anxious vigils spent,
To breathe in some sequester'd shade
The grief with which my heart was rent,
Villians, who lay in ambushade,
And watch'd and wish'd for this event,

My person seiz'd, and bore away,
To lawless force a feeble prey.

In vain my eyes with sorrow stream'd,
In vain my threats, in vain my pray'r,
In vain to heav'n and earth I scream'd,
And beat my breast, and tore my hair;
But when each hope extinct I deem'd,
Extinct in ruin and despair,
This Howard like an angel came,
And sav'd at once my life and fame.

Nor thou, as heav'n supremely good,
Refuse my plaints thy gentle ear;
Should Graham beneath thy hand subdu'd
Expire by destiny severe,
Say, can that hand in blood embru'd,
In Graham's warm blood, to me be dear?
Or can the life of him I love
To me a grateful offering prove?

Now hear my voice, ye chieftans, hear,
Eternal fate is in the sound;
Let each these hated broils forbear,
In leagues of holy friendship bound:
Should either lift the hostile spear,
And stretch his rival on the ground,
First heav'n and hell shall be ally'd
Ere I became the victor's bride."

CANTO II.

SHE ended: and her varying charms
A thousand agitations show;
When all at once they heard alarms
As from a fierce advancing foe:
To arms! the camp resounds, to arms!
Wide and more wide the tumults grow;
From heart to heart contagion flies,
And all in wild disorder rise.

What felt the valiant heart of Graham
When he descry'd the mad'ning throng?
Conflicting passions shook his frame;
He knew th' opponent army strong.
Rapid as heaven's explosive flame,
To stop his friends, he stepp'd along;
Whilst rushing on, with rapid view,
He recogniz'd his faithful few.

"What mean my soldiers? (loud he cry'd)
Behold your leader safe restor'd.
Would heav'n! in anguish I had died,
Ere conscious of this deed abhorr'd!
Thus unprovok'd, un sanctify'd,
What right had you to draw the sword?
Rash men! was expiation due
For private wrongs to me or you?"

Thus he rebuk'd though in despair
Their gallant ardour to restrain;
Lost in th' expanse of turbid air
Expostulation prov'd in vain;
Discord and havoc every where
In luxury of triumph reign;
The groan of death, th' exulting roar,
The suppliant shrieks, heav'n's concave tore.

A storm of lances now they threw,
Whilst on each point destruction flies;

And starting from th' elastic yew
A cloud of shafts obscure the skies.—
"Ye hosts of heav'n, what blasts my view!
(With voice exerted, Howard cries):
What laurels can these dastards gain,
When handfals fall by myriads slain?"

Hence, execrable cowards, hence!
Shrink to your holes, and tremble there!
Whose blood is spilt without expence,
Whom mercy hardly deigns to spare.
This band (so mighty, so immense)!
To hungry dogs and fowls of air,
My troop alone shall quickly throw:
Hear Percy's voice in mine, and go."

This Elliot heard, for war renown'd,
In danger's front severely try'd:
He grasp'd his sword, he groan'd profound,
Then with sarcastic smile reply'd:
"Yes, if your words like darts could wound,
If foes were vanquish'd when descry'd,
Trophies from hence you might extort,
Like those obtain'd at Agincourt.

Such trophies let your annals boast,
Their truth I mean not to refute;
Yet were those precious archives lost,
Our juniors might the facts dispute,
Unless your formidable host
More recent wonders execute:
Yet Edward play'd a safer game;
And filch'd a bloodless diadem."

He spake: and rear'd his shining blade,
With mortal prowess to descend;
Nor vainly had his might essay'd,
In death the hero to extend;
But by the shiv'ring steel betray'd,
His stroke abortive miss'd its end;
Yet stunn'd and giddy Howard reel'd,
And thund'ring press'd the sanguine field.

Him, staggering, Elliot thus address'd:
"If yet unhurt thy life remains,
If yet of wonted strength possess'd,
Nor wound thy vital current drains,
(Advantage o'er a foe depress'd,
Though in her power, my soul disdains)
Arise, thy scatter'd arms resume,
Nor prostrate share a vulgar doom."

He said; and with extended hand,
At once from earth the chieftan rears,
Though circled by a furious band
Of foes, with quivers arm'd and spears,
Then fear first Howard's soul unmann'd,
For Elliot's life; nor vain his fears;
An arrow from an unknown bow,
Struck deep, and laid the hero low.

Long torpid o'er the bleeding corse,
Howard in silent horror hung;
Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of force,
And all his soul with anguish wrung:
Not with more exquisite remorse
Did guilt e'er feel her bosom stung,
Than Howard felt intense regret,
Though guiltless of the warrior's fate.

As fires in some volcano pent,
That on its melting inwards prey,
With struggling rage explore a vent,
And burst resistless into day;
So now, impatient of restraint,
In tears his anguish found its way:
By grief his soul to madness driv'n,
Thus wild expostulates with heav'n:

"Ye powers that o'er this orb preside!
Must worth thus perish premature?
Should chance the helm of nature guide,
What greater ills could man endure?
His hoary sire, his blooming bride,
His orphan babes, in hope secure,
Shall view him cold and lifeless earth,
Then curse the period of their birth.

Oft of a seer the Scots have told,
Before whose heav'n-directed eyes
Remote events of things, enroll'd
By destiny, successive rise;
Why could not he this stroke behold,
Which now to heav'n for pity cries?
But victims to the future blind,
We must pursue the course assign'd.

Detested instrument of ill,
Into thy sheath, my sword, return!
From nature tears enough distil,
Condemn'd inherent woes to mourn.
O thou! whose dear remains must fill,
Instead of mine, th' untimely urn,
Would I had felt the sad decree,
And yielded up my soul for thee!

Yet bear, my soldiers, bear him hence,
And whilst his vital warmth remains,
Aid nature, struggling in suspense,
And stop th' effusion of his veins;
Cherish returning life and sense;
For if the chief his strength regains,
Honour and wealth on him shall wait,
Whose hand retards th' approach of fate."

As when two adverse blasts descend
To strive for empire o'er the main,
This way, and that, the surge they bend,
While both their native force retain;
Thus arms to arms oppos'd contend
For conquest on th' empurpled plain;
Yet unfatigu'd with wounds and toil,
Nor these advance, nor those recoil.

Still struggling with superior pow'rs,
The hardy Scots maintain their ground,
Though fate its pregnant quiver show'rs,
And death in carnage wantons round.—
While on his forehead vengeance lows,
Forth Percy issues with a bound;
His wrathful eyes perdition dart,
And thus he pours his pregnant heart:

"God's splendour! shall a lawless crew
Of vagrant thieves your might restrain?
Shall hands so feeble, troops so few,
Repel this vast, this martial train?
Or do my senses tell me true,
Or have enchantments turn'd my brain?
Better in death my eyes were seal'd,
Than see my country's spirit yield.

But you, oh England's spurious race!
In other feats distinguish'd shine:
The trembling arm and lili'd face
For other fights their stars design.
Vile offspring! destin'd to disgrace
Your native soil, your generous line!
To heav'n and earth, say, shall I tell,
In what achievements you excel?

To gorge the feast, to drain the bowl,
To loiter near the blazing fire;
To waste the night without controul,
Indulging gross or lewd desire:
For these, though doom'd in flames to howl,
To joys no nobler you aspire;
These are your sov'reign bliss alone,
The heav'n you seek, the god you own.

But if unchastis'd hence you fly,
Though dogg'd with penitence and shame,
The death of cowards let me die,
And slander blast my spotless fame.
Oh curse, that form should men belie,
In visage, not in heart the same!
Shall honour, life, and soul at stake,
No spark of English valour wake?"

With spirit from their chief inhal'd
Whilst all their might his troop exerts,
A piercing shriek their ears assails,
Sad emphasis of female smart.
At this the soul of Howard fail'd;
Cold horror thrill'd his boding heart,
When lo! his swimming eyes explore
Their nearest object stain'd with gore:

Her rescue nobly Graham essay'd,
And interpos'd a massy shield:
But impotent his single aid,
His hands employ'd, no sword could wield;
Nor could his utmost force pervade,
Th' embattel'd ranks that throng'd the field:
This, torn with anguish, Howard saw,
Nor could remain, nor durst withdraw.

"Oh list, for mercy's sake! (he cry'd);
Mercy, chief glory of the brave!
Suspend your strife by him who died,
From endless death your souls to save!
Else beauty's blossom, virtue's pride,
Scarce blown, must wither in the grave.
Oh let me to her aid be gone,
Prevent her fate, or seek my own!"

Then, by the sacred name abjur'd,
Suspense prevail'd in ev'ry mind;
Whilst Graham, no more by troops immur'd,
A passage free rejoic'd to find:
His lovely charge, from harm secur'd,
He in a neighbouring tent resign'd:
Thence through the habitations round,
Relief he sought, relief he found.

Of matrons now, a weeping train,
Attended round the fair distress:
With skilful hand, and care humane,
The blood they stopt, the wound they dress,
The more they view'd, the less their pain,
For slightly was the hurt impress,
And, should her mind serene endure,
Susceptible of speedy cure.

By undefining fury thrown,
The weapon, ere it reach'd the fair,
Had through a spacious distance flown,
And idly spent its force in air.
When to the rivals this was known,
What joy they felt, from what despair!
So joy the guilty when from heaven
They hear pronounc'd their sins forgiv'n.

CANTO III.

AND now in milder tasks engag'd,
The wants of nature to repair;
No longer war the armies wag'd,
Their dead and wounded claim'd their care;
In truce their mutual honour pledg'd,
Both pleas'd, the common safety share;
While Graham and Howard in one tent,
The tranquil hour in parley spent.

Thus Graham began: "Let local hate
And jealous rage, be cancell'd here;
And now that mystery of fate,
Whose lightest word demands my ear,
In this calm interval, relate
With temper candid and sincere;
Each dark event minutely show,
And how I stand concern'd, to know."

To whom his rival: "From my tongue
Expect the story but in part:
Of Caledonian lineage sprung,
Thou deem'st the charmer of thy heart;
There thou beheld'st her first when young,
There first thou felt'st the pleasing smart,
Which since o'er all thy bosom reigns,
And constitutes its joys or pains.

But erst, when urg'd by youthful heat
To satisfy a brother's shade,
I plung'd myself beyond retreat,
Where all its horrors war display'd.
And by this conduct indiscreet,
To Scotland pris'ner was convey'd:
A fire with years and honours grac'd,
To me her various fortunes trac'd.

For as by chance our way she cross'd,
"Thou view, (said he) that lovely maid,
"Heaven's darling image, nature's boast,
"Virtue by beauty's hand array'd;
"Yet in the storms of fortune tost,
"When heaven's blest beam she scarce survey'd;
"Her from the womb no fire embrac'd,
"No gladness hail'd, no splendour grac'd.

"With England's troops, in hostile guise,
"A godlike youth adorn'd the field,
"Who, till he gain'd some high emprise,
"His name and pedigree conceal'd:
"But partial fortune oft denies
"The meed which bright desert should yield,
"Rushing unguarded on the fray,
"Too soon depress'd by wounds he lay.

"Him Elliot, hospitable knight,
"Convuls'd with pain, and drench'd in gore,
"Beheld, and through the shock of fight,
"Surviving to his mansion bore:

"His daughter, melting at the sight,
"The blooming hero to restore,
"Apply'd each salutary art,
"And cur'd his wound, but pierc'd his heart.
"For in his chamber, while confin'd,
"And tended by the pitying fair,
"With anguish more intense he pin'd,
"Than that extinguish'd by her care.
"He breath'd the torment of his mind,
"Nor she reluctant heard his pray'r:
"A priest (unknown to Elliot) came,
"And with heaven's sanction crown'd their flame.

"By honour call'd, impell'd by hope,
"Once more in arms the hero rose,
"Renown's eternal worth to crop,
"Which high on danger's summit grows:
"But doom'd with mightier force to cope,
"And circled by a world of foes;
"My life, my love, my hopes, farewell!"
"He said; and crush'd by numbers, fell.

"The father every worth confess'd,
"Which the young bridegroom's soul adorn'd;
"Yet, for his country prepossess'd,
"All overtures from England scorn'd;
"Nor ceas'd the stranger to detest,
"Who from his arms his child suborn'd,
"Nor view'd with nature's fond regard,
"Her soul depress'd, her form impair'd;

"Her period of gestation o'er,
"And nature struggling for relief,
"Her orphan babe the mother bore,
"Sad heir of indigence and grief!
"Then, banish'd from her father's door,
"By mandates from the angry chief,
"Within a convent's walls confin'd,
"Her suff'ring spirit she resign'd.

"Yet instinct, pow'rful in his breast,
"(Though with determin'd hate inflam'd)
"The smiling infant he caress'd,
"And for his once-lov'd Anna nam'd:
"His hand her slightest wants redress'd,
"His heart her plan of culture fram'd;
"Yet would not own the charming maid,
"Till nature's debt his daughter paid.

"Then 'gan his stubborn soul to melt;
"Emotions till that hour unknown,
"Through all his alter'd mind he felt,
"Which injur'd nature might atone;
"Still in his breast the parent dwelt,
"Now reign'd triumphant and alone;
"Transferr'd from fortune's barren waste,
"His eyes she charm'd, his mansion grac'd."

"Thus far the chief, nor more he knew;
For hid in night's impervious veil,
The youth's descent eludes our view,
Nor can we gain this sad detail,
Where first that vernal blossom grew,
Whose ruin hostile eyes bewail:
His birth from England all attest,
Deep secrecy involves the rest."

Whilst thus in Scotland I remain'd
A wretched captive on parole,

Her charms my raptur'd eyes detain'd,
Her virtues conquer'd all my soul:
Oh! what is liberty regain'd,
When endless chains the mind controul?
Fulfil, just Heav'n, thy fix'd decree,
And strike me dead, or set me free?

By public sanction thence releas'd,
As to our camp I bent my way,
With fond anticipation pleas'd,
My late dishonour to repay;
Each sense the voice of anguish seiz'd,
Anguish that could not brook delay;
I saw my Anna's struggling charms
Encircled in a ruffian's arms.

O'Braian of Hebernian race,
A robber fam'd and fear'd around,
To gain the prize had watch'd the place,
And now presum'd his wishes crown'd:
Thither, enrag'd, I urg'd my pace,
And made the felon bite the ground;
His timid train his fall survey'd,
Nor to revenge their leader staid.

With indignation and despair,
All pale and faint my charmer lay;
I rais'd her with fraternal care,
And gently sooth'd her deep dismay;
I begg'd, nor did she slight my pray'r;
But, sweet companion of my way,
By my protecting arm sustain'd,
At length secure the camp she gain'd.

Nor, though the maid for thee declares,
Let passion joys in prospect feign;
Divided hearts, divided cares,
Domestic bliss can ne'er maintain:
An English heart thy Anna shares;
Still in her breast shall England reign:
Hence woes entail'd on all thy line,
Shall prove a curse to thee and thine.

But now in heav'n's high vault no star
To gild the dark horizon glows;
No sound ambiguous, heard from far,
Through air's thin texture trembling flows:
Nature fatigu'd with toils and war,
Courts the dear blessing of repose:
Soon shall the light's officious glare
Restore the world to grief and care."

While thus their languid pow'rs to cheer,
Grateful recess the warriors sought,
Thither extended on a bier,
An agonizing chief was brought:
But as he now advanc'd more near,
Elliot, whom dead before they thought,
Elliot himself they recognize,
And melt in tears, and burst in sighs.

"You see me still, though still alive;
(In groans th' expiring hero said);
From duty, strength my pow'rs derive,
To dear departed worth unpaid;
This done, with fate no more I strive,
But sink beneath its peaceful shade;
Enough of life kind Heav'n bestows,
When fame and virtue grace its close.

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Thy audience, Howard, let me claim;
To thee my message is address'd;
For when my sister's languid frame
The bed of death reclining prest,
Her long lamented husband's name
To me her dying lips confest;
Thy ill-starr'd brother (rashly brave)!
To Anna's charms existence gave.

How light these last convulsions seem,
That show my mortal crisis near!
But nature's voice in this extreme,
Her pleading voice, what heart can bear!
This, this is agony supreme:
Ten thousand deaths are less severe:
Great God! whose smile is more than life,
Console my tender babes and wife.

How long shalt thou, my country! smart,
For whom my blood spontaneous flows!
Thrice happy could my pangs impart
A lasting cure for all thy woes;
These plagues, benignant pow'r, avert,
And grant sincere, though late repose,
Where wrath and devastation sway,
Let arts of peace their charms display!

For me, my friends, your sorrows spare;
I go in regions more sublime,
A nobler destiny to share,
Above the sphere of chance and time.
Howard, be Anna's bloom thy care
In this inhospitable clime."
His parting soul, while this he said,
Angels to bliss in heav'n convey'd.

CANTO IV.

Now with immortal splendour gay,
The sun his wonted course resumes,
To pour th' exhaustless flood of day,
Which heaven's majestic arch illumines:
From ev'ry bush the vernal lay,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r perfumes
Impregnate wide the sportive gale,
And joy exults in hill and dale.

Not so the hosts on yonder plain;
Their hearts of comfort felt no ray,
For conquest each had toil'd in vain,
Nor hop'd the dear decisive day:
Sadden'd with labour, want, and pain,
Th' interminable prospect lay;
But chief in ev'ry English soul
Sedition rag'd without controul.

Thus to his mate each soldier cries:
"What curse this fruitless war extends!
At home each field uncultur'd lies,
On which our daily bread depends:
Alike the Scot his wants supplies,
Where'er his devious course he bends,"
Mov'd by such views their heralds came,
A new cessation to proclaim.

"Ye quiver'd Scots, our words attend;
Pacific overtures we bring:
Shall groans and carnage never end?
Shall blood from rills perennial spring?

Let either nation envoys send,
For peace to importune its king."
The hosts for peace exclaim around:
Peace heav'n, and earth, and sea resound.

In holy fervour now entranc'd,
From Scotia's bands a rev'rend sage,
Half way between the troops advanc'd,
In all the dignity of age:
With ardent eyes, on both he glanc'd,
That lighten'd with prophetic rage,
Then on a point of empty space,
Their beams directing stopp'd his pace.

"The god! the flaming god! (he cry'd)
I feel him all my pow'rs controul.
Oh! gently on my spirit glide,
Nor into nothing flash my soul!
O'er heav'n and earth one boundless tide
Of glory sweeps from pole to pole:
Inscrutable to grosser eyes.
The book of fate expanded lies.

Two chiefs I see of noble name,
Whose hearts in friendship once were join'd,
Competitors for love and fame,
Now glow with passions more unkind;
Whilst cold suspicion, mutual blame,
Embitter each dissever'd mind:
Such ills on human spirits prey,
By cruel error led astray.

To truth eternal and severe,
Howard, thy docile ear incline!
Nature's great interdict revere;
For nature's mandate speaks in mine:
By kindred blood ally'd so near,
To kindred love thy wish confine;
Else shall thy days in anguish flow,
And God and man pronounce thee foe.

Hee, Graham, of Anna's charms possessest,
My soul's enlighten'd view surveys:
Each night shall give thee sacred rest,
Each day to light thy joys shall blaze:
With all a father's transports blest,
I see thy offspring fix thy gaze;
And with ineffable delight,
Behold your lovely forms unite.

Dispatch'd from heaven's ethereal height,
By her eternal father's smile,
Fair peace accelerates her flight,
To bless this long distracted isle:
Fell anger and corrosive spite,
No more inur'd to war and spoil,
In adamantinè fetters bound,
With clamour shake their cells profound.

But as with desultory fire
Along th' aerial current borne,
When scarce its lustre we admire,
The meteor leaves our sight forlorn:
So, blasted, peace shall soon retire,
And Britain, still by faction torn,
Shall mark with horrors ev'ry age,
And glut with civil blood its rage.

Where am I wrapt, eternal pow'r!
What ecstasies my soul dilate!

Emerge thou bright auspicious hour,
Elude the slow results of fate.
The rose, gay summer's fav'rite flow'r,
No more with tumid pride inflate,
Shall throw each prejudice aside,
And with the thistle be ally'd.

By sanguine proof, ye nations, taught
What various ills from discord rise,
Discord with all the curses fraught
That earth can feel or hell devise;
With sacred vigilance of thought,
Your union cultivate and prize;
Union, eternal source of joy,
Which nought can lessen or destroy.

England! for industry and toil,
Wisdom, and polish'd arts, renown'd,
Whose happy clime and grateful soil
Diffuse exhaustless plenty round;
So from thy shores may foes recoil,
Involv'd in shame, and grief profound,
As thou behold'st with placid eyes
Thy sister kingdom's glory rise.

Scotia! to earth's remotest verge,
By each conspicuous virtue known,
Whose glorious deeds, whose talents large,
Enrich all climates but thy own;
To him thy duty first discharge,
From whose paternal hand alone
Thy blessings, which no measure know,
Thy freedom, wealth, and safety flow.

Nor let seductive pleasure's charms,
From wisdom's ways thy soul allure,
Nor quench thy gen'rous thirst of arms,
Nor all thy recent fame obscure:
Thy breast, while noble ardour warms,
For sacred faith, and virtue pure,
Till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Thy glory ne'er shall feel decay.

ON DR. BLACKLOCK'S BIRTH-DAY*.

BY MRS. BLACKLOCK.

PROFITIOUS day! to me for ever dear;
Oh! may'st thou still return from year to year,
Replete with choicest blessings Heav'n can send,
And guard from ev'ry harm my dearest friend.
May we together tread life's various maze,
In strictest virtue, and in grateful praise
To thee, kind Providence, who hast ordain'd
One for the other sympathetic friend.
And when life's current in our veins grows cold,
Let each the other to their breast enfold
Their other dearer self; with age oppress'd,
Then, gracious God, receive us both to rest.

FROM DR. DOWNMAN TO MRS. BLACKLOCK.

OCCASIONED BY THE COPY OF VERSES SHE ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND.

As round Parnassus on a day,
Melissa idly chanc'd to stray,

* These verses, the only verses ever attempted by Mrs. Blacklock, are to be considered, not as a specimen of a poeti-

She gather'd from its native bed,
 As there it grew, a rose-bud red.
 Mean time Calliopé came by,
 And Hymen, with obsequious eye,
 Watching her looks, gallantly trod;
 Fair was the muse, and bright the god.
 The mortal, at th' unwonted sight
 Was struck with dread, as well she might.
 When thus the queen: "How could'st thou dare
 " Without my passport, venture here?
 " That rose-bud cast upon the plain,
 " And seek thy pristine shades again."
 But Hymen thus the muse bespoke;
 " Oh! Goddess dear, thine ire revoke!
 For, if I err not, on my life,
 'This wanderer is our Blacklock's wife.
 At which she smiling milder grew,
 For him of yore full well she knew.
 Then Hymen thus address'd the dame;
 " She pardons, though she still must blame.
 " But take the rose-bud in your hand,
 " And say, you bring, at my command,
 " That present from Parnassus' grove,
 " A grateful flower of married love."

FROM DR. DOWNMAN TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

EDINA's walls can fancy see,
 And not, my Blacklock, think on thee?
 'Ere I that gentle name forget,
 This flesh must pay great nature's debt.
 Hail! worthiest of the sons of men,
 Not that the muses held thy pen,
 And plac'd before thy mental sight
 Each hue of intellectual light:
 But that a gen'rous soul is thine,
 Richer by far than Plutus' mine;
 With utmost niceness fram'd to feel
 Another's woe, another's weal;
 Where friendship heap'd up all her store,
 That glorious treasure of the poor,
 To grovelling vanity unknown,
 Not to be purchas'd by a throne;
 Where patience, resignation's child,
 Misfortune of her power beguil'd;
 Where love her purple cestus bound
 Where a retirement virtue found,
 Contentment a perpetual treat,
 And Honour a delightful seat;
 Religion could with Pleasure feast,
 And met no bigot, though a priest.

TO MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

To fame and to the muse unknown
 Where arts and science never shone,
 * A hamlet stands secure:
 Her rustic sons, to toil inur'd,
 By blooming health and gain allur'd,
 Their grateful soil manure.

cal genius, which she never pretended to possess, but as an expression of her affection for her husband, and her veneration for that amiable disposition, and that divine gift of poetry, with which he was so eminently blessed.

* Rockliffe, a little country village near Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland.

What means my heart!—'Tis nature's pow'r:
 Yes, here I date my natal hour,
 My bursting heart would say:
 Here sleep the swains from whom I sprung,
 Whose conscience fell remorse ne'er stung;
 For nature led their way.

Simplicity, unstain'd with crimes,
 (A gem how rare in modern times;)—
 Was all from them I bore:
 No sounding titles swell'd my pride;
 My heart to mis'ry ne'er was ty'd,
 By heaps of shining ore.

Heedless of wealth, of pow'r, of fame;
 Heedless of each ambitious aim,
 Here flow'd my boyish years.
 How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
 Whistled, or sung some fair * distrest,
 Whose fate would steal my tears!

Thus rude, unpolish'd, unrefin'd
 While, plung'd in darkest night, my mind
 Uncultivated lay;
 With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;
 My way to light, to reason show'd,
 And op'd the source of day:

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;
 Your skill, your matchless goodness taught,
 Where truth and bliss to find:
 Painted, by thee, in all her charms,
 Each gen'rous heart fair virtue warms,
 And swells the ravish'd mind.

Hail bright celestial, all divine!
 O come! inspire this breast of mine
 With all thy heav'nly pow'r:
 Lead, lead me to thy happiness;
 Point out thy path to that blest place,
 Where grief shall be no more.

RICHARD HEWITT†.

* Alluding to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

† This little poem can boast a quality which commendatory verses are not supposed always to possess, to wit, perfect sincerity and gratitude in the author. He was a poor native of a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, whom Mr. Blacklock had taken to lead him, and whom, finding him of promising parts, and of a disposition to learn, he endeavoured to make a scholar. He succeeded so well, as to teach young Hewitt the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and some knowledge in the sciences. The lad bore his master that warm affection which his kindness seldom failed to procure from his domestics, and left him, with unwillingness, to enter the service of Lord Milton (then Lord Justice Clerk), whose secretary he became. The fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

A H ij

AN EPISTLE FROM DR. BEATTIE,
TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK*.

"Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
"Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

JUVENAL, SAT. X.

HAIL to the poet! whose spontaneous lays
No pride restrains, nor venal flattery sways:
Who, nor from critics, nor from fashion's laws,
Learns to adjust his tribute of applause;
But bold to feel, and ardent to impart
What nature whispers to the generous heart,
Propitious to the moral song, commends,
For virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.

Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage!
Critics, who, ere they understand, defame;
And friends demure, who only do not blame;
And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote,
Pleas'd to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
That boast the sanction of a Blacklock's praise.
Let others court the blind and babbling crowd:
Mine be the favour of the wise and good.

O thou, to censure, as to guile unknown!
Indulgent to all merit but thy own!
Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly
frame,
Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame;
Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
The muse adorns, but cannot dignify;
As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
Embellish, not exalt the starry heaven:
Say thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
To guide the fancy, and the soul refine,

* *Vide Dr. Beattie's Poems, edition 1766, p. 135.*

What heights of excellence must he ascend,
Who longs to claim a Blacklock for his friend;
Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art;
But more thy meek simplicity of heart;
But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
At once though malice and mischance invade;
And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confin'd,
Thy zeal for truth, and love of human kind.

Like thee, with sweet ineffable controul,
Teach me to rouse or sooth th' impassion'd soul,
And breathe the luxury of social woes;
Ah! ill-exchang'd for all that mirth bestows.
Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
For know, 'tis sympathy exalts the man.
But, midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
Can riot listen to soft pity's call?

Rude he repels the soul-ennobling guest,
And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.

Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
Sweet, as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves; ere art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to scan
Bold nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
In each warm cheek, and each enraptur'd muse.
Then had not fraud impos'd, in fashion's name,
For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame;
And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear;
The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
And breast inur'd to check the tender sigh.
Then love, unblam'd, indulg'd the guiltless smile;
Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
The social sense unaw'd, that scorn'd to own
The curb of law, save nature's law alone,
To godlike aims, and godlike actions fir'd;
And the full energy of thought inspir'd;
And the full dignity of pleasure, given
T' exalt desire, and yield a taste of heaven.

APPENDIX.

PIECES OMITTED IN THE WORKS OF BRUCE.

ECLOGUE *

IN THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

O COME, my love! from thy echoing hill; thy
rocks on the mountain wind!

The hill-top flames with setting light; the vale
is bright with the beam of eve. Blithe on the
village green the maiden milks her cows. The
boy shouts in the wood, and wonders who talks
from the trees. But echo talks from the trees,
repeating his notes of joy. Where art thou, O
Morna! thou fairest among women? I hear not
the bleating of thy flock, nor thy voice in the
wind of the hill. Here is the field of our loves;
now is the hour of thy promise. See, frequent
from the harvest-field the reapers eye the setting
sun: but thou appearest not on the plain.—

Daughters of the bow! Saw ye my love, with
her little flock tripping before her? Saw ye her,
fair moving over the heath, and waving her locks
behind like the yellow sun-beams of evening?

Come from the hill of clouds, fair dweller of
woody Lumon!

I was a boy when I went to Lumon's lovely
vale. Sporting among the willows of the brook,
I saw the daughters of the plain. Fair were
their faces of youth; but mine eye was fixed on
Morna. Red was her cheek, and fair her hair.
Her hand was white as the lily. Mild was the
beam of her blue eye, and lovely as the last smile
of the sun. Her eye met mine in silence. Sweet
were our words together in secret. I little knew
what meant the heavings of my bosom, and the
wild wish of my heart. I often looked back up-
on Lumon's vale, and blest the fair dwelling of
Morna. Her name dwelt ever on my lip. She
came to my dream by night. Thou didst come
in thy beauty, O maid! lovely as the ghost of
Malvina, when, clad with the robes of heaven,
she came to the vale of the moon, to visit the aged
eyes of Ossian king of harps.

Come from the cloud of night, thou first of our
maidens! come—

The wind is down; the sky is clear: red is the
cloud of evening. In circles the bat wheels over
head; the boy pursues his flight. The farmer

hails the signs of heaven, the promise of halcyon
days: joy brightens in his eyes. O Morna! first
of maidens! thou art the joy of Salgar! thou art
his one desire! I wait thy coming on the field.
Mine eye is over all the plain. One echo spreads
on every side. It is the shout of the shepherds
folding their flocks. They call to their compa-
nions, each on his echoing hill. From the red
cloud rises the evening star.—But who comes
yonder in light, like the moon the queen of hea-
ven? It is she! the star of stars! the lovely light
of Lumon! Welcome, fair beam of beauty, for
ever to shine in our valleys!

Morna.

I come from the hill of clouds. Among the
green rushes of Balva's bank, I follow the steps of
my beloved. The foal in the meadow frolics
round the mare: his bright mane dances on the
mountain wind. The leverets play among the
green ferns, fearless of the hunter's horn, and of
the bounding gray-hound. The last strain is up in
the wood.—Did I hear the voice of my love? It
was the gale that sports with the whirling leaf,
and sighs in the reeds of the lake. Blessed be the
voice of winds that brings my Salgar to mind. O
Salgar! youth of the rolling eye! thou art the
love of maidens. Thy face is a sun to thy friends:
thy words are sweet as a song: thy steps are state-
ly on thy hill: thou art comely in the brightness
of youth; like the moon, when she puts off her
dun robe in the sky, and brightens the face of
night. The clouds rejoice on either side; the
traveller in the narrow path beholds her, round,
in her beauty moving through the midst of hea-
ven. Thou art fair, O youth of the rolling eye!
thou wast the love of my youth.

Salgar.

Fair wanderer of evening! pleasant be thy rest
on our plains. I was gathering nuts in the wood
for my love, and the days of our youth returned
to mind; when we played together on the green,
and flew over the field with feet of wind. I tam-
ed the blackbird for my love, and taught it to
sing in her hand. I climbed the ash in the cliff of
the rock, and brought you the doves of the wood.

Morna.

It is the voice of my beloved! Let me behold
him from the wood-covered vale, as he sings of the

* Mr. Pearson ascribes this Eclogue to Bruce:
Dr. Robertson ascribes it to Logan.

times of old, and complains to the voice of the rock. Pleasant were the days of our youth, like the songs of other years. Often have we sat on the old gray stone, and silent marked the stars, as one by one they stole into the sky. One was our wish by day, and one our dream by night.

Salgar.

I have found an apple-tree in the wood. I planted it in my garden. Thine eye beheld it all in flower. For every bloom we marked, I count an apple of gold. To-morrow I pull the fruit for you. O come, my best beloved.

Morna.

When the gossamer melts in air, and the furze crackle in the beam of noon, O come to Cona's sunny side, and let thy flocks wander in our valleys. The heath is in flower. One tree rises in the midst. Sweet flows the river by its side of age. The wild bee hides his honey at its root. Our words will be sweet on the sunny hill. Till gray evening shadow the plain, I will sing to my well-beloved.

ODE TO A FOUNTAIN *.

○ FOUNTAIN of the wood! whose glassy wave
Slow-swelling from the rock of years,
Holds to heav'n a mirror blue,
And bright as Anna's eye.

With whom I've sported on the margin green:
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
Young naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet
My ear, like poets heav'nly strain;
Fancy pictures in a dream
The golden days of youth.

○ state of innocence! O paradise!
In hope's gay garden, fancy views
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!
Ye brothers of my bosom! where
Do ye tread the walks of life,
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,
The merry minstrels of the morn;
New to heav'n they mount away,
And meet again no more.

All things decay; the forest like the leaf;
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,
Planet-struck shall pass away,
Heav'n's with their hosts expire:

But hope's fair visions, and the beams of joy,
Shall cheer my bosom: I will sing
Nature's beauty, nature's birth,
And heroes on the lyre.

* This and the three following odes, Dr. Robertson ascribes to Logan.

Ye naiads! blue-eyed sisters of the wood!
Who by old oak, or storied stream,
Nightly tread your mystic maze,
And charm the wand'ring moon,

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams
With visions, like the landscapes fair
Of heav'n's bliss, to dying saints
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays
Thy waves shall flow: this wreath of flow'rs,
Gather'd by my Anna's hand,
I ask to bind my brow.

DANISH ODE.

THE great, the glorious deed is done!
The foe is fled! the field is won!
Prepare the feast; the heroes call;
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall!

The raven clasps his sable wings;
The bard his chosen timbrel brings;
Six virgins round, a select choir,
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown;
With mighty ale your sorrows drown;
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield;
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave;
Joy shines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire;
When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music's the medicine of the mind;
The cloud of care give to the wind;
Be ev'ry brow with garlands bound,
And let the cup of joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;
We're guests that tarry but a night:
In the dark house, together press'd,
The prince's and the people rest.

Send round the shell, the feast prolong,
And send away the night in song;
Be blest below, as those above,
With Odin's and the friends they love.

ANOTHER.

In deeds of arms, our fathers rise
Illustrious in their offspring's eyes:
They fearless rush'd through Ocean's storms,
And dar'd grim death in all its forms;
Each youth assum'd the sword and shield,
And grew a hero in the field.

Shall we degenerate from our race;
Inglorious in the mountain chase?
Arm, arm in fallen Hubba's right;
Place your forefathers in your fight?

To fame, to glory fight your way,
And teach the nations to obey.

Affume the oars, unbind the sails;
Send, Odin! send propitious gales.
At Loda's stone, we will adore
Thy name with songs, upon the shore;
And, full of thee, undaunted dare
The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

No feasts of shells no dance by night,
Are glorious Odin's dear delight:
He, king of men, his armies led,
Where heroes strove, where battles bled;
Now reigns above the morning-star,
The god of thunder and of war.

Bless'd who in battle bravely fall!
They mount on wings to Odin's hall;
To music sound, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old;
The song of bards records their name,
And future times shall speak their fame.

Hark! Odin thunders! haste on board;
Illustrious Canute! give the word.
On wings of wind we pass the seas,
To conquer realms, if Odin please:
With Odin's spirit in our soul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

ODE TO PAOLI.

WHAT man, what hero shall the muses sing,
On classic lyre or Caledonia string,
Whose name shall fill th' immortal page;
Who fir'd from heav'n with energy divine,
In sun-bright glory bids his actions shine
First in the annals of the age?
Ceas'd are the golden times of yore;
The age of heroes is no more;
Rare, in these latter times, arise to fame
The poet's strain inspir'd, or hero's heav'nly flame.

What star arising in the southern sky,
New to the heav'ns, attracting Europe's eye,
With beams unborrow'd, shines afar?
Who comes with thousands marching in his rear,
Shining in arms, shaking his bloody spear,
Like the red comet, sign of war?
Paoli! sent of heav'n to lave
A rising nation of the brave;
Whose firm right hand his angels arm, to bear
A shield before his host, and dart the bolts of war.

He comes! he comes! the saviour of the land!
His drawn sword flames in his uplifted hand,
Enthusiast in his country's cause;
Whose firm resolve obeys a nation's call,
To rise deliverer, or a martyr fall
To liberty, to dying laws.
Ye sons of freedom! sing his praise;
Ye poets! bind his brows with bays;
Ye scepter'd shadows! cast your honours down,
And bow before the head that never wore a crown.

Who to the hero can the palm refuse!
Great Alexander still the world subdues,
The heir of everlasting praise.

But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light;
When virtues human and divine unite;
When olives twine among the bays,
And, mutual, both Minerva's shine;
A constellation so divine,
A wond'ring world behold, admire, and love,
And his best image here, th' Almighty marks
above.

As the lone shepherd hides him in the rocks,
When high heav'n thunders; as the tim'rous flocks
From the descending torrents flee;
So flies a world of slaves at war's alarms,
When zeal on flame, and liberty in arms,
Leads on the fearless and the free,
Resistless; as the torrent flood,
Horn'd like the moon, uproots the wood,
Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harvests from their
base. [place.
And moves th' eternal hills from their appointed

Long hast thou labour'd in the glorious strife,
O land of liberty! profuse of life,
And prodigal of priceless blood.
Where heroes bought with blood the martyr's
crown,
A race arose, heirs of their high renown,
Who dar'd their fate through fire and flood;
And Gaffori the great arose,
Whose words of pow'r disarm'd his foes;
And where the filial image smil'd afar,
The fire turn'd not aside the thunders of the war.

O liberty! to man a guardian giv'n,
Thou best and brightest attribute of Heav'n!
From whom descending, thee we sing.
By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
We feel thy pow'r essential to our mind;
Each son of freedom is a king.
Thy praise the happy world proclaim,
And Britain worships at thy name,
Thou guardian angel of Britannia's isle!
And God and man rejoice in thy immortal smile.

Island of beauty! lift thy head on high;
Sing a new song of triumph to the sky!
The day of thy deliverance springs!
The day of vengeance to thy ancient foe.
Thy sons shall lay the proud oppressor low,
And break the head of tyrant kings.
Paoli! mighty man of war!
All bright in arms, thy conqu'ring car
Ascend; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heav'n, and son of the Supreme!

Rul'd by th' eternal laws, supreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, successive rise and fall.
When Cæsar conquer'd half the earth,
And spread his eagles in Britannia's sun,
Did Cæsar dream the savage huts he won
Should give a far-fam'd kingdom birth?
That here should Roman freedom light;
The western muses wing their flight;
The arts, the graces find their fav'rite home;
Our armies awe the globe, and Britain rival Rome?

Thus, if th' Almighty say, "Let freedom be,"
Thou, Corsica! the golden age shalt see.
Rejoice with songs, rejoice with smiles!

Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
 Shall hail a new Britannia in her morn,
 The queen of arts, the queen of isles:
 The arts, the beauteous train of peace,
 Shall rise and rival Rome and Greece;
 A Newton nature's book unfold sublime;
 A Milton sing to heav'n, and charm the ear of
 time.

THE LAST DAY*.

His second coming, who at first appear'd
 To save the world, but now to judge mankind
 According to their works, the trumpets sound,
 The dead arising, the wide world in flames,
 The mansions of the blest, and the dire pit
 Of Satan and damnation, muse unfold.

O Thou whose eye the future and the past
 In one broad view beholdest, from the first
 Of days, when o'er this rude unformed mass
 Light, first-born of existence, smiling rose,
 Down to that latest moment when thy voice
 Shall bid the sun be darkness, when thy hand
 Shall blot creation out, assist my song.

Thou only know'st, who gave these orbs to roll
 Their destin'd circles, when their course shall set,
 When ruin and destruction fierce shall ride
 In triumph o'er creation. This is hid,
 In kindness unto man. Thou giv'st to him
 The event certain: Angels know not when.

'Twas on an autumn's eve, calm and serene,
 I walk'd, attendant on the funeral
 Of an old swain; around, the village crowd
 Loquacious chatted, till we reach'd the place
 Where, shrouded up, the sons of other years
 Lie silent in the grave. The sexton there
 Had digg'd the bed of death, the narrow house,
 For all that live appointed. To the dust
 We gave the dead. Then moralizing, home
 The swains return'd, to drown in copious bowls
 The labours of the day, and thoughts of death.

The sun now trembl'd at the western gate,
 His yellow rays stream'd o'er the fleecy clouds.
 I sat me down upon a broad flat stone,
 And much I mused on the changeful state
 Of sublunary things. The joys of life,
 How frail, how short, how passing. As the sea,
 Now flowing, thunders on the rocky shore,
 Now lowly ebbing, leaves a tract of sand,
 Waste, wide, and dreary: So is this vain world.
 Through every varying state of life we toss
 In endless fluctuation, till tir'd out
 With sad variety of bad and worse,
 We reach life's period, reach the blissful port,
 Where change affects not, and the weary rest.

Then sure the sun which lights us to our shroud,
 Than that which gave us first to see the light,
 Is happier far, as he who hopeless long
 Hath rode th' Atlantic billow, from the mast,
 Skirting the blue horizon, sees the land,
 His native land approach, joy fills his heart,
 And swells each throbbing vein; so, here confin'd,
 We weary tread life's long, long toilsome maze,
 Still hoping, vainly hoping for relief,
 And rest from labour. Ah! mistaken thought,
 To seek in life what only death can give.

* Communicated by Mr John Birrel of Kineswood.

But what is death? Is it an endless sleep,
 Unconscious of the present or the past;
 And never to be waken'd? sleeps the soul;
 Nor wakes e'en in a dream? If it is so,
 Happy the sons of pleasure; they have liv'd,
 And made the most of life: And foolish he,
 The sage who, dreaming of hereafter, grudg'd
 Himself the tasting of the sweets of life;
 And call'd it temperance, and hop'd for joys
 More durable and sweet, beyond the grave.
 Vain is the poet's song, the soldier's toil;
 Vain is the sculptur'd marble and the bust.
 How vain to hope for never dying fame,
 If souls can die: But that they never die,
 This thirst of glory whispers. Wherefore gave
 The great Creator such a strong desire
 He never meant to satisfy. These stones,
 Memorials of the dead, with rustic art,
 And rude inscriptions cut, declare the soul
 Immortal. Man, form'd for eternity,
 Abhors annihilation, and the thought
 Of dark oblivion. Hence, with ardent wish
 And vigorous effort, each would fondly raise
 Some lasting monument, to save his name
 Safe from the waste of years. Hence Cæsar fought;
 Hence Raphael painted; and hence Milton sung.

Thus musing, sleep oppress'd my drowsy sense,
 And wrapt me into rest: Before mine eyes,
 Fair as the morn, when up the flaming east
 The sun ascends, a radiant seraph stood,
 Crown'd with a wreath of palm, his golden hair
 Wav'd o'er his shoulders, girt with shining plumes;
 From which, down to the ground, loose floating
 trail'd,

In graceful negligence, his heavenly robe:
 Upon his face, flush'd with immortal youth
 Unfading beauty bloom'd, and thus he spake:

"Well hast thou judg'd; the soul must be im-
 mortal!"

"And that it is, this awful day declares;
 "This day, the last that ere the sun shall gild:
 "Arrested by Omnipotence, no more
 "Shall he describe the year. The moon no more
 "Shall shed her borrow'd light. This is the day
 "Seal'd in the rolls of fate, when o'er the dead
 "Almighty power shall wake, and raise to life
 "The sleeping myriads. Now shall be approv'd,
 "The ways of God to man, and all the clouds
 "Of Providence be clear'd; now shall be shown
 "Why vice in purple oft upon a throne
 "Exalted sat, and shook her iron scourge
 "O'er virtue, seated lowly on the ground.
 "Now deeds committed in the fable shade
 "Of eyeless darkness, shall be brought to light,
 "And every act shall meet its just reward."

As thus he spake, the morn arose, and sure
 Methought ne'er rose a fairer. Not a cloud
 Spotted the blue expanse, and not a gale
 Breath'd o'er the surface of the dewy earth.
 Twinkling with yellow lustre, the gay birds
 On every blooming spray sung their sweet notes,
 And prais'd their great Creator. Through the
 fields

The lowing cattle graz'd, and all around
 Was beauty, happiness, and mirth, and love.
 "All these thou seest," (resum'd th' angelic power),
 "No more shall give thee pleasure. Thou must leave
 "This world, of which now come and see the end."

This said, he touch'd me, and such strength in-
fus'd,

That as he soared up the pathless air,
I lightly followed. On the awful peak
Of an eternal rock, beneath whose feet
The sounding billows beat, he set me down.
I heard a noise, loud as a rushing stream,
When o'er the rugged precipice it roars,
And foaming thunders on the rocks below.
Astonished, I gaz'd around, when lo!
I saw an angel down from Heaven descend.
His face was as the sun, his dreadful height
Such as the statue by the Grecian plan'd
Of Philip's son, Athos, with all his rocks,
Moulded into a man. One foot on earth,
And one upon the rolling sea, he fix'd.
As when at setting sun the rainbow shines
Refulgent, meting out the half of Heaven,
So stood he; and, in act to speak, he rais'd
His shining hand. His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, or the deep mouth'd roar
Of thunder, when it bursts the riven cloud,
And bellows through the ether. Nature stood
Silent in all her works, while thus he spake:
"Hear, thou that roll'st above, thou glorious sun;
"Ye Heavens and earth attend, while I declare
"The will of th' Eternal. By his name
"Who lives, and shall for ever live, I swear
"That time shall be no longer."
He disappear'd. Fixt in deep thought, I stood,
At what would follow. Strait another sound,
To which the Nile, o'er Ethiopia's rocks,
Rushing in broad cataract, were nought.
It seem'd as if the pillar that upheld
The universe, had crack'd, and all these worlds
Unhing'd, had strove together for the way,
In cumbrous crashing ruin. Such the roar!
A sound that might be felt! It pierc'd beyond
The limits of creation. Chaos roar'd,
And Heaven and earth return'd the mighty noise.
"Thou heard'st," said then my heavenly guide,
"the sound
"Of the last trumpet. See where, from the clouds,
"Th' archangel Michael, one of the seven
"That minister before the throne of God,
"Leans forward; and the son'rous tube inspires
"With breath immortal. By his side the sword
"Which, like a meteor, o'er the vanquish'd head
"Of Satan hung, when he rebellious rais'd
"War, and embroil'd the happy fields above."
A pause ensu'd; the fainting sun grew pale,
And seem'd to struggle through a sky of blood;
While dim eclipse impair'd his beam: The earth
Shook to her deepest centre; ocean rag'd,
And dash'd his billows on the frighted shores.
All was confusion; heartless, helpless, wild,
As flocks of tim'rous sheep, or driven deer,
Wand'ring, the inhabitants of earth appear'd.
Terror in every look, and pale affright
Sat in each eye; amazed at the past,
And for the future trembling. All call'd great,
Or deem'd illustrious by erring man,
Was now no more. The hero and the prince
Their grandeur lost, now mingling with the
crowd;
And all distinctions, those except from faith
And virtue flowing. These upheld the soul,
As ribb'd with triple steel. All else was lost!

Now, vain is greatness! as the morning clouds,
That, rising, promis'd rain: Condens'd they stand,
Till, touch'd by winds, they vanish into air.
The farmer mourns; so mourns the hapless wretch,
Who, cast by fortune from some envy'd height,
Finds nought within him to support his fall.
High as his hope had rais'd him, low he sinks
Below his fate, in comfortless despair.
Who would not laugh at an attempt to build
A lasting structure on the rapid stream
Of foaming Tygris? the foundations laid
Upon the glassy surface: Such the hopes
Of him whose views are bounded by this world;
Immur'd in his own labour'd work, he dreams
Himself secure; when, on a sudden, down,
Torn from its sandy ground, the fabric falls!
He starts, and, waking, finds himself undone.
Not so the man who on religion's base
His hope and virtue builds. Firm on the rock
Of ages his foundation laid, remains
Above the frowns of fortune or her smiles,
In every varying state of life, the same. [hopes.
Nought fears he from the world, and nothing
With unassuming courage, inward strength
Endu'd; resign'd to Heaven, he leads a life
Superior to the common herd of men,
Whose joys, connected with the changeful flood
Of fickle fortune, ebb and flow with it.
Nor is religion a chimera: Sure
'Tis something real. Virtue cannot live,
Divided from it. As a sever'd branch,
It withers, pines, and dies. Who loves not God,
That made him, and preserv'd, nay more, re-
deem'd,
Is dangerous. Can ever gratitude
Bind him who spurns at these most sacred ties?
Say, can he, in the silent scenes of life,
Be sociable? Can he be a friend?
At best, he must but feign. The worst of brutes
An atheist is; for beasts acknowledge God.
The lion, with the terrors of his mouth,
Pays homage to his Maker; the grim wolf,
At midnight, howling, seeks his meat from God.
Again th' archangel rais'd his dreadful voice.
Earth trembl'd at the sound. "Awake ye dead,
"And come to judgment." At the mighty call,
As armies issue at the trumpet's sound,
So rose the dead. A shaking first I heard,
And bone together came unto his bone,
Though sever'd by wide seas and distant lands.
A spirit liv'd within them. He who made,
Wound up, and set in motion the machine,
To run unhurt the length of fourscore years,
Who knows the structure of each secret spring,
Can he not join again the sever'd parts,
And join them with advantage? This to man
Hard and impossible may seem; to God
Is easy. Now, through all the darken'd air
The living atoms flew, each to his place,
And none was missing in the great account;
Down from the dust of him whom Cain slew,
To him who yesterday was laid in earth,
And scarce had seen corruption; whether in
The bladed grass they cloth'd the verdant plain,
Or smil'd in opening flowers; or, in the sea,
Became the food of monsters of the deep,
Or pass in transmutations infinite.
Through ev'ry kind of being none mistakes

His kindred matter; but, by sympathy
Combining, rather by Almighty power
Led on, they closely mingle and unite.
But, chang'd, now subject to decay no more,
Or dissolution, deathless as the soul,
The body is; and fitted to enjoy
Eternal bliss, or bear eternal pain.

As when in Spring the sun's prolific beams
Have wak'd to life the insect tribe that sport
And wanton in his rays at ev'ning mild,
Proud of their new existence, up the air,
In devious circles wheeling, they ascend,
Innumerable. The whole air is dark.
So, by the trumpets rous'd, the sons of men
In countless numbers cover'd all the ground,
From frozen Greenland to the southern pole,
All who ere liv'd on earth. See Lapland's sons,
Whose zenith is the pole, a barbarous race,
Rough as their storms, and savage as their clime,
Unpolish'd as their bears, and but in shape
Distinguish'd from them. Reason's dying lamp
Scarce brighter burns than instinct in their breast.
With wandring Russians, and those who dwell
In Scandinavia, by the Baltic sea;
The rugged Pole, with Prussia's warlike race;
Germania yields her numbers, where the Rhine
And mighty Danube pour their flowing urns.

Behold thy children, Britain! hail the light;
A manly race, whose business was arms;
And long unciviliz'd, yet train'd to deeds
Of virtue, they withstood the Roman power,
And made their eagles droop. On Morven's coast,
A race of heroes and of bards arise.
The mighty Fingal and his mighty son,
Who launch'd the spear, and touch'd the tuneful
harp;

With Scotia's chiefs, the sons of later years,
Her Kenneths and her Malcolms, warriors fam'd;
Her gen'rous Wallace, and her gallant Bruce,
See in her pathless wilds, where the grey stones
Are rais'd in mem'ry of the mighty dead.
Armies arise of English, Scots, and Picts;
And giant Danes, who, from bleak Norway's coast,
Ambitious came, to conquer her fair fields,
And chain her sons; but Scotia gave them graves.
Behold the kings that fill'd the English throne,
Edwards and Henrys, names of deathless fame,
Start from their tombs. Immortal William, see
Surrounding angels point him from the rest;
Who sav'd the state from tyranny and Rome.
Behold her poets, Shakspeare, fancy's child;
Spenser, who, through his smooth and moral tale,
Ypoints fair virtue out; with him who sung
Of man's first disobedience, Young lifts up
His awful head, and joys to see the day,
The great, th' important day of which he sung.

See where imperial Rome exalts her height:
Her senators and gowned fathers rise.
Her consuls, who, as ants without a king,
Went forth to conquer kings; and at their wheels
In triumph led the chiefs of distant lands.
Behold, in Cannæ's field what hostile swarms,
Burst from th' ensanguin'd ground where Hannibal
Shook Rome, through all her legions: Italy
Trembled unto the capital. If fate
Had not withstood th' attempt, she now had bow'd
Her head to Carthage. See Pharsalia points
Her murder'd thousands, who in the last strife

Of Rome, for dying liberty were slain,
To make a man the master of the world.

All Europe's sons throng forward, numbers vast;
Imagination fails beneath the weight.
What numbers yet remain! Th' enervate race
Of Asia, from where hoary Tanais rolls
O'er rocks and dreary wastes his foaming stream,
To where the eastern ocean thunders round
The spicy Java: with the tawny race
That dwelt in Afric, from the Red sea north
To the Cape south, where the rude Hottentot
Sinks into brute; with those who long unknown,
Till by Columbus found, a naked race,
And only skill'd to urge the sylvan war,
That peopl'd the wide continent that spreads
From rocky Zembla, whiten'd with the snow
Of twice three thousand years, south to the straits
Nam'd from Magellan, where the ocean roars
Round earth's remotest bounds. Now had not He
The great Creator of the universe
Enlarg'd the wide foundations of the world,
Room had been wanting to the mighty crowd
That pour'd from ev'ry quarter. At his word,
Obedient angels stretch'd an ample plain,
Where dwelt his people in the Holy Land,
Fit to contain the whole of human race.
As when the Autumn yellow on the fields
Invites the sickle forth, the farmer sends
His servants to cut down and gather in
The bearded grain; so by Jehovah sent,
The angels, from all corners of the world,
Led on the living and th' awaken'd dead
To judgment. As in the Apocalypse
John, gather'd, saw the people of the earth,
And kings, to Armageddon: Now look round,
Thou whose ambitious heart for glory beats,
See all the wretched things on earth call'd great,
And lifted up to gods; how little now
Seems all their grandeur! See the conqueror,
Mad Alexander, who his victor arms
Bore o'er the then known globe, then sat him down
And wept, because he had no other world
To give to desolation. How he droops!
He knew not, hapless wretch, he never learn'd,
The harder conquest, to subdue himself.
Now is the Christian's triumph, now he lifts
His head on high; while down the dying heart
Of sinners helpless sink; black guilt distracts
And wrings their tortur'd souls; while ev'ry
thought

Is big with keen remorse, or dark despair.

But now a nobler subject claims the song;
My mind recoils at the amazing theme;
For how shall finite speak of infinite;
How shall a stripling, by the muse untaught,
Sing heav'n's Almighty, prostrate at whose feet
Archangels fall: unequal to the task,
I dare the bold attempt: assist me Heaven.
From thee began, with thee shall end the song:
For now, down from the op'ning firmament,
Seated upon a sapphire throne, high rais'd
Upon an azure ground, upheld by wheels
Of emblematic structure, as a wheel
Had been within a wheel, studded with eyes
Of flaming fire, and by four cherubs led;
I saw the Judge descend: Around him came
By thousands, and by millions, heaven's bright host;
About him blaz'd unsufferable light,

Invisible as darkness to the eye;
 His car above the mount of Olives stay'd,
 Where last he with his disciples convers'd,
 And left them gazing as he soar'd aloft;
 He darkness as a curtain drew around,
 On which the colours of the rainbow shone
 Various and bright, and from within was heard
 A voice as deep mouth'd thunder, speaking thus:
 "Go Raphael, and from these reprobate,
 "Divide my chosen saints; go separate
 "My people from among, as the wheat
 "Is in the harvest sever'd from the tares;
 "Set them upon the right, and on the left
 "Leave these ungodly. Thou Michael choose
 "Forth from the angelic host a chosen band,
 "And Satan with his legions hither bring
 "To judgment, from hell's caverns; whither fled,
 "They think to hide from my awaken'd wrath,
 "Which chas'd them out heaven, and which they
 "dread

"More than the horrors of the pit, which now
 "Shall be redoubl'd sevenfold on their heads."
 Swift as conception, at his bidding flew
 His ministers, obedient to his nod;
 And as a shepherd who all day hath fed
 His sheep and goats promiscuous, but at eve
 Dividing shuts them up in different folds.
 So now the good was parted from the bad;
 For ever parted; never more to join
 And mingle as on earth, where often pass'd
 For other each, ev'n close hypocrisy
 Escapes not, but unmask'd, alike the scorn
 Of vice and virtue, stands now separate.
 Upon the right appear'd a dauntless, firm,
 Composed number, joyful at the thought
 Of immortality, they forward look'd
 With hope into the future; conscience pleas'd,
 Smiling reflects upon a well spent life;
 Heav'n dawns within their breast. The other crew
 Pale and dejected, scarce lift up their heads
 To view the hated light; his trembling hand
 Each lays upon his guilty face, and now
 In gnawings of the never dying worm,
 Began a hell that never shall be quench'd.

But now the enemy of God and man,
 Cursing his fate, comes forward, led in chains
 Infrangible of burning adamant,
 Hewn from the rocks of hell, with all the bands
 Of rebel angels, who long time had walk'd
 The world, and by their oracles deceiv'd
 The blinded nations; or by secret guile
 Wrought men to vice, came on, raging in vain,
 And struggling with their fetters, which, as fate
 Compell'd them fast; they wait their dreadful
 doom.

Now from his lofty throne, with eyes that blaz'd
 Intolerable day, th' Almighty Judge
 Look'd down awhile upon the subject crowds;
 As when a caravan of merchants led
 By thirst of gain to travel the parch'd sands
 Of waste Arabia, hears a lion roar,
 The wicked trembled; at his view, upon
 The ground they roll'd in pangs of wild despair,
 To hide their faces, which not blushes mark'd,
 But livid horror; conscience, who asleep
 Long time had lain, now lifts her snaky head,
 And frights them into madness, while the list
 Of all their sins she offers to their view;

For she had power to hurt them, and her sting
 Was as a scorpion's: He who never knew
 Its wound is happy, though a fetter'd slave
 Chain'd to the oar, or to the dark damp mine
 Confin'd, while he that sits upon a throne
 Under her frown, is wretched. But the damn'd
 Alone can tell what 'tis to feel her scourge,
 In all its horrors, with her poison'd sting
 Fix'd in their hearts. This is the Second Death.

Upon the book of life he laid his hand,
 Clos'd with the seal of heaven, which op'd, he
 read

The names of the elect; God knows his own,
 Come (looking on the right he smiling said),
 Ye of my Father blessed; ere this world
 Was moulded out of chaos; ere the sons
 Of God exulting sung at nature's birth,
 For you I left my throne, my glory left,
 And shrouded up in clay, I weary walk'd
 Your world, and many miseries endur'd;
 Death was the last. For you I died, that you
 Might live with me for ever, and in heav'n sit
 On thrones, and as the sun in brightness, shine
 For ever in my kingdom: Faithfully
 Have ye approv'd yourselves; I hungry was,
 And thirsty, and ye gave me meat and drink;
 Ye cloth'd me naked; when I fainting lay,
 Ye cheer'd me with the tenderness of friends;
 In sickness and in prison me reliev'd:
 Nay, marvel not that thus I speak, when e'er
 Led by the dictates of fair charity,
 Ye help'd the man on whom keen poverty
 And wretchedness had laid their meagre hands,
 And for my sake, ye did it unto me.
 They heard with joy, and shouting rais'd their voice
 In praise of the Redeemer; loos'd from earth
 They soar'd triumphant, and at the right hand
 Of the great Judge sat down; who on the left
 Now looking stern, with fury in his eyes,
 Blasted their spirits, while his arrows fix'd
 Deep in their hearts, in agonizing pain
 Scorch'd their vitals, thus their dreadful doom,
 (More dreadful from the lips that us'd to bliss)
 He awfully pronounced; earth at his frown
 Convulsive trembled, while the raging deep
 Hush'd in a horrid calm his waves. Depart,
 (These, for I heard them, were his dreadful
 words!)

Depart from me, ye curs'd! Oft have I strove
 In tenderness and pity to subdue
 Your rebel hearts; as a fond parent bird
 When danger threatens, flutters o'er her young,
 Nature's fond impulse beating in her breast;
 Thus ardent did I strive, but all in vain,
 Now will I laugh at your calamity,
 And mock your fears; as oft in stupid mirth,
 Harden'd in wickedness, ye pointed out
 The man who labour'd up the steep ascent
 Of virtue, to reproach. Depart to fire,
 Kindled in Tophet for the arch enemy,
 For Satan and his angels; who by pride
 Fell into condemnation; blown up now
 To sevenfold fury by th' Almighty breath;
 There in that dreary mansion, where the light
 Is solid gloom, darkness that may be felt,
 Where hope, the lenient of the ills of life
 For ever dies; there shall ye seek for death,
 And shall not find it, for your greatest curse

Is immortality ; Omnipotence
Eternally shall punish and preserve.

So said he, and his hands high lifted, hurl'd
The flashing lightning and the flaming bolt
Full on the wicked, kindling in a blaze
The scorched earth, behind, before, around,
The trembling wretches burst the quiv'ring flames:
They turn'd to fly, but wrath divine pursu'd
To where beyond creation's utmost bound,
Where never glimpse of cheerful light arriv'd,
Where scarce e'en thought can travel, but absorb'd,
Falls headlong down th' immeasurable gulf
Of chaos wide, and wild their prison stood
Of utter darkness, as the horrid shade
That clouds the brow of death, its open'd mouth
Belch'd sheets of livid flame and pitchy smoke ;
Infernal thunders with expulsion dire
Roar'd through the fiery concave, while the waves
Of liquid sulphur beat the burning shore
In endless ferment ; o'er the dizzy steep
Suspended, wrapt in suffocating gloom,
The sons of black damnation shrieking hung.
Curse unutterable fill'd their mouth,
Hideous to hear, their eyes rain'd bitter tears
Of agonizing madness, for their day
Was past, and from their eyes repentance hid
For ever ! Round their heads their hissing brand
The furies wav'd, and o'er the whelming brink
Impetuous urg'd them, in the beating surge
They headlong fell ; the flashing billows roar'd,
And hell from all her caves re-echo'd back ;
The gates of flint and tenfold adamant,
With bars of steel, impenetably firm,
Were shut forever : The decree of fate
Immutable made fast the ponderous door.

" Now turn your eyes," my bright conductor said,
" Behold the world in flames, so fore the bolts
Of thunder launch'd by the Almighty arm
Hath smote upon it : up the blackened air
Ascend the curling flames and billowy smoke,
And hideous crackling bloat the face of day
With foul eruption ; from their inmost beds
The hissing waters rise, whatever drew
The vital air, or in the spacious deep [crash :
Wanton'd at large, expires. Heard'st thou that
There fell the tow'ring Alps, and dashing down
Lay bare the centre : see the flaming mines
Expand their treasures, no rapacious hand
To seize the precious bane : Now look around.
Say, canst thou tell where stood imperial Rome,
The wonder of the world, or where the boast
Of Europe, fair Britannia, stretch'd her plain
Encircl'd by the ocean. All is want,
Is darkness. As (if great may be compar'd
With small), when, o'er Gomorrah's fated field
The flaming sulphur, by Jehovah rain'd,
Sent up a pitchy cloud, killing to life,
And tainting all the air. Another groan,
'Twas Nature's last ; and see th' extinguish'd sun,
Falls devious through the void, and the fair face
Of Nature is no more : with sullen joy
Old Chaos views the havock, and expects
To stretch his sable sceptre o'er the blank
Where once Creation smil'd, o'er which perhaps,
Creative energy again shall wake,
And, into being call a brighter sun,
And fairer worlds, which for delightful change,

The saints, descending from the happy seats
Of bliss, shall visit. And behold they rise
And seek their native land ; around them rise
In radiant files Heaven's host, immortal wreaths
Of Amaranth and roses crown their head,
And each a branch of ever-blooming palm
In triumph holds. In robes of dazzling white,
Fairer than that by wint'ry tempests shed,
Upon the frozen ground, array'd they shine,
Fair as the sun, when up the steep of heaven
He rides in all the majesty of light.
But who can tell, and though an angel could,
Thou couldst not hear the glories of the place,
For their abode prepar'd. Though oft on earth
They struggl'd hard against the stormy tide
Of adverse fortune, and the bitter scorn
Of harden'd villany, their life a course
Of warfare upon earth, these toils, when view'd
With the reward, seem nought : The Lord shall
guide

Their steps to living fountains, and shall wipe
All tears from ev'ry eye : The wint'ry clouds
That frown'd on life, rack up. A glorious sun
That ne'er shall set, arises in a sky
Uncoloured and serene ; their joy is full,
And sickness, pain, and death, shall be no more.

Dost thou desire to follow ? does thy heart
Beat ardent for the prize ? then tread the path
Religion points to men. What thou hast seen,
Fix'd in thy heart retain, for, be assur'd,
In that last moment, in the closing act
Of nature's drama, ere the hand of Fate
Drop the black curtain, thou must bear thy part
And stand in thine own lot."

This said, he stretch'd
His wings, and, in a moment, left my sight.
Jan. 7. 1766.

PHILOCLES :

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM
DRYBURGH *.

WAITING, I sit on Leven's sandy shore,
And sadly tune the reed to sounds of woe,
Once more I call Melpomene ! once more
Spontaneous teach the weeping verse to flow.

The weeping verse shall flow in friendship's name,
Which friendship asks, and friendship fain would
pay ;

The weeping verse which worth and genius claim ;
Begin then, muse ! begin the mournful lay.

Aided by thee, I'll twine a rustic wreath
Of fairest flowers, to deck the grass-grown
grave

Of Philocles, cold in the bed of death,
And mourn the gentle youth I could not save.

Where lordly Forth divides the fertile plains,
With ample sweep, a sea from side to side ;
A rocky bound his raging course restrains,
Forever lash'd by the resounding tide.

There stands his tomb upon the sea-beat shore,
Afar discern'd by the rough sailor's eye,

* Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Baird.

Who, passing, weeps, and stops the sounding oar,
And points where Piety and Virtue lie.

Like the gay palm on Rabbah's fair domains,
A cedar shadowing Carmel's flow'ry side;
Or, like the upright ash on Britain's plains,
Which waves its stately arms in youthful pride.

So flourish'd Philocles; and as the hand
Of ruthless woodman lays their honours low,
He felt in youth's fair bloom by Fate's command,
'Twas Fate that struck, 'tis ours to mourn the blow.

Alas! we fondly thought that Heav'n design'd
His bright example mankind to improve;
All they should be, was pictur'd in his mind,
His thoughts were virtue, and his heart was love.

Calm as a summer's sun's unruffl'd face,
He look'd unmov'd on life's precarious game,
And smil'd at mortals toiling in the chase
Of empty phantoms, opulence and fame.

Steady he follow'd virtue's onward path,
Inflexible to error's devious way,
And firm at last in hope and fixed faith,
Through death's dark vale he trod without dismay.

Thy gloomy vale he trod, relentless death!
Where waste and horrid desolation reign,
The tyrant humbl'd, there resigns his wrath,
The wretch elated, there forgets his pain.
There sleeps the infant, and the hoary head,
Together lie the oppressor and the oppress'd;
There dwells the captive, free among the dead;
There Philocles, and there the weary rest.

The curtains of the grave fast drawn around,
Till the loud trumpet wake the sleep of death,
With dreadful clangor through the world resound,
Shake the firm globe, and burst the vaults beneath.

Then Philocles shall rise, to glory rise,
And his Redeemer, for himself, shall see;
With him in triumph mount th' azure skies,
For where he is his followers shall be.

Hence then these sighs! and whence this falling
tear,

To sad remembrance of his merit just?
Still must I mourn, for he to me was dear,
And still is dear, though buried in the dust.

LOCHLEVEN NO MORE.

TO THE TUNE OF "LOCHABER NO MORE."

FAREWEL to Lochleven and Gairny's fair stream,
How sweet, on its banks, of my Peggy to dream;
But now I must go to a far distant shore,
And I'll may be return to Lochleven no more.

No more in the spring shall I walk with my dear
Where gowans bloom bonny, and Gairny runs
clear,

Far hence must I wander, my pleasures are o'er,
Since I'll see my dear maid and Lochleven no
more.

No more do I sing, since far from my delight,
But in sighs spend the day and in tears the long
night;

By Devon's dull current stretch'd mourning I'll lie,
While the hills and the woods to my mourning
reply.

But wherever I wander, by night or by day,
True love to my Peggy still with me shall stay;
And ever and ay my loss I'll deplore,
Till the woodlands re-echo Lochleven no more.
Though from her far distant, to her I'll be true,
And still my fond heart keep her image in view:
O could I obtain her, my griefs were all o'er,
I would mourn the dear maid and Lochleven no
more.

But if Fate has decreed it ne'er shall be so,
Then grief shall attend me wherever I go;
Till from life's stormy sea I reach death's silent
shore,
Then I'll think upon her and Lochleven no more.

ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MICHAEL BRUCE*.

Why vainly bid the animated bust,
Why bid the monumental pile to rise,
Too often genius, doom'd by fate unjust,
Unnotic'd lives, unwept, unhonour'd dies!
Too oft the poet in whose sacred breast,
With ardour glow the muse's purest fires,
Contemn'd by pride, by penury oppress'd,
In anguish lives, and in neglect expires!
Too oft, alas! in some sequester'd ground,
Silent and cold the poet's ashes sleep,
No pomp of funeral is seen around,
No parasite to praise, no friend to weep!
Such, Bruce, the feelings in my breast that rise,
While guided by the muse I wander near,
Mark the lone spot where youthful genius lies,
And give thy fate the tribute of a tear.
Obscure thy birth, yet in thy early breast,
How deep and ardent glow'd the muses flame,
How strongly in thy bosom was impress'd
The poet's genius, and the poet's fame!
Such was thy fame, but, ah! upon thy frame
Disease relentless urg'd its growing way,
Fled was each joy of health, each hope of fame,
And thou the victim of a slow decay:
Like some fair flower, that owes the desert birth,
Whose buds foretell the beauty of its prime,
But sinks unshelter'd, sinks unseen to earth,
Chill'd by the blast, or cropt before its time!
Perhaps thus blasted by unfriendly doom,
Thy genius foster'd in a milder air,
Matur'd by age in all the pride of bloom,
Had spread luxuriant, and had flourish'd fair!
But, ah, no more the poet now remains,
Cold is the breast that glow'd with sacred fire,
Mute is the tongue that flow'd in tuneful strains,
Check'd is the hand, and silent is the lyre!
For him, who now laments thy early tomb,
Like thee inspir'd with youthful love of lays,
Though now he mourns, he soon may share thy
doom,
May soon require the tribute which he pays.

* Reprinted from the fourth volume of the *Asylum*
for Fugitive Pieces.



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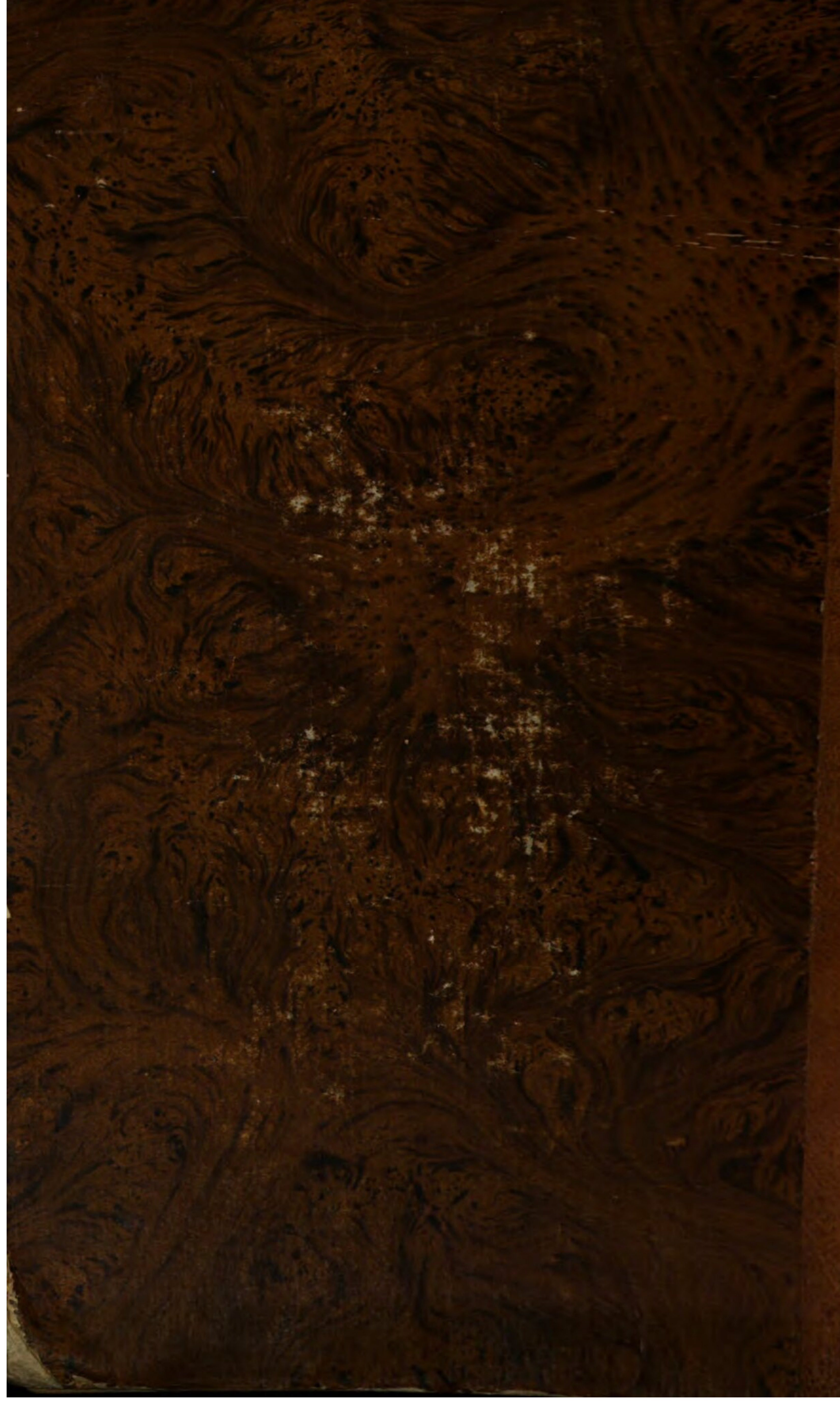
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